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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BAR, NO.

Mr. Brougham.

THE writer of the following sketch had dictated a very modest preface, in which it was his purpose to have expressed upon the inadequacy of his own powers, and to have partially dedicated any comparison with the master sketches of the English Bar, which some time ago adorned the pages of the New Monthly; but upon second thoughts, it occurred to him that such a prefatory discourse might seem to the many no more than presumption in disguise, and therefore he will at once, after the manner of Homer, and other persons celebrated for the dispatch of affairs, plunge into his subject; and if those who have read the former sketches alluded to will give to his labours the description applied to Salius in the race, as compared with Euryalus—

“Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo,”

“He will rest satisfied.

I sing (or rather say) of Mr. Brougham, now Lord Brougham and Vaux, and High Chancellor of the Kingdom:—by the by, it may be necessary to offer to all our Hibernian readers some apology for commencing Sketches of the English Bar with one who has so recently taken farewell of that body, upon his elevation to the woollen; but we trust we shall be pardoned for making our first view of the Bar a retrospective one, and while the memory of Lord Brougham's career as a barrister is yet fresh upon every one's mind, attempting to preserve in our pages a faithful description of the man whose name and fame were conspicuous over Europe while he practised daily in the courts at Westminster Hall. For the present, then, we have to do with Henry Brougham the Commoner, whom we will not scruple to designate as the most remarkable man of his time—he is one whom no title of yesterday can elevate, and happy will he be if the new position in which his title places him, and the new circumstances with which it causes him to be surrounded, do not so alter the man, as to make Brougham the lord inferior to Brougham the commoner.

It would be injustice to the subject of our sketch to consider him merely as a lawyer; he was an advocate, in the largest sense—in the courts for his professional reward; in Parliament for fame and

influence; everywhere for the popular cause, he was first in energy, and force, and industry, and eloquence. His it was—

“To scorn delights, and live laborious days;”

and he has not been disappointed of the “fair guerdon,” which, if it do not always attend great talent and unwearied industry, is never so surely to be found as by their assistance. It were, perhaps, to inquire too curiously, if we should ask whether pure philanthropy or personal ambition had the greater share in the impetuous exertion which bore Mr. Brougham through so many and such various toils; but even the inferior of these motives has nobleness in it, and is far above the sordid desire of gain, the pitiful craving after distinction, merely for the sake of the pounds, shillings, and pence it will bring in, which other eminent lawyers have so palpably evinced, but which Mr. Brougham evidently despised. Ambition, Lord Bacon says, is like cholera, “which is an humour that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring:” all these was Mr. Brougham, and so far the circumstantial evidence is on the side of his ambition; but as men in the world commonly act upon mixed motives, we may perhaps give him credit for an honest anxiety to serve the people, combined with an ardent desire to elevate himself.

There is no place in which eminent lawyers are accustomed to appear which was not occasionally the scene of Mr. Brougham's professional labours. I have seen him plead in the House of Lords—at the Privy Council—in the Court of Chancery—in all the common-law courts, and before the lunacy commissioners assembled in the Gray's-inn Coffee-house; indeed, the last of these places was that in which his last great professional effort was made. It was in the case of Mr. Davis, the City Tea-dealer, who would now probably be a lunatic according to law, but for the extraordinary power displayed in his behalf by his counsel, Mr. Brougham. But the peculiar professional home of the subject of our sketch was the Court of King's Bench. There might he be found at an early hour every morning during term-time, and, with brief intervals, throughout the whole of the day, with no very remarkable share of business, but waiting upon his turn to address the judges, and no doubt revolving in his mind many things of higher import than those contained in his brief. Mr. Brougham was at all times accustomed to speak with pride of his profession, even when he held only a subordinate rank in it; but I confess I have felt it to be a mortifying subject of contemplation, when at the very moment that the whole country was ringing with his name, I have seen him sitting in his stuff gown behind the bar, or rising up to be foiled by adversaries more skilful than himself in the minute learning and subtleties of the law, yet so far inferior to him in general knowledge, in intellect, and in eloquence, that language affords no terms whereby to make the comparison. Certainly all his adversaries were not of this stamp—there was no humiliation in seeing even Brougham vanquished by the serious logic of Mr. Pollock, or his arguments good-humouredly upset by the ingenuity and extensive knowledge of his friend, Mr. Alderson. The heavy learning, slow but sure, of Mr. Tyndal, made him a respectable adversary, and the acute knowledge of Mr. James Park was something

to grapple with; but other men have I seen equally successful against Mr. Brougham, as incapable of appreciating the force of his reasoning upon the facts of the case, as a blind man is of considering the various tints of the rainbow.

It is, however, time to say something of Mr. Brougham's personal appearance and manner. If then, gentlest and most indulgent reader, you had chanced any morning during term to have walked into the Court of King's Bench, you would probably have perceived, near to one of the extremities of the King's counsel's seat, a barrister with his brief before him, at which he now and then cast a rapid glance, as if a thought had suddenly struck him respecting some point of which he wished to make himself sure; and then he would appear to relapse again into eager rather than profound reflection. There was no deep quietude in his repose—his position was changed frequently, and the nervous twitchings of his nose and upper lip seemed almost to indicate the emotion caused by the forcible suppression of impetuous thought. His face was destitute of all pretension to beauty of feature or elegance of expression; the forehead rather broad, but not lofty; the nose long, and slightly curved upwards; the upper lip long, and the mouth close and firm: his complexion of a hardy paleness, the visage strongly marked with lines of thought: the eyebrow dark and full, overshadowing an eye, which in repose seemed small and incapable of much expression, but in moments of excitement—and they were neither rare nor moderate—flashing forth with such fierce energy as I have not seen equalled in any other man. On the whole, his expression was that of a studious man, and a deep and vivid thinker; and this was Mr. Brougham, as you would presently discover, when some stranger in the crowd, as occurred every moment, asked, "Which is he?" If the *επιτηδευτος εκεινος* be any satisfaction to a reasonable man, no one had better reason to be pleased than Mr. Brougham. I have never heard a speaker more likely to enchain the attention; there was a serious earnestness in his manner, without any of that heavy gravity which sometimes makes seriousness tedious; his voice was clear, his enunciation distinct, beyond that of any other man in court, and a continued flow and impressiveness. His language gave an interest even to ordinary details, of which, in the hands of others, they would have been utterly incapable. He was not loud, yet so clear, distinct, and forcible in his utterance that not a word was lost; even his under tones, his "talking aside," when he was addressing the judges or a jury, fell with palpable distinctness upon the ear; but the distinguishing characteristic of all he said was its earnest clearness; there was no unevenness, no hesitation, no jargon of words, no difficulty of expression. He seemed as if he spoke from an earnest conviction in his own mind that he was right; and even when he was quite wrong, as in points of law he very often was, he discoursed so much with the air of a man who was quite certain about the matter, that the unlearned in the law were astonished when they heard the Judges pronounce that Mr. Brougham's legal positions were altogether untenable. It was, however, in the management of facts before an intelligent jury that his abilities as an advocate shone conspicuously forth. His extensive knowledge of mankind, and of the affairs of life, furnished him with a

continued store of observation and illustration, while his matchless facility and force of language made every circumstance which he touched upon tell with ten times its ordinary weight. His powers of eulogy, and his still greater powers of sarcasm, made his commentaries upon evidence singularly effective, and if he could have condescended to the *management* of juries, his assistance would have been invaluable to suitors. But this management, this adapting of himself to the prejudice or ignorance of the people he had to deal with, and thus cajoling them out of a verdict, was an art which his impetuous and commanding temper could not submit to learn. His address to the jury was a lecture upon the case or the evidence; he spoke as one having authority, and whose business it was to teach his auditory, by the strongest appeals to their reason, the way in which they should view the case that was before them. His energy always rose with the importance of the circumstances upon which he commented, and gradually proceeded from the vigorous, yet subdued, earnestness with which he dwelt upon simple and ordinary facts, to the very highest strain of eloquent fervor, as his topics became more exciting and important. Then it was that he was accustomed to hurl forth his tremendous weapons of sarcasm and invective—and standing in the attitude of St. Paul in the Cartoon, with his arms stretched forth, heaving forward, as it were, upon the devoted object of his attack the vast volume of his wrath, he proved himself by far the greatest forensic orator of his time; and in that particular department of oratory, the philippic, he has probably not been surpassed by any lawyer since Cicero. Many English lawyers have been noted for their powers of acrimonious abuse, among whom Sir Edward Coke holds a dishonourable pre-eminence; but in the lofty strain of vehement indignation the subject of our sketch stands unrivalled. It is to be remarked, however, that in the perhaps less manly, but not less persuasive power of the orator, which addresses itself to the kind feelings and gentler sympathies of the human heart, Mr. Brougham was found wanting. To paint the hideous wrong of tyranny and oppression—to exalt the glory of resisting them—to scourge meanness and cruelty—to overwhelm ignorance and presumption with sagacious reproof, were tasks congenial to Mr. Brougham's powers. The excellence of knowledge—the nobleness of freedom—the stern grandeur of fixed resolution, all these were things which he spoke of as a man who felt them; but the softness of pity—the subduing power of gentleness and goodness—the fervency of affection, and the tenderness of love, either found no sympathy with him, or were not thought fit to be made use of in the exercise of his art—

“Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,”

He seemed to desire to be borne along by the torrent of his indignation, and never stopped for a moment to watch by the fountains of human tears.

We must not however confine ourselves to a view of Mr. Brougham at the bar: this would be to do him little justice, and if we are to give a portrait of the man, we must look at him in situations where both the good and the bad that are in him stand forth more prominent

in their appearance, and more important in their effects. We can scarcely allude, for we are not sure that we at the moment remember them, to *all* the avocations connected with the public to which this extraordinary man has devoted his time;—we might point to him addressing the students of the Glasgow University, or the Council of the London University,—we might speak of his mornings at the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and his evenings at the Mechanics' Institute, bearing all before him with the sway of superior energy and ability, which no one has courage enough to dispute,—we might show him talking, with resistless power, of the value of freedom, at the very place where he maintained a practical despotism, for the furtherance of his own will, and the dispatch of business; but for those matters we have not room, and must beg to conduct our readers at once to the House of Commons, in which, for the last three years of his life as a commoner, Mr. Brougham had no rival who could stand a moment's comparison with him. He was accustomed to take his seat near the Speaker's end of the principal opposition bench, clad in old and ill-made garments of black, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, as if it were his object to represent deep and dark reflection, as well as the borough of Winchester. This was the place to see Henry Brougham in his glory. As a lawyer he was surrounded by men superior to himself; but here, these very men shrank into nothingness, while he rose to the dignity of the first man in the most important deliberative assembly in the world. Though no man was less pompous, he still seemed to have a perfect sense of the importance of his situation, and in the commencement of the evening, ere the debate warmed him into violence, there was a calm and serious severity in his aspect, which bespoke a stern sense of power, waiting the time for its exertion. Brougham is particularly happy in his voice; it is so clear, so susceptible of modulation, and so much in his power, that when he makes use of a parenthesis, which is a favourite figure with him, it is as distinctly marked by the alteration of tone as it could be in writing. I know not whether it might not be in some measure owing to the silent attention which commonly prevailed in the House when he rose even to ask a question; but it was rare that a single syllable he said was lost, although spoken without any elevation of voice, the enunciation was so distinct and unhesitating, and every sentence leisurely though not slowly uttered. His accent is, I think, peculiar to himself; it undoubtedly has something Scotch in it; but though I have heard all conditions of men speak, from Aberdeen to Annandale, from Cornwall to Cumberland, and from Belfast to Bantry Bay, I have not heard a similar accent. Sometimes he would start up with sudden fierceness, and pour out at once the vials of his bitterness; but, in general, he wrought himself up to the paroxysm of fury, in which he too frequently indulged, commencing his speech cautiously and impressively, with a most copious, unbroken, and nervous flow of words, ever earnest, and idiomatic in his expressions, and winding his way out of the most involved sentences, with curious correctness and clearness of meaning; then warming by degrees, and when his passions were all roused by the force of his own awakened recollections, and the impetuosity of debate, rushing into those unwise

and unjust expressions, which, in the days of Plunket and Canning, brought down castigation from men who were capable of administering it even to such a man as Brougham; but when the House of Peers took one of them, and inexorable death swept away the other, Brougham was left without a rival with whom there was a possibility of a fierce encounter. Genius may trample upon, but cannot contend with dulness.

There was no subject, nor class of subjects, to which Mr. Brougham confined his attention. Nothing that concerned the affairs of mankind did he consider foreign to himself, and it was most marvellous, that upon such a variety of subjects as he discussed, he could speak with so much effect, and so much show of information. That Mr. Brougham is profoundly and accurately versed in any one subject of human inquiry, no one who has studied him carefully will be apt to decide,—that very few men's knowledge extends over so great a surface, and that no man of the present day is gifted with such ability for making a powerful use of such knowledge as he possesses, all who are acquainted with public men and public affairs will be disposed to admit; and if a list were given of the topics on which he has made lengthened and elaborate speeches, it would fill us with astonishment to think, that even in a series of years, a man could have combined, with the necessary attention to the duties of a laborious profession, even a transient study of so many and such extensive subjects. Let us contemplate, for example, his speech on the Reform of the Law in April 1828, which, although connected with his professional studies, although hasty and short-sighted in many of its views, although defective in many respects, as, whether through modesty or conviction I know not, he admitted it to be; yet how wonderful it is, that without any separation from his ordinary exertions in the Courts and in Parliament, he should have got up, even as he did, a subject of such vast extent. How admirable it is, to observe the patient industry, the long and wearisome attention with which he waded through details, that occupied him for upwards of six hours in communicating to the House, and then to mark the loftiness of genius displayed in his peroration, which is undoubtedly one of the finest things in the English language. He has been accustomed, to take particular pains with his perorations, and I shall quote the principal part of this one, partly as a splendid example of his powers, and partly because the remarks it contains respecting the possession of office are, considered with relation to his present position, rather curious.

“Whether I have the support of the Ministers or no, to the House I look, with confident expectation, that it will control them, and assist me. If I go too far, checking my progress; if too fast, abating my speed; but heartily and honestly helping me in the best and greatest work which the hands of the law-giver can undertake. The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame and more useful import, than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—the conqueror of Italy—the humbler of Germany—the terror of the North—account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win,—saw him condemn the fickleness of fortune, while, despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast—‘I shall go down to posterity with the code in my

hand.* You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace. Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The glories of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the reign. The praise, which fawning courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty a work shall be accomplished. Of a truth, sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering, and ruling thus. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the lustre in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble, a praise not unworthy a great Prince, and to which the present reign is not without claims. But how much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear, and left it cheap—found it a sealed book, left it a living letter—found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor—found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence. To me, much reflecting on these things, it has always seemed a worthier honour to be the instrument of making you bestir yourselves in this high matter, than to enjoy all that office can bestow—office, of which the patronage would be an irksome incumbrance, the emoluments superfluous to one who had rather with the rest of his industrious fellow-citizens make his own hands minister to his own wants; and as for the power supposed to follow it, I have lived half a century, and I have seen that power and place may be severed. But the power I do prize, that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-labourer elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind. That power I know full well no Government can give—no change can take away.”

Let the reader stretch his imagination to conceive a manner of delivery to the utmost extent of possibility, energetic, earnest, and appropriate to this noble piece of composition, and he will yet fall short of the manner in which it was actually delivered. The composition is no doubt in the highest degree studied and elaborate, for the most part it is like an admirable translation of a Roman classic; but still there is no needless declamation, it all comes home to business, and it is ever happily mixed with some familiar topics to make it level to the general understanding of the House of Commons, which else might have taken it for the recitation of some school exercise which they could not take the pains to remember. It will be worth while to compare with this the peroration of his speech on the first night of the present session of Parliament, which also wears the appearance of having been previously studied. It, too, was very impressively delivered, but it is by no means so remarkable either for skilfulness or natural power as that previously quoted.

“The people of England prefer a limited monarchy, and with that an aristocracy; for an aristocracy is a necessary part of a limited monarchy. The people of England are quiet because they love their institutions. I wish well to the rights of the people; and by these rights I am resolved to live, being ready to perish with these rights and for them, because I, for one, think these rights are understood by the people, and are appropriate to their character and temper. Limited monarchy and aristocracy are the best security for these rights, and I for one wish no change. I wish for no revolution; and I speak, I am sure, the sentiments of the great bulk of the people, who love the institutions of their country, who love monarchy and love nobility, because, with the rights and liberties of the people themselves, these are all knit together. They have a strong attachment, I believe, to our form of government; and for my own part

I declare, that I would infinitely rather—if all these must perish—perish with them, than survive to read on the ruins the memorable lesson of the instability of the best human institutions.”

The first of these extracts is the conclusion of a review of the practice of the whole body of the common law; the second from a review of the political condition of the country, including both its domestic affairs, and its relations with foreign states. Let us have one more extract of a few lines, from a speech on a subject very different from either of these two, which I quote for the purpose of showing as well the various knowledge of Mr. Brougham, as that he is not so destitute of poetical fancy as some would have it that he is. For my own part, I cannot conceive that any man can be a great orator who has not fancy and imagination, though he may have neither ability nor relish for verse. This speech was made in April 1816, on the subject of agricultural distress, and one might suppose, from reading it, that Mr. Brougham had been all his life a country gentleman, so learnedly does he talk of various soils, and corn, cattle, wool, and other rural matters. The speech is one of great length and animation, and, in the course of it, he ridicules the notion that speculators in corn are regulated by the published averages, and thus details the way in which they proceed:—

“There are emissaries sent round the country while the grain is in the ear to collect samples, which are sifted out, and measured, and weighed, in order to affix data upon which the goodness of the crop it yields may be estimated, *long before a sickle has glanced among the stalks*. While my honourable friend is sitting in his study, forming plans upon the supposition that these corn-merchants will wait for the periodical promulgation of the average by the King’s printer, they are actually in his fields committing an innocent trespass to obtain the earliest information of the next crop, as the groundwork of their speculations.”

The passage in italics is absolute poetry, and is as pretty an image as can be imagined to give the idea of a reaping field. No one who had not taken an interest in rural occupations would have thought of such a picture.

That Mr. Brougham’s occupations in the country have not been always rural, however, those who have seen a contested election in Westmorland can testify. In that county he has been as great an anti-ruralist as can well be conceived: he found a peaceful agricultural population, little concerning themselves about politics; but he sowed the fiery seed of discontent among them, which produced fruits of bitterness that years will not eradicate. House was set against house, and family against family; dissension and attorneys throve, and the peaceful vales grew angry with party strife. But Mr. Brougham, perhaps, thought that this peacefulness was degrading insensibility to their political rights—he would have them open their eyes that *they* might see their nakedness and be ashamed, and that *he* might be a county member. Who does not remember the hot summer of 1826? that was the time of the last contest—the thermometer was above eighty—the little town of Appleby was crammed beyond endurance—ten times as many people were in it as it could conveniently hold, and each man of them, at least of those opposed to Mr. Brougham, and many of those of his party who fed in disguise, ate ten times as

much as they ought. The gorging of food, the drunkenness, the noise, the crowd, the rioting, and, above all, the intense heat, made the pretty little rural town of Appleby one of the most disgusting places that could possibly be imagined; yet Mr. Brougham kept it up for nine days, losing ground every day:—

“Nine days he fell:”

yet still held out with indomitable perseverance, and went through a quantity of personal exertion which it must have been painful to find was completely thrown away. Every day he addressed the mob from the hustings, under a broiling sun, interrupted by noise, insulted by ill names; yet still he spoke on, and, for the most part, spoke well. One day the noise was so great that his voice was completely drowned, and he stopped. Some one in a “blue ribbon” called to him to go on again. “I will,” said he, with a tone of extraordinary bitterness which was distinctly heard above all the clamour of the crowd. “I will when *that* drunken collier from Whitehaven” (there were drunk, and not drunk, about five hundred,) “has done brawling.” The last day’s proceedings were the most imposing; he gave in, after two hours polling, and soon afterwards a huge multitude assembled before and around the hustings to hear the members declared, and listen to their farewell speeches. The hustings was a substantial erection of timber in the centre of the town, prepared for the occasion, and furnished with three projecting points for the separate candidates to occupy when addressing the people. Mr. Brougham took his station in his accustomed place, and never was his aspect more darkly fierce than upon that occasion.

The day had become overcast, and the sun, for the first time during many days, was hidden in the clouds. The vast multitude hushed into perfect stillness, when, after the members had returned thanks, the defeated candidate stood forth to speak:—the sullen darkness of his aspect, and the recollections of the tremendous powers of language which he possessed, and which it was likely he would then call into action, all contributed to make the moment one of no common interest. The orator folded his arms, drew himself up to his fullest height, looked sternly round upon the crowd, and began with slow and deep distinctness in something like the following words—

“If I had come hither of my own accord—if I had come to ask you to make me a member of Parliament—if I had come to *solicit* your suffrages—I should now appear before you with regret, peradventure with shame and mortification; but I did *not* come here to solicit your suffrages, for they were to me unnecessary,—I did *not* come here to ask you to make me a member of Parliament, for I was a member of Parliament already,—I did *not* come here of my own accord; I was *dragged* here, to rescue you from the condition of slavery, and your county from disgrace.”

Memory will not, at this distance of time, follow his words further, but for ten minutes he proceeded in this fierce and scornful strain, and the rest of his speech, which lasted a considerable time, was rambling and comparatively pointless except for the vehement expression

* He had been returned for Winchelsea before the election commenced.

of his determination never to shrink from the contest when there was a possibility of renewing it; "again and again for ever," would, he said, be his motto, and the sentiment was soon echoed from every vacant wall and deserted door in the vicinity, confessing in characters of chalk its sympathy with the defeated candidate's purpose of perseverance. But other and more successful scenes have since opened upon him—the prophet, who found no honour in his own country, found it elsewhere, and the rejected of Wesmorland became the chosen of the mighty County of York. Here also his extraordinary energy was strikingly manifest from the time that his intention of standing for the county was avowed; he threw himself into the matter, heart and mind, and body and soul; he saw the mighty prize almost within his grasp, he struggled for it, and gained it, but the effort, though brief, was one that almost no one but himself would have had energy and ability to have made. In one day he addressed seven different assemblies of the people in different parts of the county; the first speech was made at seven in the morning, and the last was not concluded until ten at night. What is there that a man of Mr. Brougham's talents, with industry like this, may not accomplish?

We have now 'gleaned' at Mr. Brougham in the courts, in Parliament, and before the common people; to the woollack we shall not follow him; with Lord Brougham this imperfect sketch has nothing to do, to discuss his fitness or unfitness for the high office of Chancellor is not our province, and we willingly leave him in peace where the choice of his Sovereign has placed him.

But it is not without regret that we dismiss this sketch, reflecting how mere a glance it is, how imperfectly our limits have permitted us to develop our own views, and how much more might have been profitably brought forward to illustrate Mr. Brougham's peculiar genius as an advocate, an orator, and a statesman. We should have wished to have compared him with Erskine and Curran at the bar, with Plunket and Romilly in the senate; to have weighed the usefulness of his labours, as well as contemplated the splendour of his genius; but had we done this, we should have written a volume, where our business was to write a sketch,—to his future biographer must be left the task of fully delineating his character and his powers. It would, however, be unpardonable, even in so slight a notice as this, to pass over without a parting tribute of applause, to which we regret we are so unequal, his labours in the glorious cause of education and mental improvement. To his matchless energy, to his daring conception, and determined perseverance, is this great cause most signally indebted. The angry disputes of politics will perish, and be forgotten; the voice of the orator will be heard no more; and the thousands of hearts that beat with the inspiration of his eloquence, will be still as the turf beneath which they sleep; but even then, will our children, and our children's children, be tasting of that mighty tide of knowledge, which Brougham has done so much to set in motion, and myriads of instructed men will venerate his name. When we think of these things, we forget the fierce and intemperate politician; we remember only the man to whom intellectual ability is the surest passport for attention, who, while he is all scorn to dunces, however high their

station, is all humility to knowledge, however lowly may be the garb that clothes it.

Let me, then, ask those who may have read this sketch for amusement, to ponder a little here, and resolve to imitate the man they have been contemplating in this the noblest aspect of his character. It is for such a man as Brougham to be the light of a nation, but every man may strive to be the light of his neighbourhood. He may imitate the indefatigable industry, the honest desire to improve his kind, which on so large a scale has commanded our admiration in Mr. Brougham: he may be attentive to humble merit, studious to reward sobriety and diligence, energetic in imparting useful knowledge which induces a scorn of gross vices, steadfast in upholding the rights of the poor, and earnest in teaching them that the most certain way to lose those rights is to abuse them. If he be in politics one who dreads the encroachment of aristocratic influence, let him recollect that ignorance is the stronghold of oppression; if he fear the popular power becoming too great, let him remember that the factious demagogue will not find willing instruments in an instructed populace.

In these days, let not men stand still in luxurious indolence, or labour for their own selfish interests merely; let the cause of virtue and knowledge be manfully supported now that the world is awaking to their value—"the course is clear before us, the race is glorious to run!"

THE LEGACY OF A LATE POET, NO. I.

(Gathered from his Portfolio.)

1.—A SONG FOR OUR FATHER-LAND!

HURRAH! Here's a health to the land,
 Brave brothers, wherein we were born!
 Here's a health to the friend that we love,
 Here's a hand for the man that's forlorn!
 Let us drink unto all
 Who help us or lack us,
 From the child and the poor man,
 To Ceres and Bacchus,
 And to Plenty (thrice o'er!) not forgetting her horn!
 Here's a health to the Sun in the sky,—
 To the corn,—to the fruit in the ground,—
 To the fish,—to the brute,—to the bird,—
 To the vine,—May it spread and abound!
 To good fellows and friends,
 Whom we love or who love us,
 Far off us, or near us,
 Below us, above us;
 For a friend 's a jewel wherever 'tis found.
 Here's a curse on the times that are past!
 Were they better—but now they're no more.
 Here's to all that is good—may it last!
 Here's a health to THE FUTURE—thrice o'er!

The Legacy of a late Poet.

May the Hope that we look upon
 Never deceive us !
 May the Spirit of Good
 Never fail us or leave us,
 But stand up like a friend that is true to the core !
 Ambition,—oh, lay it in dust !
 Revenge,—'tis a snake : let it die !
 And for Pride,—let it feed on a crust,
 Though sweet, Pity look out from the sky !
 But Wisdom and Hope
 And the *honest* Endeavour—
 May they smile on us *now*,
 And stand by us for ever,
 a Fast friends, wheresoever the tempest shall fly !

2.—ON REVISITING THE RESIDENCE OF MY BOYHOOD.

(A Dialogue.)

- Poet.* O pleasant, pleasant spot !—Beloved home !
 Sweet meadows long remembered !—here I come
 (Here, after many a toil and sorrow past,)
 To look upon ye all, and rest at last !
 Trim garden, famous for your wandering vine !
 Dear parlour, where the sun would always shine !
 Old trees !—have ye forgot how once I swung
 Between your trunks, and round your branches clung !
 Scaring your lodger rooks (ah, where are they ?)
 And sate beneath your shade, how many a summer day !
 Look ! *here* I lay, and read :—Mark ! *there* I played ;
 And through yon endless grassy lane I strayed—
- Friend.* Strayed ? wherefore ? for what use ?
- Poet.* It matters not :
 For some good end, no doubt, though now forgot ;
 To play ;—to muse ;—to smell the hedgerow flowers ;—
 To lose myself amongst the shining hours ;—
 To banish all bad thoughts, of task or school,
 To pore o'er volumes old, writ without rule,
 Where no trite moral's to the story chained,
 By which true art a'treble good is gained :—
 Brave book, which one revisits like a friend,
 And pleasant all, from outset to the end !
 But, mark,—how beautiful ! how full of grace !
 Look at sweet Nature's hand in every place !
 The very roof (though by man's labour reared)
 Permits the thistle on't to shake his beard ;
 And Time (the true adorer) here hath wrought
 All o'er this crumbling wall in silent thought,
 And woven the yellow moss, by slow degrees,
 Like golden tissue 'midst the cloth of frieze.
- Friend.* I scarce see aught. Although I gaze around,
 And *try* to fancy where these things abound,
 Little of all this beauty can I find.
- Poet.* Ah ! you but look *before*. Your eyes, half blind,
 Pierce not the past. It is the poet's mind
 Which seeks out lonely haunts, forgotten things,
 And peoples the grey desert whilst he sings.
- Friend.* Again—where *is 't* ? I would not give you pain ;
 But I *see* nothing,—save a little lane,—

A pond half hid in rushes,—some old trees,—
 A garden,—an old house, (which by degrees
 An unpruned vine is covering,)—straggling flowers,—
 And ruined arbours open to the showers.
 Have you no hills? no woods? no waters?

Poet. No!
 This place to me is not for such things dear;
 But here my boyhood dawned, and here,—oh! here,
 I and my mother wandered—long ago!

3.—To ———.

“ Ah! why do I love thee?
 Tell me, sweetheart, why.
 Is it for that forehead broad?
 Or that azure eye?
 Very blue it is, I own;
 Yet, 'tis not for that alone.
 Like a streaming morning
 Are those tresses bright;
 Like the Phoenix' spicy nest
 Is that bosom white,
 Which the fever'd fancy warms;
 Yet I think of other charms.
 Not of fawn-like movements,—
 Breast of swan-like hue,—
 Not of tresses,—forehead,—eyes,—
 (Though they be so blue)”
 “ Then, why hast thou loved me?”
 “ Why?—because I knew
 Thou wast tender, faithful, firm,
 And in *all* things true.
 Much I loved thy grace, thy youth;
 But I loved, beyond the rest,
 That which hideth in thy breast,
 —Thy undecaying Truth!”

4.—A DREAM.

I saw the Shepherd who doth fold the flocks
 Of dreams, and 'loose them through the regioned brain,
 Floating along on the calm atmosphere.
 His feet were winged, like as great Hermes' were,
 And in his hand an ebon wand he waved,
 Driving before him that preposterous brood,
 Our torment,—dæmons, beasts, and headless things,
 Monsters enormous, ghastlier than the grave,
 Beauty was there, and horror, shapes all winged
 And flaming, horses winged, (like that which struck
 Clear Aganippe from the barren hill,)
 White Nightmare, and dark Incubus, and owls
 That hoot songs frightful to the ear of sleep.
 Then, following,—like the maiden Moon at night,—
 In stately beauty did my Lady pass,
 And shed such virtue from those serious eyes
 Which won me to her side, that all the array
 Of mischief-making sleep fled far away,
 And I awoke—to love and poetry!

The Legacy of a late Poet.

5.—A HYMN OF EVIL SPIRITS.

THE moon is shining on her way;
 The planets, yet undimm'd by sleep,
 Drink light from the far-flaming day,
 Who still is hid beyond the deep:
 But *here*—both men and spirits weep,
 And earth 'll mourneth into air,
 Because there liveth nothing fair
 Or great, save o'a the azure steep.

And on that hill of Heaven, none
 Of human strength or thought may climb;
 For there bright angels lie alone
 Reposing since the birth of time:
They bask beneath His looks sublime;
 Bu' nought of ease or hope is here,
 Where sleep is link'd to dreams of fear,
 And error to the pains of crime.

The moon is come,—but she shall go:
 The stars are in their azure nest;
 The jaded wind shall cease to blow;
 But when shall *we* have hope or rest?
 Now some are smit, and some are blest;
 But what to us is smile or sigh?
 Though Peace, the white-wing'd dove, be nigh,
 It ne'er must be the Spirit's guest!

Behold!—The young and glistening Hour
 Comes riding through the gate of morn,
 And we awhile must quit our power,
 And vanish from a world we scorn.
 Joy!—Flattering sin begins to dawn
 From man's false lips and woman's eyes,
 And hopes and hearts are racked and torn
 In God's green earthly paradise!

6.—A REVEL.

Host. Bring me a goblet, wide and deep and large,
 Such as would drown a Bacchant, or make mad
 The groves of Cybele,—a huge deep glass,
 Where my fierce senses may repose, or die.
 More wine! Methinks some red phantasma fills
 My sight, as though mine eyes grew blind with blood.
 Look at the flashing cups and crimson drink!
 Bring forth the goblet! Ha!—a cup indeed!—
 Yet, would 'twere richer! 'Tshould be massy brass;
 And on its broad bright sides gallantly carved
 Should spring a vintage, or the Pythian games
 In struggling silver,—or a feast of Gods,
 All gold, but imaged like a poet's dream!
 Fill up the brave Greek goblet. Bid it blush
 In Burgundy for lying dry so long.
 Enough! enough!—Brave cup, though shouldst have rocked
 The Indian Bacchus on his panther's back!
 That time is gone; but still thy power survives.

Look, sirs,—Between these wreathed arms there lie
Beautiful peril, and the taste that feeds
The tongue with eloquence, the eye with light—
But drink,—and forget all thought !

1 *Guest.* Drink ! Drink !
Who is here that dares to think ?
Thinking is all folly.
So is patience, so is care,
Noisy fear, and dumb despair,
And pale melancholy.

Drink ! Drink !
Let us laugh but never think !
Drinking is our duty—

2 *Guest.* Peace ! thou art full of discord : thus 't should run :
It doth fill the brain with care,
Pallid Hope and dark Despair ;
And the world of beauty
Fadeth, like a vision dim,
From the troubled sight of him
Who doth drown his soul in wine.
Wine !—It is a crimson devil,
Dragging, by some villain rule,
Down unto its loathsome level
All that venture, sage and fool, —
All that 's good and all that 's fair,
With the things that foulest are.
Wine !—It is the poet's bane,
Dashing all his dreams with pain,
Filling all his Heaven bright
With a red and turbid light.
'Tis a Spirit who doth strain
Upwards ever—but in vain :
For,—as doth the spark that flashes
Perish in the cold black ashes—
As the strained bow returns
When on high the arrow spurns
Ether, and no longer bends—
As the dart itself descends
From its high and feather'd flight—
As the cheek whose angry light
Fadeth when the passion's cold,
And resumes its colour old,—
So the Drinker, who inherits
For a time fantastic spirits,
And the madness of the brain,
Shall resume his woes again,—
Shall unbend, and fall, and die,
Sooner than he soareth high !

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT
IN ILL HEALTH, NO. II.

CONVERSATION THE SECOND.

WHEN I called on L—— the third day after the conversation I have attempted to record, though with the partial success that must always attend the endeavour to retail dialogue on paper, I found him stretched on his sofa, and evidently much weaker than when I had last seen him. He had suffered the whole night from violent spasms in the chest, and, though now free from pain, was labouring under the exhaustion which follows it. But nothing could wholly conquer in him a certain high-wrought, rather than cheerful, elasticity of mind, and in illness it was more remarkable than in health; for I know not how it was, but in illness his thoughts seemed to stand forth more prominent, to grow more transparent, than they were wont in the ordinary state of the body. He had also of late, until his present malady, fallen into an habitual silence, from which only at moments he could be aroused. Perhaps now, however, when all his contemplations were bounded to a goal apparently near at hand, and were tinged with the grave (though in him no gloomy) colours common to the thoughts of death—that secret yearning for sympathy—that desire to communicate—inherent in man, became the stronger, for the short date that seemed allowed for their indulgence. Wishes long hoarded, reflections often and deeply revolved, finding themselves cut off from the distant objects which they had travelled to acquire, seemed wisely to lay down their burthen, and arrest their course upon a journey they felt they were never destined to complete. “I have been reading,” said L——, (after we had conversed for some minutes about himself)—“that divine work on ‘The Advancement of Learning.’ What English writer (unless it be Milton in his prose works,) ever lifted us from this low earth like Bacon? How shrink before his lofty sentences all the meagre consolation and trite commonplace of lecturers and preachers,—it is, as he has beautifully expressed it, upon no “*waxen wings*” that he urges the mind through the great courses of heaven. He makes us feel less earthly in our desires, by making us imagine ourselves *wiser*,—the love of a divine knowledge inspires and exalts us. And so nobly has he forced even our ignorance to contribute towards enlarging the soul—towards increasing our longings after immortality—that he never leaves us, like other philosophers, with a sense of self-littleness and dissatisfaction. With the same hand that limits our progress on earth, he points to the illimitable glories of heaven. Mark how he has done this in the passage I will read to you. As he proceeds in his sublime vindication of knowledge, ‘from the discredits and disgraces it hath received all from ignorance, but ignorance, severally acquired, appearing sometimes in the zeal and jealousy of divines; sometimes in the severity and arrogance of politicians; sometimes in the errors and imperfections of learned men themselves.’ Proceeding in this august and majestic defence, he states the legitimate limits of knowledge, as follows:—first, that we do not so place our felicity in knowledge, as to forget our mortality; secondly, that we make application of our know-

ledge, to give ourselves repose and contentment, not distaste or repining; thirdly, that we do not presume, by the contemplation of Nature, to attain to the mysteries of God.' After speaking of the two first limits, he comes as follows to the last. 'And for the third point, it deserveth to be a little stood upon, and not to be lightly passed over; for if any man shall think, by view and inquiry into these sensible and material things, to attain that light, whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature or will of God, then indeed is he spoiled by vain philosophy; for the contemplation of God's creatures and works produceth (*having regard to the works and creatures themselves*) knowledge; but (*having regard to God*) no perfect knowledge, but wonder, which is broken knowledge. And therefore (note how wonderfully this image is translated, and how beautifully applied,) it was most aptly said by one of Plato's school, that the sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun, which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the celestial globe; but then again it obscureth the stars and celestial globe: so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine.' 'Tell me now, and speak frankly, not misled by the awe and antique splendour of the language alone,—tell me whether you do not feel, in the above passages, not humbled by your ignorance, but transported and raised by its very conviction; for, by leaving the mysteries of heaven, and heaven alone, unpenetrated by our knowledge, what do we, in reality, but direct the secret and reverent desires of our hearts to that immortal life, which shall put the crown upon the great ambition of knowledge, and reveal those mysteries which are shut out from us in this narrow being. Here then there is nothing to lower us in our imaginations,—nothing to chill us in the ardour of our best aspirings,—nothing to disgust us with the bounds of knowledge, or make us recoil upon ourselves with the sense of vanity, of emptiness, of desolation. It is this—this peculiar prerogative of the conviction of our inborn immortality, to take away from us that bitterness at the checks and arrests of knowledge, of which the wise of all ages have complained;—to give wings to our thoughts at the very moment they are stopped on their earthly course,—to ennoble us from ourselves at the moment when self languishes and droops: it is this prerogative, I say, which has always seemed to me the greatest advantage which a thinking man, who believes in our immortality, has over one who does not. And though, fortunately for mankind, and for all real virtue, the time is rapidly passing away for attempting to measure the conduct of others by the proportion in which their opinions resemble our own, yet it must be confessed, that he who claims this prerogative has a wonderful advantage over him who rejects it—in the acquisition of noble and unworldly thoughts—in the stimulus to wisdom, and the exalting of the affections, the visions, and the desires! It seems to me as if not only the Form, but the SOUL of Man was made "to walk erect, and to look upon the stars."

A.—(after some pause.)—Whether or not that it arises from this sentiment, common (however secretly nursed) to the generality of men; this sentiment, that the sublimest sources of emotion and of wisdom remain as yet unknown, there is one very peculiar characteristic in all genius of the highest order; viz. even its loftiest attempts

impress us with the feeling, that a vague but glorious "SOMETHING" inspired or exalted the attempt, *and yet remains unexpressed*. The effect is like that of the spire, which, by insensibly tapering into heaven, owes its pathos and its sublimity to the secret thoughts with which that heaven is associated.

L. Yes; and this, which, you say justly, is the characteristic of the loftiest order of genius, is that token and test of sublimity so especially insisted upon by the ancients, who, perhaps, in consequence of the great scope left by their religion to inquiry, were more impressed with the sentiment we speak of, than is common to the homelier sense, and the satisfied and quiet contemplations of the moderns. The illustrious friend of Zenobia* has made it a characteristic of the true sublime, to leave behind it something more to be contemplated than is expressed; and again, Pliny, speaking of painters, observes, I think of Timanthes, "that in his works something more † than was painted was understood, and that when his art was at the highest, the genius was beyond the art." It is this which especially designates the poetry of Young.

A. Whom we were to criticise.

L. Yes; but not to-day. My mood is brighter than that of the poet, whose soul walketh in the valley of the shadow of death. Let us enter upon our task, when we can both feel thoroughly satisfied with the consolations of his gloom, and forget the darkness around in the stars "which he calls to listen." ‡ What news is there stirring in this lower world?

Here we talked for some time on the aspect of affairs, the administration, the disturbances in the country. I told him of a distinguished contemporary of ours at Cambridge, who had just been placed in Parliament on account of his talents. L—— spoke at large on his own ambition to enter a public career. "I think," said he, "if I had even at this moment the opportunity to do so, the activity, the zeal, the stimulus, which the change would produce, might yet save my life. I feel now, as if certain sources of emotion dammed up, were wasting my heart away with a suppressed ebb and flow, as if all my keenest energies were perishing in their scabbard, with their own rust. I should not, were I plunged into action, have time to die. As it is, I feel, like the old sage, who covered his face with his cloak, and sate himself down, waiting for death.

A. But why not enter public life then at once?

L. Look at me. Am I in a state to canvass some free borough? to ride here—to walk there—to disguise—to bustle—to feast—to flatter—to lie?

A. But your relation Lord L——?

L. Has offered me a seat if I will support his party, the old Tories.

A. And your college friend, Lord ——?

L. Has forgotten me; yet none more than he will grieve, for an

* Longin. Sect. 7.

† "In unius hujus operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur; et cum sit ars summa, ingenium tamen ultra artem est."

‡ "And call the stars to listen."—Young's *Night Thoughts*.

hour at least, when I am dead. Let me return to my image of the sage and his cloak, I have always thought it one of the most affecting anecdotes in history. When Pericles, hearing of the determination of the philosopher, (who, you remember, was his preceptor, Anaxagoras) hastened to the spot where he sat, and tarried for the last release; he implored the sage in a late and unavailing grief to struggle with his approaching fate and to baffle the gathering death. "Oh, Pericles," said the old man, stung by the memory of long neglect, and in a feeble and dying voice, as he just lifted his face from his mantle, "they who need the lamp do not forget to feed it with oil."

Returning to the excitement and the animation of the political world around: how strangely falls the sound of tumult on the ear of one who is about to die—how strange doth it seem to behold life so busy and death so near. It is this contrast which, I own, gives me the most mournful—though vague and reluctantly-acknowledged—feelings that I experience; it gives me a dejection, an envy; my higher and more soaring thoughts desert me, I become sensible only of my weakness, of my want of use, in this world where all are buckling to their armour, and awaiting an excitation, an enterprise, and a danger. I remember all my old ambition—my former hopes—my energies—my anticipations; I see the great tides of action sweep over me, and behold myself not even wrestling with death, but feel it gather and darken, upon me, unable to stir or to resist. I could compare myself to some neglected fountain in a ruined city: Amid the crumbling palaces of Hope, which have fallen around me, the waters of my life ooze away in silence and desolation."

L——'s voice faltered a little as he spoke, and his dog, whether, as I often think, there is in that animal an instinct which lets him know by a look, by a tone of voice, when the object of his wonderful fidelity and affection is sad at heart; his dog, an old pointer, which he had cherished for many years, and was no less his companion in the closet, than it had once been in the chase, came up to him and licked his hand. I own this little incident affected me, and the tears rushed into my eyes. But I was yet more softened when I saw that L——'s tears were falling fast over the honest countenance of the dog; I knew well what was passing in his mind—no womanly weakness—no, repining at death; of all men he had suffered most, and felt most keenly the neglect and perfidy of friends; and, at that moment, he was contrasting a thousand bitter remembrances with the simple affection of that humble companion. I never saw L—— weep before, though I have seen him in trying afflictions, and though his emotions are so easily excited that he never utters a noble thought, or reads a touching sentiment in poetry but you may perceive a certain moisture in his eyes, and a quiver in his lips.

Our conversation drooped after this, and though I stayed with him for some hours longer I do not remember any thing else that day, in our meeting, that was worth repeating.

CONVERSATION THE THIRD.

I called on L—— the next day; K——, one of the few persons he admits, was with him; they were talking on those writers who have directed their philosophy towards matters of the world; who have reduced

wisdom into epigrams, and given the Goddess of the Grove and the Portico the dress of a lady of fashion. "Never, perhaps," said K—, "did Virtue, despite the assertion of Plato, that we had only to behold in order to adore her, attract so many disciples to wisdom as wit has done. How many of us have been first attracted to reason, first learned to think, to draw conclusions, to extract a moral from the follies of life, by some dazzling aphorism from Rochefoucault or La Bruyere. Point, like rhyme, seizes at once the memory and the imagination; for my own part, I will own frankly, that I should never have known what it was to reflect—I should never have written on Political Economy—I should never have penetrated into the character of my rogue of a guardian, and saved my fortune by a timely act of prudence—I should never have chosen so good a wife—nay, I should never have been L—'s friend if I had not, one wet Sunday at Versailles, stumbled upon Rochefoucault's maxims: from that moment *I thought*, and I thought very erroneously and very superficially for some time, but the habit of thinking, by degrees, cures the faults of its noviciate-ship; and I often bless Rochefoucault as the means which redeemed me from a life of extravagance and debauchery, from the clutches of a rascal, and made me fond of rational pursuits and respectable society. Yet how little would Rochefoucault's book seem likely, to the shallow declaimer on the heartlessness of its doctrines, to produce so good an effect.

A. Yes, the faults of a brilliant writer are never dangerous on the long run, a thousand people read his work who would read no other; inquiry is directed to each of his doctrines, it is soon discovered what is sound and what is false; the sound become maxims, and the false beacons. But your dull writer is little coned, little discussed. Debate, that great winnower of the corn from the chaff, is denied him; the student hears of him as an authority, reads him without a guide, imbibes his errors, and retails them as a proof of his learning. In a word, the dull writer does not attract to wisdom those indisposed to follow it: And to those disposed he bequeaths as good a chance of inheriting a blunder as a truth.

L. I will own to you very frankly that I have one objection to *beginning to think*, from the thoughts of these worldly inquirers. Notwithstanding Rochefoucault tells us himself, with so honest a gravity, that he had "les sentimens belles," and that he approved "extrêmement les belles passions," his obvious tendency is not to ennoble; he gives us the exact world, but he does not excite us to fill its grand parts; he tells us the real motives of men, but he does not tell us also the better motives with which they are entwined, and by cultivating which they can be purified and raised. This is what I find not to blame, but to lament in most of the authors who have very shrewdly, and with a felicitous and just penetration, unravelled the vices and errors of mankind. I find it in La Bruyere, in Rochefoucault, even in the more weak and tender Vauvenargues, whose merits have, I think, been so unduly extolled by Dugald Stewart; I find it in Swift, Fielding, (admirable moralist as the latter indubitably is in all the lesser branches of morals); and among the ancients, who so remarkable for the same want as the sarcastic and inimitable Lucian? But let us not judge hastily; this want of nobleness, so to speak, is not

necessarily the companion of shrewdness. But mark, where we find them united, we acknowledge at once a genius of the *very highest* order; we acknowledge a Shakspeare, a Tacitus, a Voltaire.

A. Another characteristic of the order of writers we refer to is this—they are too apt to disregard books and to write from their own experience; now an experience, backed upon some wide and comprehensive theory, is of incalculable value to Truth; but, where that theory is wanting, the experience makes them correct in minute points, but contracted, and therefore, in error, on the whole; for error is but a view of some facts instead of a survey of all.

L. In a word, it is with philosophers as with politicians; the experience that guides the individuals must be no rule for the community. And here I remember a fine and just comparison of the Emperor Julian's: speaking of some one who derived knowledge from practice rather than principle, he compares him to an empiric who, by practice, may cure one or two diseases with which he is familiar; but, having no system, or theory of art, must necessarily be ignorant of the innumerable complaints which have not fallen under his personal observation. Yet *now*, when a man ventures to speak of a comprehensive and scientific theory, in opposition to some narrow and cramped practice, *he* who in reality is the physician,—“*he* is exclaimed against, as the quack.”

Shortly after this part of our conversation, K—— went away, and we talked on some matters connected with L——'s private and household affairs. By degrees, as our talk grew more familiar and confidential, and while the shades of these long winter evenings gathered rapidly over us, as we sate alone by the fire, L—— spoke of some incidents, in his early history—and I, who had always felt a deep interest in even the smallest matter respecting him, and, despite our intimacy, was unacquainted with many particulars of his life, in which I fancied there must be something not unworthy recital, pressed him earnestly to give me a short and frank memoir of his actual and literary life. Indeed, I was anxious that some portion of the world should know as much as may now be known of one who is of no common clay, and who, though he has not numbered many years, and has passed some of those years in the dissipation and pleasure common to men of his birth and wealth, is now, at least, never mentioned by those who know him without a love bordering on idolatry, and an esteem more like the veneration we feel for some aged and celebrated philosopher, than the familiar attachment generally felt for those of our own years and of no public reputation.

“As to my early LIFE,” said L——, smiling in answer to my urgent request, “I feel that it is but an echo of an echo. I do not refuse, however, to tell it you, such as it is; for it may give food to some observations from you more valuable than the events which excite them; and, as to some later epochs in my short career, it will comfort me, even while it wounds, to speak of them. Come to me, then, to-morrow, and I will recall in the mean while what may best merit repeating in the memoir you so inconsiderately ask for. But do not leave me yet, dear A——. Sit down again—let us draw nearer to the fire. How many scenes have we witnessed in common—how many enterprises have we shared! let us talk of these, and to-morrow shall

come *my* solitary history: self, self, the eternal self—let us run away from it one day more. Could you but know how forcibly it appears to me that as life wanes the affections warm; I have observed this in many instances of *early* death (early, for in the decay by years the heart outlives all its ties). As the physical parts stiffen, so harden the moral. But in youth, when all the Affections are green within us, they will not willingly perish; they stretch forth their arms, as it were, from their ruined and falling prison-house—they yearn for expansion and release. ‘Is it,’ as that divine, though often sullied nature, at once the luminary and the beacon to English statesmen, has somewhere so touchingly asked; ‘is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches, or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for friendship exists not but for the good) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great bond of their future society?’”*

I could have answered this remark by an allusion to the change in the physical state; the relaxation incurred by illness; the helplessness we feel when sick, and the sense of dependence, the desire to *lean somewhere*, that it occasions. But I had no desire to chill or lower the imaginative turn of reasoning to which L—— was inclined, and after a little pause he continued: “For men who have ardent affections, there seems to me no medium between public life and dissatisfaction. In public life those affections find ample channel: they become benevolence, or patriotism, or the spirit of party—or, finally, attaching themselves to things, not persons, concentrate into ambition. But in private life, who, after the first enthusiasm of passion departs, who, possessed of a fervent and tender soul, is ever contented with the return it meets? A word, a glance, chills us; we ask for too keen a sympathy; we ourselves grow irritable that we find it not—the irritability offends; that is given to the temper which in reality is the weakness of the heart—accusation, dispute, coldness, succeed. We are flung back upon our own breasts, and so comes one good or one evil—we grow devout or we grow selfish. Denied vent among our fellows, the affections find a refuge in heaven, or they centre in a peevish and lonely contraction of heart, and self-love becomes literally, as the forgotten LEE has expressed it generally,

‘The axletree that darts through all the frame.’

This inevitable alternative is more especially to be noted in women; their affections are more acute than ours, so also is their disappointment. It is thus you see the credulous fondness of the devotee, or the fossilized heart of the solitary crone, where, some thirty years back, you would have witnessed a soul running over with love for all things, and the yearning to be loved again! Ah! why, why is it that no natures are made wholly alike? why is it that, of all blessings, we long the most for sympathy? and of all blessings it is the one which none (or the exceptions are so scanty as not to avail) can say, after the experience of years and the trial of custom, that they have possessed. Milton, whose fate through life was disappointment—dis-

appointment in his private ties and his public attachments—Milton, who has descended to an unthinking posterity, as possessing a mind, however elevated, at least austere and harsh, has, in one of his early Latin poems, expressed this sentiment with a melancholy and soft pathos, not often found in the golden and Platonic richness of his youthful effusions in his own language—

‘ Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis
Illum inopina dies—qua non speraveris hora
Surripit—eternum linquens in sæcula damnum.’*

“ And who is there that hath not said to himself, if possessed for a short time of one heart, entirely resembling and responding to his own, —who has not said to himself daily and hourly, ‘*This* cannot last!’ Has he not felt a dim, unacknowledged dread of death? has he not, for the first time, shrunk from penetrating into the future? has he not become timorous and uneasy? is he not like the miser who journeys on a road begirt with a thousand perils, and who yet carries with him his all? Alas! there was a world of deep and true feeling in that expression, which, *critically* examined, is but a conceit. Love ‘hath, indeed, made his best interpreter a sigh.’†

A. Say what we will of Lord Byron, and thinking men are cooling from the opinion first passed upon him, no poet hath touched upon more of the common and daily chords of our nature.

L. His merits have undoubtedly been erroneously ranked and analysed; but we will speak of him more at large when I come to my history; for I shall have to mention the effect produced on my mind by his poems, and the opinion I have formed of them: now that the effect has passed away. Nothing seems to me more singular in the history of imitation than the extraordinary misconception which all Lord Byron’s imitators incurred with respect to the strain they attempted to echo. The great characteristics of Lord Byron are vigour, nerve—the addressing at once the common feelings and earthly passions—never growing mawkish, never girlishly sentimental—never, despite all his digressions, encouraging the foliage to the prejudice of the fruit. What are the characteristics of all the imitators?—they are weak—they whine—they address *no* common passion—they heap up gorgeous words—they make pyramids of flowers—they abjure vigour—they talk of appealing “to the few congenial minds”—they are proud of wearying you, and consider the want of interest the proof of a sublime genius. Byron, when he complains, is the hero who shows his wounds; his imitators are beggars in the street, who cry, “Look at these sores, Sir!” In the former case there is pathos, because *there is admiration* as well as pity; in the latter there is disgust, because there is at once contempt for the practised whine and the feigned disease. A man who wishes now to succeed in poetry must be imbued deeply with

* Which may be thus prosaically translated :

“ Scarce one in thousands meets a kindred heart ;
Or if no harsh fate grant, at last, his dreams,
Comes Death ; and in the least foreboded hour,
Bequeaths the breast an everlasting blank !”

† Byron.

the spirit of this day, not that of the past. He must have caught the mighty inspiration which is breathing throughout the awakened and watchful world. With enthusiasm he must blend a common and plain sense; he must address the humours, the feelings, and the understandings of the middle as well as the higher orders; he must find an audience in Manchester and Liverpool. The aristocratic gloom, the lordly misanthropy, that Byron represented, have perished amid the action, the vividness, the *life* of these times. Instead of sentiment, let shrewd wit or determined energy be the vehicle; instead of the habits and moods of a few, let the great interests of the many be the theme.

A. But, in this country, the aristocracy yet make the first class of readers into whose hands poetry falls; if *they* are not conciliated, the book does not become the fashion—if not the fashion, the middle orders will never read it.

L. But can this last?—can it even last long? Will there be no sagacious, no powerful critic, who will drag into notice what can fall only into a temporary neglect? I say temporary, for you must allow that whatever addresses the multitude through *their* feelings, or their *everlasting interests*, must be destined to immortality: the directors, the lovers of the multitude, glad of an authority, will perpetually recur to its pages—attention directed to them, fame follows. To prophecy whether or not, in these times, a rising author will become illustrious, let me inquire only, after satisfying me of his genius, how far he is the servant of Truth—how far he is willing to turn all his powers to her worship—to come forth from his cherished moods of thought, from the strongholds of mannerism and style—let me see him disdain no species of composition that promotes her good, now daring the loftiest, now dignifying the lowest—let me see him versatile in the method, but the same in the purpose—let him go to every field for the garland or the harvest, but be there but one altar for all the produce! Such a man cannot fail of becoming great; through envy, through neglect, through hatred, through fortune, he will win his way; he will neither falter nor grow sick at heart; he will feel, in every privation, in every disappointment, the certainty of his reward; he will indulge enthusiasm, nor dread ridicule; he will brandish the blade of satire, nor fear the enmity he excites. By little and little, men will see in him who fights through all obstacles a champion and a leader. When a Principle is to be struggled for, on him they will turn their eyes; when a Prejudice is to be stormed, they will look to see his pennant wave the first above the breach. Amidst the sweeping and gathering deluge of ages, he shall be saved, for TRUTH is the indestructible and blessed Ark to which he hath confided his name!*

* To be continued.

EARLY RISING :—“ I’LL PACK MY PORTMANTEAU.”

“ Promises, like pie-crusts, are made to be broken.”—FLEETING EXTRACIS.

THAT is not true. The proverb is a wicked proverb, and deserves to be thrust out from the collection for its wickedness, as do some others for their folly. To act up to the pernicious principle it inculcates, would tend directly to the disorganization of society. Yet there are certain matter-of-course promises, which we are in the habit of making, with an implied understanding, on the parts both of promiser and promisee, that they will not be kept: we engage in them with just the same degree of sincerity which we exercise when writing to assure an utter stranger that we are his very humble and obedient servant. I shall not attempt to defend either the wisdom or the virtue of the practice: I merely state the fact: it is one of the polite usages of the world. We are requested to do some certain thing—to perform some extraordinary feat; by common courtesy we are bound to engage in the undertaking; the promise is of such a nature—so absurd, so wild, so nearly unaccomplishable—that no man, in his senses, would make it, with a serious intention of carrying it into effect; nor would any one, possessed of a grain of humanity, be so cruel as to insist upon its fulfilment. I will state, for instance, an extreme case. You live somewhere about St. James’s. One day, in the depth of winter, you meet an old acquaintance, whose domicile—mark the season and the localities—is near the Zoological gardens, in the Regent’s Park. You have not met for a long time before, and are, both, really delighted at the meeting. He can have no possible motive for insulting you, or for drawing you into a quarrel; yet, at parting, he, with a countenance expressive of nothing but good humour, shakes you by the hand, and says, “ I’m heartily glad we have met again: *will you come and breakfast with me, AT NINE O’CLOCK to-morrow?*” Now, if you could, for a moment, believe that the invitation, or the insult, (call it which you will, for, in such a case, the words would be synonymous,) were offered in sober seriousness, you would instantly take a review of your whole past life, and inquire of yourself what offence you had ever committed against that man in particular, or against society in general (of which he might arrogate to himself the right of becoming the avenger) to warrant him in meditating such an attack upon your peace and comfort: that done, the proper course to be pursued would be obvious. But, no; you, as a man of the world, are perfectly well aware that the “ breakfast with me at nine,”—like the Spaniards’ “ may you live a thousand years,” our own “ I hope you’re well ” to every person we meet, or, the “ you’ll always find me your friend ” of the universe entire—is a phrase totally devoid of meaning; you, therefore, cordially return your friend’s grasp, and promise that you’ll wait on him with pleasure: consequently, you don’t go. The thing is well understood on both sides.

But of all the promises which are made, notoriously, and for the express purpose of being broken, those relative to early rising, whether we make them to ourselves or to others, are the most common. As I address myself to the members of a community far advanced in civilization, I might spare myself the trouble (but that it is best, in all

cases of importance, to come to a distinct agreement upon terms) of defining *early rising* to be the act of getting out of one's bed at any hour before nine o'clock (A.M.) between Lady-day and Michaelmas, or before eleven (A.M.) from Michaelmas to Lady-day: and, for the same reason, I have insisted upon the A.M. as a protection against my being confounded with those ultra anti-matinalists who adopt the P.M. throughout the winter portion of the year, and touch on the verge of mid-day during the summer. Again; by *early rising* I mean it in the sense of a constant practice: I do not call him an early riser who, once in his life, may have been forced out of his bed at eight o'clock, on a November morning, in consequence of his house having been on fire ever since seven; nor would I attach such a stigma to him who, in the sheer spirit of fool-hardiness, and bravado should, for once-and-away, "awake, arise," even three or four hours earlier, in the same inclement season: *I, myself, have done it!* But the fact is, that the thing, as a constant practice, is impossible to one who is not "to the manner born;" he must be taught it, as a fish is taught to swim, from his earliest infancy; he must have enjoyed the advantage of the favourable coincidence, of making his first appearance in the world at the very identical moment of day-break:—to acquire the habit of it——! as well might he study to acquire the habit of flying. The act, then, being impossible, it follows that all promises made to that end must be futile. I know it may be objected to me that chimney-sweepers, dustmen, &c. are early risers; but this I would rather take to be a vulgar error than admit it as a fact: what proof can you adduce that they have yet been to-bed? For my own part I am unwilling to think so uncharitably of human nature as to believe that any created being would force another to quit his bed at five o'clock, on a frosty morning, if he had once been in it. By the same rule, to what suspicions might not I be subjected in the mind of any one who may have seen me, in the month of June, enjoying the glorious spectacle of the rising sun! I see it before I retire to rest; whilst others, drones, sluggards, as they are, have been snoring in their beds since eleven o'clock of the previous night!

I have confessed that, once, in the sheer spirit of bravado, I, myself, rose, (or promised to rise) at that ignominious period of the night, known, or rather heard of, by the term "four in the morning." My folly deserved a severe punishment, which, indeed, it received in its own consequences; but since I have lately been informed that "a good-natured friend" is of opinion that it merits the additional chastisement of public exposure, I will (to spare him the pain of bestowing it upon me,) inflict the lash with my own hand. That done, I trust that even my friend—for one's friends are usually the most difficult to satisfy in such cases—will admit it as a sufficient expiation of my offence.

I had the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays, very agreeably, with a family, at Bristol. I am aware that those who have heard nothing of the Bristolians, save through George Frederick Cooke's satire on them,* will be amazed at any one's venturing to

* "There are not two bricks in your accursed town," said the tragedian, "but are cemented with the blood of an African."

bring together, in the same sentence, three such words as “agreeably,” “Bristol,” and “pleasure;” but I declare it, on my own knowledge, that there is in that city, one family, which for good sense, good-humour, pleasantry and kindness, is not to be out-done by any in Great Britain. “The blood of an African,” indeed! There is not one amongst them, not excepting the ladies, no, nor even excepting Miss Adelaide herself (albeit she sweeten her coffee after the French fashion,) who would not relinquish the use of sugar for ever, rather than connive at the suffering of one poor negro. The family I allude to are the Norringtons. As a rigid recorder, I speak only to what I positively know: there may be others of equal value.

Having an appointment of some importance, for the eighth of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth-night. On the morning of that festive occasion I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town; when, walking along Broad Street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach-advertisements which were posted on the walls. The “Highflyer” announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a rational hour; the “Magnet” at ten in the morning—somewhat of the earliest; whilst the “Wonder” was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!!—a glaring impossibility. We know, that in our enterprising country, adventures are sometimes undertaken, in the spirit of competition, which are entirely out of the common course of things: thus, one man will sell a bottle of blacking for nine-pence, with the charitable intention of *ruining* his neighbour (so think the worthy Public) who has the audacity to charge his at a shilling—the intrinsic value of the commodity being, in either case, a fraction less than five farthings. Such a manœuvre, however, is tolerable; but the attempt to ruin a respectable vehicle, professing to set out on its journey at the reputable hour of three in the afternoon, by pretending to start a coach at five o’clock in the morning, was an imposition “tolerable” only in Dogberry’s sense of the word—it was “not to be endured.” And then, the downright absurdity of the undertaking!—for admitting that the proprietors might prevail on some poor idiot to act as coachman, where were they to entrap a dozen mad people for passengers? We often experience an irresistible impulse to interfere, in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of our’s; and the case in question being, clearly, no affair of mine, I resolved to inquire into it. I went into the coach-office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*.

“So, Sir,” said I, to the book-keeper, “you start a coach, to London, at five in the morning?”

“Yes, Sir,” replied he,—and with the most perfect *nonchalance*!

“You understand me? At *five*?—in the MORNING?” rejoined I, with an emphasis sufficiently expressive of doubt.

“Yes, Sir; five to a minute—two minutes later you’ll lose your place.”

This exceeded all my notions of human impudence. It was evident I had here an extraordinary mine to work, so I determined upon digging into it a few fathoms deeper.

“And would you, now, venture to *book* a place for me?”

“ Let you know directly, Sir. (Hand down the Wonder Lunnun-book, there.) When for, Sir ?”

I stood aghast at the fellow's coolness.—“ To-morrow.”

“ Full outside, Sir ; just one place vacant, *in*.”

The very word, “ outside,” bringing forcibly to my mind the idea of ten or a dozen shivering creatures being induced, by any possible means, to perch themselves on the top of a coach, on a dark, dull, dingy, drizzling morning in January, confirmed me in my belief that the whole affair was, what is vulgarly called, a ‘ take-in.’

“ So you *will* venture then to *book* a place for me ?”

“ Yes, Sir, if you please.”

“ And, perhaps, you will go so far as to receive half my fare ?”

“ If you please, Sir,—one-pound-two.”

“ Well, you are an extraordinary person ! Perhaps, now—pray be attentive—perhaps, now, you will carry on the thing so far as to receive the whole ?”

“ If you please, Sir—two-pound-four.”

I paid him the money ; observing, at the same time, and in a tone calculated to impress his imagination with a vivid picture of attorneys, counsel, judge, and jury,—“ You shall hear from me again.”

“ If you please, Sir ; to-morrow morning, at five *punctual*—start to a minute, Sir,—thank'ee, Sir—good morning, Sir.” And this he uttered without a blush.

“ To what expedients,” thought I, as I left the office, “ will men resort, for the purpose of injuring their neighbours. Here is one who exposes himself to the consequences of an action at law, or, at least, to the expense of sending me to town, in a chaise and four, at a reasonable hour of the day ; and all for so paltry an advantage as that of preventing my paying a trifling sum to a rival proprietor,—and on the preposterous pretence, too, of sending me off at five in the morning !”

The first person I met was my friend, Mark Norrington, and—

Even now, though months have since rolled over my head, I shudder at the recollection of the agonies I suffered, when assured by him of the frightful fact, that I had, really and truly, engaged myself to travel in a coach, which, really and truly, did start at five in the morning. But as the novel-writers of the good old Minerva school used, in similar cases, to say—“ in pity to my sympathising reader's feelings, I must draw the mysterious veil of concealment over my, oh ! too acute sufferings !” These, I must own, were, in no little degree, aggravated by the manner of my friend. Mark, as a sort of foil to his many excellent qualities, has one terrible failing : it is a knack of laughing at one's misfortune ; or, to use his own palliating phrase, he has a habit of looking at the ridiculous side of things. Ridiculous ! Heavens ! as if any one possessing a spark of humanity could perceive any thing to excite his mirth in the circumstance of a fellow-creature's being forced out of his bed at such an hour ! After exhibiting many contortions of the mouth, produced by a decent desire to maintain a gravity suitable to the occasion, he, at length, burst into a loud laugh ; and exclaiming (with a want of feeling I shall never entirely forget), “ Well, I wish you joy of your journey ; *you must be up at four !*” away he went. It may be asked why I did not forfeit my forty-four shillings, and thus

escape the calamity. No; the laugh would have been too much against me: so, resolving to put a bold face on the matter, I—I will not say I walked—I positively *swaggered* about the streets of Bristol, for an hour or two, with all the self-importance of one who has already performed some extraordinary exploit, and is conscious that the wondering gaze of the multitude is directed towards him. Being condemned to the miseries, it was but fair I should enjoy the honours of the undertaking. To every person I met, with whom I had the slightest acquaintance, I said aloud, “I start at five to-morrow morning!” at the same time adjusting my cravat and pulling up my collar: and I went into three or four shops and purchased trifles, for which I had no earthly occasion, for the pure gratification of my vain-glory, in saying, “Be sure you send them to-night; for I start at five in the-morning!” But beneath all this show of gallantry, my heart, like that of many another hero on equally desperate occasions—my heart was ill at ease. I have often thought that my feelings, for the whole of that distressing afternoon, must have been very like those of a person about to go, for the first time, up in a balloon. I returned to Reeves’ hotel, College-green, where I was lodging. “I’ll pack my portmanteau” (the contents of which were scattered about in the drawers, on the tables, and on the chairs)—“that will be so much gained on the enemy,” thought I; but on looking at my watch, I found I had barely time to dress for dinner; the Norringtons, with whom I was engaged, being punctual people. “No matter; I’ll pack it to-night.” ’Twas well I came to that determination; for the instant I entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Norrington rang the bell, and just said to the servant who appeared at its summons, “Dinner:” a dissyllable which, when so uttered, timed, and accompanied, is a polite hint that the dinner has not been improved by your late arrival.

My story, however, had arrived there before me; and I must do my friends the justice to say, that all that kindness could do for me, under the circumstances, was done. Two or three times, indeed, Mark looked at me full in the face, and laughed outright, without any apparent cause for such a manifestation of mirth; and once when, after a few glasses of wine, I had almost ceased to think of the fate that awaited me, Miss Adelaide suddenly inquired, “Do you *really* start at five? isn’t that rather early?”—“*Rather?*,” replied I, with all the composure I could assume. But for a smile, and a sly look at her papa, I might have attributed the distressing question to thoughtlessness, rather than a deliberate desire to inflict pain. To parody a well-known line, I may say that, upon the whole—

“To me, this Twelfth-night was no night of mirth.”

Before twelve o’clock, I left a pleasant circle, revelling in all the delights of Twelfth-cake, pam-loo, king-and-queen, and forfeits, to pack my portmanteau,

“And inly ruminatè the morning’s danger!”

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of “Boots,” at the hotel, was a character. Be it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a

gentleman, who was to go by one of the morning-coaches, and who, thereby, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

"Boots," said I, in a mournful tone, "you must call me at four o'clock."

"Do 'ee want to get up, zur?" inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

"Want it, indeed! no; but I must."

"Well, zur, I'll *carl* 'ee; but will 'ee get up when I *do carl*?"

"Why, to be sure I will."

"That be all very well to *zay* overnight, zur; but it bean't at all the same thing when *marren* do come. I know that of old, zur. Gemmen doan't like it, zur, when the time do come, that I tell 'ee."

"Like it! who imagines they should?"

"Well, zur, if you be as sure to get up as I be to *carl* 'ee, you'll not know what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes, I'll have 'ee out, dang'd if I doan't! Good night, zur;" and *exit*, Boots.

"And now I'll pack my portmanteau."

It was a bitter cold night, and my bed-room fire had gone out. Except the rush-candle, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment,—the walls of which, (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rush-light, as they struggled through the holes of the box,) were of dark-brown wainscot,—but one solitary wax taper. There lay coats, trowsers, linen, books, papers, dressing-materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair I sat me down at the foot of the bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau; so, resolving to defer the packing till the morrow, I got into bed.

My slumbers were fitful—disturbed. Horrible dreams assailed me. Series of watches, each pointing to the hour of FOUR, passed slowly before me—then, time-pieces—dials, of a larger size,—and, at last, enormous steeple-clocks, all pointing to FOUR, FOUR, FOUR. "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and endless processions of watchmen moved along, each mournfully dinning in my ears, "Past four o'clock." At length I was attacked by night-mare. Methought I was an hour-glass—old Father Time bestrode me—he pressed upon me with unendurable weight—fearfully and threateningly did he wave his scythe above my head—he grinned at me, struck three blows, audible blows, with the handle of his scythe, on my breast, stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear—

"Vore o'clock, zur; I zay it be vore o'clock."

"Well, I hear you."

"But I doan't hear you. Vore o'clock, zur."

"Very well, very well, that 'll do."

"Beggin' your pardon, but it won't do, zur. 'Ee must get up—past vore, zur."

"The devil take you, will you ——"

"If you please, zur; but 'ee must get up. It be a good deal past vore,—no use for 'ee to grumble, zur; nobody do like gettin' up at

vore o’clock, as can help it; but ‘ee toald I to carl ‘ee, and it bean’t my duty to go till I hear ‘ee stirrin’ about the room. Good deal past vore, ‘tis I assure ‘ee, zur.”—And here he thundered away at the door; nor did he cease knocking till I was fairly up, and had shown myself to him in order to satisfy him of the fact. “That ‘ll do, zur; ‘ee toald I to carl ‘ec, and I hope I ha’ carid ‘ec properly.”

I lit my taper at the rush-light. On opening a window-shutter I was regaled with the sight of a fog, which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have excelled. A dirty, drizzling rain was falling. My heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I not to do! The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the portmanteau *must* be packed—and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach-office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured: at that villainous hour not a human being in the house (nor, do I firmly believe, in the universe entire,) had risen—my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen; but, by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might, almost as easily, have bent. The tooth-brushes were riveted to the glass, of which (in my haste to disengage them from their strong hold,) they carried away a fragment; the soap was cemented to the dish; my shaving-brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appalling Discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.—“Who’s there?”

“Now, if ‘ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-five minutes to vive.”

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind!

There was no time for the performance of any thing like a comfortable toilet. I resolved therefore to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. “I’ll pack my portmanteau; that *must* be done.” *In* went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of mine host’s frozen towels. Every thing must come out again.—“Who’s there?”

“Now, zur; ‘ee’ll be too late, zur!”

“Coming!”—Every thing was now gathered together—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *deshabille* of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry, I had packed away both pair. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was every thing to be undone.

“Now, zur, coach be going.”

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit, of the exact length of time he has yet to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, *most* assuredly

it would have been those unfeeling reminders. "I'm coming," groaned I; "I have only to pull on my boots." They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascal's portmanteau again.

"What in the name of the — do you want now?"

"Coach be gone, please, zur."

"Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?"

"Bless 'ee! no, zur; not as Jem Robbins do droive. He be vive mile off by now."

"You are certain of that?"

"I warrant 'ee, zur."

At this assurance I felt a throbb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past. "Boots," said I, "you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me——"

"At what o'clock, zur?"

"This day three months at the earliest."

A MORNING IN SPAIN.

'*Levantate gloria mia; levantate psalterio y cithera: me levantano de madrugada.*
El libro de los Psalmos.

Wake, while the mists on blue Sierras sleeping,
Like crowns of glory in the distance lie;
When, breathing from the South, o'er blossoms sweeping,
The gale bears music through the sunny sky;
While fount and garden, olive-grove and stream,
Wear the calm beauty of an Eden-dream.

Wake, while unfettered thoughts, in freshness springing,
Bid the heart leap within its prison-cell;
While birds and brooks on the pure air are flinging
The mellow chant of their beguiling spell;
While earliest winds their anthems have begun,
And, incense-laden, their sweet journeys run.

Then, Psaltery and Harp, a tone awaken
Whereto the echoing bosom shall reply,
As Earth's rich scenes, by shadowy night forsaken,
Unfold their beauty to the filling eye:
When, like the restless breeze, or wild-bird's lay,
Pure thoughts, on dove-like pinions, float away.

Wake thou, too, man! when from refreshing slumber
O'er thy luxurious couch thou dost arise,
Thanks for Life's golden gifts—a countless number—
Calm dreams, and soaring hopes, and summer skies:
Wake! let thy heart's fine chords be touch'd in praise
While the glad sunbeams tremble in thy ways!

*. G. *.

CAMPBELL OF SPERNIE'S THREE WIVES.

To J. Campbell, Esq. of Slough-darroch, Ben-Logie.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND COUSIN :

IT was with inexpressible concern that I read your's of the 13th ult. in which you informed me of your intentions respecting Miss Logie of Logie. For God's sake! pause, before you voluntarily relinquish hope, health, comfort, quiet, and every earthly blessing! Matrimony is little better than a snare; a spring-trap laid in our paths to disable us from liberty and enjoyment; and when you quoted my having changed my condition three several times, as an encouragement, it wrung my heart to think my reserve on the subject should so fearfully have misled you.

Yes, I have been married, I *am* married; but am I, have I been, the happier? No, Slough-darroch! at this moment I am miserable; and it is to prevent your being equally so that I write this letter, accompanied by my earnest prayers that you may escape from Ben-Logie with a free and unfettered person.

Old Campbell of Spynie, my lamented father, married an English-woman of family and fortune. *He* determined that I never should wear any thing but a kilt, or drink any thing but whiskey. *She* resolved that I should be educated at Eton, and have an English tutor at home. I wore a kilt till I was twelve years of age, and on my twelfth birthday they packed my clothes in a trunk, myself in a chaise, and sent me under the care of my tutor to England. I still remember, as if it were yesterday, leaning out of the chaise-window, to take a last look at the lessening forms of my father, and Allen the gamekeeper, as they stood ready for a shooting excursion at the door. I remember seeing them call the dogs and walk away, while my mother remained alone, holding a white handkerchief to her eyes. I leaned out as if spell-bound, till my mother became a white speck, which gradually disappeared; Castle Spynie was lost in the masses of fir plantations which surrounded it, and the purple and brown hills grew blue in the distance. Then my heart swelled; my eyes swam; and I felt as if I should be suffocated if I might not breathe the air round Spynie. I drew in my head and leaned back in the chaise, with the choking sensation that precedes weeping strong in my throat; but my eyes fell on Mr. Jenkins. There was something cold and unfeeling in his little prim figure; his important snub-nosed face; even in the tie of his odious white neckcloth; and I felt that, by the side of such a man, it was impossible to shed tears.

This, my friend, was my first loss of liberty. My first term at Eton was any thing but pleasant. I was ridiculed for my Scotch accent; I was disliked for my pride. I fought eight battles in a vain attempt to prove the Campbells of Spynie lineally descended from King Malcolm (a point I had never before heard disputed), and four more to defend my father's right to wear the eagle's feather. I won all but two, and yet they always spoke as if those facts were still uncertainties. I could not endure the change from the kilt to the English dress; I felt as if my limbs were fettered; and I distinctly recollect, after a hard-won battle with young Lord Linton (who tore up a Scotch thistle I had planted in my garden), sitting down by the side of the replanted emblem and weeping bitterly, from the mingled causes of vexation,

exhaustion, ridicule, and—being obliged to wear trowsers. You smile, Slough-darroch, but this was my second loss of liberty.

My holidays were spent at home: and never shall I forget the delight I experienced as I once more bounded over the wild, free hills in my Highland dress; the heather under me, the sky over me, and the breezes of heaven playing round my head. I was more than happy—I was intoxicated with joy. I have often uncovered my head during a heavy shower, and stood gazing upwards with my Scotch bonnet in my hand, with no feeling but intense delight. In the sunshine, I have felt a rapturous love for nature and the God of nature, which I shall never feel again; and in the storm, the strong, fierce storm of the mountain, I have experienced a consciousness of vigorous power, both of body and soul—a consciousness, too, of being free to exert both to the utmost, which—Pshaw! it is a dream to me now.

My mother died, and I put on mourning: my father died, and I nearly broke my heart. I loved my father. I see him still at the head of his gay and hospitable table, with his kind smile and frank countenance. I hear his cheerful voice, telling some favourite anecdote of sport or danger. I feel the warm, hearty grasp of his hand; and his keen blue eye is bent on mine with that mixture of pride and affection it always wore when he looked on his only son. Slough-darroch! you knew my father!

My original prejudice against matrimony arose from the scenes I had witnessed between the uncongenial minds of my parents. That prejudice was, however, not strong enough to resist the charms of Lady Charlotte Linton. Her brother, Lord Linton, had been my dearest friend ever since our quarrel at Eton; he was high-spirited and generous; and when he was shot at Waterloo, poor fellow! I stood for five minutes without striking a blow, scarcely being able to convince myself I had lost him for ever. We served together in the glorious Forty-second; and when I returned, it is not to be supposed that Lady Charlotte would refuse a brave soldier, her brother's best friend, and one who, besides, had some personal advantages.

She accepted me, and I thought myself the happiest of men. After the mourning was over we were married, and proceeded to the Continent, according to her wishes, which were then my laws.

We returned, and spent a season in London. Every one admired my wife; every one extolled her beauty and talents; and this would have gratified me, but that Lady Charlotte herself was so insatiable in her thirst for that admiration she was never satisfied at home; home was a place where she could not show herself, and she valued her loveliness only according to its effect upon others. It mattered little to her that her husband loved and admired her; I was a sure conquest, a toy thrown aside; besides, she was "the brilliant and accomplished Lady Charlotte," and I was only Campbell of Spynie, principally distinguished in London as having attained the honour of her hand. Only Campbell of Spynie! how I hated London! Then old Lady Linton and her two unmarried daughters were constantly meddling between us. They were always *horror-struck* and *astonished* when I thwarted my wife; and my ears were deafened with the shrill expostulations of the Dowager, while Lady Charlotte sat sobbing or fainting in the arms of one of her noble sisters, every time I attempted to bend her to my will.

"I will go home," said I to myself; "I will go back to Scotland, to my wild, beautiful Spernie, and try for happiness there. My wife is young; she *was*, at least, in love with me; her habits may be changed, and the want of food for her vanity may leave her time to think of her husband." Would you believe it, Slough-darroch? when I proposed this to her, she positively refused. She said she should die if she were immured in the Highlands—that the very thought killed her—that she should pine to death. I underwent another scene of remonstrance and reproaches from her mother and sisters; and at length, when I had given a decided promise never to let a year pass of which four months at least were not spent in town, they condescended to yield, and *allow my wife* to depart, talking all the while of her living in her husband's home for eight months in the year as the most frightful sacrifice woman ever made.

At Spernie I regained some part of my lost tranquillity; you would have laughed had you witnessed all my stratagems to preserve it. I never for the first fortnight took a gun in my hand, for fear my young wife should feel lonely; I walked or rode with her to every waterfall in the neighbourhood; I collected specimens of cairn-grum for her inspection; I submitted to her all my plans for the improvement of my tenantry. There were times, when in spite of her determination not to be satisfied, I could detect a gleam of real pleasure in those beautiful eyes. She was proud of the devotion of the Spernie tenants, touched by their grateful remembrance of my father (not a man among them ever spoke of him without lifting his bonnet); she was interested about the children of the village, and loved the smell of the heather. That was a happy fortnight, Slough-darroch! but in an evil hour I proposed to her that her mother and sisters should visit us. The evening before they came, we sat together on the hill and talked over those plans which I began to flatter myself were mutually interesting, and the rapture with which I received her consent to our union was scarcely greater than that I felt when she drew in her sketch-book a plan for an ornamental fence round the dairy cottage. A light was in her eye, and a colour in her cheek, as she looked up in my face for approval—and as the wind blew aside the plumes of the Scotch bonnet she wore to please me, I thought I had never seen her look so handsome.

The next morning Lady Linton and her single daughters alighted at the door of the castle. We stood there to receive them. "Oh! Mr. Campbell, *what roads!*" said the Dowager. "Gracious! Charlotte, what a strange costume!" ejaculated one sister. "Spernie wished it," said my wife. "What do you call him Spernie for?" retorted the other; "why, you are already *demi-barbare*." They laughed as they crossed the threshold—it put me in mind of my mother in her provoking moments, and I shrank from the sound of that laughter.

From that moment I had scarcely an hour's peace. Every thing was the subject of alternate ridicule and complaint; and Lady Charlotte wore a silk capote, took short walks, and called me "Mr. Campbell."

On the Wednesday after their arrival, I took a long ride through the rain to ask a few friends to dinner. I thought myself particularly fortunate in my choice. I asked Gordon of Drunhead; his cousin, Gordon of Fynne; Capt. Duguid of the Forty-second; Malcolm of Craig-Dhu and his handsome brother, and our wild chieftain laird, Dunega

of Mac Intyre. Ross of Ross Castle was staying at Craig-Dhu, so, of course, I asked him also. The dinner went off very well; the handsome Malcolms were particularly attentive to the young ladies, and my wife seemed pleased with Dunega; but the evening was not without a cloud—in the joy of my soul at feeling once more *really at home*, and having my old friends round me, I forgot the fastidiousness of my English relatives. The two Gordons and Duguid were too much intoxicated to leave the dining-room, and were carried to bed; and the younger Malcolm had a violent dispute with Dunega, in presence of the ladies, as to his right to call himself Dunega of the Hills. The latter was the only man who wore a kilt, and he placed his hand on the handle of his dirk. Lady Charlotte screamed, and one of her sisters fainted; and the next morning my ears were dinned for an hour with the family reproaches. For the first time, I answered passionately, and declared that the men my father had made welcome should never be strangers to me and mine: there was a most uncomfortable scene, and I took my gun and went out.

A conversation I overheard between the sisters determined me on trying the effect of indulgence on my wife's heart. I told her kindly that if she liked to return with her mother to England, I would join her there in the latter end of the autumn, and that I hoped the next year would find her fonder of the Highlands; she accepted the proposal with an eagerness that wrung my very soul.

The day of their departure came. Lady Charlotte's foot was on the step of the carriage, her hand on my arm; she looked at me; our eyes met: in spite of pride, mine filled with tears. She turned round, and flinging her arms round my neck, sobbed out, "I will not go, Spornie!" It was the last time my wife ever spoke tenderly to me, the last time she ever called me Spornie.

Slough-darroch, may you never feel as I did when I sat down to my first solitary meal in the home of my fathers. There was a silence, a desolation round me, broken only by the fitful gusts of the autumn wind whistling through the fir plantation at the back of the house, which was oppressive to me. The thirst of the dying wretch in the desert is nothing to the pining for voices which have ceased. I felt forlorn, deserted; I thought over old days, and lifted the glass to my lips with a bitter smile. I started, and the glass fell and shivered on the ground; for at that moment, distinctly as ever I heard it in his lifetime, there fell on my ear the sound of my father's laugh. I heard it (Slough-darroch you know I am not superstitious), and I rose and stretched out my arms, as if I could once more have been folded to his generous heart—but in vain.

My chief pleasure was in superintending the building of the dairy-cottage, and the fence, as she had planned it. I have stood gazing on those palisades till I have forgot the world round me, and transported myself in idle dreams to a future of happiness never to be mine.

I returned to England, to find my wife more than ever estranged from me; and after long months of coldness, reproaches, and quarrelling, her refusal to accompany me to Spornie Castle the ensuing year was followed by an expressed determination on my part to separate. I provided for her to the utmost limit my fortune would allow, and we became strangers. God be praised! we had no children.

It was two or three years after this, that in riding from Spornie to

the Falls of Fynne, I was thrown from my horse and received a severe blow on the head. I was picked up senseless and conveyed to the nearest tottage. When I opened my eyes, I found myself in a low, small hovel; the windows were about a foot in length, and were partly boarded with fir-wood, and partly glazed with irregular fragments of dim, greenish glass; the peat-reek was so thick and suffocating that I could scarcely bear it, far less distinguish objects; and the feeble chirp of a dozen newly-hatched chickens, who ran in all directions over the clay floor, mingled with the satisfied "cluck" of their happy mother, (established in a hen-coop close to my bed), and the suppressed shrillness of a number of young Gaelic voices from another compartment of this dreary little dwelling.

I rose, and in spite of the dizziness in my head, contrived to grope my way to the open door—the last beams of a clouded sun were lingering on a bleak, unplanted hill, at the foot of which stood my present place of shelter. A middle-aged woman, who united in her own person the dignities of mistress of the house, mother of the family, and owner of the hen-coop, stepped forward, wiping her hands in her apron, and requested I would not think of moving till "the morn." She assured me her youngest son was gone for a doctor who lived about twelve miles off; that the bed I saw was at my service, and that I would find it impossible to ride home till I was better. I felt painfully the truth of her assertion, and sat down again, resigned to my fate, with a tumbler of toddy by way of refreshment. There was an air of preparation and glad anxiety on the faces of all the inmates of the cottage; a glad, quick smile as they exchanged glances; a sort of quiet bustle, the eagerness of which was repressed out of respect to my presence; and a continual running to the open door, as if to watch the coming of some welcome visitor, which struck me as peculiar. At last I could not resist asking a little barefooted lassie, who passed to and fro before me with an air of extreme importance, whether they expected any one besides the doctor? "Ou aye," said the child eagerly, "we'll maybe see Beenie the nicht." The ice once broken, the whole family united in praise of this absent object of affection. She was returning for a while, after her first term of service with a farmer at some distance, and her visit was the cause of general rejoicing. The elder brothers swore she was the *bonniest*, the mother said she was the *canniest*, and the little ones declared her the *doucest* of all the lasses far or near. I began to watch almost as eagerly as the beings round me, and at length in bounded one of the wee laddies on the look-out: "She's come! mither, she's come!" shouted he. Immediately after him, stepped in a gentle, demure-looking girl, about sixteen—and the family circle closed round her like newly-hived bees.

The next morning, at the early breakfast which preceded my departure, I had a full view of Beenie, as she sat opposite me sipping parritch. She was not particularly pretty; both her face and figure were what I should term common-place—and the tone of her voice and the sweetness of her slow, affectionate smile, were all that to me appeared attractive. Nevertheless, to her family she evidently appeared "the cunningest pattern of excelling Nature." If she spoke, all eyes turned on her, gleaming with happiness and admiration; if she laughed, the laugh was echoed even by those who had not heard the jest; if she moved for any thing, all hands were immediately extended to

obtain the desired object ; and the happy mother, her heart full of pride and her eyes full of tenderness, sat gazing on the glowing face of her favourite, and occasionally stealing a glance at me, as if to read what I thought of the little maiden.

You will think me selfish, Slough-darroch, but I confess the feeling uppermost in my mind that morning was one of extreme bitterness. Here, in a low hovel, through whose small, dim windows the sunshine struggled in a sort of cross-light to the door at the other end, sat a party, whose hearts were running over with gratitude to God and love for one another—and here, too, sat the master of Spernie, blest with all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life—with personal and acquired advantages—with a large fortune and a fine estate, who nevertheless dwelt alone in the lofty halls of Spernie Castle—unwelcomed at his return ; unlamented in his absence ; mocked with the semblance of human ties in which he had no enjoyment.

I rose and took my leave of the kind cottagers, and when I bid farewell to Beenie, I wrung her hand, more in the agony of my heart than from any prepossession in her favour ; and I stood for a moment at the foot of that bleak hill, looking back at the dreary little dwelling I left with a mixture of repining at my own lot and envy of her's.

About four years from the time when Lady Charlotte and myself had agreed to separate, I was sent for by express to attend her death-bed. She had caught cold attending a fancy-ball, and the consequences had been severe fever and inflammation of the brain. She had earnestly desired to see me, but before I arrived she was delirious, and continued so for ten days, at the end of which time she died. I was sitting by her bedside alone ; her mother had gone to lie down, and her sisters, who paid her a diurnal visit, had not arrived. I held her hand in mine and looked towards the window, through which the broad daylight was coming, dreading lest it might wake her, yet fearful that any movements of mine would have the same effect, when she suddenly called me by name. My heart throbbed, for I felt that she knew me. I turned, and knelt down with a fervent ejaculation of thankfulness. I looked in her face with a confused hope for the future ; but the gleam of recognition faded from those beautiful eyes : an expression of wildness and terror succeeded ; and as a fitful flush passed across her brow, she murmured, “ Is this death, Campbell ? ” She grasped my hand as she spoke, as though I could have retained her in this world : the grasp relaxed—the dew stood on that fair, laughing brow, and I was—a widower !

I regretted Lady Charlotte bitterly ; her faults were buried with her ; the memory of her angelic beauty and playfulness in health, and of her dying hours, alone remained. Yet, after time had in some measure weakened the blow, I felt—that I was once more a free man.

That freedom was not of long continuance : it is not in my nature to live alone and be content. My friends told me I should think of marrying again, and I thought seriously of their advice. I considered within myself that the causes of my past unhappiness were peculiar, and I resolved, in my present choice, to shun the brilliant advantages of rank and station, and even of beauty, and to think solely of disposition. It was in the midst of these reflections one evening, that the recollection of Beenie suddenly flashed upon me, and, strange as it may seem, I determined to make her Mrs. Campbell of Spernie.

Poor little Beenie! I shall never think of her without remorse; for I certainly made her life as wretched as my own.

I calculated that to *her*, at least, I must seem a superior being; that from *her* I should undergo no haughtiness,—be stung by no real or affected coldness: to *her* the fanciful and feverish pleasures of city dissipation were unknown, and the despised Spynie would be a fairy palace to one who had known no home better than a petty Highland farm. In all these conjectures I was right. She loved me ardently, sincerely; she looked up to me as to a God; she had always a glad smile and a kind word, when I returned weary to my home; she watched me in sickness; she entered eagerly (to the best of her comprehension,) into all that interested me; she never sighed but when there was a cloud on my brow; she had neither joy, grief, hope, fear, or feeling of any kind, in which my image had not a principal share. Yet for all this I was not happy! Her birth, education, and habits, the involuntary faults of manner, which I might and ought to have foreseen, all revolted and annoyed me. I grew morbidly sensitive as to the opinions of others respecting my wife. I watched their very looks (when turned on *her*,) with a mixture of suspicion and irritation. I was too proud to allow that I had again rashly mistaken the road to happiness; and therefore I asked my friends as usual to Spynie; but I was miserable when they came, and my harshness at such times made poor Beenie, who was naturally timid, awkward and reserved beyond expression. She, who had a sort of wild grace in her happy moments, when alone with me, became perfectly mute, abashed, and strange to others. After a while, a change, infinitely worse in my eyes, came over her. With intuitive quickness she saw that the persons who were my friends and equals thought her a match totally unworthy of me, and that I was ashamed of having placed her in her present situation; but in her uneducated mind this conviction produced any thing but a desirable effect. She strove to persuade herself and others that, although fallen in circumstances, her family was of noble extraction; she used to pore over an old book, belonging to one of her brothers, (giving an account of the rebellion of Forty-five,) in which casual mention was made of her great grand uncle's name; and one day, at a large dinner-party, I had the mortification to hear her naturally sweet voice elevated to its highest pitch in a discussion of this kind. I looked down the long table at the mistress of Spynie Castle, and groaned. Dressed in the style commonly called *dowdy*, with an attempt at a fashionable cap, covering her bright hair and really pretty head, with a profusion of pale pink knots scattered about her costume, rendering still more striking the *tinted* look of a complexion exposed to all weathers, and at present glowing with unusual excitement, Mrs. Campbell of Spynie sate, with the carving-knife and fork suspended over the joint they were to divide, allowing the eye to dwell at leisure on her little red weather-beaten hands. Slough-darroch, I was madened. I rose, and shouted out, "Be quiet!" in a voice which made the roof ring,—and Beenie burst into tears.

Five years passed away, and I had a fresh source of irritation in seeing a succession of daughters, and yet being without an heir to Spynie: I had four girls, and Beenie was again to be a mother. I persuaded myself that a fatality hung over me; that my hopes and wishes were never to be realized, and, in proportion as I grew inwardly discon-

tented, I became harsh to all around me,—even the unchanging sweetness of my poor little wife could not preserve her from bitter words and unjust reproaches. One morning, as I went out shooting, I looked from the hill over which I intended to go, and saw Beenie, walking slowly and apparently feebly, to her mother's cottage, who was settled in the little village of Spynie. Something smote my heart; I paused, and giving my gun to the keeper, ran down the hill to meet her. Seemingly her mother was not within, for she passed on to the door of another cottage, belonging to Donald, a small farmer, who had been in other days an unsuccessful suitor for her hand. I hesitated as I came nearer, whether to advance or retreat, for Beenie was evidently weeping. She sat on a stone by the cottage door, and held on her knee a little boy, about two years old, one of Donald's numerous family: her mother stood beside her, and as the poor thing ejaculated, "Oh! what would I gie, that ye were the Laird's ain wee thing!" She replied, "Keep a good heart, Beenie; by the Lord's blessing ye'll may be have a boy-bairn yet."

"I'll not live, mither,—I'll not live,—I'm sair worn wi' cold cruel words—my heart's fairly broken." Then suddenly raising her head, and clasping her trembling hands, she said—"Oh, gin I had been content to marry Donald, and the Laird had taken a lady, I should na be going to God before my time. Mither, mither, why did na ye keep me fra' marrying the Laird? ye ken weel that ae word of your's was a law for me;" and she hid her face on her mother's bosom, and sobbed convulsively. The old woman wept too, and spoke some words, of which I only heard the last—"and, for the Laird, *may God forgie him!*" Never shall I forget those words! I contrasted the happiness and pride of the mother's eyes, in the cottage by the falls of Fynne, with her figure now, as she bent over her child, in a vain attempt to comfort her. I could not bear it; I rushed up the hill again; I forbid the keeper to follow me, and I wandered the whole day with the worm gnawing at my heart. I scarcely know where I went; but I recollect suddenly pausing at the brink of a rock, which overhung a small river, and as suddenly resolving on self-destruction. I leapt, and the cool, pleasant waters closed over my head for an instant; the next, found me struggling with mechanical energy for the preservation of that life I had desired to forfeit. I succeeded in reaching the opposite shore, and there I sat down, and resolved within myself to make Beenie's life a happy one, and not to suffer the vain chimeras to afflict me, which had embittered so much of our mutual existence. I felt happier than I had done for some years, as I once more stood at the gate of Castle Spynie. The porter told me I was again a father. I sprang forward,—I ran up the magnificent staircase, and reached the apartment where my wife slept; the crimson window-curtains were half down, and the setting sun cast a glow of glory through them on all the objects in the room. As I entered, Beenie raised herself in the bed, and, with a smile of intense joy, she said, "It's a boy-bairn! it's a boy-bairn!" "Bless you, my girl!" said I, as I caught her in my arms. She gave a low suppressed moan, and wept for some minutes, without speaking. "There now," said I, gently disengaging myself, "do not weep any more." Her head sank on the pillow, and I thought she had fainted; but she was gone to that land where there is indeed no more weeping; "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the

weary are at rest." Poor little, gentle, faithful Beenie! my heart is still very sore when I remember *thee*.

The present Mrs. Campbell of Spernie was, as you well know, selected more on account of my children than from any other motives; and with *her* I certainly expected to enjoy a *spring* of tranquil happiness. She was the widow of an old friend of mine, one of my most eager advisers to matrimony, who, during his lifetime, had frequently fatigued me with oft-repeated eulogiums on his help-mate. He told me she was the best manager; the cleverest housekeeper; the most perfect sick-nurse, the kindest and most motherly person in the world. But I *had* a housekeeper, and a very good one; my health required no nursing, and for the rest may Heaven defend me from the *motherliness* of people who have never been mothers!

She does her best for my interest it is true, and I ought to be thankful; but, in spite of my large fortune, the old hospitality of Spernie is never conducted in the easy way it used to be. There is a constant struggle to obtain, and contrivance to do without, which depresses my spirits, and causes all my old servants to follow me up and down with complaints from morning till night. My boy (who is a clever handsome child) she ruins by her partiality; and when she has spoilt his temper by constant praises, and comparisons with his sisters' lot, and irritated his stomach with cake and sugar-plums, she administers a dose of rhubarb and magnesia to counteract the one, and makes him repeat Watt's hymn on Human Pride by way of a cure for the other. My girls are little better than upper servants, owing to her rage for making them *useful*; and she always follows up her own advice with the assertion, "I dare say your poor mother could do that before she was half your age." I wish to God she could forget all poor Beenie probably was able to do, to help herself and others, before she became mistress of Spernie. Then her house-keeping is, in her eyes, a subject of vital interest, the main point in a woman's education after the profession of Christianity, and even when she sits at the head of her table, dressed well, with neither too much nor too little pretension; looking as handsome as a woman of forty can look, and as dignified in appearance as four centuries of Scotch aristocracy can make her; she cannot repress the conscious smile of pleasure which steals over her countenance when some favourite dish, in which she has exerted her skill, elicits an approving remark from any one of the company. No, I am not happy, even now; and I pray to God to send me a severe fit of the gout that I may be able more gratefully to appreciate the merits of my wife. For you, Slough-darroch, who still remain a free man, I have better hopes: fly while it is yet in your power; do not, I beseech you, be so mistaken as to imagine that wit, wealth, beauty, sweetness of disposition, or mutual attachment, can promise a security of happiness; bid farewell to Miss Logic of Logic, and live, love, and die—a bachelor.

Your attached friend and cousin,

CAMPBELL OF SPERNIE.

P. S. I have just read in the Morning Post an account of your wedding. Oh! Slough-darroch—but I will say no more. At first I intended to have burnt this long letter, but, on second thoughts, I shall send it, that at least you may begin married life with as little anticipation as possible of future comfort. God protect you! N.

AMERICAN LIFE AND MANNERS.*

IN this matter-of-fact age of the world, when the Schoolmaster is abroad and useful knowledge is diffused, and the public yearns only for facts and science, it is pleasant, and we own we think not unuseful to the mind, to turn aside occasionally from the practical proceedings of life, with its dull round of daily business, to wander in the wild woods or dwell for a season in the fairy-land of fiction and the enchanted regions of tradition and romance. It has been remarked, perhaps a thousand times, but it is not the less true for being trite, that with all the march of intellect and the advanced progress of knowledge, we often look back with a feeling of undefinable regret to the memory of those shadowy superstitions, which in the days of our innocent and blissful ignorance warmed our imagination and touched our heart. The actual results and philosophical demonstrations of science case our mind, to be sure, with a clear, cold panoply, like the ice of winter crusting the surface of a limpid lake; but we cannot help sometimes reflecting with a sigh on the times when fancy was allowed to people the busy brain with unsubstantial visions that varied with brighter hues the monotony of life, like a breeze stealing over the lake aforesaid in spring-time, rippling its tranquil surface, and causing it to—

“Break into dimples, and laugh in the sun.”

We confess we think that the prevailing tendency of the present time is to regard too much the storing-up of physical facts, and cultivating the reasoning faculties, to the exclusion of the powers of feeling and imagination. If there be truth in Spurzheim—and the man is, at least, an able physiologist—the portion of the human brain allotted to the functions of the feelings is far greater than that assigned to the operations of those faculties which are usually considered more strictly intellectual; and it is an obvious practical conclusion, from which the Doctor does not shrink, that a larger supply of mental food, and a greater degree of attentive cultivation, are due to the former than to the latter—that, to use the popular language, it is much more important to educate the heart than the head—to form the disposition than to instruct the mind.

Though the era of imaginative darkness has passed away, and “the chives of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,” no longer people the paths of even country life, but “are melted into air, into thin air,” it does seem somewhat strange, and somewhat, too, to be regretted, that in this wondrous spread of enlightenment, by which we have learned to be so much wiser and sadder men than our fathers, matter seems rather to be gaining the vantage-ground over spirit. The stones and clay, the dust and ashes of the physical world, are explored and explained with far more willing readiness, more curious scrutiny, than the diviner essence which animates the inner man, or which rules and regulates external nature. Men live in cities, cooped-up from year to year in brick and mortar, and rarely looking on the gladsome face of the green earth or the bright sky; or, “sitting under the blossom that hangs on the tree,” they catch no inspiration from the free air, and the fresh stream, and the mountain steep, which taught the untutored Indian to “see God in clouds, and hear him in the wind,” and which ought to bring home to Christian bosoms a livelier sense of the perpetual presence of the Being who pervades all space, in whom we live and move, and have our being. We own, we turn from the materialized speculations of civilized philosophers, to habits of mental spiritualization, even in a savage, with elevation and gladness of heart, and feel disposed to regard almost with favour

* 1. Stories of American Life, by American Writers. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols. 8vo.

2. The Water Witch; or, the Skimmer of the Seas. A Tale. 3 vols. 8vo.

3. The Borderers. By the Author of “The Red Rover,” “The Spy,” &c. 3 vols.

4. Hope Leslie; or, Early Times in the Massachusetts. By the Author of “Redwood.” 3 vols. 12mo.

5. Clarence: A Tale of our own Times. 3 vols. 12mo.

and affection the glimmering faith of the Indian, which quickens all the grand, and glorious, and beautiful appearances of the visible universe with the vitality of the Great Spirit which pervades it, while the sublime imagery of nature in which he clothes these lofty thoughts, renders his language, like himself, noble, and bold, and free.

It is strange, too, and very pitiful, to think of a mighty race of warriors, who, as it were but yesterday, owned half a world which they had possessed undisturbed for ages, hunted by their fellow-men down to the grave, and their memorial perished with them. We may call them red-skins and savages, and dwell upon their atrocious acts of infernal ferocity as we will, but still it must be remembered that the pale-faces found them a free and happy people,—

“Roaming at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps! Regions consecrate
To oldest time.”

And they made them, by that oppression which drives wise men, as well as simple savages, mad, those fierce and unrelenting demons whom the blood of infants and women could not satiate, and to whom death was as dust in the balance, compared with the pleasure and the glory of revenge.

With the desolating incursions of the native North Americans upon the peaceful settlements of the Whites in later times, history has long since made us familiar, in all their horrible and revolting details; but much that is deeply interesting, and well calculated by skilful and graphic delineation to make us more intimately acquainted with the character and habits of the Red Indians, as well as to convey a vivid image of the dangers and privations encountered by our ancestors in reducing the country to its present state of security and plenty, will be found in the volumes now under review.

It is pleasant too, we had almost said ennobling, to trace the progress of those hardy English settlers who first went forth to seek in the wilderness that rest for their souls which they despaired of finding at home. The magnitude of their enterprise, the terrific obstacles they encountered and overcame, and their familiarity with mighty Nature in her awful forms, in those lonely solitudes in which they dwelt, doubtless contributed in no slight degree to heighten the solemnity and moral grandeur which seems to have naturally belonged to their grave and thoughtful characters. Forsaking home, and all that men cling to fastest and most fondly, in order to enjoy the privilege of worshipping God according to the conviction of their own consciences, they never for a moment forgot, even in the minutest occurrences of daily life, that they were—

“Dwelling in their great taskmaster’s eye,”

and they lived as men whose heart and treasure were in a better and a more abiding dwelling-place. It is well observed by the annalist of the first settlements in the Massachusetts, that in the quiet possession of the blessings these first religious pilgrims have transmitted, their descendants are perhaps in danger of forgetting or undervaluing the sufferings by which they were obtained—of forgetting how these men lived and what they endured. When they came to the wilderness, they said truly, though quaintly, that they turned their backs on Egypt; they did virtually renounce all dependance on earthly supports; they left the land of their birth, of their homes, of their fathers’ graves; they sacrificed ease, and honours, and preferment, and all the delights of sense—and for what? To open for themselves an earthly paradise?—to dress their bowers of pleasure, and rejoice with their wives, their little ones, and their cattle? No: they came not for themselves, they lived not to themselves. An exiled and suffering people, they came forth in the dignity of servants of the Lord, to open the forests to the sunbeam and to the light of the Sun of Righteousness; to restore man to civil and religious liberty and equal rights; to bring down the hills and make smooth the rough places, and prepare in the desert a highway for the Lord. What was their reward? Fortune, distinctions, the sweet charities of home?—No: but their feet were planted on the mount of vision, and they saw with sublime joy a

multitude of people where the solitary savage roamed the desert. The forest vanished, and pleasant villages and busy cities appeared; the tangled footpath expanded to the thronged highway; the consecrated church they beheld planted on the rock of idol sacrifice!

That their descendants might realise this vision, might enter into this promised land of faith, they endured hardships and braved death; deeming, as said one of their company, that "he is not worthy to live at all who, for fear of danger or of death, shunneth his country's service or his own honour—since death is inevitable, but the fame of virtue immortal."

Their "plain-living and high-thinking," their toil and carefulness, so curiously mingled with humble reliance on the wisdom and complete submission to the will of Providence, contrast most forcibly and favourably with the luxurious habits, the insatiate thirst for wealth, and the disregard of every thing that does not contribute to "creature-comforts," which characterise our degenerate age. It does one good to be reminded too, so powerfully and effectually as is ever done by a detailed practical example, of the simplicity of man's real wants when he has learned to be satisfied with "what Nature craves and will not be denied;" and how independent human happiness is of riches, and the enjoyment of artificial tastes, when health and hardihood, and a clear conscience, sweeten the mingled cup of life. The high-minded and enlightened Englishmen who first conceived the idea of establishing settlements in North America, steadily persevered until they had overcome the disheartening difficulties they had to conquer; they carried with them the vigour and intelligence of their parent state, and gradually gained dominion over a territory as boundless in extent as stupendous in the grandeur of its natural features. Every thing there is on a scale of colossal magnificence to which the old world is a stranger. Mountains, too lofty to be ever divested of their canopy of clouds; mighty rivers spreading their huge branches through countless valleys, luxuriant with vegetation and teeming with animal life; lakes that resemble inland seas for magnitude, and vast plains, skirted by interminable forests, make up the general outline of this magnificent region; the details will be found scattered over the volumes now before us, for the most part given by faithful and graphic hands, familiar with the habits and the scenery they describe.

The "Stories of American Life," edited by Miss Mitford, are not confined, however, even to the extensive country of which we have been speaking, but include a range of scenery that stretches from Canada to Chili, over sea as well as land; and embrace a variety of character and manners belonging to every degree of civilization, from the polished French refugee to the wild hunter of the woods. The selection is principally made from the fugitive productions of the most popular living authors of the Western Continent, and especial care has been taken, by the tasteful and judicious Editor, to render the collection as national and characteristic as possible. "Many a clever essay," she informs us, "have I rejected, because it might have been written on this side of the Atlantic; and many a graceful tale has been thrown aside for no graver fault than that, with an assortment of new names, it might have belonged to France, or Switzerland, or Italy, or to any land in Christendom, where love is spoken and tears are shed; whilst I have grasped at the broadest caricature, so that it contained indications of local manners, and clutched the wildest sketch, so that it gave a bold outline of local scenery."

It has been alleged with great bitterness, and perhaps not altogether without reason, by our critical brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, that the tone of criticism adopted towards all productions of American literature by British reviewers is captiously and abusively severe, more indicative of the spiteful spirit of a step-mother than of the kindly feelings of a natural parent, anxious to foster the infant efforts of her offspring. In such a spirit as that complained of, we certainly do not participate. We hail with delight every advance in knowledge and intellectual improvement made by a people who are destined to spread our name, our institutions, our thoughts, our principles and feelings, with "our land's language," over a youthful world, where they will live, and prove

the quickening source of thought, and sympathy, and joy, to millions upon millions of human beings, with like hearts and passions, and weaknesses to ourselves, when it may be that chance and change shall have consigned our little "island home" to other masters, speaking a different tongue. It is curious that the most important English dictionary, with the most profound and accurate investigation of the origin and principles of our native language published in the present day, should be the production of an American; and not less curious, or to us, who are genuine lovers of science and the general diffusion of useful knowledge, less gratifying, that of the two English translations and commentaries upon the profoundest mathematical work of the nineteenth century—we mean La Place's "*Mecanique Celeste*," one should be from the pen of a Transatlantic professor, the other from that of a fellow and tutor of the Irish University. But these are works of a class which, however creditable to the literature that has produced them, possess small claims upon the sympathies of men, which are at once attracted by such writings as those now under review. Accordingly, we find that Miss Mitford, with that evident partiality for her subject which every editor, to be good for any thing, must possess, has selected *con amore* from the immense mass of lighter American literature a collection of tales best calculated to strike and to interest the English reader by their novelty and excellence. Her good taste has naturally led her to eschew the thorny paths of criticism, and, instead of the dull details, or angry disputes, with which we are usually visited whenever the comparative merits of British and American productions come under discussion, we are at once presented with a garland of the choicest specimens that had come under her notice in an extensive ramble through the garden of Transatlantic literature, and we are quietly left to be pleased

"We know not why, and care not wherefore,"

without any cut and dry opinions perked up in our faces to remind us of our own deficiency of judgment and the superior abilities of the Editor.

The name of Miss Mitford is, indeed, of itself, a sufficient guarantee that the volumes possess high interest and value. Few persons have obtained a wider or a more well-earned popularity; in whatever character she appears,—whether as the historian of her own simple and unsophisticated village, the author of that most difficult of all productions of the human mind—a successful tragedy; or the medium through which we are to obtain a clear and agreeable insight into the characters of those who are, at least, our half-brethren,—she is always welcome.

The first story in the book is an account of the valour and fidelity, the exploits and the death of Otter-Bag, the Oneyda chief, a warrior of note in the revolutionary struggle, and like the *Otalissi* of the poet—

"A stoic of the woods,—a man without a tear."

The relation is extremely curious, and is told well, except that there is rather too much of the prosy matter of Major Dick Smith, the narrator, which might, with some profit and much pleasure to the reader, have been spared. "The French Village," which follows, is a delightful record of a happy, light-hearted population, seated in a morass, and suffering under all the ills of poverty and a humid, gloomy atmosphere, loaded with miasma and mosquitoes, yet fiddling and singing, and dancing through life, with all the gaiety and grimace of your true Frenchman, and smoking and laughing disease and care away; while the young Indians paddled through the marsh, darting their arrows at the paroquets that chattered in the boughs above them, and screaming, and clapping their hands with boyish glee as the bright birds drop into their canoe and are stripped of their gaudy plumage. The courtship and marriage of Monsieur Baptiste Menou, a lank old bachelor, with Mam'selle Jeannette Duval, a brisk, fat spinster of no particular age, forms a most amusing episode in the annals of this merry colony. "The Country Cousin" is a pathetic love story, which ends, however, as all good love-stories should do; while "The Sick Man Cured" inculcates with much humour and good sense the moral lesson, that the indulgence of indolence and luxury, and the habitual pampering of the senses, are incompatible with vigour of health and hilarity of spirits, and that temperance and exertion are the best cure for

indigestion. "The Idle Man," in the third volume, is a story somewhat of the same tendency. "M. de Villacour and his Neighbours" affords a curious sample of the manners of the descendants of those brave Huguenots who emigrated from France in the reign of Louis XIV., and a laughable contrast between their ceremonious politeness and the homely rudeness of the Yankees of New Rochelle; but the farce of the principal incident, a marriage, which is endeavoured to be forced on the old gentleman by a certain Abishag Peck, is somewhat too broad and improbable for our taste.

From the neighbourhood of New York, the next story transports us to the Bay of Callao, and presents us with a vivid picture of the capture of the Spanish frigate, the *Esmeralda*, by the patriot blockading squadron off the island of San Lorenzo, one of those brilliant exploits which have so signally distinguished the daring career of Lord Cochrane. But it would be endless to enumerate all the stories in this way, as we have not yet got through the first volume, which contains "The Tutor" and "The Indian Hunter," besides those already mentioned. Of the rest, we shall advert only to the "Romance of the Border," a story of one of those many incursions of the Indian warriors, by which a smiling happy home was suddenly converted into a desolate, frightful waste.

"It was in the month of November 1778, when the harvest was past, and the season of husbandry closed, in the little paradise of Mr. Johnson and his brother Buxton, that the former found it necessary to repair to his next neighbour, Tunncliffe, to bring in the residue of their winter stores, which had been sent thus far by their friends in Canajoharie; and as it was so near the approach of winter that even the occasional intercourse kept up by the scattered borderers must soon close for the season, Mrs. Johnson determined to accompany her husband for a brief visit. Though it was now the third year of the revolutionary struggle of the colonies with the mother country, yet the storm of war had not reached their peaceful dwelling. They had not even heard of the terrible fate which had befallen the settlements of Wilkesbarré, and 'fair Wyoming,' inflicted by the cruel hands of the ferocious John Butler, at the head of a legion of savages, and a gang of Tories, if possible, more savage than they. Every thing in that charming settlement, which, assisted by a rich soil, the hand of industry had transformed into a second Eden, had been doomed to destruction, the inhabitants to indiscriminate butchery, and their dwellings to the flames. Cruelties were practised at which human nature recoils, and the valley was left desolate. But of these atrocities they were ignorant; and Mr. Johnson and his wife departed, without concern, for an absence of but two days, leaving their little daughters with their small family until their return.

"It was on one of the loveliest days of the Indian summer, that, without the least apprehension of lurking danger, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left their peaceful abode upon this occasion, when the glare of the sunbeams, and the deep azure of the sky, were softened by the light hazy smoke which attends that delightful portion of an American autumn. Few objects in nature can be more beautiful than the rich and variegated autumnal livery of the American forests. After being touched by a few sharp frosts, the leaves of the various deciduous trees, as they gradually become sere, assume a thousand different hues; from the pale to the bright yellow, the russet brown, the scarlet red, the dark purple, the deep and rich carmine, all mingling and blending together, and with the sombre evergreens sprinkled here and there over the forests, forming a landscape of apparent flowers, rivalling in variety and beauty the spectacle which, to a poet's eye, would be presented by a magnificent undulating bed of tulips, of illimitable extent,—a picture which art could not imitate nor equal, with a pencil dipped in the colours of the rainbow, or pen describe, though directed by the luxuriant imagination of the unvalued romancer of Scotland."

During their brief absence, the red and white savages, who desolated the western frontier, (for there was a junction of European with Indian arms,) on their return from Cherry Valley, drunk and furious with the blood of that ill-fated settlement, came on the dwellings of Mr. Johnson and his brother-in-law, and headed by the noted Brandt, raised their fatal whoop, and rushed on to further slaughter. The inmates fled at their approach in wild affright, but were struck down by the tomahawk in their flight, and left weltering in their blood. In this state the agonized parents found their late happy home on their return. Of one child, however, their beautiful daughter Alice, no trace could be found among the mangled remains of the dead. After long and painful search, it was

ascertained that, even in the moment of destruction, Brandt had relented in her behalf, and that the little prisoner was living, and kindly treated among the warriors of the savage chief. The principal inconvenience to which she was exposed being, that she was compelled to sleep with tender stalks of saplings laid across her, upon the ends of which, on either side, some of the Indians lay, to prevent the possibility of her flight alone into the woods during the night. When the expedition was planned by General Washington, for taking vengeance upon the savages who had desolated the frontier, Mr. Johnson was permitted to accompany General Clinton's division down the Susquehanna, in the hope that some opportunity might arise of recovering his daughter. General Clinton's troops did ultimately come upon the Indian village where Alice was known to be held captive. In the *mêlée*, Mackwah, the chief to whose care she had been confided by Brandt, was described dragging her along in an attempt to escape. In the eagerness of parental solicitude, Mr. Johnson had hurried forward, and was the first to encounter the fugitives. The recognition was instantaneous; but in the very moment when, with an exclamation of delight, father and daughter sprang forward to each other's embrace, the uplifted hatchet of Mackwah was buried in the temples of the beautiful Alice. At the same instant the furious savage was shot dead; but the twice bereaved parents lingered out a long and dreary pilgrimage as a recluse in the woods. Such is the outline of one of the many interesting tales with which these volumes abound; the description of Indian manners and superstitions, with which it is filled up, is accurate and graphic, and we dismiss the whole collection, as one that reflects great credit on the taste and discrimination of its justly celebrated Editor. During the merry Christmas season they will enliven the fire-side of many a cheerful family; while they are interesting, amusing, and exciting to the highest degree that any lover of the strange and the romantic can possibly desire; they possess the rarer quality of being useful and instructive; they exhibit to us all the leading features of a great and prospering people, and supply us with portraits of those who are rapidly departing from the vast Continent of which they had been the only dwellers for ages—the land and its varied inhabitants are accurately and beautifully pictured before us.

"The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas," is a naïf calculated, we fear, to mislead the reader somewhat as to the nature of the novel to which it belongs; at least, we must confess that, before cutting the leaves, we had pictured to our mind's eye visions of a horrid old woman bestriding a floating broomstick, or at best ballasting an egg-shell over the dancing waves, half as merry and twice as mischievous as the paper nautilus itself. But our supernatural friend proves, on actual acquaintance, a most maternal sprite, being not even a mermaid combing her sea-green hair in the glassy water, but neither more nor less than the wooden figure that adorned the poop of a smuggler's brigantine; the free-trader in rum and Bandana handkerchiefs being himself the Skimmer of the Seas.

Mr. Cooper has been sometimes styled the Walter Scott of the New World; we would extend the dominion of his fancy, (for the waters cover three-quarters of the globe,) and would fearlessly pronounce him the wizard of the sea. His home is on the wave; in all that relates to ship-craft, in calm or storm, fire or fight, he is a perfect master, while he portrays the fears and hopes, the business and the pleasures of an adventurous sailor's chequered life, with a fidelity and vivid power which cheat the reader into a momentary belief of the presence and reality of the scenes that he describes. The present story is, of course, of that marine description, which affords full scope to the author's high and peculiar powers. The contraband Skimmer, trading in the North American Seas, and Captain Ludlow, commander of an English cruiser, sent in search of him, with their respective ships and crews and exploits, form the most prominent objects on the canvas; but the character of Myndert Van Beverist, a wealthy customer of the Skimmer, dwelling in the island of Manhattan, near New York, is also ably developed; while certain love passages, between his niece Alida, or la belle Barbérie, and the captain of the cruiser, and those of a maiden with a

euphonious name, which reminds one of *Medora* in the "*Corsair*," whilst her position with respect to the redoubted *Skimmer of the Seas* more resembles that of *Gulnare*, contribute to give business and variety to the scene.

Of the isolated incidents that add interest to the plot, an encounter between the British cruiser and the boats of a French ship-of-war, and the subsequent burning and blowing up of the former, after achieving a victory over the Frenchman, are given with great spirit and effect. We must make room for the conclusion of the conflagration. Most of the men had previously escaped in the boats. The captain, the *Skimmer*, with the two women, and the few seamen who remained, were compelled to trust themselves to a raft, hastily lashed together on the moment. The raft was lowered, the fast was cut, and they slowly receded from the burning ship.

"They were still fearfully near the dangerous fabric, but destruction from the explosion was no longer inevitable. The flames began to glide upwards, and then the heavens appeared on fire, as one heated sail after another kindled and flared wildly in the breeze. Still the stern of the vessel was entire. The body of the master was seated against the mizen-mast, and even the stern visage of the old seaman was distinctly visible under the broad light of the conflagration. Ludlow gazed at it in melancholy, and for a time he ceased to think of his ship; while memory dwelt in sadness on those scenes of boyish happiness, and of professional pleasures, in which his ancient shipmate had so largely participated. The roar of a gun, whose stream of fire flashed nearly to their faces, and the sullen whistling of its shot, which crossed the raft, failed to awaken him from his trance.

" 'Stand firm to the mees chest,' half whispered the *Skimmer*, motioning to his companions to place themselves in attitudes to support the weaker of their party, while with sedulous care he braced his own athletic person, in a manner to throw all its weight and strength against the seat;—'stand firm, and be ready.'

"Ludlow complied, though his eye scarce changed its direction. He saw the bright flame that was rising above the arm-chest, and he fancied that it came from the funeral pile of the young *Dumont*, whose fate at that moment he was almost disposed to envy. Then his look returned to the grim countenance of *Trysail*. At moments, it seemed as if the dead master spoke; and so strong did the illusion become, that our young sailor more than once bent forward to listen. While under this delusion the body rose, with the arms stretched upwards. The air was filled with a sheet of streaming fire, while the ocean and the heavens glowed with one glare of intense and fiery red. Notwithstanding the precaution of the *Skimmer of the Seas*, the chest was driven from its place, and those by whom it was held were nearly precipitated into the water. A deep heavy detonation proceeded as it were from the bosom of the sea, which, while it wounded the ear less than the sharp explosion that had just before issued from the gun, was audible at the distant capes of the *Delaware*. The body of *Trysail* sailed upwards for fifty fathoms in the centre of a flood of flame, and describing a short curve, it came towards the raft, and cut the water within reach of the Captain's arm. A sullen plunge of a gun followed, and proclaimed the tremendous power of the explosion, while a ponderous yard fell athwart a part of the raft, sweeping away the four petty officers of Ludlow as if they had been dust driving before a gale. To increase the wild and fearful grandeur of the dissolution of the royal cruiser, one of the cannon emitted its fiery contents while sailing in the void.

"The burning spars, the falling fragments, the blazing and scattered canvas and cordage, the glowing shot, and all the torn particles of the ship, were seen descending. Then followed the gurgling of water, as the ocean swallowed all that remained of the cruiser which had so long been the pride of the American seas. The fiery glow disappeared, and a gleam like that which succeeds the glare of vivid lightning fell on the scene."

This brilliant description scarcely yields to the more detailed and appalling account of the burning of the *Block-house* in the "*Borderers*." Indeed, this author, so long as he keeps to the sea, or to the forest, is unrivalled for the force, felicity, and truth, with which he always describes nature, whether animate or inanimate. Among those who have

Hewn the seas,

And made their marble of the glassy wave,

he can enter into the full spirit of the pirate's song—

“ Ours the wild life in tumult still to range,
From toil to rest, and joy in every change ;”

and in the thoughts and language of the native Indian, holding communion with “the Great Spirit” in the wild and desolate fastnesses of the desert, he is alike masterly and unapproachable.

But greatly and most deservedly popular as Mr. Copper is, it has been objected, that of late he has become too exclusively aquatic, and reminds his readers of the painter, who found himself particularly happy in the delineation of three red lions of different sizes, and lionized, accordingly, whenever or wherever he was called upon to paint. It cannot be denied that between some parts of “The Pilot,” “The Red Rover,” and “The Water Witch,” there is a degree of resemblance that seems to argue poverty of invention. In “The Borderers,” however, we return to the wild wood, and find our author as perfect in his picture of the character and mode of living of the single hearted, laborious settlers of New England, in the seventeenth century, as he had before approved himself in portraying the “life afloat” of the manly intelligent British sailor, and the bold buccaneer.

The “Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish” is a beautiful and most heart-touching history, in which the calm thoughtful happiness of the austere-religious colonists, who had betaken themselves to the distant wilderness to preserve “the word” in purity, apart from the temptations and the worldly-mindedness of society, is exquisitely mingled and contrasted with the hardships they endured in the constant vigilance and frequent losses and sufferings they had to encounter in their struggles with the native owners of the soil,—Metacom, Miantonimoh, Conanchet, and the fierce warriors of their train.

“Hope Leslie” is also a story of Pequods and Puritans, and, like “The Borderers,” abounds in descriptions of the surpassing loveliness of Nature, and the peaceful happy influences of the green still nooks of the wilderness, bright with the hues, and redolent with the scents of wild flowers and fruits. William Fletcher, the son of a respectable English country gentleman, deeply in love with his cousin Alice, but also imbued with Republican and Puritanical principles, is called upon by the young lady’s father, Sir William Fletcher, an eminent and courtly lawyer, to abjure the fanatical notions of liberty and religion with which he had been infected, and promise obedience to the King, and adherence to the Established Church, as the sole but indispensable condition to the union so much desired by the cousins. The youth was soul-stricken as a doomed man; for his spirit was of that firm inflexible nature, that he would sooner have faced the fites of martyrdom than yielded up one jot of his fidelity to what he deemed his duty: he resolved, therefore, to fly from the temptation which he dared not trust himself to resist, and to become an exile for ever from his native land. On the point of taking ship, he is suddenly and unexpectedly joined by Alice, who, in the fulness of affection, has quitted her father’s house, resolved to follow her lover’s fortunes, whithersoever they may lead him. While hurrying down to the beach to go on board, where preparations had been made by the delighted lover for their immediate marriage, she is overtaken and carried off by her father and his attendants; and soon after, in the imbecility of utter despair and alienation of mind, suffers herself to be led to the altar by a certain Charles Leslie, in submission to her father’s commands.

Mr. Fletcher is subsequently persuaded to marry an orphan ward of the good Governor Winthrop, a maiden meek and dutiful, and with her emigrates to New England, along with the Governor, in the year 1630. After a few years stay at Boston, influenced partly by disgust at the illiberal and inconsistent conduct of some of his associates there, and partly by his natural love of retirement and contemplation,—when Pynchon, Holioko, and Chapin, formed their settlement at Springfield, on Connecticut river,—he determined to retire with his family thither. He fixed his residence a mile from the village, deeming exposure to the incursions of the savages a very slight, and the surveillance of a busy curious neighbourhood a certain evil.

“ His domain extended from a gentle eminence that commanded an extensive view of
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the bountiful Connecticut, to the shore, where the river indented the meadow by one of those sweeping graceful curves by which it seems to delight to beautify the land it nourishes.

"The border of the river was fringed with all the water-loving trees; but the broad meadows were quite cleared, excepting that a few elms and sycamores had been spared by the Indians, and consecrated, by tradition, as the scene of revels or of councils. The house of our pilgrim was a low-roofed modest structure, containing ample accommodation for a patriarchal family, where children, dependants, and servants, were all to be sheltered under one roof-tree. On one side lay an open and extensive plain; within view was the curling smoke from the little cluster of houses about the fort—the habitation of civilized man; but all else was a savage howling wilderness.

"Never was a name more befitting the condition of a people than 'Pilgrim,' that of our forefathers. It should be redeemed from the puritanical and ludicrous associations which have degraded it in most men's minds, and be hallowed by the sacrifices made by these voluntary exiles. They were pilgrims, for they had resigned for ever what the good hold most dear—their homes. Home can never be transferred; never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by parental love—by the innocence and the sports of childhood—by the first acquaintance with nature—by the linking of the heart to the visible creation, is the only home. There, there is a living and breathing spirit infused into Nature: every familiar object has a history—the trees have tongues—the very air is vocal. There the mummy vesture of decay doth not close in and control the noble functions of the soul. It sees, and hears, and enjoys, without the ministry of gross material substance."

This is a fair specimen of the author's powers of description and reflection.

Meanwhile, Sir William Fletcher and Charles Leslie both die; and Alice, with two daughters, her only children, sets out for America, determined to cast her lot in the heritage of God's people for the remainder of her days, and possibly not altogether uninfluenced by the desire of once more seeing her first love. A tempestuous voyage, however, proves too much for her broken constitution, and averts the painful embarrassment of a meeting with one who was still her lover, though another's husband. She dies, in faith and resignation, leaving her children to the guardianship of Mr. Fletcher. The elder of these, Alice, re-baptized on arriving in Boston by the puritanic name of Hope, becomes the heroine, and gives the title to the story.

The sketches of character and manners among the Indians, the frontier puritans, and the inhabitants of Boston, are spirited and graphic, and a high tone of moral and religious feeling pervades the book.

"Clarence" is a lively and amusing tale, descriptive of the state of society in New York at the present day; both "Clarence" and "Hope Leslie" seem to be the productions of a lady, and are probably from the same pen. There is the same quickness and delicate minuteness of observation perceptible in both, and a certain resemblance of thought and expression, making due allowance for difference of scene and subject, which seems to betray a family likeness. In both, too, there is a dwelling *con amore* upon the love passages, (this play upon the words has stolen in undesignedly,) and a dilatation upon domestic affairs and affections, which, though felt by all, could be expressed only by a woman.

We have dwelt much more at length upon these Transatlantic novels than we had at first intended; but as we wish exceedingly to see good feeling and good fellowship thoroughly established between Master Bull and his younger brother, we willingly avail ourselves of the opportunity of recommending such a near and intimate acquaintance as the perusal of these lighter works, descriptive of society, manners, and feelings, so well affords. Works of science and philology, though founded on materials borrowed from Europe, are already, to use a Transatlantic phrase, "progressing" in America; witness the admirable translation of Laplace, with explanatory notes and formulæ, by Bowditch; and Webster's English Dictionary, now reprinting in London: but works of imagination are the more natural productions of an infant literature, and are far more conducive to an acquaintance and sympathy with the people to whom they belong and relate.

SKETCHES FROM THE NORTH, NO. I.

THE face of the earth is very like that of the "featherless biped," otherwise "the lord of the creation," or by whatever other name he may be called—"the perfection of heaven's works"—"the quintessence of dust"—for man has as many an *alias* as any thief that ever was condemned or acquitted at the Old Bailey; but, as I was saying, it is wonderful how like the great broad round face of this earth of ours is to the countenance of man himself. Ay! and still more wonderful is it, how many lines and furrows are channelled deep, in the physiognomy of any place, in the brief space of a ten years' absence,—how many warts and pimples are found to have grown up on the once smooth visage of nature,—how many places have sunk in, and how many have been raised up, so that we can hardly recognise the old friend we meet, with so new a face. Few spots have undergone a greater change than the neighbourhood of Edinburgh since I saw it last. Places, which had then all the wild vigour of young nature, are now wrinkled with roads and canals, or blotched with houses, or bearded with stiff young plantations. The town, too, has grown corpulent and unwieldy; and, instead of rising up gently towards the castle, with the slim genteel waist of maiden beauty, it sits flat and square in its seat, with its skirts spreading out around, like the full petticoat of a dowager, or the broad coat-tails of an alderman. Nevertheless still—still it is the most beautiful city upon earth.

There is something, however, in old associations—in the memories of those days when the heart was lighter and softer, that has led me often, since my return to Europe, to many of the more obscure parts of the old town, which I used to explore as a boy—down the West Bow, by the dim and gloomy house of the famous Major Weir, and through all the manifold turnings and windings that surround the Grass Market. As I was returning a few days ago from one of these perambulations, I walked into the College, and having a strange propensity to follow the crowd, I pursued the steps of two or three lads, who were mounting a flight of stairs in one of the angles of the building. At the top of the staircase was an anti-room, where a servant seemed upon guard. All the rest passed in, and finding by inquiry that strangers were admitted, I entered also, and was soon in the lecture-room of the famous Wilson, the Professor of Moral Philosophy.

I had heard much of Professor Wilson since my return to Edinburgh, and had known much of his public character before, by some very beautiful works, of which, however, I shall say nothing, as this paper must not be a critique. Every body agreed that he was very eccentric; but every body allowed that he was highly talented, and, from general report, I found he could make himself either extremely agreeable or extremely disagreeable, not so much from the whim of the moment, as from the assimilation or discrepancy of his character with that of the person with whom he was brought in temporary communion. A considerable part of the class had assembled, but the Professor had not made his appearance; and taking my seat, I amused myself by examining the students. They were of all ages, from that on whose head the frost of Time has fallen thick and white, to the untouched day of youth, where all is expansion. There were lines of

feature too, and shapes of head, sufficient to have puzzled the whole host of those who either read man's soul by his nose, or, judging of the kernel by the shell, feel the human mind through the manifold bumps of the cranium. The extraordinary differences of formation observable in the heads of an European multitude strike one the more strongly, after having been long with nations where scarcely a change of feature is to be seen amongst the individuals of each cast; as if Nature formed their faces by the score, and the only variety was produced by the shaking of the moule. In a few minutes, the Professor entered the room, and, during the bustle of the class hurrying to its appointed place, I had time to observe the features and demeanour of the lecturer. He is a well-formed muscular man, of about six feet high, of a fair complexion, with light brown hair, approaching to yellow, but not to red, which hangs in long dishevelled locks over his ears. His dress was careless, and his whole appearance gave one the idea of a man, whose thorough contempt for every thing like foppery is carried perhaps into the other extreme. His countenance is fine but stern—nay, at times fierce, with a high forehead, and eyebrows which, though not strongly marked, give a keen severity to the expression of his face by their frequent depression, and by their contraction, till they almost cover the piercing grey eye which shines out beneath, like that of an eagle.

With a quick step he took his place at his desk, laid down his watch beside him, and spread out a roll of papers, over which he glanced till every thing was still. Then leaning forward, he bent his brows, and began his lecture in a full, clear, distinct voice. Accent he has very little, and what there is, I should have judged to be Irish rather than Scotch.

The part of his subject under immediate consideration was Sympathy, not considered as a mere transient effervescence of feeling, but with Smith's more extended view, as the great agent by which our moral perceptions are guided and regulated. In the first instance, he confined himself to giving a clear, distinct, and logical analysis of Smith's system; and never did I hear so lucid and tangible an explanation of an abstruse and difficult subject. It required no intense attention—no laborious effort of thought—no complicated manœuvre of the brain, to follow him from position to position; but all was easy and clear; and, if the mind did not always coincide in the conclusions of the author whose system was discussed, it could never for a moment doubt what the lecturer meant.

Between each sentence he paused for two or three minutes, to allow his hearers to grasp his argument, and fixed a keen and inquiring eye upon them, as if to read in their countenances whether they did or did not fully comprehend. When he thought there was the least doubt, he repeated what he had said, with some slight variation in form; and then proceeded to another part of his subject.

At first—though as a cold philosophical inquiry nothing could be more satisfactory than Professor Wilson's elucidation of his subject—yet I confess I did not find what I had expected. The language of his lecture was strong, applicable, elegant. No tautology was heard, no loose change of person, no mixed or imperfect figure; but I missed at first, the wild poetical genius, the daring talent of the "Isle of

Palms," or the "City of the Plague." But as the lecture proceeded, its character began to change; the logical establishment of particular principles being accomplished, more room was left for the poet and the orator, and a new spirit seemed to animate the speaker. He reasoned on the nature and the power of conscience, and showed how, by judging of others, we learned to judge ourselves. He spoke of the "Phantom Censor" we raise up in our own bosoms, to examine and reprove our actions; and as he did so, the fulness of his tone increased, his brow expanded, his eye flashed, and he painted the "inexorable judge within us, who may sleep but cannot die," in a burst of the most powerful and enthusiastic eloquence.

A murmur of approbation and pleasure followed from the whole class, joined to a certain shuffling of the feet, which I find is in Edinburgh the usual and somewhat indecorous mark of applause with which the students honour their Professors on any occasion of peculiar brilliancy. Shortly after, the lecturer finished, and all the motley crowd tumbled out to hear some other theme discussed, perhaps as different from that which they had just heard as the range of human intellect will permit. I looked upon the hour I had lingered in the College as well spent; for, being the most impatient of all this earth's impatient children, I could hardly believe at the end of the lecture, that I had listened for the full space of sixty long minutes to any human being.

As I turned my steps homeward, I read the notice of a Public Meeting, to be held in the Assembly-rooms, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for a reform in the representation of Scotland; and as the names of Jeffrey and Cockburn appeared in the list of requisitionists, I determined upon seeing the ex-king of the reviewers in his reforming capacity. As the important Saturday approached, various vague reports got about, that Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn, having been appointed to high offices, would not be present at the meeting they had convened. Many of their friends, however, more zealous than wise, declared that, beyond doubt, they would both show themselves, and speak. "The Lord Provost," they observed, "had refused to call the meeting, because the present Ministry had promised to grapple with the question of reform; Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn had not thought that sufficient, and had therefore joined the rest in the public notice. Now nothing had changed in the posture of affairs, but the titles and emoluments of Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn, which should make no difference in their principles or views of the case—Ergo, they must and would be present."

Thus argued the more staunch reformers; but others took a different side. Nevertheless, as it was generally agreed, that at all events there would be some good speaking, and that Mr. John Archibald Murray, if he chose to put himself forward, could make a better speech than either of the two doubtful Magnates, a quarter past twelve o'clock on Saturday morning found me in the midst of a dense crowd, opposite the Assembly-rooms. A shilling was to be paid at the door, to keep the meeting *respectable*, I was told. Now I do not well know what that word *respectable* implies; but if it mean unceremonious elbowing, stifling, more rude than the pickpockets of Covent Garden when the King goes to the house, then the expected shilling

answered its purpose, and the crowd was highly respectable. My great bulk appeared to give the people offence, and they seemed, by their squeezing me on every side, to have a great desire to smother me in my own fat; but luckily I was accustomed to a warm climate, and my height enabled me to get air; so that I fought my way on like the rest. I fared tolerably well, till one little man, some five foot six or seven, got his sharp triangular elbow into my side, and nearly made a martyr of me. To keep him off, I thrust my arm across his neck, and then saw a little yellow countenance, like that of a bilious ape, grinning at me, in the agonies of suffocation, as my wrist under his chin held him back, while the people behind pressed him forward. Wrath too was in his eyes; and ever and anon he strove to speak, but the strangulation that he suffered permitted but stray words to pass; and as we were jammed forward towards the door, I heard but—"Uh! uh!—fat—monster!—uh!—suffocation!—uh!—devil!—blubber!—uh!—make him—uh!—pay double! uh! uh!"

At that moment I reached the gate, and paying my shilling, rushed onward to the Assembly-room, which was still half empty; but under the place where the orchestra is usually displayed, there sat the requisitionists, "in grimly pomp sublime," and an awful congregation of serious and expecting faces there was. The room gradually filled, and decidedly the majority present were of the better, though perhaps not of the first class. We must not, however, suppose, that all who were there, amounting to about a thousand, were absolutely the friends of reform. Many undoubtedly came from curiosity; and certainly a large knot of those, near the spot which I had chosen, were as vigorous and uncompromising patrons of the rotten borough system, as ever sent a member to St. Stephen's. Another group of the same kind was stationed at the farther side of the room, as I discovered afterwards; and it is but fair to infer, that several others were scattered about through so large an assemblage.

The meeting waited very patiently for some time, looking with impatient eyes towards the door, which, opening and shutting behind the requisitionists, gave entrance to several of their body. Still neither Jeffrey nor Cockburn appeared; and after various signs of impatience from the crowd, a Mr. John Craig proposed a Mr. James Gibson Craig as chairman, and the business of the meeting began.

Some time before, a gentleman had come in, wrapped in a large blue cloak, which, being cast aside, displayed the figure of a stout, hale, good-looking man, certainly past the prime of life, but yet without one mark of the decaying power of time, except in the whiteness of his hair, and the baldness of his brow. His face was round and florid, but redeemed from the dulness of rotundity, by a high expansive brow, and a quick glance in the clear grey eye, which told of intelligence, energy, and rapid combination. He spoke several times to those around him before active operations commenced, and his lip often curled into a quick smile, which, together with the occasional throwing forward of the full-rounded chin, gave a slight touch of sarcasm to his countenance, blending with the good humour and the spirit of his expression, like the squeeze of the lemon, which elevates the punch above the toddy. When all the preliminaries were over, he rose, and some one whispered near me, "John Archibald Murray!

He was a friend and follower of Fox, and a great opposer of Pitt in days long gone."

The opening of his speech was grave and ordinary, and though, by the tone and management of his voice, it was evident that the speaker was well accustomed to the task of public declamation; for some minutes he did not quit the beaten track of common places usually followed in introducing a subject. At length, however, he warmed in his discourse.

"I stand here," he said, "one of 190 requisitionists, and to that number I may indeed add another, who, more than any of us, has called upon Scotland to come forward and express her sentiments on reform. Although I do not see his name attached to the requisition, I look upon him as virtually a requisitionist, in the same manner that he is virtually our representative in Parliament. We have been told by the Right Honourable William Dundas ——"

Here the speaker was interrupted by violent hisses from the group of Non-reformers at the other side of the room. He paused for a moment, and fixed his eye upon them with somewhat of a frown—but the cloud passed away in a moment; and, as soon as silence was obtained, he added, with a good-humoured smile, which was somewhat pointed by a raised eyebrow,—“When I mention the name of the Right Honourable William Dundas, I pledge myself to those gentlemen who seem unwilling that his name should be mentioned at all, that if they can detect in any thing I say one touch of personal feeling, one word of unfair statement, I shall stand corrected, and bow to those who have thought fit to express their disapprobation without hearing me. It is not my intention to reflect on the Right Honourable Gentleman. Far from it; for I think that his having been instrumental in bringing about this meeting, is the most creditable thing that ever happened to him in his life.”

Considerable laughter succeeded this attack upon Mr. Dundas, and Mr. Murray having got the good-humour of the assembly on his side, took care not to lose it again for want of many a sprightly jest. It is astonishing how pleasantry tells with a popular meeting! The laughers and the causes of laughter are always in the right; and Demosthenes or Cicero would have pleaded in vain, had any one been shrewd enough to cut across them with a jest. Having now the whip in his own hands, and the consent of his hearers to lay it on, Mr. Murray did not fail to castigate pretty severely the little knot of hisses. He read Mr. Dundas's letter, in which that gentleman declared that he had no reason to suppose that Scotland demanded a reform in her representative system, because for three years no petition had been sent up for the purpose of procuring that object; and from this Mr. Murray deduced that Mr. Dundas called upon Scotland to express her opinion.

“Luckily,” he said, “in these days, every individual, whatever might be his ideas, might declare them boldly; and it was right and laudable in every one to petition Parliament in whatever way they might think best. If the people of Edinburgh did not want Reform, why should the Government thrust it upon them? but if they did, it was their duty to demand it. Let every one announce his opinion openly. Even those gentlemen—they were but few—who had but now expressed their disapprobation, would do well to draw up their

own petition to Parliament, and say, 'We two, or three, or four, or five—for there did not seem to be more—do not want Reform. We are very well as we are. Every thing is as it should be. Pray do not give us Reform!' They would do better to do this, than to disturb a meeting, which did not solicit their presence, by a peculiar noise, very much resembling that of certain animals, which once by their sibilation saved the capitol of Rome."

Mr. Murray then entered at length into the representative system of Scotland, noticing more particularly Edinburgh. He stated that the capital of the country possessed but 33 voters, who returned a member to Parliament; and those voters themselves were elected by fourteen incorporations, who selected six individuals, who were in turn presented to the town-council, who again, selected one. Thus the electors who sent the member for Edinburgh to Parliament first elected themselves, and then elected him; and for aught he, Mr. Murray, knew, the member might in turn help to elect them, and the obligation be thus rendered reciprocal. In this manner he proceeded at some length, touching on the various well-known objections to the Scottish system of representation with a light and happy wit, which received piquancy and savour from the gay twinkle of his eye, and the smile which both preceded and followed. Each droll combination that formed itself in his mind was announced upon his countenance before it was spoken; and the expectation of the hearer was taught to harmonize with the coming jest, which seldom disappointed.

There are few such happy gifts in life as a good and pleasant smile; it is a silent sort of oratory, which wins its way more directly to the heart of man than all the art of words. Whatever I had to crave, to whatever I sought to persuade, I would rather entrust my purpose to a smile, than to volumes of written or torrents of spoken eloquence. It is like a secret friend near the ear of royalty, which by soft entreaty wins every thing that would be refused to the pompous procession and cold clamour of long-concatenated words. How often has a smile upon the lips of woman proved stronger than the sceptre, more victorious than the sword! Embue it with a drop of bitter, and it spreads the poison of contempt through every vein of him it falls upon; sweeten it from the Hybla of the heart, and it becomes the nectar of benevolence; sadden it, and it is a moral; enliven it, it is a joy; and by a change so slight that the most refined anatomist shall scarcely detect the contraction of a muscle, this short-hand of the mind, this telegraph of the feelings, shall express every range of passion, from the brightest dream of the "angel of life" to the grim shadows that hover on the confines of despair! Give me a smile for my eloquence—give me a smile!

But to return from all this wild confusion of metaphors to my more sober subject, one great happiness of Mr. John Archibald Murray's eloquence consists in a playful and varying smile. I do not mean at all to say that such is his only eloquence—far from it; he has real and sterling wit, and a happy choice and fluency of words. Even the knot of Tories who sat near me laughed heartily through his whole speech, and though they went away, of course, as unconvinced as ever, yet they acknowledged the talent of the speaker as readily as any of the rest.

Mr. Dundas, the present member, was naturally the great object of Mr. Murray's jocularity; and whenever he saw the attention of his hearers flagging in any of the dryer details of his subject, he took care to renew their merriment by some pointed and lively illustration. Thus at one time he observed, "Many well-disposed persons, and persons of good sense and discernment, may suppose that one good—if only one—may arise from there being so small a number of electors—namely, that a constant understanding and communication will take place between the representative and this council of thirty-three, and that by their vigilance and care he will be made aware of every thing that goes on. But that does not appear to exist in this instance; for our Right Honourable Member assures us, that on this important subject of Reform, which has agitated the country from one end to the other, he has not had a single communication from his constituents. If this letter is authentic, which is addressed to Deacon Henderson, what does he say? He tells us that he has had no communication with any person whatever on the subject—so that he is not in very close union and sympathy with his thirty-three electors. I should have imagined that he would have delighted in their society; or, at least, that communications would have passed between them from time to time. But no such thing! On this great and important question of Reform he had heard nothing; he had no means of judging, but from petitions sent, or not sent, to Parliament. A person who had never been north of the Trent, who lived in Hampstead or Highgate, might have known as much of the town of Edinburgh. All this reminds me of the excuse the ancient philosophers made for their deities not taking any active share in the affairs of mortals. 'Oh,' said they, 'Jupiter is living at his ease, he is enjoying himself on Olympus—he never cares what happens to mortal men—he is not subject to their diseases, he is not moved by their sorrows;' and accordingly it appears that our Edinburgh Jupiter lives very much in the same condition. He sits on his Mount Ida; nobody disturbs him, not even the bailies and the deacons."

Loud laughter again succeeded this tirade, and Mr. Murray proceeded at some length to display all the motives which could induce the Scotch nation to apply for reform in the representation. He tried several strains of eloquence—also the impressive and the touching; but in none was he so successful as in the tone of light and playful sarcasm which he had first adopted. At length, after an hour's speech, he sat down, having proposed the first resolution.

A Mr. Adam Black rose to second him, but was evidently neither accustomed nor adequate to public speaking; and though Mr. Cunningham, who succeeded, was both, yet either from the subject having lost its gloss, or from Mr. Cunningham being a graver man than Mr. Murray, his oratory smacked somewhat of dryness. I believe I am rather difficult to please in matters of oratory. Mr. Cunningham began to speak with his hand in his breeches-pocket, and if my head had been at stake, I could not have fancied him eloquent. However, Mr. Cunningham received much applause; but as I do not sit down to report a Reform meeting, I shall drop the curtain here.

With Mr. Murray I was much pleased, with Professor Wilson I was delighted; and nothing can better show the great range which oratory

embraces than the satisfaction I derived from such different men—men between whom, indeed, there can exist no comparison. Professor Wilson's eloquence is the concentration of every kind of mental power upon the particular subject under his notice—the most clear and logical analysis—the most splendid accessories of language and imagination—the spirit and fire of enthusiasm. Mr. Murray's subject required talents of a different kind, and those he certainly displayed. He kept his whole audience in good-humour, engaged their full attention, and carried them along with himself.

THE FIRST MILE-STONE ON THE HARROW ROAD.

LIMIT of our boyish roaming,
 Where pleasure caught a glimpse of pain,
 Oftentimes in sorrows gloaming,
 We see thy mossy face again.
 When our hearts are faint and weary,
 In earth's pathways all alone,
 And the night comes sad and dreary—
 We think upon thy rest, grey stone!

O bright bird of my boyhood hours,
 Although thy soft voice sings no more,
 Thy breath doth tremble through the flowers,
 That were thy sunny paths of yore—
 I hear the low tone of thy feet
 Rustling on the perish'd leaves,
 As thou wanderest, charmer sweet,
 Among Memory's scatter'd sheaves.

My heart goes back a weary way,
 Among the moonlit leaves to hear,
 My boyhood-bird, thy gentle lay
 Caroling to some youthful ear—
 A face of gladness passeth by,
 I worshipp'd when my hope was green,
 An eye so bright—I well may sigh
 That a cloud should come between!

Thou mossy stone! what playful sounds
 Are sighing round me, fresh and sweet,
 My heart is once more out of bounds,
 My spirit chimeth to my feet.
 I sit down on thee, and I seem
 To walk among the Attic Furies,
 The Greek lambs, the Latin Theme,
 To be again a "boy at Drury's."

THE HARROWIAN.

DISCONTENT OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

It is a mournful certainty, that even at this festive season, instead of the joy and gladness which used to characterize merry England, we are surrounded on every side with gloom, disturbance, and apprehension. It is now nearly three years since the present Lord Chancellor of England made his famous declaration that the schoolmaster was abroad, and that his primer would prove too powerful for the baton of the field-marshal; time has justified the prediction, but in the wake of the schoolmaster has followed a spirit of change, if not of revolution, which seems to threaten the stability of those institutions by which society has hitherto been held together. Instead of reposing in "fat contented ignorance," a lean and hungry knowledge has possessed the people. By reading and discussion they have been taught a habit of investigating freely man's social and political rights, and the result is a conviction that they do not enjoy a competent share of the necessaries and comforts of life, that the contrast between the luxuries of the rich and the miseries of the poor, is too violent, and must be diminished at any hazard. We are not sure that general reasoning of this kind has always prompted the outrages which have for some time been so prevalent in many counties of England, but it is certain that the great and growing distress of the bulk of the nation in the midst of long-continued peace and harvests of average plenty, has produced, in the minds of the people, a very general impression of the kind we have described. They see, or think they see, that property has accumulated in the hands of a comparatively small number of individuals, to such an extent as to leave the many in a state of beggary and starvation, and they resort at once to clamour and violence, in order to effect a more wide diffusion of the wealth, and a less unequal distribution of the necessaries of life, which, they say, are sufficient for all, and abound, if a community of goods could be established. Those logicians, who delight in that sort of division used by Peter Ramus, and classify the inhabitants of a country into those who have property and those who have none, observe, that the latter and larger class are usually willing disciples of this Christian doctrine; nevertheless, except in cases of extreme privation, they rarely resort to wicked and tumultuary means of enforcing it. When most unfortunately they do, force must undoubtedly be repelled by force, for security of property is one of the principal ties by which society is bound together; but when a great body of the people are driven to violence by want and despair, we must not sit still, and trust to the hangings and transportations of the law for our remedy. We must show the sufferers that we are heartily concerned for their distress, and set ourselves to work in earnest to remove it. If it be certain that Great Britain could amply supply with all the necessaries and comforts of life a population far greater than we have at present; nay, more, that we actually do produce more than enough to satisfy the wants and wishes of every individual in the nation, could means be devised for effecting an equitable exchange between labour and its fruits, we own we go the full length of maintaining, that while we have enough to support the people, all who are ready and willing to

labour, as well as all who are impotent and incapable of labour, have a natural right to full subsistence, while they conduct themselves in obedience to the laws. When they conspire for the spoliation of property, and the destruction of manufacturing or farming produce, it only remains to compel them by force to desist from outrage, and to punish them for the crimes they have committed. But this, we repeat, is not enough; while we punish offenders, we must devise means for conciliating and improving the condition of the great body of the people; it will not do to consign them to a general penury, bordering upon starvation, or to dole out to them, from the cold calculating hands of parish officers, a miserable pittance, which hardly can suffice to keep soul and body together. Englishmen should have enough in exchange for their labour, the source of all our wealth, not only to preserve existence, but, under ordinary circumstances, to maintain themselves in comfortable independence. Without this we cannot, and we ought not, to expect tranquillity or peace; and it therefore behoves us to examine, and, if it be possible, to remove the causes which produce the want and the extreme depression which have so long prevailed. It is plain that the grand desideratum is a profitable demand for labour; and the new and peculiar and alarming feature of the present state of society in England is, that all possible means have been devised and are acted upon to supersede and dispense with the necessity of using human labour. During the continuance of the wars arising out of the French revolution, the demand for production of every kind was so great, that a powerful stimulus was given to the introduction of every sort of machine for abridging manual labour, and still enough was found for every man to do, while the abundance of a domestic paper currency contributed not a little to facilitate the exchange of all sorts of productions, and so to give additional impetus to industry. During this time, the poor man found his labour so profitable a commodity, and so well and willingly paid for by the capitalist, that he eagerly parted with every thing which interfered at all with his means of labouring for others. His croft, or little plat of ground, which used both to afford him work and to supply him with the principal necessaries of life, he gladly made over, for a consideration, to the great farmer; and any little domestic manufacture he might have carried on, was of course "absorbed" in the whirl of machinery, which was everywhere introduced by the master-manufacturer. Thus the labourer freely gave up all, save the means of labouring; and though things still went on extremely well for a time, yet when the change came, when the extraordinary demand for labour ceased with the ceasing of war, and all its concomitant causes of unnatural excitement; while all the extraordinary means of supplying labour, which that excitement had occasioned, still continued in full operation, then was the mere workman, whether a tiller of the earth, or a spinner of cotton, cast into intense and overwhelming distress, and other causes have co-operated to prevent him from emerging since from that afflicting state of extreme depression. The causes to which we allude have operated more immediately upon the possessors of capital actively employed in production, upon the farmers and traders, and, through them, necessarily upon the labouring classes, to whom they furnish employment. The means by which the Govern-

ment of the country was enabled to raise those enormous sums, which, during the continuance of the war, maintained our vast expenditure, and kept our population busy, were, as our readers are well aware, loans, furnished them by capitalists, at a time when a domestic paper circulation rendered money plenty and cheap, and contracted for at such a rate of interest as corresponded to a plentiful and depreciated currency. Since then, the money in general circulation has become comparatively scarce and dear, the small paper currency has been wholly done away with, and gold substituted in its stead; so that any debt contracted during the time of the last war is now raised in actual value full thirty per cent., its nominal amount continuing the same.* Hence it is obvious, that if a public debt were then contracted, the annual interest upon which is twenty-eight millions sterling, and that interest still continues to be paid without diminution in the altered state of the currency, the public pays to the fundholders on this single item nearly eight millions and a half yearly more than it contracted, or than it ought to pay; and accordingly, we find that this favoured class, and this only, flourishes amid the decaying interests of their country. We hear a great deal every day of economy and retrenchment in the various departments of the Government; and measures of such a nature, in so far as they tend to check mean villainy and corruption of every sort, have our most hearty approbation; but we cannot help thinking, that they are quite beside the matter who expect any important relief from taxation arising out of such savings as can by any possibility be made from the sum assigned for carrying on the Government. On the contrary, we own we cannot help fearing that all these means of screwing down our actual expenditure to the lowest farthing, while the full eight and twenty millions are still exacted to the uttermost, has somewhat of a tendency to aggravate the evil it seeks to cure; for, by diminishing still farther the plenty and cheapness of money, it helps to raise yet higher the value of that huge fixed sum, which it seems agreed on all hands we must pay, without change or abatement of its amount in figures, while by two successive revolutions in our monetary system, these figures really represent sums totally different from what they did when the annuities of the fundholders were agreed to. "We are well aware," say the advocates of a reduction of the interest of the national debt, "that a prodigious outcry about public credit, and national honour, and the sacred and unalienable claims of the public creditor, will be raised the moment that the practicability of such a thing as an 'adjustment' is even remotely hinted at, and some will not scruple to stigmatize such a plan as nothing short of wrong and robbery. The number and the influence of those interested in such misrepresentations are so great, that few have either courage or inclination to avow any opinion hostile to their wishes; but to those who have learned how to distinguish between words and things, and who cannot

* A luminous exposition of this matter, and of the necessity for public measures to remedy so serious a grievance, was given three or four years ago, in a pamphlet, by one of our present Cabinet Ministers, Sir James Graham. It is to be hoped that, in his present situation of power, he will not shrink from the advocacy of principles which he so ably enforced in his pamphlet.

be imposed upon by mere names, there will be little difficulty in perceiving, that to alter payments in precise accordance with the standard of value of the currency in which these payments are made, is not robbery, but equity and justice."

We do not coincide in this view of the case so far as to recommend a direct reduction of the interest of the Debt, but we do think that justice to the agricultural interest, and indeed to the manufacturing and commercial interests also, and every class but that of the mere money holders, requires that the currency in which all debts are to be paid should be rendered similar to that in which the obligations were contracted. As it is, one great cause—certainly the greatest after the change, from war to peace—why the farm labourer and the manufacturer are only half employed and half supported is, that the capital which should be occupied in husbandry and other profitable labour is swallowed up in the increased value of the payments to the public revenue, which are in reality almost as burdensome now as at the close of the war, notwithstanding the large reduction which has since been made in their nominal amount. Undoubtedly, in the alterations effected by the Legislature in the value of our currency since the close of the war, the enormous *fixed* annual payment for the interest on the Debt has been too little considered: new transactions between man and man, and even old contracts in a great number of individual instances, can be adapted to the new value of money, but the grievance of the increased actual amount paid to the public creditor will still remain—and every day the possibility of any just arrangement diminishes, from the shifting of portions of the Debt from one person to another by bargains made in our present money. Were the persons from whom the Government borrowed the money the same to whom it now pays the interest, the thing to be done were obvious and easy; but when we know how these funds have been transferred from the original holders—how many persons have, even within a few years, vested their honest earnings in them—how they are bound up in every family settlement, and how almost every individual's private interest of the middle, as well as the upper class, is connected with their stability, we cannot contemplate with tranquillity the fearful consequences of any interference with the public creditor, while we cannot deny that, in the aggregate, the sum levied for his use is greater than it ought to be. The labouring classes, while they feel the pressure of the taxation which the interest on the Debt occasions, have no individual concern, or do not perceive that they have any, in that interest being fully and punctually paid, and to this is to be attributed much of the discontent which they exhibit. Waiving the argument, that a cheap and abundant circulating medium facilitates and promotes business, augments production, and gives an impetus to the demand for labour, there can be no doubt at all, that in proportion to its abundance, the actual value of the nominal amount of taxation would diminish—and as it seems hitherto to have been assumed, rather than proved, that a small-paper circulation cannot be a safe one, we cannot conceive a better subject for the inquiry of the Legislature, nor one more likely to hold out hopes of better times to the common people, than the means of providing a safe and abundant circulation of money in small sums throughout the country.

Nothing is more certainly established than that the exchangeable value of money, like every thing else, is diminished by its abundance

as it is increased by its scarcity—why not then act upon this principle for our relief, and since the nominal amount of our burden is fixed, endeavour to make money so abundant as to lighten the actual value of this burden, as far as may be, consistently with public justice? Let us ask why the distress should be greater at this than at other times? Has the number of people within these very few years so immensely increased beyond our astonishingly-increased powers of production, that there *ought to be* a greater difficulty in maintaining them? We believe not: on the contrary, it is universally admitted that our productive powers have far exceeded our powers of consumption. Is it not, then, most preposterous that want and misery should be daily on the increase? Is it not quite palpable that there is something grievously wrong with regard to the distribution, or rather the non-distribution, of the desirable commodities that we produce—or, at all events, have the power of producing? Is it not true that warehouses are bursting with all manner of things good for the people's use, and that machines and men are idle, that, if at work, could produce plenty more of these things, and yet the people are wretched for the want of them? The people see, and know, and consider all this, and therefore they are discontented. What natural reason, what political necessity is there, that human beings should languish for want in the midst of such plenty? Money is locked up in enormous masses in London: goods are similarly locked up in Manchester, and Leeds, and Birmingham. Cattle are in heaps, even more multitudinous than the people in Ireland; corn, notwithstanding the wicked and foolish burnings that have taken place, still abounds in the barns of the farmers and the granaries of the corn-merchants. Why are not all these hoards set free, to spread over the country and be a blessing to it—and why are not all the machines busy in producing a farther quantity for farther enjoyment? Here is the matter for inquiry, here is the subject for discontent. The money lies still, the goods lie still, while both should be in motion. Great fountains, great reservoirs of wealth we have; but there are no ducts, no little streams, to carry it away into the villages, and amongst the cottages of the common people; and these great fountains get choked and stagnate, merely through the want of something to carry off their abundance. This is the thing desiderated, and we should think that both reason and experience point out an abundant and cheap circulation of small money as the most apparent means of accomplishing the end; but if these means be disapproved of, in the name of common sense, and common humanity, and the common safety, let some means be taken to accomplish these grand purposes of distribution and reproduction.

A great deal has been said, and well said, to the people about the value of machinery to the country at large, and *therefore* the folly and wickedness displayed by them in its destruction. Now the folly and wickedness are quite certain; but those teachers of the common people are quite wrong if they suppose that the labourers do not know already that machines are valuable to the country—they do know that they are beneficial, but they think that in the benefit they afford, they (the labourers) have no part; nay, more, that to them as individuals, they are a harm. "The farmer that used to employ us," they say, "will certainly have more corn, if he employs machines and does not employ us, but then *we* shall have less. It is very true that the

kingdom will produce fifteen million quarters of wheat if the farmers use machines, and only thirteen millions if they do not; but *we* had much rather the country produced only thirteen millions, of which we get a share, than fifteen millions, of which we should get no share. Let us see that we get any benefit by the abundance produced by the machines, but do not teach us that machines can produce abundance, for that we know already as well as you do." But the gross folly of the machine-breakers lies in this—that instead of crying aloud for such an altered system as *may* give them the benefit of the machines, that is to say, enable them to share the abundance the machines produce, they wickedly destroy those means of abundance, and turn the attention of Government to the suppression of outrage, instead of to the distribution of wealth and consequent comfort and happiness.

It is asserted by experienced people, and we have no doubt with great truth, that distress has oftentimes been greater than it is now and nothing said about it; but the spirit of the time is such, the readiness to question established habits, and to dispute established authorities, that the common people will insist that they are wise enough to take their own way. This, with respect to the common people of these kingdoms, (who are really not wise enough to have their own way,) is a matter to be viewed with that sort of alarm which produces energy and caution on the part of those alarmed. It is, however, a melancholy truth in the history of all states, of what is called high civilization, that the common people have not had any thing like a reasonable share of the good things which they might have enjoyed. Ignorance, penury, rudeness, have been the lot of the many, while the few have monopolized wealth, refinement, and education, and, for the most part, have, with selfish tyranny, most profusely wasted what might have been employed in promoting the true happiness of their fellow-men. Thinking only of themselves, their interests, and their pleasures, they have looked on, heedless of the ignorance, the vice, the poverty of condition, and the worse poverty of mind, of the thousands by whose labour they were supported. They have shown favour to parasites and fools, and occasional knaves, and persons whose habitual business was crime; and they have looked coldly upon even respectful honesty and virtuous independence. Religion they have made a pompous show, or a solemn craft, and entwined it with the machinery of ranks and conditions which religion utterly disavows. All this could not have been but for the blindness of the common people, first, to their own condition, secondly, to their power to redress themselves. If the mighty tide of human affairs have rolled on to that point where this blindness is to cease, if it be not too extravagant to hope that the people, generally, are beginning to get a better light to their true interests, and are but showing that impatience which commonly attends imperfect knowledge while as yet it falls short of justly discerned truth; then, when these transient clouds pass away, a brighter day than we have yet seen shall reveal itself. Let us then close our brief paper, our minds reposing on this delightful anticipation; let us not fright our imaginations with gloomy phantasms of future danger for which there is no necessity, natural, moral, or political, but trust that, by the awakening of men's minds to high and important investigations, good incalculable may arise out of the present discontent.

POLAND.

A HISTORY OF THE INTRIGUES AND EVENTS WHICH LED TO THE DISMEMBERMENT AND FINAL PARTITION OF POLAND, AND OF THE CAUSES OF THE REVOLUTION IN 1830.

Extracted from the Private Memoirs of a Foreign Nobleman.

WHEN the ambitious Catherine ascended the throne of the Tzars, the principle of Russian intervention, with regard to the affairs of Poland, had been fully established. The death of Augustus III., which took place in 1763, occasioned a vacancy in the Polish throne, which awakened the ambition of many a candidate, and set at work the intrigues of the Russian Court. Catherine obtained from the Cabinets of Versailles and Vienna the promise that they would take no part in the election; and with that of Berlin she entered into a treaty of alliance, which laid the foundation of those measures which ultimately led to the partition. The following secret clause was inserted in that treaty:—

“As it is for the interest of his Majesty the King of Prussia, and of her Majesty the Empress of Russia, that the elective form to the Polish crown should remain free, and that no one be suffered to render that crown hereditary in his family, their said Majesties bind themselves in the strongest possible manner by this secret article, not only to permit no one to deprive the Republic of its right of free election, for the purpose of rendering the Crown hereditary, but also to frustrate, by every possible means, all views and designs tending to any such object, so soon as they are discovered, and, in case of need, to have recourse to arms for the purpose of maintaining the constitution of the Polish Republic, and its fundamental laws.”

Nothing can be more revolting than the hypocrisy evinced by Catherine in thus stipulating in favour of the liberty of election at a moment when she was seriously thinking of causing it to be set aside for ever. But the time for such a purpose had not yet come, and she was sure of ultimate success by giving to the Poles a King who could be used as a tool in the execution of her projects. She proposed her former lover, Stanislaus Poniatowsky. The magnates objected to him, and represented to the Empress that he was of too obscure a birth to be a qualified candidate for the throne. Catherine, however, had fully made up her mind, and had taken every necessary precaution to ensure execution to her will. The territories of the Republic were overrun by Russian troops, and Catherine's ambassador at Warsaw disposed of every thing there. Notwithstanding a great number of protests, Poniatowsky was elected on the 7th of September 1764. On the following year Catherine proposed to the Polish Diet that the limits of Russia and Poland should be fixed. This was the first step towards the encroachments meditated. Soon after, it was proposed that the Republic should undertake the maintenance of an auxiliary corps of troops. This proposition did not receive the formal sanction of the Diet, but the Russian troops remained stationary in Poland, and Catherine's ambassador dictated to the Poles, and assumed the tone of an absolute master. By 1769 he had completely substituted his will and caprice for every other authority in the Republic. He banished nine nobles to Siberia, after causing their right hands to be cut off, merely because they had openly censured the usurpation by which their national rights were superseded. These and other arbitrary and revolting acts necessarily excited the greatest discontent, and Catherine was threatened with a general confederation of the Poles. The uneasiness conceived by her hastened, in part, the execution of the plan which she had long prepared. At her particular desire the Prince Henry of Prussia immediately repaired to St. Petersburg to concert measures with her, and the first partition was fixed upon between them soon after. It was impossible not to foresee that such an act of spoliation would excite the indignation of those powers of Europe who could in no way be benefited by it; but Catherine silenced all objections by assuring the Prince that she

would frighten Turkey and flatter England, and by convincing him that if he would undertake to bribe Austria, and get that power to prevail upon France to throw no obstacles in their way, every possible difficulty would be removed.

The circumstances, in fact, through which the first partition was effected, are fully explained by the manœuvres concerted by the intriguing Catherine in the manner here stated. Turkey became apprehensive of a war, which she was by no means desirous at that moment to provoke; England was silenced by the promise of an advantageous treaty of commerce; Austria was invited to take a part in the spoliation: and the cabinet of Versailles, under the guidance of a man worn out by age, and who had completely forgotten the dignity of his crown, suffered silently the consummation of the most iniquitous act ever recorded in the political annals of modern Europe.

Joseph II. and Frederick of Prussia had two interviews at Neustadt for the purpose of discussing this subject. The former was bound to assist the Confederation of Bar, and, by doing so, he might have saved Poland. Even by his last treaty with the Turks he was bound to declare war against the Russians. For a long time his promises had made the Poles look upon him as their best friend; and it was taken for granted, that the Austrian troops, marching towards their frontiers, were intended to act in their favour. But Joseph had yielded to the ascendancy which thirty years of experience and glory had enabled the old King of Prussia to exercise over him, and the treaty regulating the first partition was speedily signed in St. Petersburg. The Confederation of Bar was dispersed, and the three invading Powers notified the treaty they had just entered into to the King and Senate of Poland. The following note was, on that occasion, addressed by the Russian Envoy, Count Sackelberg, to the Polish government:—

“The States adjacent to Poland have been so frequently convulsed by the commotions excited in that kingdom during the vacancies of the throne, that the recollection of the past has induced them seriously to take into consideration the affairs of the Polish Republic, from the period when the throne became vacant by the death of the King Augustus III. With the view of checking the dissensions which might have arisen on that occasion, the Court of St. Petersburg endeavoured to conciliate all wishes, and direct all the suffrages towards the candidate who was most worthy of the crown, and most suitable to the interests of Poland and the neighbouring States. It also directed its attention to the correction of abuses in the constitution of the state. The Court of Berlin seconded the endeavours of its ally; and the Court of Vienna, likewise desirous of concurring in the completion of such laudable intentions, and in order to guard against any increase in the number of those who might wish to interfere with the affairs of Poland, had thought proper to remain neutral, not only on this point, but also with regard to the war which took place between Russia and the Ottoman Porte. These measures led to the satisfactory result of the free and legal election of the present King, Stanislaus-Augustus, and to a great number of useful establishments. Every thing promised a more steady tranquillity to Poland and her neighbours. Unfortunately, however, instead of the benefits which might have been expected from such a state of things, a spirit of discord having broken out among one portion of the nation, destroyed every hope in a moment. Citizens armed themselves against each other, factious men usurped the legitimate authority, and abused it in despite of the laws, and to the destruction of public order and safety. Justice, police, commerce, even the very cultivation of the lands, all was put an end to. The common intercourse with the neighbouring nations was thus productive of much evil to the latter. For a long time their governments were obliged to have recourse to precautionary measures in order to maintain tranquillity on their frontiers, which have proved extremely expensive; and they have been constantly exposed, through the uncertainty of the subjects of dissension in that kingdom, to the risk of disturbing the friendship and good-harmony which ought to subsist between them. Nothing could, therefore, be more urgent than a prompt remedy to so many evils, of which the neighbouring states already have begun to experience the disastrous effects. It is no longer possible, under so many considerations, for the Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, to delay taking a decision suited to circumstances. They have, therefore, agreed to use every exertion calculated to re-establish tranquillity and good order in Poland, and to place on a solid basis her ancient constitution and the liberties of the nation.

“But, although the unanimity and cordial feeling existing between the three Courts, may prevent the ruin and decomposition which at present threaten Poland, they are

unable to calculate with certainty upon success; having, besides, claims on many of the possessions of the Republic, which they cannot trust to the uncertainty of events, they have agreed and determined to prefer their ancient claims and legitimate pretensions, each of them undertaking to maintain them in proper time and place.

“ The three Courts, therefore, having communicated reciprocally their rights and pretensions, and satisfied each other thereon, will take an equivalent which shall be proportioned thereto, and will appropriate to themselves such parts of Poland as may serve to establish a more natural and definite boundary between them. By this means the three Courts will renounce every claim and right to damages and interest which they may have preferred to other possessions and subjects of the Republic.”

“ Warsaw, September 2, 1772.

“ SACKELBERG.”

This barefaced tissue of false pretences and absurdities, this ever memorable monument of the most audacious and atrocious iniquity, roused the indignation of every Pole. They appealed in vain to their privileges, to the treaty of Oliva, by which the guarantee of their integrity had been renewed, and to the repeated promises to the same effect which had been given besides. All their representations remained unheeded, and, after the explosion of public indignation, the Diet found themselves compelled by the presence of foreign armies, and at the point of their bayonets, to sign the act which consecrated the dismemberment and degradation of their country.

This first spoliation deprived the Polish Republic of five millions of fellow-citizens. The shares were unequal; that of Russia was, of course, the largest, being of an extent of three thousand four hundred and forty square leagues, and including a population of two millions. That of Austria was comprised in a space of two thousand seven hundred square leagues, and containing also two millions of inhabitants. Frederick had Elbing and Prussian Poland, with the exception of Dantzic and Thorn, of which he took possession some time after.

The inequality of this partition was evident; but each party looked upon it as a preliminary measure to greater encroachment, and flattered itself with the hope that circumstances would soon enable it to get more.

In order to secure this arrangement, and with the view of accelerating the total dissolution of the Republic, Catherine thought that the best means to be employed was by finding fault with the Polish constitution. The ministers of the dismembering powers received, therefore, instructions to advise, with commissioners appointed by the Diet, on the system of reform, which was said by the former to be necessary. This part of the conduct of the Russian cabinet is, perhaps, the most odious of any thing yet displayed in its underhand intrigues and barefaced manœuvres. Its minister was the most active and zealous agent in it. A century of anarchy, and seventy years of oppression, had made the Polish nobles, who were most proud of their pretended independence, at last aware of the abuses which had crept into the system of their government, of the facilities they afforded to intrigue, and of the weaknesses they exposed to their enemies. The power conceded to a single individual of opposing himself to the wish and interest of all by the *liberum veto*, appeared a source from whence all kinds of disorder had sprung, and must continue to do so. It became evident that, surrounded as the Poles were by nations who maintained well-disciplined armies, it would be impossible to make any stand against them with their own irregular and ignorant hordes, marching without order, and deserting the camp whenever they pleased, in all the confusion of feudal licence. The best-minded men were struck with the destructive tendency of such vices in their system, and the *liberum veto* fell into disuse. Several confederations were formed, in which it was proposed to render the crown hereditary, and to organize a national army. The Diet, convoked in 1775, evinced strong dispositions for the completion of these important measures; but it had to contend against the powerful manœuvres of Catherine, who was interested in counteracting every measure which was calculated to give strength to the state. She invariably opposed herself to every proposal of making the crown hereditary, and, in 1782, she caused a new constitution to be drawn up, in which all the vices and defects of the former one were especially preserved. Not only was the eligible form persisted in, but even the son of the last king was not permitted to aspire to the throne. The form of the Go-

vernment remained Republican, the *liberum veto* was expressly allowed, the weakness of the executive insured, and the anarchy of the Diets perpetuated.

After achieving this political Revolution, establishing a Russian army in Poland, and enabling her Ambassadors to govern the country despotically in the name of the Senate and the King, Catherine thought she might bestow her attention on other matters, until the time should come for putting into full execution her favourite plan of partition.

The hopes of the Poles revived a little on finding that their bitter enemy was engaged in pursuits which in no way involved their own fate. But the first dismemberment had cut off from them all communication with those who could act as their allies. The Republic was surrounded by enemies; its territory was overrun by foreign troops; and there was no national army with whose assistance something might be done. Some causes of jealousy which broke out between Catherine and Frederick, appeared to the Poles likely to lead to a breach which would save them from the triple yoke they had long been threatened by.

The King of Prussia made an attempt upon Thorn and Dantzic, after which he expressed a desire to form a closer alliance with the Republic than had ever existed between them. This occurred in 1786, at the very moment when the question of recalling the constitution of 1775 was in agitation, and when it was proposed to frame another that would be more in harmony with the situation of Europe in general, and better suited to the interests of Poland in particular. The Prussian ambassador received orders to insist on the necessity of the proposed change. Catherine could not help experiencing jealousy at the ascendancy which the King of Prussia was endeavouring to establish in Poland; but at that moment she was too deeply engaged in a war with the Turks to turn her thoughts elsewhere, so that she deemed it prudent to treat with more condescension those for whom she had always manifested great contempt. On another hand, apprehensive lest her army should be placed between the fire of the Poles and Turks, she endeavoured to avert the danger by proposing an offensive and defensive alliance to the King of Poland. But the Russian name was held in execration in Warsaw, and the Prussian ambassador used every effort to heighten discontent. He openly disavowed on the part of his sovereign all idea of a new dismemberment; and he publicly declared that Frederick had no other design in regard to Poland than to restore it to its liberty, its greatness, and its glory, and thereby to secure Europe against all future incursions by the "barbarians of the North." He moreover insinuated that the moment was favourable to break all pacific connexion with Catherine, who was too much engaged with the Turkish war, and too apprehensive of one with Sweden, to have it in her power to prevent the Poles from establishing themselves on a firm footing of independence.

The Poles felt too prone to resent the long series of insults and injuries heaped on them not to be easily excited under such circumstances. Throughout the Republic there was but one wish, and that was to break the fetters so long imposed on them by their barbarous oppressors. The hotel of the Russian ambassador, which had till then been more frequented than the King's palace, was all at once deserted. The nobles made sacrifices, the *bourgeoisie* tendered their fortunes and their arms, and a patriotic Diet set about the reforms which had been deemed necessary. The King himself was so led away by the enthusiasm everywhere prevailing, that he heartily seconded every patriotic effort, and the constitution of the 3rd of May 1791, received the approbation of all.

By that constitution, which has been since so greatly calumniated from political motives, the dynasties were elective; the throne was hereditary; the ministers were responsible; the Roman Catholic religion was the religion of the state—all others were tolerated; the manumission of the peasantry was provided for; the *bourgeoisie* were made eligible to all civil and military employments which conferred nobility, and the nobility formed the two legislative chambers. It established a sort of alliance between old prejudices and philosophical ideas—between ancient manners and modern customs. Nearly all the sovereigns of Europe congratulated the King and the Republic on this change. Frederick himself wrote to Stanislaus, and expressed his approbation of the

choice made by the latter of the Princess of Saxony as his successor to the throne. Not long after, however, to the amazement of all the Poles, Frederick publicly disavowed his friendly promises and protestations, and even the very treaties signed by his own order. He gave as a reason for this barefaced inconsistency the danger of the example which the French Revolution had given to the Poles, though no kind of comparison between the constitutions and the situations of the two countries could be reasonably maintained.

Soon after the promulgation of the new constitution, a small number of Polish nobles, who were obstinately attached to their privileges and devoted to Russia, formed a confederation at Targowitz for the purpose of overturning the new order of things established; and Catherine, having concluded a hasty peace with the Turks, directed the whole of her army which had been employed in that war to march in support of the Polish confederates. Had the King Stanislaus then complied with the wishes of the Poles, and trusted to the abilities of his generals, he might have maintained the honour of his crown and placed the independence of his country on the most solid basis. But by listening to the proposal of an armistice, he put a stop to every military measure, paralyzed the national energy, lost the fruits of the advantages gained by Kosciusko, and made himself fully deserving of the shame and misfortunes which soon after befell him. The Russians were under the very walls of Warsaw, when he received a letter from Catherine, in which she told him that she would never forgive him for having deceived her, unless he joined the confederates of Targowitz, who were coming at the head of the Russians for the purpose of overturning the constitution of the 3rd of May, and of setting up again the one which she had guaranteed.

Stanislaus acceded immediately to the act of the confederates; but when the Russians had entered Warsaw, the confederates themselves perceived that they had given themselves up to their worst enemies. Their tardy remorse, however, did not in any way avail their country, and the subjection to which it had been so long destined was hastened by their folly.

The instant that the Empress Catherine declared her intention of again dismembering Poland, the King of Prussia, who some months before had engaged to maintain its integrity, hastened to take his share of the second spoliation, and announced the entrance of his troops into the territories of the Republic, in a declaration issued the 25th of March 1793, the language of which it would be curious to compare with what he had written, done, and advised two years before. In that manifesto, Frederick reproached the Poles with their resistance to his councils and to the benevolent intentions of the Empress Catherine; he deplored the misfortunes of a country convulsed by internal anarchy and commotion, and pretended to be greatly alarmed at the progress of "French principles" in Poland! These reasons, he said, placed him under the necessity of adopting "salutary measures," by taking possession of Thorn, Dantzic, and a part of Upper Poland, in order to restore tranquillity to that country and afford protection to the well-intentioned Poles!!!

This declaration was immediately followed by the execution of the "salutary measures" therein announced. At Thorn and Dantzic the Prussian troops, though unopposed, entered as if they were taking those places by storm. This unjustifiable violence was protested against by the confederates of Targowitz, who complained to the Russians. Catherine's ambassador feigned ignorance regarding the designs of Frederick, but requested the confederates to rely on the protection of the Empress. This turn of things revived again for a moment the national energy, and recourse was had to arms for the purpose of repelling the invaders. But the Russian troops received secret orders to oppose themselves to this general movement lest it should ultimately prove their own destruction, and on the 9th of April 1793, a day that will never be forgotten by the Polish nation, a declaration was published in the name of the two dismembering powers, by which their atrocious plot was revealed, and the eyes of the confederates, who had been used as vile instruments for its execution, were completely opened. A single paragraph of that memorable declaration will suffice to show by what feelings of justice and disinterestedness these new kind of mediators were actuated. It set forth that "Their Majesties, the Empress of Russia and the King of Prussia, with

the assent of his Majesty the Emperor of the Romans, could not devise any surer means for their respective safety than by confining the Polish Republic within narrower limits, and by assigning to it an extent and an existence suited to a power of an inferior order." This declaration abounded in impudent professions of solicitude for the welfare of the Polish nation. The world had to be taught a new species of charity, in the subjection of a free people for no other purpose on earth than the increase of their happiness!

To such a declaration no answer could have been more appropriate than an instantaneous appeal to the sword. Stanislaus, however, submitted that when he had acceded to the Confederation of Targowitz, formed under the protection of the Empress, he had done so in consequence of the positive assurance given him that the possessions of the Republic would remain untouched; that the only prayer of the States and the King was, that the territories of the Republic should be returned to them; and that it was hoped their Majesties of Russia and Prussia would observe that the Polish nation had never given cause for the partition which those two sovereigns seemed to consider necessary.

This was, indeed, a humble sort of remonstrance, and only served to show the weakness and degradation to which the nation had fallen. It remained, of course, unanswered and unheeded, and soon after the new dismemberment took place; but this was again of a preliminary nature, the definitive partition being left to be settled so soon as the spoliators should have time to discuss the matter among themselves. Poland was so completely overrun by Russian and Prussian troops, that it would have been at this time perfectly useless to make any effort to rid it of their detested presence. They assumed everywhere the tone and behaviour of conquerors. The King remained prisoner in Warsaw, and was included in the amnesty specified in the treaty which was prescribed to the States of Poland. A kind of Diet was held, whose sittings were attended by the presence of twenty thousand Russian bayonets. All the country towns were in the hands of the enemy, and the country itself was deserted by the natives. Those who were known as entertaining patriotic sentiments, were either exiled to Siberia, or fugitives from their native land.

Notwithstanding all these circumstances, and the utmost precautions adopted by the enemy, to ensure the tranquil subjection of the Poles, a revolt broke out some time after among them, which became the signal for a general insurrection. In March 1794, a superior officer, of the name of Madalinski, raised the standard of independence, and in a moment crowds flocked around it, and men were seen hastening from their retreats where they had long remained concealed. Kosciusko appeared in Cracow, signed an act of insurrection, and received the title of Generalissimo of the Polish Armies. His exploits are well known. With four thousand men, consisting chiefly of peasants armed with scythes, he attacked and defeated seven thousand Russians, near Wraclawitz, and took twelve pieces of cannon from them. At the news of this victory the insurrection became general; it broke out in Galicia, Samogotia, and Wilna. Warsaw soon followed the example. The Russians, seeing the fermentation which was taking place there, endeavoured to take possession of the arsenal. This was the signal for a general rise, and on the 18th of April the Poles retrieved their character by the prodigious courage they displayed. Neither the formidable artillery of the Russians, their ferocious obstinacy, nor the advantage of regular command, could withstand the undisciplined valour of the Poles, the confusion of their attacks, or the fury which, long compressed, had now found vent. Six thousand Russians were killed; three thousand were made prisoners; fifty pieces of cannon were taken, and General Igelstrom, commander of the place, was forced precipitately to evacuate the capital.

We shall not enter upon a painful recital of the military operations of the campaign which followed, and which ultimately ended in the total annihilation of Poland as a state.

Frederick arrived with an army of forty thousand men, and the Russians invaded the country on all sides. The Poles defended themselves to the utmost, but it was impossible always to come off victorious in their rencontres with the many well-disciplined armies by which they were incessantly assailed.

Kosciusko, after the most desperate and unheard-of efforts, fell gloriously at Maciesowitz, after sustaining an almost incessant combat for several days against numbers nearly twenty times greater than his own. All Poland, in fact, assumed the appearance of a town taken by storm. Her enemies came off victorious, and the fruit of their victory was the celebrated partition of 1795, by which Russia obtained nearly one half of the country, consisting of the Duchy of Lithuania, Samogotia, &c. and five millions of inhabitants; Prussia took the Duchy of Warsaw, and Austria the province of Gallicia.*

THE LAST LOOK.

'Tis the very lightness of childish impressions that makes them so dear and so lasting.

THE shade of the willow fell dark on the tide,
When the maid left her pillow to stand by its side;
The wind, like a sweet voice, was heard in the tree,
And a soft lulling music swept in from the sea.

The land was in darkness, for mountain and tower
Flung before them the shadows of night's deepest hour;
The moonlight unbroken lay white on the wave,
Till the wide sea was clear as the shield of the brave.

She flung from her forehead its curls of bright hair,—
Ere those ringlets fell round her, another was there;
Red flushed her cheek's crimson, and dark drooped her eye,
A stranger had known 'twas her lover stood by:

One note on his sea call, the signal he gave,
And a boat, like a plaything, danced light on the wave;
Her head on his shoulder, her hand in his hand,
Yet the maiden looked back as they rowed from the strand.

She wept not for parents, she wept not for friends,
Yet fast the bright rain through her white hand descends;
The portionless orphan left nothing behind
But the green leaves—the wild flowers sown by the wind.

But how the heart clings to that earliest love,
Which haunts the lone garden, and hallows the grove;
Which makes the old oak tree and primrose bank fair,
With the memories of childhood whose playtime was there.

'Tis our spirits which fling round the joy which they take,
The best of our pleasures are those which we make,
We look to the past, and remember the while,
Our own buoyant step, and our own sunny smile.

A pathway of silver was tracked on the wave,
The oars left behind them the light which they gave,
And the slight boat flew over the moonlighted brine,
Till the coast in the distance was one shadowy line.

They reached the proud ship, and the silken sails spread,
And the gallant flag shone like a meteor blood red;
And forth from the scabbard flashed out each bright sword,
In fealty to her the young bride of their lord.

From a cup of pale gold she sipped the clear wine,
And clasped on her arm the green emeralds shine,
The silver lamps swinging with perfume were fed,
And the rich fur beneath her light footstep was spread.

From the small cabin window she looked to the shore,
Lost in night she could see its dim outline no more:
She sighed as she thought of her earlier hours,
"Ah, who will now watch over my favourite flowers?"

L. E. L

* To be concluded in our next.

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS.

*Sir Walter Scott.**(Accompanied by an engraved Bust.)*

THE genius of Walter Scott was perceived by Robert Burns. "I was a lad of fifteen," says the former, when he came to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him. I saw him accidentally at Professor Ferguson's: the only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms; underneath were some affecting lines; the whole touched Burns so deeply that he shed tears; turning round he inquired by whom the lines were written. I whispered to a friend they are by Langhorne; I was overheard by the poet, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure." Humility is an attribute of genius; one who was present at this fine scene thus completed the picture:—"Burns fixed his large glowing eyes on Scott, and striding up to him laid his hand on his head and said, 'Young man, it is no common spirit which has directed your mind into such a course of study;' and, turning half away, he said to the company, 'This boy will be heard of yet.'" He has since amply fulfilled the prediction of Burns and the intention of Nature.

Scott was long known amongst his friends as a scholar and poet; but the first time that his name came to me it was brought by the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a poem which stirred up the spirit of Scotland as effectually as a war-beacon would have done of old. His "Border Minstrelsy," indeed, a work of great talent, taste, and research, had preceded the Minstrel, but it was known to few, at any rate it had failed in impressing upon the public mind that a great original genius had arisen; and, when read by the light which the Lay threw upon it, there were but few to perceive that, in the ballads of "Glenfinlas," and the "Eve of St. John," there was the true martial and romantic spirit of ballad poetry, while Antiquarians shook their heads at the "pretty considerable" prunings and engraftings visible in many of the rough and time-worn chaunts of our martial ancestors. In truth, Scott was too clever a poet to permit the rent and soiled strains of antiquity to go in such a plight from his hand. There can be no doubt that many of those homely Border ballads received an infusion of poetic life's-blood from his hands; like his own Minstrel, when he strove to recall the half-forgotten strain which he had harped to King Charles the good,

" Each blank in faithless memory void
The Poet's glowing thought supplied."

I mention this as a merit, not as a fault. To eke out and restore perishing works of taste and fancy is a meritorious thing—it bears no resemblance to that of polluting the fountains of historic truth by interpolating passages which give a different hue and meaning to the actions of men: history should be held sacred,—it is otherwise with verse.

“Ye Gods! should one swear to the truth of a song?”

When the glorious battle-ballads of Homer were collected by order of Pisistratus, no doubt he had some Grecian Walter Scott at hand to arrange, correct, eke out, and fuse them into one grand and magnificent work of art; and, to descend to lesser things, when Percy made his collection of the “Reliques of English Poetry,” he had better sense than to send them maimed by time and polluted by the ignorance of reciters to encounter the sneers of the captious Steevenses and critical Johnsons of the hour—no, he purified and repaired them, and, when he had set them in a fair and proper light, produced them to the world. Scott did not go any thing like the length of Percy in such emendations; I am not aware that, hitherto, any one has charged him with having either altered or interpolated, but those conversant with the old ballad lore of the Border will, on reading the “Minstrelsy,” soon perceive that to him belongs not a little of the praise which he has bestowed on Burns. “We are not here speaking of the avowed lyrical poems of his own composition, but of the manner in which he recomposed and repaired the old songs and fragments for the collection of Johnson and others, when, if his memory supplied the theme or general subject of the song, such as it existed in Scottish lore, his genius contributed that part which was to give life and immortality to the whole.” Scott somewhere says, that the first edition of the “Minstrelsy” supplied the demand of the Scottish market. English taste had not been sufficiently awakened to the merits of such rough rude verses; the second edition proved, in the language of the trade, rather a heavy concern.” That, for many years, the “Minstrelsy” had not penetrated farther than the antiquarian circles in England I can bear witness. In 1810, I think, I chanced to be dining in Carlisle when a bet was made concerning some debateable Border story; I appealed to the “Minstrelsy;” the work was sought for among the booksellers, some had not heard of it, and none had it. We decided who was right by referring to the landlord, who declared for both sides like a sensible Border vintner.

The history of the “Lay of the Last Minstrel” the poet has himself related; he is speaking of the difficulty which he felt in finding a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. “Accident,” he says, “dictated both a theme and measure which decided the subject as well as the structure of the poem. The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith had come to the land of her husband with a desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. All who remember this lady will agree that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world. She soon heard enough of Border lore; among others Mr. Beattie of Mickledale, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of “Gilpin Horner,” a translation, in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course to hear was to obey, and thus the goblin

story, objected by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written. Being provided with a subject, accident supplied him with the measure. Dr. Stoddart, a gentleman of fine taste in poetry, at that time travelling in Scotland, repeated a part of the "Christabel" of Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner."

Had not the pen of Scott himself traced the words I have quoted, I should have hesitated to give credence to this account of the origin of the measure of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." All who are acquainted with the rude legendary poetry of our ancestors, are aware that something of the same wild irregularity occurs in the structure of many of the stanzas—nay, that it had been employed by divers poets, living and dead, whose names are known, and, what is more to the point, had been resorted to by Scott himself, in his sufficiently wild ballad of the "Eve of St. John." It is probable enough, that the "singularly wild and beautiful Christabel" induced Scott to string his harp anew with emulating vigour; my belief can go no farther, till I can forget the ballads of Scotland and England, and the works of Hall, Anstey, Wolcot, and of Sir Walter himself. Moreover, had the measure of the "Thalaba" of Southey no influence? a poem original, beautiful, and at that time in print. Sir Walter, however, knows best; and I mean to insinuate no more than that he was unwittingly under earlier influences when he was kneeling at the shrine of Christabel. A whole year elapsed before the poet obeyed the injunctions of the Countess of Dalkeith. He then composed several stanzas, and, receiving one morning a visit from two friends of learning and talent, read them aloud, and desired their opinion. Now it is not unwise to ask the opinions of friends concerning works of genius; but I hold it desperately unwise to follow them. All productions of an original nature are startling to men whose notions and tastes are formed from works of a totally different character; they look upon every change of style as a departure from the settled principles of taste, and on every innovation in the handling of a subject, as a direct insult to the established opinions of the learned and the critical. They hold, that if poets made critics in the early and barbarous ages, critics in the enlightened ages which followed were quits, by making poets in return. They should study the old saying, "Ilka man wears his ain belt his ain gate," and allow all works of genius, which are true to nature, to be right in taste.

Had these "critics twain" foreseen that the verses at which they shook their sagacious heads would not only become popular, but descend with applause to posterity, they doubtless would have exclaimed, "Bravo! go on, Scott, go on!" but they thought only of their different sound, compared with other men's verses; so they looked the words which the Scotch philosopher uttered, when invited to dine on stewed snails—"Damned green—damned green!" and so vanished, while the verses—Sir Walter, I am afraid thy temper, so serene now, was hasty in thy youth—the verses were thrown into the fire. But, put not thy faith in critics, should be the motto of all men of

genius—lo! on the third day, one of the “twain” returned, inquired for the interesting verses, entered into a friendly expostulation on hearing their fate, said that neither himself nor his companion could judge at once of lines so much out of the beaten road of song, and concluded by earnestly urging the completion of the poem. The poem was accordingly completed—an introduction was added, one of the finest ever written, to enable the common reader to comprehend the story, and in order either to mollify the severity of criticism,—the Edinburgh Review was then holding authors in order with its hangman’s whip,—or from a singular diffidence in the author, the work was shown to many critical friends, and, amongst others, to Francis Jeffrey, who was pleased to nod approbation, and say, “Print it.” Archibald Constable set his press to work, and “The Lay of the Last Minstrel” appeared early in the year 1805.

Rivals of no common power were at that time with all their forces in the field. Campbell had produced his “Pleasures of Hope,” and some of those lesser inimitable poems, which can never die. Wordsworth had shown unrivalled skill in awaking poetry of the deepest kind from subjects of common occurrence. Coleridge was living on the reputation of the “Ancient Mariner” in print, and “Christabel” in manuscript; and Southey had sent his name over Europe in the “Joan of Arc” and “Malaba the Destroyer.” It is true, that upon these poets, with the exception of Campbell—who was a favourite—the Edinburgh Review had poured forth its satire, its invective, and its venom; but though, no doubt, the sale of the works of those distinguished poets had been much injured by such poisonous criticisms, still they had made their way to thousands of bosoms, and might be considered as serious rivals to any new candidate who should appear in the field. Yet a moment’s consideration will satisfy any one that the author of “The Lay” had nothing to fear. His poem was, in fact, an appeal from the critical pedantry and affectations of mankind to national feeling, national taste, and, if you will, to national prejudices. The rapture with which I first read it, I had never before experienced in any work of genius,—a Borderer myself, I was familiar from my cradle with similar traditions, similar supernatural stories, and similar acts of daring or heroism. But then the allurements of glowing verse gave such increase of glory to those rude legends, that they became with me resistless. I carried the poem to a quiet room, and, whether I am believed or not, I assert that I read it twice fairly through before I rose from my seat. The fame of the work spread far and wide—edition was added to edition—it was praised and read by peer and peasant, and critics hinted about the revival of the fire of Homer, and admonished the poet to refine, and polish, and prepare for a higher and more equal flight. “It would be affectation,” says the illustrious author, writing five-and-twenty years afterwards, “not to own frankly that the author expected some success from ‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel.’ The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days. But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or reasonable, the result left them far behind.”

His second work was "Marmion." If the legend of the booksellers' shops be true, Scott had neglected to smooth the raven down of criticism till it smiled—in other words, the imprimatur of Jeffrey had not been obtained, and the "toothy critic" was displeased. He accordingly penned a criticism, sufficiently severe and captious, and with the proof-sheet in his pocket, sat down at the dinner-table of the poet, and laid his audacious article before his friend. Scott, it is said, nodded his head, saying in a low tone—"Very well—very well"—and was in the act of returning it to the critic, when Mrs. Scott—whom the courteous manner of her husband had not deceived—snatched it up, and running over the article, with a glowing face, said, as she threw it back—"I wonder at the hardihood which penned such a criticism, and more at the boldness of bringing it to this table." The criticism, though its tone was friendly in many places, did nothing like justice to the great merits of the poem, and dwelt with relentless severity upon passages, where haste or carelessness, real or imaginary, were perceived. Now there is no long poem, nor can there be a long poem, without passages of little moment, which, like cement in palaces, unite the other richer materials together. The tree of the fancy, as well as an ordinary fruit-tree, must condescend to bear leaves as well as fruit; the most magnificent structure in architecture cannot be wholly made of capitals and columns; nor should the most eloquent speech at either bar or senate be composed of nothing but snatches of brilliant wit, or sallies of imagination. The heroes of Homer eat fully and frequently, and his goddesses scold and talk scandal; for the business of life must go on. There are men who think his dinners are the best parts of his poem; and I have heard of a lady, who studied the courtesies of domestic life from the social bickerings between Juno and her lord. It is charitable to suppose, that Jeffrey would have refrained from being so severe on "Marmion," had he known, what was then not publicly known, that the poem was hurried into existence, that the thousand pounds which it brought might be applied in aiding a near and dear relative in his unmerited distresses. Lord Byron was less merciful. He saw something so heinous in the circumstance of a bookseller giving a popular author a thousand pounds for a poem, that he included Scott in his sharp satire, called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Adverting to this, Sir Walter says in one of his many prefaces, "I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party; I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise; I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers."

Amid much censure, and far more praise, "Marmion" rose at once into popularity. The structure of verse was borrowed, or rather formed upon that of the metrical romances, so was the mode of the narrative; but he added to those wild legends clearness, character and strength. He found the minstrel lore of his country feeble, rambling, and confused, and breathed a freer spirit into it, bestowed life and speech, and a form at once durable and splendid. His pictures of romantic loveliness and domestic beauty are only rivalled by his martial

scenes. I know of no battle in ancient or modern song to compare with that of Flodden-field. The whirlwind of action, and the varied vicissitudes of a heady and desperate fight, are there—yet not one word is said inconsistent with history; he has imposed his own ideal scene upon us for the reality of truth. From the moment that Surrey passes the river, till the close of the catastrophe, the reader has no command over himself, but is hurried here and there at the will of the enchanter. He charges with Home and with Gordon; snatches with the fiery Blount the banner of Marmion from the ground; aids Fitz Eustace in bearing his wounded lord from the press of Scottish spears; charges with Stanley; changes sides, and, spear in hand, makes good the desperate ring which protected the wounded King of Scotland. There is a spell upon the reader. Every character and scene is invested with something so natural and national, so original and so peculiar, while the whole is emblazoned with Scotland—Scotland; the rough-bearded thistle and the warning Latin legend represent her no better. This I reckon a great beauty; the voice of a poet should be the echo of that of his country—the cry of a young eagle resembles not that of the crow, nor the voice of the raven the note of the nightingale. Few of the poets have stamped their native land so effectually on their works as Sir Walter Scott has, and few have enjoyed a wider or more merited popularity. In three years were sold thirty thousand copies of the “Lay of the Last Minstrel;” and up to the year 1825, no less than thirty-six thousand copies of “Marmion” were circulated.

During the sittings of the Court of Session, where Scott by a severe servitude had secured the situation of chief-clerk, he lived in North-Castle-street, in the New Town of Edinburgh; and during the recess of the Court, he retired to a romantic house at Ashiestee on the Tweed, from which place the beautiful introductions prefixed to “Marmion” are dated. I have reason to remember his house in North-Castle-street; for various pilgrimages I made before it with the hope of seeing the poet, and though I was gratified at last, I did not succeed till I had in a manner become familiarly acquainted with almost every stone which composed the front of the building. My wanderings, too, were attended with something like an adventure. I have said that the “Lay of the Last Minstrel” re-echoed my own Border feelings. “Marmion” had a stronger influence still; I resolved to see with my own eyes the man who had contributed so much to my happiness. I did not know a soul in Edinburgh who could introduce me, or rather I had such a sense of my own unworthiness, as compared to so great a poet, that I did not desire an introduction, but strove to see him and peruse his face without being put to the torture of conversation—I could have faced a battery sooner. On the second or third day of my pilgrimage, I had passed and repassed before the house several times, when, to my surprise, a lady looked out at window in the adjoining house, and calling me by name, desired a servant to open the door and let me in. This was a person of some consideration in my native place, who was residing there with her family, and to whom I was slightly known. “I saw you,” she said, “walking up and down, and thought you might as well spend your time here as waste it in the street.”—“I was not exactly wasting it,” I answered: “I am come to Edinburgh to see Walter Scott, and as he lives here, I hope to see him as he goes

into his own house."—"This is an affair of poetry, then, I find," said the lady with a smile: "I cannot help you in it, for I have not the honour of his acquaintance, though his neighbour; but you shall see him nevertheless, for this is about his time of coming home—and here he is!"—"What!" I said, "that tall, stalwart man, with the staff in his hand, and——?"—"The same, the same!" answered my friend, laying her hand on my arm: "speak softly. Why, I protest, he is coming here!" Scott passed his own door, and—the houses of Edinburgh, it must be borne in mind, are as like each other as bricks—walked up the steps of that in which I was, and announced himself with the knocker. He was instantly admitted. He was in some poetic reverie or other, and had made a mistake; he no sooner saw the bonnets of three or four boys on the pegs where he was about to hang his hat, than he said loud enough for us to hear him, "Hey-dey! here's our mony bairns' bonnets for the house to be mine!" and apologizing to the servant, withdrew hastily.

I afterwards learned that he was busied at that time with the "Lady of the Lake," one of the most regular, and equal, and fascinating of his poems. His own account of the conception and composing of it is exceedingly interesting:—"A lady to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived during her whole life on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me during the time the work was in progress, and used to ask me what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning? that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition. At last I told her the subject of my meditations, and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. 'Do not be so rash,' she said, 'my dearest cousin. You are already popular, more so perhaps than you yourself will believe, or than even I or other partial friends can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high; do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be allowed to stumble with impunity.'" The first canto of the poem dispersed the fears of the affectionate monitor; she retracted her judgment, and entreated him to go on. A critic of another stamp was consulted, a man, says Scott, of warm poetic feeling and fine understanding, and of an imperfect education. To this auxiliary the first canto was read. "He placed," says my authority, "his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs throw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase." The poet owned that he felt encouraged and comforted by the way in which the story had impressed his auditor into a belief of its reality.

This poem made its appearance in 1810, and was beyond all example successful, and most deservedly so; the story was more regular and consistent than the story of either "The Lay" or of "Marmion;" a deeper dash of chivalry was infused into it, while the incidents were equally heroic and enchaining, and moreover the whole had a touch of the tartan—a certain Highland wildness, which was as touching as it

was new. Edition followed edition, criticism was either mute or laudatory—the man who could not quote the choicest passages was scarcely reckoned well-bred, and the booksellers envied Constable the possession of a poet at once so popular and prolific. The only person who seems not to have believed in the altitude of the star of Scott was the poet himself. “As the celebrated John Wilkes,” observes the bard, in one of his latter prefaces, “is said to have explained to his Majesty that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can with honest truth exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the height of fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful or superabundantly candid as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me which I could not have claimed from merit.” It is exceedingly difficult for an author to be the gauge of his own genius, and decide when he is popular to the point of his deservings. If Scott believes that his poetry is less popular than when it was first published, from the circumstance of the sale being less, he should consider that thirty or forty thousand copies have supplied the demand of many libraries—that, like a dextrous cook, he has appeased an enormous appetite, and cannot force the public to continue to eat, unless it were under a spell, such as affected Dominie Samson when Meg Merrilies presented her ladle-full of soup, crying “Gape sinner, and swallow !”

I suspect the eminent minstrel imagines himself a greater novelist than poet, and seeks to console himself for this eclipse of his muse by thinking of his works in prose. I can neither to dispute his judgment, nor call in question the public taste, but I sincerely believe that a dozen writers might be found capable of approaching him in prose for one fit to cope with him in verse. What living man can hope to rival the fiery rapidity of his battle scenes, or that singular power which he possesses of interweaving the actions, and motives, and characters of men with the web of his narrative. In romance rhyme he is fairly unrivalled; then why are his romances in verse less popular than his romances in prose? Marry for a sufficient reason! Poetry requires a certain elevation of style and purity of character, which lift it a little above the ordinary sympathies of mankind—it rejects the grosser materials of life, and holds no communion with such spirits as the Dandie Dinmonts, the Sir Dugald Dalgettys, and the Andrew Fair-services of the Waverley Novels. Thersites, indeed, plays the bully in Homer, and Blount is a sworn horse-racer in Scott; but such characters as these appear but for a moment, and mingle not necessarily with the texture of the story, while in “Guy Mannering,” and “Rob Roy,” and the “Legend of Montrose,” the gross characters we have named are part of the life and soul of the respective tales. Thus in the lower regions of prose, being enabled to be more dramatic and more lively, ten thousand associations are awakened which poetry can never hope to move. The knaveries of Falstaff are reckoned by a million of men superior to the fiery heroism of Percy; and ten thousand will laugh at the humorous and concentrated selfishness of the grave-digger in “The Bride of Lammermoor,” where ten will admire the doomed, and

stern, and heroic Ravenswood. It required higher qualities, in my opinion, to write the last canto of "Marmion," than to compose any two chapters in all the inimitable Waverley novels.

In those fine prefaces which Scott has lately prefixed to his poems, he says plainly that his popularity was at its height with the "Lady of the Lake," and that it waned with "Rokeby" and the "Lord of the Isles." This he attributes to a certain monotony of style in his works, and also to the appearance of a new candidate in the field of fame. But civil war and domestic bloodshed—and "Rokeby" involved both—are unsuitable for poetry. We cannot well become hearty partisans, where brothers are ranked up on both sides with swords in their hands, and mothers are running about with dishevelled hair. Yet Bertram and the Vagabond Minstrel are two of the most original characters which he has drawn. They step down, it is true, from their heroic elevation a little, and approach nearer the commoner realities of life, thereby resembling more the pictures of men in his prose romances. In the "Lord of the Isles," the poet has done his best to give a true image of one of the most heroic and wise kings that ever blessed a people; nor has he failed; he is on the contrary eminently successful—then why is the poem not popular? I answer thus—more was expected from the fine subject than a poet could well perform. To the public imagination, a work of a grander and more lofty character appeared; with this, the "Lord of the Isles" was measured, and found wanting. Nor was this all. The story of "The Bruce" was as familiar as scripture to the lips of the multitude; the people knew every legend concerning him—every action of his life was registered in their memories, nor had they refrained from embellishing the events of his heroic career with all the splendours of fiction. The image of the royal chief was standing magnified in the popular eye to colossal dimensions, and the poet could do little more than put a garland on his brow. There was nothing new to be told, and thus one of the chief sources of wonder and delight was consequently dried up. There are, nevertheless, many scenes of surpassing spirit and beauty. Bruce, with his brother and sister, driven by storm to the unfriendly castle of the highland Earl—the page's dream, and death in the cavern—the supernatural beacon, which lighted Bruce to Turnberry castle, and the battle of Bannockburn itself, are passages worthy of any age and any poet.

When Sir Walter Scott said that a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage,—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that of attracting popularity—he alluded to Lord Byron, and to the appearance of "Childe Harold."—"I was astonished," he says, "at the power evinced by that work, which neither the 'Hours of Idleness,' nor the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed: and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller—a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are

recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry." All this is just and true, and shows the fine, frank, manly spirit of Sir Walter concerning a satirist, who made a stab at him foully; but I imagine the same result would have happened regarding "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles," had Byron never appeared. The public—a monster, which expects that every new morsel presented to its ravenous mouth should be better seasoned and richer than the last—instead of exclaiming, like the witch in Macbeth, "Give me!" or, like the giant in Homer, when tipping charmed wife with Ulysses,—

"More!—give me more!—this is divine!"

closed its appeased lips, and refused to swallow, though the viands were choice and wholesome. Now, the drugged and spiced "hickery-pickery"—(a capital compound from Scott)—of the noble Bard came like a well-devilled limb of a fowl, a carried lark, or an anchovy toast, to awaken an appetite, and make men gape for wine. Nor is the comparison so far from the mark. Scott had given us a full feast on the proper dishes of our isle—of beef, of venison, of heron-shaw and crane, and cygnet from St. Mary's Lake: we had nearly enough, when came Byron with his supplementary course of made-dishes from the isles of Greece and Turkey-land, and we accordingly ate, like the Civic authority in Hogarth's "Election Dinner," till nigh fainting. Be all that as it may, Scott imagined himself jostled from his popular station by the peer. "I declined," he said, "as a poet, to figure as a novelist."

I come now to the prose romances and novels of this most voluminous of all British writers. In these words he describes the sort of works to which he addressed his fancy. "A romance is a fictitious narrative, in prose or verse, the interest of which turns upon marvellous or uncommon incidents; and a novel is a fictitious narrative, wherein the events are accommodated to the ordinary train of human occurrences, and the modern state of society." There is a secret in the history of the composition of these works, not as yet, I believe, fully revealed, which will go far to show that they were not the consequence of Byron's appearance and popularity; but rather came unbidden from the overflowing fulness of Scott's own mind, and that at an early period. During the year in which "Marmion" was published, I was told, by one who had the means of knowing, that Scott was busied with a work, the scenes of which were laid in the Rebellion of 1745, and that considerable progress was made. If I remember right, the author, in one of his numerous prefaces, in alluding to the origin of "Waverley," claims a period for its composition previous to the appearance of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie." There can be little doubt that a portion of the series was written before the outburst of "Childe Harold." Scott, therefore, only laid aside his shield and spear, and dismounted from his barbed steed, to undertake, like an ordinary mortal, a less heroic adventure. For seven years and more he had been the darling poet of the nation; he was now to achieve a wider but not a higher fame, by becoming the first novelist of the land, either living or dead.

His domestic history merits our notice as much as the history of his works; for no author has borne his fortunes more meekly, or dis-

played less of that intellectual pride, which is only more endurable than the pride of wealth from having the show of a reasonable foundation. He had been long a husband and a father—and a most affectionate one—and by a life of regularity and temperance had shown that he despised that wild power said to be claimed by genius, of dispensing with the courtesies of social intercourse and the soberer decencies of life. Poetry had aided, too, in another matter: a gentleman by birth; paternally allied to the noble house of Buccleugh, and maternally descended from that Sir Allan Swinton who slew the Duke of Clarence in the battle of Beaugue, his fortune was nevertheless but small; the dew, however, fell upon the Muses' fleece, and men and critics stared when the poet purchased some hundreds of acres of land on the pleasant banks of the Tweed, near Melrose, and began to build that singular house, since known far and near by the name of Abbotsford. For what he did and felt on this event, take his own account:—"With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent; the smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget, what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader—I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against two.' " He still continued his residence in Castle-street, Edinburgh; and though he made an occasional tour to the Highlands—or presided at Selkirk, of which district he was made Sheriff,—or visited some romantic glen, such as Creehope, where John Balfour fought the Devil, he was generally to be found at home, and often in the midst of very charming company.

The new French rebellion, 300,000 strong, did not break out more suddenly, or perplex monarchs more, than did the tale of "Waverley," when, in the year 1814, it came to delight the country, and puzzle and confound criticism. Who he could be that had done this deed without a name, all inquired, yet no man knew—the newspapers were filled with quotations and conjectures—the reviews followed, but with a caution which deserves description. Turn over the pages of all those works, quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily, and the universal note is, "This is a clever work—an unique thing—full of faults and beauties—contains some striking descriptions—has a few pleasing dialogues—some pretensions to local humour—is not unworthy of Miss Edgeworth, &c. &c." God save the poor men; they could not see, nor could they feel, the beauties—scattered as thick as the leaves in the brooks at autumn—which stud every page. They heard the loud praise of a hundred thousand tongues, and could not distinguish whether it were the random hurra of an ignorant mob, or the considerate and settled approbation of the vast body of the people, who had snapped like reeds the chains forged round them by criticism, and were thinking for themselves. Each critic stared like a bewildered

phrenologist, when he extends his fingers to the capacious forehead of a stranger, and is afraid to say what the developements mean, till some one tells him, by signs, that he is a poet, and a distinguished one. In like manner, the critics groped their way—their applause of “Waverley” was feeble—that of “Guy Mannering” a little stronger—“The Antiquary” caused a shaking of some heads, he was thought inferior to “Waverley,” but then “Waverley,” having two years fame on him, could be safely praised: they accordingly laid it on with a trowel. “Rob Roy” came next, “Old Mortality” followed, and then “The Bride of Lammermoor:” the country—I may say the civilized world—was ringing from centre to circumference with the applause of those masterly works. Criticism alone was captious, querulous, and ill to please. I can make the charge good if called upon: it is sufficient to say, that to every successive work—some better than “Waverley,” and some worse—the usual outcry of criticism was, that the author was huddling up his plots too much—was growing careless in the conduct of his narratives, and regardless, withal, of public taste. “Waverley,” and “Guy Mannering,” whose beauties those gentlemen had not been able to taste at first, now became to them as good wine—the better for being old; they rose in the mercury of their admiration at the rate of ten degrees in the year, while all the later works, as compared to their elder brethren, were treated as humbler compositions. This shows the worth of contemporary criticism—the ludicrous spleen, and judgment not grown to man’s estate, of some who set themselves up as the guides of public taste, and “the glass of fashion and the mould of form” to this believing age.

Nor was this all. He was accused of poisoning the pure fountains of historic truth, and a vehement outcry was raised against him, because of his picture of the Cameronians. To be true to human nature, and give the proper light and shade of the times in which the scenes are laid, seems enough for a work of fiction; and more was never asked, till it was demanded from the author of Waverley. It was his own fault; his characters are in every respect so essentially human, that we cannot look at them as airy forms, in which fiction deals. We believe as surely that Fergus Mac Ivor fought at Preston-Pans, as that Sir John Cope was defeated there; we are, moreover, certain of having in our youth conversed on the subject of the dog Tobit with the second son of Gifted Gilfillan; and of this we are sure, when attending the divinity classes in Edinburgh, we were lodged with the daughter of Mrs. Flockhart, and saw the bonnet and plume of the Vich Ian Vohr. The author has paid the penalty for dealing in such exact similitudes—a charge which cannot consistently be brought against any other living novelist. In what way he has misrepresented the Cameronians, I cannot conceive. Was John Balfour a worthier man than he has made him? Were their preachers wiser than Kettledrumle, or more eloquent than Macbriar? and did they fight better than Henry Morton? Let those who have read, as I have done, the whole literary works of the “Broken Remnant,” from the “Cloud of Witnesses” to the “Prophecies of the Reverend Alexander Peden,” explain in what point they are misrepresented in “Old Mortality.” In fact, they were not so wise, and they were a little more mad; and that is all. The name of Dalzell has more

cause for complaint; but none has been preferred. It would be superfluous to continue the list of his prose works; they are numerous; but they are in all people's hands, and censure or praise would come equally late. He has triumphed over every difficulty of subject, place, or time,—exhibited characters humble and high, cowardly and brave, selfish and generous, vulgar and polished, and is at home in them all. I was present one evening, when Coleridge, in a long and eloquent harangue, accused the author of *Waverley* of treason against Nature, in not drawing his characters after the fashion of Shakspeare, but in a manner of his own. This, without being meant, was the highest praise Scott could well receive. Perhaps the finest compliment ever paid him, was at the time of the late coronation, I think. The streets were crowded so densely, that he could not make his way from Charing-cross down to Rose's, in Abingdon Street, though he elbowed ever so stoutly. He applied for help to a serjeant of the Scotch Greys, whose regiment lined the streets. "Countryman," said the soldier, "I am sorry I cannot help you," and made no exertion. Scott whispered his name—the blood rushed to the soldier's brow—he raised his bridle-hand, and exclaimed—"Then, by G—d, Sir, you shall go down—Corporal Gordon, here—see this gentleman safely to Abingdon Street, come what will!" It is needless to say how well the order was obeyed.

I have related how I travelled to Edinburgh to see Scott, and how curiously my wishes were fulfilled; years rolled on, and when he came to London to be knighted, I was not so undistinguished as to be unknown to him by name, or to be thought unworthy of his acquaintance. I was given to understand, from what his own Allie Gourlay calls a sure hand, that a call from me was expected, and that I would be well received. I went to his lodgings in Piccadilly with much of the same palpitation of heart which Boswell experienced when introduced to Johnson. I was welcomed with both hands, and such kind, and even complimentary words, that confusion and fear alike forsook me. When I saw him in Edinburgh, he was in the very pith and flush of life—even in my opinion a thought more fat than bard beseems; when I looked on him now, fourteen years had not passed over him and left no mark behind: his hair was growing thin and grey; the stamp of years and study was on his brow: he told me he had suffered much lately from ill-health, and that he once doubted of recovery. His eldest son, a tall, handsome youth—now a Major in the army—was with him. From that time, till he left London, I was frequently in his company. He spoke of my pursuits and prospects in life with interest and with feeling—of my little attempts in verse and prose with a knowledge that he had read them carefully—offered to help me to such information as I should require, and even mentioned a subject in which he thought I could appear to advantage. "If you try your hand on a story," he observed, "I would advise you to prepare a kind of skeleton, and when you have pleased yourself with the line of narrative, you may then leisurely clothe it with flesh and blood." Some years afterwards, I reminded him of this advice. "Did you follow it?" he inquired. "I tried," I said; "but I had not gone far on the road till some confounded Will-o'-wisp came in and dazzled my sight, so that I deviated from the path and never found it again."—

“It is the same way with myself,” said he, smiling; “I form my plan, and then I deviate.”—“Ay, ay,” I replied, “I understand—we both deviate—but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity.”

I have seen many distinguished poets, Burns, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Rogers, Wilson, Crabbe, and Coleridge; but, with the exception of Burns, Scott, for personal vigour, surpasses them all. Burns was, indeed, a powerful man, and Wilson is celebrated for feats of strength and agility; I think, however, the stalworth frame, the long nervous arms, and well-knit joints of Scott are worthy of the best days of the Bards, and would have gained him distinction at the foray which followed the feast of spurs. On one occasion he talked of his ancestry, Sir Thomas Lawrence, I think, was present. One of his forefathers, if my memory is just, sided with the Parliament in the Civil War, and the family estate suffered curtailment in consequence. To make amends, however, his son, resolving not to commit the error of his father, joined the Pretender, and with his brother was engaged in that unfortunate adventure which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston in 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats—a ball had struck one of the brothers and carried a part of this dress into his body; it was also the practice to strip the captives. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting along with his brother and an hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet which the ball had forced into the wound. “L—d, Wattie!” cried his brother, “if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish ye would bring me a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them.” The wound healed—I know not whether he was one of those fortunate men who mastered the guard at Newgate, and escaped to the Continent.

The mystery which hung so long over the authorship of the Waverley Novels, was cleared up by a misfortune which all the world deplores, and which would have crushed any other spirit save that of Scott. This stroke of evil fortune did not, perhaps, come quite unexpected; it was, however, unavoidable, and it arose from no mismanagement or miscalculation of his own, unless I may consider—which I do not—his embarking in the hazards of a printing-house, a piece of miscalculation. It is said, that he received warnings: the paper of Constable the bookseller, or, to speak plainer, long money-bills were much in circulation; one of them, for a large sum, made its appearance in the Bank of Scotland, with Scott's name upon it, and a Secretary sent for Sir Walter. “Do you know,” said he, “that Constable has many such bills abroad—Sir Walter, I warn you.”—“Well,” answered Sir Walter, “it is, perhaps, as you say, and I thank you: but (raising his voice) Archie Constable was a good friend to me when friends were rarer than now, and I will not see him balked for the sake of a few thousand pounds.” The amount of the sum for which Scott, on the failure of Constable, became responsible, I have heard various accounts of—varying from fifty to seventy thousand pounds. Some generous and wealthy person sent him a blank check, properly signed, upon the Bank, desiring him to fill in the sum, and relieve himself;

but he returned it, with proper acknowledgements. He took, as it were, the debt upon himself, as a loan, the whole payable, with interest, in ten years; and to work he went, with head, and heart, and hand, to amend his broken fortunes. I had several letters from him during these disastrous days; the language was cheerful, and there were no allusions to what had happened. It is true, there was no occasion for him to mention these occurrences to me: all that he said about them was, "I miss my daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, who used to sing to me—I have some need of her now." No general, after a bloody and disastrous battle, ever set about preparing himself for a more successful contest than did this distinguished man. Work succeeded work with unheard of rapidity; the chief of which was "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," in nine volumes—a production of singular power, and an almost perfect work, with the exception of the parts which treat of the French Revolution, and the captivity of the great prisoner. I had the curiosity, on seeing one of the reviews praising Hazlitt's description of the Battle of the Pyramids, to turn to the account of Scott. I need not say which was best: Scott's was like the sounding of a trumpet. The present cheap and truly elegant edition of the works of the Author of "Waverley," has, with its deservedly unrivalled sale, relieved the poet from his difficulties, and the cloud which hung so long over the towers of Abbotsford has given place to sunshine.

Of Abbotsford itself, the best description ever given, at least the briefest, was, "A Romance in stone and lime." It is a Gothic structure, of irregular form, with towers, and pinnacles, and battlements,—plenty of variety without, and abundance of accommodation within,—the fair Tweed running beside it; the magnificent ruins of Melrose rising at no great distance; while the Eildon hills, clove in three by the magic of Old Michael, are in the neighbourhood. All around, too, lie battle-fields, and hills, and streams, renowned in song and story. In the interior, there is a fine armoury, exhibiting all kinds of old Scottish mail and weapons; and a splendid library, of which one curious corner contains three or four hundred strange volumes on witchcraft and demonology. A marble bust, by Chantry, of Scott himself—a present from the artist—stands in the library. All the nations of the earth are by this time acquainted with this fine work of art,—two thousand were surreptitiously shipped to America, and fifteen hundred to the West Indies, during one year, and multitudes to other parts of the world. It would require a volume to describe all the curiosities, ancient and modern, living and dead, which are here gathered together. I say living, because a menagerie might be formed out of birds and beasts, sent as presents from distant lands. A friend told me he was at Abbotsford one evening, when a servant announced, "A present from"—I forget what chieftain in the North. "Bring it in," said the poet. The sound of strange feet were soon heard, and in came two beautiful Shetland ponies, with long manes and uncut tails, and so small, that they might have been sent to Elfland to the Queen of the Fairies herself. One poor Scotsman, to show his gratitude for some kindness Scott, as Sheriff, had shown him, sent two kangaroos from New Holland; and Washington Irving lately told me, that some Spaniard or other, having caught two young wild Andalusian boars,

consulted him how he might have them sent to the Author of "The Vision of Don Roderick."

This distinguished poet and novelist is now some sixty years old— hale, fresh, and vigorous, with his imagination as bright, and his conceptions as clear and graphic, as ever. I have now before me a dozen or fifteen volumes of his poetry, including his latest—"Halidon Hill," one of the most heroically-touching poems of modern times—and somewhere about eighty volumes of his prose: his letters, were they collected, would amount to fifty volumes more. Some authors—though not in this land—have been even more prolific; but their progeny were ill-formed at their birth, and could never walk alone; whereas the mental offspring of our illustrious countryman came healthy and vigorous into the world, and promise long to continue. To vary the metaphor—the tree of some other men's fancy bears fruit at the rate of a pint of apples to a peck of crabs; whereas the tree of the great magician bears the sweetest fruit—large and red-cheeked—fair to look upon, and right pleasant to the taste. I shall conclude with the words of Sir Walter, which no man can contradict, and which many can attest: "I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power; and I had the advantage—rather an uncommon one with our irritable race—to enjoy general favour, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries." C.

SIR RALPH LATOUN.

Away he rode: the ring-doves sat in pairs,
 And started when they saw his armour gleam:
 Away he rode—the wild-deer from their lairs
 Sprang up and gazed, and from the haunted stream
 The heron utter'd his discordant scream:
 The maid and lover by the trysting-tree
 Saw this arm'd vision burst upon their dream,
 And thought of war: Mom's light on hill and lea
 Show'd Criffel's cloven crown and the wide Solway sea.

Beneath him lay the deep and swelling sea,
 Dimpling and glittering like ten thousand glasses—
 Around him lay, tower, town, and stream, and tree,
 And knolls and woodlands in their bright green masses—
 The silken canna whiten'd all the mosses:
 Men's hoary heads shone in the dewy light,
 And merry songs from Scotland's love-some lasses,
 And fill'd the vale, and climb'd the woody height
 Where stood Sir Ralph Latoun—his heart heav'd with the sight.

C.

SPEAKERS AND SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT, NO. II.

The Cabinet.

BEFORE I notice the more important speeches of the passing month, it may not be amiss to attempt an estimate of the oratorical pretensions of the new Ministry; and, first, of the Premier.

EARL GREY (First Lord of the Treasury).—With this distinguished statesman will expire the last imitator of the Pitt—the stately grandeur—school of eloquence: not that I consider Lord Grey as at all possessing Mr. Pitt's pretensions to the title of orator,* but that majesty of sound and elaborate pomp of diction, and a steady equable flow of faultless periods, equally characterise his speeches. Lord Grey resembles Mr. Pitt, not only in the bright features, but in the defects of his senatorial character. There is the same sagacious application of general principles to particular occasions, the same application of sound, solemn, practical morality to political subjects—the same sonorous copiousness and polish of diction—the same evidence of elaborate preparation, and the same theatrical grandeur of mien and marmorean repose of manner, but without Mr. Pitt's brilliant imagery and overwhelming sarcasm, and truly marvellous flow of the most perfect periods and most melodious voice. Lord Grey has much, too much, of the artificial monotonousness, and the pompous coldness, and the "I am Sir Oracle" self-opinionatedness, and of that fastidious deportment which betokens how much less the heart is engaged in the subject-matter than the head, of that memorable statesman. Great as just now is the dearth of any thing approaching oratory, Lord Grey, as a debater, ranks only among the first of our second-rates. Placing Lords Plunkett and Brougham out of the question, as men *sui generis*, far—with a long interval—above all their contemporaries, and without going out of the Lords, we may unhesitatingly pronounce the noble Premier as inferior in constitutional knowledge and solid massive eloquence to Lord Grenville—in wit, fancy, and general acquirements, to Lord Holland—in perspicuity and elegance of statement to Lord Lyndhurst, and in every-day readiness and power of conciliating to Lord Goderich. But there is a moral air about the man, and a self-possession, and a deportment which seems to say—

"Your grace shall pardon me,
I am too high-born to be property'd.
To be a second at control,
Or useful serving-man."

which, aided by his tall, graceful, and imposing figure, well-formed, grave though by no means highly-intellectual features, and by his almost-traditional reputation for consistency and proud integrity of conduct, imparts to his observations a weight which it would be impossible to conceive any of these noble men in the possession of. Of him indeed, more than any living speaker, owing to this moral influence, may be repeated what was said of the Roman orator—
"Frat in verbis gravitas, et facile dicebat; auctoritatem et naturalem quandam habebat oratio."

As illustrative of the early-formed and unchanged temper and manner of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grey, and the length of the latter statesman's public services, I

* Neither Lord Grey, nor indeed any living debater, excepting, perhaps, Lord Plunkett, has given, or could give utterance to a sentence so nearly approaching to the sublime in oratory as the following, from a reply of Mr. Pitt on the Regency Bill, consequent upon George III.'s first illness. It was proposed by the Opposition that the King's body servants should be removed from him. "What," said Mr. Pitt, in his own peculiarly grand tone, "what must that great personage feel when he waked from the trance of his faculties and asked for his attendants, if he were told that his subjects had taken advantage of his momentary absence of mind, and stripped him of the symbols of his personal elevation." I have heard the effect of this passage was electrical and awe-creating—not that I think it not surpassed by Mr. Pitt himself on other occasions. It is to be feared that our justly bestowed admiration of Charles James Fox has somewhat prejudiced us against the intellectual beauties of his great rival, and co-relative in the page of history.

shall quote an altercation which occurred between them so far back as May 1787, on the occasion of a motion of the Hon. Mr. Grey's relative to the Post-office. Mr. Pitt having taunted the motive with which he alleged the motion was brought forward, Mr. Grey replied that no man should dare to question the purity of the principles on which he acted. To this Mr. Pitt, in his most haughtily contemptuous tone, replied, (I quote the words from the Parliamentary History)—

“The Honourable Gentleman arrogates too much to himself, if he conceives that I shall not take the liberty of calling his motives in question as often as his conduct shall warrant such a freedom. If the Honourable Gentleman chooses not to have his motives questioned, he must take care that his conduct is such, as not to render it necessary.”

MR. GREY immediately replied, “That he should never act in that House upon any principle which did not appear to him to be honourable; while he was conscious that his conduct was governed by the unerring principle of honour, if any person chose to impute dishonourable principles to him, he had those means in his power to which it would then be proper to resort.”

The report goes on to say, that “Mr. Pitt and Mr. Sheridan rising together, the latter obtained a hearing first, and endeavoured to appease the heat that had arisen by observing, that he believed his Honourable Friend had misunderstood the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the office then filled by Mr. Pitt.”

Mr. Pitt's explanation is eminently characteristic. He declared “that he had not before spoken with heat, nor should there be any heat in what he was going to say. He then (continues the report) deliberately repeated the argument of his former speech, without retracting or softening a single expression, and added, that with respect to any means to which the Honourable Gentleman might wish to resort, it would be for himself to determine whether they were proper or not.” And there the affair very properly ended.

LORD BROUGHAM and VAUX (Lord Chancellor).—I have little to add to my notice of this distinguished individual in last month's number. I listened to his elaborate speech on Law Reform on the 9th of December, delivered as it was in his happiest manner, with intense interest, and came away confirmed in my opinion—that Lord Brougham is without a rival as an accomplished and a powerful debater.

LORD HOLLAND (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster).—I know not well how to tell the reader, without disparagement, that Lord Holland is in every thing, physical and mental, a miniature likeness of his immortal uncle. It would be nearer to my meaning to say, that if Mr. Fox be considered the quarto edition, his nephew is an exact octavo copy; for there is not that difference of degree between their capacities and acquirements, which the term miniature would imply. In features they are alike, save that Mr. Fox's were more massive,—the brow was bolder, the mouth fuller, and the eye had less roving fire than Lord Holland's. They have the same artificialness and occasional indistinctness of enunciation; and as with his uncle, Lord Holland is borne, as he warms in his subject, by the vehemence and variety of his feelings and ideas, so rapidly, that he outruns his breath, and after a high key screech effort—painful to witness—to give vent to his thronging emotions, actually loses his voice for about half a minute. Lord Holland, too, among his friends—I do not mean all those who are invited as curiosities to Holland House—has all that social warmth and ingenuous simplicity of manner, which won the hearts of all his great uncle's associates. The eloquence of both has the same *vox vocis ab imo pectore* character, springing fresh and uncontrollable from Nature's well of feeling, unalloyed by the puerilities of rhetoric, without melody of sound, or any other embellishment than that with which manly good sense, heartfelt conviction, and an accomplished mind, spontaneously furnish it. As with Mr. Fox—though as I have said before in degree—Lord Holland is best in reply—whether it be that the necessary bracing for reply precludes the abruptness and apparent unconnectedness observable in his opening speeches, or that his fanciful jokes, and his palpable hits, tell then with more raciness and effect, from their more unpremeditated air. Lord Holland, however, has not the force or the vigorous

judgment, or the originality of his illustrious relative; neither has he his habitual slovenliness of arrangement, or his wordiness, or his too frequent defectiveness of style and grammar. If Earl Grey reminds us of the reserved—Martello tower loneliness, so to speak—manner of Mr. Pitt,

“As if a man were author of himself,
And owned no other kin;”

Lord Holland equally reminds us of the warm benevolent gregariousness of Charles Fox. Lord Grey or Mr. Pitt commands our respect; Lord Holland, like Mr. Fox, wins our love.

THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWN (President of the Council).—As Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the “Talents” short administration of 1806, Lord Henry Petty gave some promise of statesmanlike capacity: all that can be said of the Marquess of Lansdown in 1830 is, that his speeches now and then afford the *inducantia* of something more than common-place acquirement. It often struck me that this has been owing more to the Noble Marquess’s position as leader of the “Moderate” Whigs, than to a defect of native ability. As a Whig, out of office, he was necessarily on the side of the people against the aggression of Tory misrule; as a “moderate,” he was as necessarily a trimmer in his advocacy of popular rights. Hence his see-sawing verbose declamations, faced here and there with popular common-places, with their neutralizing moderate set-offs, acting, on the one hand, as a dead wall, for breaking the force of public opinion, as directed against the aggressions of the few; and on the other, as a convenient medium for refracting and blunting the rays of power, as directed against the will and interests of the many. Hence, too, what originated in necessity and design—clouds of words, that worst species of verbosity, when language does not start in obedience to the matter, but the matter is made subservient to the language—has ended in, I fear, an incurable habit. To make amends, however, Lord Lansdown possesses a manly bearing, and a character of highmindedness, which, now that there is no necessity for the see-sawing husk and chaff of a trimmer, from circumstances—indeed, when there is a necessity for the very opposite—will make him a useful ally in carrying the Reform measures of the present liberal Government through their stages.

LORD GODERICH (Colonial Secretary).—I have a regard for our old friend, “Prosperity Robinson;” he is so good-natured, so ingenuous, so sanguine, and so free from all the petty artifices too frequent in placemen. Lord Goderich is a man of very considerable official information, and of by no means every-day capacity, and would be thought much more highly of as a statesman were he more artist-like—that is, had he more of the “order” in his delivery. He is fluent in words, intimately acquainted with facts, and not ignorant of principles, as his very able speech last session on the National Debt clearly showed, but fails to be impressive, from the slovenly arrangement of his topics, and from the John Bull homeliness of his deportment. His speeches have been likened to “translations out of honesty and common sense into English.” They are so; but his honesty and common sense are those of an English yeoman, and are unimpressive on the multitude, because wanting in the stateliness and Cornithianism usually expected from an English Peer. His Lordship would seem to have conquered his indolence and indifference to office since he got rid of its turmoils, on the breaking-up of his short-lived, rickety administration, and no doubt will be more at home with his present colleagues than it was possible so honest and intelligent a man could have been heretofore.

LORD DURHAM (Lord Privy Seal).—If the term *cleverish*, not unfrequent in conversation, could receive a place in our dictionaries as standard, it would be the predicate of Lord Durham’s intellect. He never says any thing but what is cleverish; he has never said any thing that is more. He has about the mental calibre of Lord Antinous Ellenborough, and indeed resembles that popular nobleman in more points than it is plain he would be inclined to boast of. Like him, Lord Durham is an assiduous cultivator of the graces; and like him also is seldom embarrassed by any maiden diffidence in his own knowledge or abi-

lity. They are both remarkably fluent and elegant in language—Lord Ellenborough particularly so; both are zealous cultivators of the outside ornaments of the head (the bust of either would be a window prize to a hair-cutter); and both have yet to prove that they are the heaven-born statesmen they evidently mistake themselves for.

LORD MELBORNE (Home Secretary) is in every respect the opposite to the son-in-law of Earl Grey, whom I have just noticed. He possesses ten times his talent, twenty times his information, is careless almost to a fault about his personal appearance, and would stammer and hesitate, when the other would be the personification of self-sufficiency. Indeed, Lord Melborne has to blame only his own epicurean indolence, or want of bronze confidence, for not being long before this time universally known as one of the ablest and most accomplished men in either House of Parliament. Thirty-two years ago, he was hailed by Mr. Fox, among others, as the most promising man of his time at Cambridge; and in the most pains-taking effort, the only speech indeed he ever wrote or corrected—his “Character of the Duke of Bedford,”—Mr. Fox, that excellent judge of merit, quotes with approbation the following beautiful and truly philosophical passage from an University oration* of the then Hon. William Lamb:—“Crime,” says he, “is a curse only to the period in which it is successful; but virtue, whether fortunate or otherwise, blesses not only its own age, but remotest posterity, and is beneficial by its example as by its immediate effects.”

Why has not the man, who spoke such language at twenty-three, done more since? The answer is a pregnant moral in this age of universal knowledge—this age of quackery and superficialness, and St. John Long pretension. Because, instead of concentrating his intellect on some one particular branch of science or literature, and making all other pursuits subservient to the mastery of that one branch, Lord Melborne frittered—gold-leafed, so to speak—his intellect over a wide field of desultory reading, the fate too often of genius and high capacity. It cannot be too earnestly impressed on the younger portion of the “reading public,” that concentrated attention is the sole parent of intellectual eminence, and that it—that is, intellectual eminence—is incompatible with a habit of desultory reading; that the weeds of the one choke the growth of the other; that the one cannot be too much cultivated, nor the other too carefully shunned. I cannot be misunderstood: I would not, if even I could, narrow the field of individual inquiry; my object would be, to give a direction and an end to study,—to strengthen the intellectual shoot, by lopping the luxuriance. On this point, I gladly avail myself of the happy language of the late Mr. Hazlitt, a most acute observer, and an original though often erroneous thinker, concerning the metaphysics of Mr. Coleridge’s so much to be lamented mental *vis inertia*. “Persons of the greatest capacity are often those, who, for this reason, do the least; for, surveying themselves from the highest point of view, amidst the infinite variety of the universe, their own share in it seems trifling, and scarce worth a thought, and they prefer the contemplation of all that is, or has been, or can be, to the making a toil about doing, what, when done, is no better than vanity. It is hard to concentrate all our attention and efforts on one pursuit, except from ignorance of others; and without this concentration of our faculties, no great progress can be made in any one thing. It is not merely that the mind is not capable of the effort; it does not think the effort worth making. Action is one; but thought is manifold.”†

LORD AUCKLAND (President of the Board of Trade, and as such, I must observe, most out of place in the House of Lords. The office of President of the Board of Trade belongs constitutionally as much to the House of Commons as that of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Indeed there are too many Ministers in the House of Peers, independent of Lord Auckland.) Of this nobleman, (who,

* Essay on the Improvement of Mankind; an Oration delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge. December 17th, 1798, by the Honourable William Lamb.

† The Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits, by William Hazlitt.

It is said, owes his introduction to the Cabinet to his relationship by marriage to Lord Brougham, I am unable to speak on personal evidence. I never heard him "do a speech," either in or out of doors, and therefore must postpone an estimate of his oratorical pretensions to a future number. He, as every body knows, takes an active part in the Council affairs of the London University, and of the Useful Knowledge Society; but that says little, composed as these Councils are, in many instances, of noble and honourable gentlemen of the thistle-chewing quadruped consanguinity.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND (Postmaster-General).—This high-spirited nobleman was, during the Wellington administration, to the moderate Tory party, what the Marquess of Lansdown was to the moderate Whigs, their most influential spokesman or leader, and as such was prudently invited to a place in the new Cabinet. He is not a man of either talent or information, beyond what are to be met with in every four out of five educated gentlemen you meet; but he is what is care and more valuable in the long run, a man of chivalrous honour and unspotted public principles. He speaks efficiently, because he speaks out in a manly unspicing tone, the plain dictates of common sense and common honesty; and because you see he feels what he fearlessly gives utterance to, and values the approbation of his own conscience more than the cheer of the outs, or the frown of the ins, be they who they may. That such a man should possess influence in the House of Lords, and should be courted to office by every administration, is a cheering proof of the progress of a sound and moral, because enlightened public opinion. It speaks volumes for Lord Grey's discretion, that he should have invited the Noble Duke just now to a share in his Government; though I cannot help thinking it augurs rather unfavourably for the extent of reform to which his policy will be directed. Not even old friendship to his old commander, nor a blue riband, could ever tame his opposition to the Duke of Wellington's administration; and it cannot be expected that he will swallow his Tory anti-free-trade corn-law prejudices, to suit the purposes of Earl Grey.

And now for the Commons Members of the Cabinet:—

LORD ALTHORP (Chancellor of the Exchequer).—I have already described this model of an English gentleman—a man in whom integrity and true patriotism have become, from long habit, a "necessity of his nature,"—a man of sound information, no mental brilliancy, a plain speaker, without pretence or assumption, exercising, by the force of his moral character alone, an influence far beyond that of any other individual in the House of Commons, and that too, when the most commanding talents have failed, because unaided by the same moral reputation. At present, therefore, it will not be necessary for me to do more than point out to the reader the most important of the many important declarations made by Lord Althorp concerning the intended policy of the new Government during the last month. Important as they are in themselves, they derive an additional weight and certainty from being expressed by Lord Althorp. And first with respect to

REFORM.—On the first night of the session, Lord Althorp declared, that "the question of Reform had become so ripe that no Government could any longer withhold it; that the loud and unanimous voice of the people on this point was no longer resistible; that they felt that if they were to have the mockery of a representation, they must henceforward exercise the right of choosing their own representatives. I," said he, "entirely agree with them. I have ever been a friend to reform, and am convinced that to satisfy the public mind you must now pass a measure of *extensive* reform of the representation of the people. I say *extensive*; for nothing less will do, though much less, granted with grace a few years ago, would have precluded the present ferment of the public mind."

On the same night, the Duke of Wellington made his celebrated *felo-de-se* declamation against any change in the present system of representation, fortifying it with the modest argument, that that system was so perfect in all its parts, that he doubted very much whether even he himself could devise a better, did the duty chance to devolve on him! As was evident, the declaration was fatal to the Wellington administration and to all anti-reform Ministers for ever.

On the 13th, Lord Althorp, in his place, as the organ of the new Government in the House of Commons, moved for returns, with a view to ascertaining the population of the several towns and cities returning Members to Parliament, and the ratio of the actual number of the electors in those places to the number of inhabitant householders. The measure of reform, to be submitted after the Christmas recess by Ministers, it is understood, will contain provisions, in the first place, of investing all towns not at present possessing the right of returning members, and whose population is not less than 30,000, with the elective franchise, and of disfranchising all those boroughs—if boroughs they can be called—whose population is not more 10,000. Where this is not practicable, it is intended to add to the number of the county members, as in Yorkshire. There is neither to be election by ballot, nor an approach to universal suffrage; nor is it understood that the septennial duration of Parliaments will be interfered with. On the contrary, though the number of voters will be considerably augmented, the rate or qualifications of the elector will be in some instances considerably raised. The pot walloping system will be checked; but to make amends, all householders and landholders, paying a certain minimum rate of rent and taxes, and, it is said, all persons (such as graduates of the Universities, barristers and physicians,) qualified from their education and station in society, will be admitted to vote in their respective towns or cities. The rate of qualification is the great difficulty with which the framing of the measure will have to contend.

RETRENCHMENT AND ABOLITION OF SINECURES.—On Thursday, the 9th of December, Lord Althorp, in moving for a Committee to inquire into and report on the reductions which it might be expedient to make in the salaries of public officers, said, I quote the Times report:—

“The economy which he wished to see carried into effect was this—that when the patronage of Government was concerned, there should be scarcely any limit to which retrenchment should not be carried; but where the public service was concerned, and efficient and able men were required for its due performance, economy should only be a secondary consideration. Economy should, in the latter case, be attended to as much as possible, but never to such a degree as to prevent the Government from being conducted on the best principles. With reference to the enormous amount of taxation, it was impossible that the reduction of the salaries of the higher officers could afford any great relief to the country, but it would afford what was almost of as much importance as relief—satisfaction. (*Cheers.*) It would show that the Government, beginning with themselves, were determined to carry economy and retrenchment into effect. (*Cheers.*) He would merely add a few words respecting the constitution of the Committee. Government had determined that the Committee should not contain a single person under their influence, or who could be supposed to be under that influence.”

And again, on the 13th, after stating that the estimates for the coming year would be narrowly scrutinized during the recess, with a view to reduction, Lord Althorp made the emphatic declaration in answer to the indefatigable and consistent hon. member for Middlesex,—

“I will ask my honourable friend to allow Ministers to inquire into that subject themselves, and to make such reductions as they may themselves think necessary. When they have done all that they think themselves authorized to do in the way of retrenching such salaries and pensions, then will be the time for my honourable friend, if he be dissatisfied with our retrenchments, to come forward with the motion he has threatened. All that I can say at present is, that Ministers intend to abolish all offices, no matter whether they are high or low, which are held by individuals performing no duties. (*Cheers.*) As far as we have yet gone in the formation of the Government, it must be evident to the House that we have acted upon that principle. We have continued no office that was not known to be useful. We have abolished some which were known to be useless. (*Cheers.*) And if in any department of the state we can perform the public service efficiently with a less number of clerks, we will not hesitate to reduce them, no matter whom we offend. (*Cheers.*) Thank God, the time when the country could be governed by patronage is now past. (*Loud and continued cheering.*) Where the sacrifice of office is the mere sacrifice of patronage, it will be made without the slightest hesitation, and with the most unflinching spirit.” (*Continued cheers.*)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—On the 10th, the Duke of Wellington gave the finishing blow to his chance of regaining power by a most ill-timed Polignac declaration concerning the glorious events in Paris in July last. He said he considered them to be “misfortunes,” and that it was owing to their “bad—I unhesitatingly say bad example,” and to the misrepresentations of their true character and origin by the press, that the people in some districts of the country were so disturbed and lawless. On the next evening, Lord Althorp took advantage of a complaint of the tri-coloured riband being worn by some of the trades’ procession, to declare that, “however it might be with others, he, in common with the great mass of the people in the country, held the tri-colour flag in respect, as the emblem of the glorious resistance of the French people during the three memorable days in July last to a despotic attempt to deprive them of, the best securities of their liberties—a free press, and the right of representation.”

THE BANK CHARTER.—After stating that the Committee on East India Affairs should be renewed after the recess, the Noble Lord stated that the question of the renewal of the Bank Charter would be taken into consideration during the present Session; that Ministers would consult Parliament—not as was usually the case, after, but before they proposed any arrangement to the Bank Directors; and that renewal would stand or fall on its own merits, uninfluenced by a previous pledge or promise by the Government with the Directors.

THE CURRENCY, according to Lord Althorp’s declaration, also, on the 10th, is to remain on its present metallic basis; the general system of banking throughout the country is to be inquired into, with a view to place it on a more stable footing, and to enable it to be more generally useful than it is at present.

Each of these important declarations would justify numerous observations, but I deem it better for the present to let them speak for themselves.

LORD PALMERSTON (Foreign Secretary).—What I said on a former occasion respecting the great advantage of a natural delivery, and the great disadvantage of an affected one, applies much more to Lord Palmerston than to the late Home Secretary. The Noble Lord is a man of undoubted talent, and of considerable official and general information—of a manly person and bearing, and of a masculine tone of thought and expression—at least, as capable of a clever, *set* speech (he is common-place, indeed feeble, on every-day occasions) as any of his colleagues, Lord Brougham, of course, excepted, and yet mars all, and fails to be impressive, from a mouthing hem-and-hawing, *petit-maitrish*, unnatural delivery. As the Foreign Secretary is by no means singular in Parliament in this defect, and as its origin is of a general and easily-curable character, I will briefly point it out to the reader’s notice.

Like Sir Robert Peel, and other distinguished men in both Houses, Lord Palmerston has had the misfortune in his boyhood of being taught the *externals* of the future legislator; and to this hour retains the defects of the absurdly mischievous system of recitation followed in our schools, with a view to preparing youth for public speaking in after-life. The first, the second, the third, the fourth, and the fifth condition of oratory, according to the great Athenian, is the delivery; and the charm of delivery, as we all know, and, what is more, *feel*, is its naturalness—in its appearing to be the unpremeditated tone of the *veræ voces ab imo pectore*—as, like the language of true eloquence, the warm and crimson gushings of heart-born conviction: and can there be a greater absurdity than to suppose you can teach this natural delivery by the practice of one altogether artificial? What if Demosthenes’ attention were withdrawn from the matter to the manner, as it must have been on the artificial delivery system, and that, instead of his “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” vehemence was busied in pronouncing this passage with one modulation of the voice and that with another—and instead of letting the word call forth its natural action, was employed in “suiting the word to the action,” would he have roused the Athenians against the invader of their liberties?—would he have driven Æschines into exile?—would Philip have dreaded him more than five armies? If, indeed, it were intended that our youth should spend their days reciting French tragedies, there

might be some use in the practice. But as such is not their usual destination, and as it is most important that the legislators of this great and enlightened empire should be able, on real and important occasions, to express their sentiments effectively, too much pains cannot be taken to preserve their natural delivery. Why teach boys to assume a manner they cannot possibly feel, when, if it be natural, it must come with the occasion—and if not, must be most pernicious? What can follow from such a system, save a habit of pretending to be what they are not, and to feel when they do not, to be deplored as it approaches good acting? But even this mimic excellence fails them when it is most needed: a natural, that is, an impressive actor, could not be made in our present schools; observe the action, the gesture, of a made-up declaimer, whether it be on the stage, in the pulpit, or in the senate, when passion is the cue, and you will find plenty of rant and fury, but no nature; and you will find that the action either accompanies or follows the sentiments, whereas in nature it always precedes the oral expression.*

Hence the failure of Lord Palmerston as an impressive speaker, in proportion to his ability and information. Hence his attempts to be always emphatic ending in his being but seldom so; hence the rhetorical hue of his most energetic and felt expressions; and hence, having an ambition to shine as a speaker, the pompous verbosity of his most elaborate paragraphs, in which every period is rounded, and every sentence balanced so as to remind one of the false windows of a house too large for its inhabitants, or too much front—serving no other purpose than that of symmetrizing with the real ones.

MR. CHARLES GRANT (President of the Board of Control).—The Right Hon. Member for Inverness-shire has often struck me as possessing the department, the features in which the “native hue of resolution is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,” and the mental habits of a senatorial Hamlet. He is a man of enlarged capacity, an assiduous student of high principles, regardless of all mere personal consideration in their assertion; but he is a dreamer, wants unremitting energy, and by “thinking too precisely on the event,” lets

“Enterprises of great pith and moment turn awry
And lose the name of action.”

His features are expressive, eminently so, but of contemplation, and not of the man of decided action, and in their care-worn furrows evince more of the solitary broodings of the closet than of the wear-and-tear of even disappointed ambition. He is passionately vehement, but it is only by fits and starts, as it were in spite of himself; and his speeches are seldom impressive, because they are too generally addressed to the mere understanding of his hearers. The disadvantage of this coldness is augmented by a very imperfect delivery—not as with Lord Palmerston, from a want of the simple beauty of Nature, but from a voice defective in elasticity, and a too rapid, irregular, and too inarticulate enunciation. It has been said of him humorously, that he speaks always as if he had a muffin sticking in his throat, and that his words come out consequently with the irregular jets and expectoration of liquid out of a very narrow-necked bottle. There is much truth in this caricature of the Right Honourable Gentleman’s delivery—at the same time that I think the parent sin is indolence, or that want of physical and mental buoyancy for which we have no more convenient epithet. I have heard it said that Mr. Grant was not a good digester of his readings, else there would be less obscurity in his style, more clearness, in fact, in his own and in the conceptions of his hearers. Dr. Blair has laid down some dogma in his Lectures warranting the inference, but that, like many other of the Doctor’s dicta, only passes current from its speciousness; and from saving people the trouble of thinking

‘Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; jurat, aut impellit ad iram;
Aut ad humum mærorè gravi deduct, et angit:
Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.’—Horace, *Ars Poet.*

for themselves. So far from clear ideas on the part of the speaker giving rise necessarily to clearness of language to the general hearer, I affirm that the first masters of the day, in their respective departments of science and literature, are far from being the most effective teachers of them.—(I could cite names which would put the matter beyond controversy, but that, without explanation, it might appear invidious.) The truth is, a man, more accustomed to investigate in the closet than discuss in public, can hardly avoid being misled by his own knowledge of his own meanings into a supposition that he is clearly intelligible to others, because he clearly understands himself. He suggests when he ought very often to explain, and becomes elliptical, without being at all aware that his audience require that he should furnish them with the detail fillings-up as a bridge to his meanings. Such persons will, in nine cases out of ten, speak more effectively on a subject with which they are not long familiar, or but partially acquainted, than on one which has occupied their thoughts for years: because, in the former case, they are more on a level with their auditors. Such is the case with Charles Grant: he is an effective speaker at a Bible meeting, or in the heat of an election, while his speeches on Free-trade or religious toleration are too often prosy, obscure, and tedious to his hearers.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM (First Lord of the Admiralty).—The late Mr. Tierney, on being asked his opinion of the Right Hon. Representative of the county of Cumberland, replied in his usual pithy, sarcastic manner—"Graham is a manly puppy—the cleverest of the set." Harshly as this may sound, coming from Mr. Tierney, it meant high praise, and describes the man very graphically. The Right Hon. Baronet is a powerfully made man, of almost herculean proportions, smart and fluent in speech, industrious and most pains-taking in making himself acquainted with his subject, but with the lisping, affected, half-whining delivery of a carpet knight. Then his precise dandyish attire, and the air of Adonis self-complacency, contrasts so provokingly with the information and good sense so abundant in his set speeches. This mixture of the "nice lady's man" and the intelligent debater, has given rise to opposite opinions of his merits, equally remote from truth. By some he is described as a mere flippant, self-confident House of Commons coxcomb; by others, as a man of great knowledge and great statesmanlike abilities. He is neither the one, nor the other. Among mere dandies, he is an orator and a statesman; among orators and statesmen, a clever coxcomb. He is a man of no originality of either thought or expression; has made a character for himself simply by expressing in more neat phraseology, and at a riper moment of the public ear, what Mr. Hume has been boring the House with since he became a member of it. The pamphlet on "Coin and Currency" is clever, but only as a well-written and condensed statement of what has been repeated twenty times over by others; and so with his speeches last session on the Civil List. Such a man must always be a most useful ally, whether for attack or defence; but for the very same reason will never rank higher than an ally. Had he "the stuff in him," as Mr. Windham used to say, he had a fine opportunity in reply last night (the 20th) to George Dawson and Sir Robert Peel. He made the attempt, but evidently came off but "second best." Talking of Sir Robert Peel, I never heard the ex-Home Secretary so elaborately jesuitical, nor so Joseph Surface candour professing. Mr. Hume's reply was much to the point, and shows how much the Member for Middlesex has improved by practice.

The above described constitute the Cabinet. The other Members of the Government in our next.

THE BALLOT.

In order to arrive at a right conclusion on the question of the Ballot, it is only necessary to have a clear view of the object proposed, and to consider the means with relation to the end. The fitness of secret, or of open voting, must be tried with reference to the purpose of the suffrage. Keeping the design steadily in mind, we shall see whether the power of the instrument, recommended for compassing it works in the right direction, and we shall know how to rate the value of the circumstances attending the expedient, and to distinguish those that are important from those that are secondary or indifferent. The ordinary mode of discussing the Ballot may be compared to this manner of talking—"A ship is preferable to a coach. A ship allows of the exercise of your limbs, and exalts your ideas; it is the noblest work of human art, and the thoughts associated with it are of the bold, the frank, the free—Britain's glory, and Britain's prosperity! Coaches cramp your limbs, or perhaps break your necks; they are effeminate contrivances, and the attendant circumstances are of no sort of dignity; the coachman drinks, and the wheels grind and rattle, and the dirt or dust flies."—"True: but our journey is by land; our road lies over hills; we have to do with an element, for traversing which the ship has no aptitude; and we endure the petty inconveniences or humilities of the coach for the uses of the coach. Granted that it is not noble—granted that it is not poetic—granted that we cannot fill our pride with phrases boastful of its wooden panels—yet it carries us to our destination, which is what we want of it, and cannot well accomplish without it."

What would be thought of the wits of the man, who, in answer to the recommendation to set up a steam-engine in a factory, should object to the noise? The reply would be—It is not intended for a dormitory, but a mill.

The arguments for the Ballot are crossed by objections as absurd as those we have supposed. The errors arise from inattention to the constitutional object.

The intention of the suffrage must be understood, before the best means of delivering it can be considered. Is it, then, intended that an elector should elect?—is the franchise entrusted to him for his exercise, or for the exercise of it, through him, by another?—is he to be a chooser or an instrument?—is he to be considered as a free agent, or a person appointed to be played on? The slave's question with his master resolves itself into this—"Is this my body or your's?" The elector's question with his patron is—"Is this my voice or your's?—is it my election or your's?" For what is there a constituency?—is it that a judgment may be exercised by the persons composing it, or that a body of many humble people may be swayed by a few powerful individuals? If the powerful few ought to determine the votes, then why is a nominal constituency interposed, which is a trouble and a deceit? Society will, surely, not allow that the elective franchise should be given to a small number of wealthy men, on the condition of their bullying or bribing a considerable number of persons in appointed districts. Yet that is the effect of giving to the weak the

franchise, and not giving them also protection against the influences of the strong.

The short preliminary question is, whether the votes of the constituency should be free from all influences but those which enter into a choice, or whether the votes shall be mere expressions of the dictating power—and, in fact, tokens of a degree of wealth competent to a certain extent of bribery, intimidation, or both? Does the genius of the Constitution say to the rich—“Show that you can deprave, show that you can destroy independence; suppress convictions, and, *per fas aut nefas*, procure suffrages, and you shall be legislators, or the makers of legislators?” There are many, we know, who will frankly reply that the elector should be under the influences, that he is unqualified to exercise a discretion, and that his suffrage should be determined by any one who by any means, and for any object, can obtain an ascendancy over him. But why, we then ask, the cumbrous process of the influence?—why not give directly to the class who influence the power they obtain by influencing?—why not spare the mockery of an election, where election there is none?—why not spare the troublesome farce of the canvass, the demoralization of bribery, and the cruelty of intimidation?—why waste these bad forces? From the state of things, it might be inferred that there was in electioneering some pleasure, like that of hunting; and that the constituency was preserved as the game, honestly hunted down for sport, and venality bred as foxes—every man who is in for the brush seated, as it were, for that evidence of his skill, forwardness, and success in the sport.

If the constituency is to be subservient, why have a constituency?—why continue a false pretence, a practical lie?—why not substitute for it the will of the few who have the influencing power? If it be admitted that the constituency should exercise a free and conscientious choice, then we have the object before us, which will enable us to avoid error in considering the question of the Ballot. The end understood, it is easy to test the fitness of the means.

The objections urged against the Ballot are, that it is *un-English* and *cowardly*; that it would generate *hypocrisy*, *lying*, and *venality*. The reproachful descriptions, of “masking,” “cloaking,” “wrapping-up,” “sneaking,” “skulking,” come in aid of the above specific objections, and cover the project with all words and phrases of distasteful sound.

The Ballot is certainly *un-English*, inasmuch as it has never been applied to the protection of parliamentary elections in England, and in the same sense, steam was *un-English* before it was made the moving power of our engines, though its capacity for dancing pot-lids was familiar to every British kitchen. So, too, with the Ballot; in its meanest uses it is familiar and accredited, and as English, as instructing servants to tell fibs, as cant, or any other custom. It is English in our clubs; it is English for certain purposes in Parliament, and it is even English in the Church, in which, on particular occasions, it is directed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be used.

To object that the Ballot is *un-English*, is simply to imply that it is unused in respect of the required application, which is near akin to stark nonsense. Bribery and corruption, intimidation and oppression, Liverpool, Stamford, and Newark, are undeniably English; and if the Ballot, *un-English* as it may be, is antagonist to them, we should re-

joice in setting its *un-Englishness* against the English abominations to which we have alluded. If it were settled and certain that English institutions embraced every perfection, and that there was nothing good beyond their range, we should admit force in the objection of un-English; but the possession of all excellences is not yet proved to be ours, and there may be wise and politic expedients, not yet included in our customs.

Cowardice is the next reproach urged against the Ballot. Here, as in the treatment of all other cavils, the objection is to be considered with relation to the object. What is required? Is it a display of bravery, or the exercise of an honest judgment? If the purpose of an election be to put the virtue of the feeble many in contest with the power of the strong few, and all the cruel evils of the strife are held compensated by occasional examples of daring devotion and sacrifice to the public good, we grant that nothing must be interposed to shroud the display of courage. If we are to have a bear-baiting or a dog-fight, no barriers should interrupt the rage of the performers or the view of the spectators. If the people are to be tormented for the eliciting of their virtues of fortitude and constancy, the open arena for the struggle, the beholding and encouraging of it, is right appropriate. If, as Bacon says of men of the nobler natures, like aromatic herbs, they must be crushed to make them render up their finer essence, it is right to pitch them in the field against the grinding powers of a mighty aristocracy. But if it be not this exercise of the people's bravery that is needed—if it be not sought to engage them in a battle where many must fall for one who triumphs, but only to obtain from them the expression of a conscientious choice—if judgment, in short, and not daring, is the thing chiefly wanted, then we may rate courage or cowardice as secondary considerations in the question, and not the tests of the utility of the Ballot. Courage is a very noble quality, it abounds more in Britain than in any nation of the globe; for Britons, who best know their own possessions, are never weary of saying and singing so, and the fate of their arms has not belied the boast of their tongues; and why then should such an abject fear be betrayed lest the Ballot should introduce so *un-English* a weakness as cowardice? Courage is a fine thing, but a blessed one is security, absence of strife and irritation, and the presence of peace and goodwill among men. When the Police was established, it was condemned as un-English, like the Ballot; not that a protective force was un-English, but that the arrangements for its efficiency, and the uniformity of the men's coats in colour and cut, were un-English—the true British Watch having ever hobbled in a blanket wrapper, apt for slumber; but strong as prejudice was against the innovation, it was never said to be likely to beget cowardice. A civilized people may seek protection without cowardice. To guard men from the thief, the assassin, the ruffian, the robber, is not to make them cowards. No one has ever contended that the courage of the people should be exercised by leaving them exposed to the attacks of plunderers. No one has contended that, to give them the protection of a Police, is to make them pusillanimous; as it is seen that more of good is gained in peace and security, than is lost by taking from men that guardianship of their own safety which nurses a bold and resolute spirit.

Experience shows that, after these abatements, courage enough remains in society for all the uses of a great and proud nation.

If we believed, as we do not, that any considerable degree of courage were maintained by the system of open voting, we should not scruple to risk it or forego it, in consideration of the larger amount of political advantage belonging to secret voting; but we see nothing in the circumstances of open voting to favour courage, and we perceive much to depress it. The spirits of men will faint under an unequal strife, such as that between the many and the potent few, and a craven, abject submission, pretending to be preference, is the result. There are occasional exceptions—the worm turns now and then. Something moves to enthusiasm, and there is a struggle, perhaps successful, perhaps enough to show the virtuous dispositions of the people, though ending in disaster and ruin to themselves; but a relapse into bondage is sure to follow, for the foul influences are ever acting, while enthusiasm has only its fits and rare causes of excitement. In declamatory harangues, it is sounding to rate the standard of public duty high, and to propose the devotion of a Curtius as example; but in practice it is neither to be expected nor to be desired, that men should at any moment be ready to sacrifice the life-bread of themselves and their children for political objects, not of the first magnitude and import. The Ballot allows the voter to give way to his impulses, without apprehension of a patron's displeasure or a tyrant's oppressions—or even of his companion's sneer and his society's reproaches. It makes no call on his courage, which will probably not decline because it is not taxed on an occasion which to most appears too slight for any great exercise of daring.

Hypocrisy is the next allegation against the Ballot. A hypocrite is justly odious, because he pretends to some virtue which he does not possess, or lays claim to the merit of some good action which he does not perform. No one would reproach another with the hypocrisy of pretending to be something worse than he really is. We never hear upbraidings of the hypocrisy of falsely assuming the thief or the swindler. Now the hypocrite in the Ballot, who has promised and professed to vote for one candidate, and has, in truth, voted for another, and in accordance, not with his pledges, but his secret preference, or the dictates of his judgment, this man is the hypocrite whose action is better than his pretences, whose professions have been false, while his conduct has been precisely that which the rule of duty required of him.

The hypocrite at the open hustings, on the other hand, who pretends to act according to his conviction, votes consistently with his professions, but against the rule of duty, which demands the delivery of his suffrage according to the dictates of his judgment. It is farther clear, that the man who would be a hypocrite at the Ballot, would also be a hypocrite at the open poll; for the influences that at the Ballot would induce him to make professions of a purpose contrary to his performance, would at the open poll cause him to make professions of a choice opposed to his convictions, but accordant with his vote.

The difference between the two hypocrisies is this, that, in the Ballot, the profession is false, but the action proceeds in the line of public duty, (or, in other words, the choice is the choice of real

preference or conviction,) at the poll the profession is equally false, being a profession against the judgment, and the action is contrary to the line of public duty, for it is opposed to the voter's secret conviction or preferences. Thus the person is equally false in pretences in either case; yet, in the Ballot, the public extracts that which it needs, namely, the sincere judgment, and in the other instance of open voting the desired object is not secured.

There is no reason to suppose that, on the first establishment of the Ballot, there would be more hypocrisy than is now created by open voting under sinister and undue influences; but the Ballot, be it observed, would, in a very short time, strike at the root of hypocrisy by destroying the foul influences, which would cease to be exerted when the opportunity of ascertaining their success should be denied and their power defeated. But it is asked, would you destroy the influence of property? It were as sensible to ask whether we would destroy the influence of the sword, or any other sort of power available to beneficial or to mischievous purposes. The influence of property is of two kinds, good and bad, and it is the admirable function of the Ballot to annul the bad and leave free scope for the good. The beneficial employment of property wins upon the affections and engages the respect of men, as is excellently explained by the author of the masterly essay on the Ballot in the Westminster Review.

“ Riches, to the purpose we are now contemplating, mean a certain quantity of power, power of bestowing—good more or less extensively—and also of inflicting evil on our fellow-creatures. It is possible, we all know, for a man who is possessed of this power, to exercise it in such a manner as to become the object of the affection and reverence, not only of all those who come within the sphere of his virtues, but, by sympathy with them, of all those to whom the knowledge of his character is diffused. The opinions, the wishes, of such a man, become a motive to his fellow-creatures. We desire to be able to concur with him in his opinions, we desire to be able to forward the objects of his wishes. If such a man expresses a decided preference of one or two candidates; the opinion of his virtue, that he would not recommend the man whom he did not inwardly prefer; and of his wisdom, that he would not be deceived, together with the unavoidable pleasure of giving him pleasure, would always go far to determine the choice of those who live under the influence of his virtues. This is the legitimate influence of property, in the sense in which it is moral. This is an influence which is as safe under the Ballot as without the Ballot. The man who proceeds to the scene of election with that reverence in his heart which the moral influence of property implies, will not be deserted of that moral impulse, when he places his vote in secrecy. The effect of it is as sure as if it were delivered before an assembled world; because it is the mind of the man that acts. The will, the choice, are his own.

Thus, where property is worthily employed, its influence would be as strong in the balloting-box as in the hearts of men; but where it is used for vice, oppression, debauchery, bribery, and corruption, there its power would cease with the secret delivery of the suffrage.

The next objection is, that *lying* and *venality* would be caused by the Ballot. Nothing short of the wit of Sir Robert Wilson could have strung together these two antagonist propositions, for it should be clear to the understanding of a child of eight years of age, that the *venality* could not co-exist with the *lying*, or the *lying* with the *venality*. No person, who walks abroad without a keeper, buys without the opportunity of knowing whether the terms of the bargain are performed by the seller; and no one can sell whose word is not to be believed, and whose performance of the required services

is not to be seen. When lying has shaken faith, there must clearly be an end of the traffic of corruption. But the prevalence of falsehood would not be necessary to this result. Open voting abolished, every one would feel the absurdity of relying on the engagement of a man to vote for a bribe who was base enough to receive a bribe. The desperate experiment might occasionally be made, but it would be too costly and doubtful for common or general practice, and too often disappointed for encouragement to a repetition.

There is yet another objection proceeding from the same author, the Southwark knight, which is so absurd that it is hardly worth mention, except, indeed, for its egregious folly. Sir Robert Wilson seems, of all men, the most happy in self-confutation, and the workings of his brain destroy each other like the children of Cadmus. It is said that secret voting would be bad because its secrecy would be attended with the demoralizing effects whose probability we have considered; and it is also alleged that secret voting would be worthless because secret voting would not be secret. The votes could only be known by defect in the arrangement for taking them, and the apprehension does not, therefore, apply to the principle of the measure proposed, but to the means of carrying it into effect. Electors may of course declare how they have voted, but observation assures us that men are not apt to make declarations which are sceptically received by friends, and angrily resented by enemies. The *bavard*, who says, "I voted in the Ballot for A against B," has scarcely a hold on the favour of A, who has his doubts of the service; but he is certain of the anger of B, who firmly believes the boasted act of hostility, as it is in human nature, or rather experience, to be more credulous of injuries than benefits. The effect of declarations to prejudice, and not to profit, would soon be felt, as the avowals would only be implicitly credited by those interested in resenting them.

We now come to the last objection, and the only one involving a serious consideration, and supported with any show of reason—the impolicy of withdrawing the elector from the influence of public opinion. It is curious, that upon this ground has been founded the only plausible argument against the Ballot, and yet it is the only argument that has not been urged by the opponents of the Ballot in Parliament and at public meetings. The Standard newspaper put it forth, but the arms thus tendered have probably proved too heavy for the persons who have fluttered the flimsiest fallacies against secret voting. In order to understand the unsoundness of the objection to which we have referred, it is first to be considered that the constituency is itself part and parcel of public opinion, and unable to escape in the Ballot from its own convictions. To borrow the felicitous bull of the late Lord Londonderry, the people cannot "turn their backs upon themselves." In open voting there is a mode by which the venal or influenced escape the working of public opinion, and the shame of acting in defiance of the general sentiment of society. The biassed and influenced profess preferences which they do not feel, and the consequent display of a mass of fictitious opinion serves to sanction the course of the venal and the subservient, and to shelter them under the imposing show of numbers. The false appearances, at many an election, produced by bribery or intimidation, pass for a demonstration of opinion, respectable from its earnest-

ness and extent. Substitute secret voting for the open poll, and this pseudo-opinion ceases to act, and the true opinion dictates the course of conduct in place of it.

For the comprehension of the value of publicity, in respect of the delivery of the suffrage, the following explanatory passage from Mr. Mill's "History of British India" should be constantly borne in mind as a guiding principle.

"There are occasions on which the use of the Ballot is advantageous; there are occasions on which it is hurtful. If we look steadily to the end to which all institutions profess to be directed, we shall not find it very difficult to draw the line of demarcation. A voter may be considered as subject to the operation of two sets of interests: the one, interests arising out of the good or evil for which he is dependent upon the will of other men; the other, interests in respect to which he cannot be considered as dependent upon any determinate man or men. There are cases in which the interests for which he is not dependent upon other men might impel him in the right direction. If not acted upon by other interests, he will, in such cases, vote in that direction. If, however, he is acted upon by interests dependent upon other men, which latter interests are more powerful than the former, and act in the opposite direction, he will vote in the opposite direction. What is necessary, therefore, is, to save him from the opposition of those interests. This is accomplished by enabling him to vote in secret; for in that case the man who would otherwise compel his vote, is ignorant in what direction it has been given. In all cases, therefore, in which the independent interests of the voter, those which in propriety of language may be called his *own* interests, would dictate the good and useful vote; but in which cases, at the same time, he is liable to be acted upon in the way either of good or evil, by men whose interests would dictate a base and mischievous vote, the Ballot is a great and invaluable security. In this set of cases is included the important instance of the votes of the people for representatives in the legislative assembly of a nation. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that they should be protected from that influence. There is, however, another set of cases in which those interests of the voter, which have their origin primarily in himself, and not in other men, draw in the hurtful direction; and in which he is not liable to be operated upon by any other interests of other men, than those which he possesses in common with the rest of the community. If allowed in this set of cases to vote in secret, he will be sure to vote as the sinister interest impels. If forced to vote in public, he will be subject to all the restraint, which the eye of the community fixed upon his virtue or knavery, is calculated to produce; and in such cases the Ballot is only an encouragement to evil."—*Mill's British India*, b. 4, c. 9.

In disposing of the objections to the Ballot, we have forbore from citing examples, and from references to the experience of other nations. Were such examples and experience as adverse to our argument as they are favourable to it, we should deny force to them with reference to our case, because it is our firm conviction that Great Britain is the country of the world whose peculiar state of society most especially requires the redress of the Ballot. There is no other country in which the dependences are so many, so various, and so close; in which the influences have been so long exercised, and the black art of employing them so wickedly well understood. There is no expedient but the Ballot to prevent such scandals to society and cruelty to individuals, as have been exhibited in the late oppressions of Stamford and Newark. Other places are groaning under the same system, but resistance has not provoked the open manifestation of tyranny and made its workings known. There is no expedient but the Ballot to check such disgraceful exhibitions as that of the last

Liverpool election, when every species of depravity was indulged in without disguise or stint; and wretches who had prostituted their votes by day, actually destroyed themselves with drink at night, perishing with the filthy poison they had betrayed their social trusts to riot in.

Against corruption and intimidation there is no security but the Ballot—against the former it will generally prove sufficient, against the latter always. What are, then, the objections to be balanced against these advantages? We declare, we know not one that will bear a moment's consideration. Phantoms of the imagination are suggested to scare us from recourse to the *crypt* of political liberty, but the mischief that would result from the use of it is yet to be stated.

MY SINECURE PLACE.

How's this, my Lord Grey, can you mean what you say?
Abolish all sinecures—pause, my Lord, pray!
Oh, hear me, my lord,—is this really the case?
Nay, do not take from me my Sinecure Place.

Consider, my income is small for a Peer,
I'm poor, if you take my odd thousands a year;
Consider, I pray you, how ancient my race,
Its dignity sinks with my Sinecure Place.

My mansion in town has been lately rebuilt,
Adorn'd with superb scagliola, and gilt;
Pray, how shall I look Mr. Nash in the face,
If you now put an end to my Sinecure Place?

My castle must also be kept in repair,
One month out of twelve I contrive to be there;
One month I devote to the joys of the chase,—
My castle would go with my Sinecure Place!

My cottage ornée, on the Devoushire coast,
Must also be sold, if my place should be lost;
Now, pray, my Lord, do reconsider my case,
And let me retain my snug Sinecure Place.

My lady, her opera-box must discard!
My lady, the beauty—you'll own 'twould be hard—
My fortune won't pay for her feathers and lace—
Then leave me, oh, leave me, my Sinecure Place!

Economy *may* be discreet, I dare say,
Retrenchment is all very well in its way;
But there's no occasion for setting your face
'Gainst my *individual* Sinecure Place.

You *must*, my Lord Grey, (it is time to be frank,)
Uphold the importance of persons of rank;
The aristocratic look up to your race—
Support them, and leave me my Sinecure Place

If beggarly vagabonds *will* make a row,
Be firm, and intimidate, no matter how—
E'en flourish a sword in each vagabond's face—
I'll do it myself for my Sinecure Place.

I'll stipulate *always* to give you my vote—
Whatever you dictate I'll utter by rote;
Your notions—*what'er they may be*—I'll embrace,
And I'll do any job for my Sinecure Place.

VICISSITUDES IN A LAWYER'S LIFE.

SOME years ago, a friend of mine was called up to London, as being the representative of a person that had lately died intestate. The deceased had been a barrister of some reputation with his class, but in small practice; and, not having during his life been very communicative respecting his affairs, it was thought necessary that my friend (who was his cousin and next of kin) should personally superintend the opening of his desk and papers, and endeavour to ascertain the amount of property to which he had become heir. Being myself somewhat of a man of business, although no lawyer, I accompanied him on these occasions, and assisted him on all others with my friendship and advice. After long and careful investigation, however, we could discover nothing in the shape of money, beyond a sum of 120*l.* stock in the Three per Cents., together with a few sovereigns and some loose silver, in his chambers. He had evidently lived, from day to day, on what his profession brought him. There was, indeed, an indifferent law library, which we disposed of for forty or fifty pounds, and a few precedents, (of conveyances, bills and answers in Chancery, and such like things,) which we charitably presented to the clerk; but nothing farther worthy of mention,—excepting only the manuscript, of which a copy is given below. This was found lying, with other unimportant papers, in the drawer of his table, and having been tied up with red tape, and written on what the lawyers call draft paper, was at first mistaken by us for a matter of business. Just, however, as my friend was handing over the bundle to the clerk, a few letters which were on the back caught my attention, and, on looking closer, I perceived the words, “Some account of my life.” Being curious in my reading, (for which, however, I have but little time to spare from my business,) I begged the manuscript from my friend, who was delighted at an opportunity of making some return for my exertions. I had no thoughts of rendering the matter public, as will easily be believed; but a literary acquaintance having run his eye over it, recommended me to print it. He offered, moreover, to “polish it up,” and “make it fit for the press;” but (though I listened to his recommendation as to publishing) I determined that it should appear in its natural dress, if it appeared at all. I am one of those who think that the feelings of an individual can be best expressed in his own unstudied language. Independently of this, I was desirous of exhibiting to the world what Mr. Coleridge calls “a psychological curiosity,” or, in other words, the autobiography of a lawyer, who, after having dwelt in the midst of forms and tautologies for twenty years, had courage to write like a rational being, and to put down his thoughts in common language. The parallel of “the dyer’s hand” (which the great poet, Shakspeare, adverts to) does not, as it appears to me, hold good upon all occasions. But I will not detain the reader any longer from the counsellor’s manuscript. The following is a verbatim copy of it, made by my own hand, and carefully examined with the original.

THE LAWYER’S STORY.

“ . . . Had I followed the example of my fathers, I should now be a farmer of thirty acres, on the banks of a little stream that runs into

the Somersetshire Avon. My ancestors had vegetated there for the greater part of a couple of centuries; few of them having ever exceeded, during their lives, the limit of twenty miles from the village church, and all of them having been born and buried there. Even I myself should probably have trod the same quiet and confined course, had not a solitary spark of ambition flamed up in my father's heart, and fired him to do honour to the family name. For we descended originally from a noble and very ancient stock; and we never forgot it. '*The —s were knighted at the Conquest!*' This was the sentence that kept the pride, and vanity boiling in our bloods. Like the secret hoard of the miser, it cheered us in our poverty: perhaps it also nourished a vague feeling of honour, and saved us from committing unworthy actions; but this is doubtful. We had passed through eight or ten generations since we could boast of unmixed nobility; and ever since that time, we had been mingling our blood—marriage after marriage—with the yeoman's and the peasant's. Our wealth had been dissipated, our consequence humbled, our minds overgrown with ignorance; but the *Pride*,—the "airy nothing" of our name, survived all changes and disasters. Thus the human taste (I mean the bodily sense), which appears to be so oblivious, is known to retain its impressions longer than any other faculty. The mind forgets a name or an image, a peculiar touch, a note of music; but an odour or a flavour is remembered in an instant, with all its freshness and all its concurring circumstances, after a lapse of thirty or forty years. So it was with us. Our pride, which one would imagine would have been of so frail and evanescent a nature as to have been extinguished by the first brush of poverty, remained to us,—adhered to us like a canker or a disease, when all our important distinctions had perished.

"I was brought up somewhat roughly, and was suffered to run about wild and idle enough until I attained my tenth year, when I was committed to the management of the village schoolmistress. With my satchel and well-thumbed primer, my pockets half full of marbles, and a couple of formidable slices of bread, (with butter or bacon between,) for my dinner, I used regularly every morning to take my way to the little school. What progress I attained there has escaped my memory; but I think that lessons in three syllables were the summit of my accomplishments. My father, who was dissatisfied at my progress, wished anxiously to remove me to a better school; and at last a legacy of 700*l.* enabled him to put his ambitious schemes into execution. I was removed without loss of time to the 'classical academy' of Mr. —, and after remaining there three or four years, was pronounced to be 'fit for any thing.' But then came the question—the serious and too often discussed question—what course should I like to follow? 'What shall we make of you, John?' asked my father, with an inquisitive, exulting look. He had evidently visions of bishops, and judges, and generals, floating before his eyes. All the splendid accidents of fortune had been repeatedly the subject of conversation between us. The stories of men who had risen from a low beginning,—from the most squalid servitude,—from the poor-house and the prison,—and afterwards realised the wealth of Cræsus, were familiar to us. We lived in a dream of riches. We surmounted

obstacles; we overtook rivals in the race to power. No opposition deterred us. Fame, and profit, and power, were at the end of every prospect. The only question was, which was the best road to pursue? That problem, however, it was difficult to solve.

“ ‘Will you study politics?—or law?—or physic?’ asked my father, with an earnest face, ‘or will you become a soldier or a sailor—?’ (He was stopped here by my mother, who pronounced a rapid negative on the two last professions;)—‘or will you turn your mind to divinity—?’—‘I will not be a parson,’ returned I, at once. ‘And why?’ was the question. ‘Because I do not want to be a curate, “passing poor with forty pounds a-year.” I like to speculate and think, even to the limits of orthodoxy. I cannot raise myself to a living by flattery; and could I do so, I should fear to encounter the hate of every inhabitant of my parish, by stripping them yearly for my tithes. Let it be something else.’—Thus it was that we discussed the hours away. Sometimes a red coat was most attractive to me; sometimes a blue one. Then the carriage and ruffles of the physician caught my fancy; and then the debates in Parliament, which the ‘County Chronicle’ regularly pared down to suit its columns, inflamed my wishes, till I was absolutely bewildered by the number of the avenues to fame. At last, however, my father and I (my mother concurring) determined upon—the *Law*! I remember the happy evening whereon this resolution was formed. My father was in high spirits. ‘We will drink a glass of wine, for once in a way, to the future Judge,’ said he. ‘I hope you will never hang anybody, John?’ said my mother; ‘if I thought so, I would call back my consent.’—‘Never fear,’ replied my father; ‘he will do what is right, I know. If his country should require such a painful act from him, he will not flinch from his duty.’—‘I will never hang a man for forgery, however,’ exclaimed I, doggedly: ‘Blood for blood, is the old law; but nothing farther for me.’—‘My dear John,’ interrupted my mother reprovingly, ‘do you not hear what your father says? If your *duty* should require it, &c. &c.’—It will scarcely be believed that we could go on quarrelling respecting so remote a contingency. But so it was. I tried—I am almost ashamed to tell it—I tried on my father’s wig that very evening, in order that I might see, before the matter was absolutely irrevocable, how a wig would become me, when I should be advanced to the bench! How near I arrived to that point of ambition will be seen hereafter.

“The Law being resolved upon, the only question that remained was, whether I should be sent to college, or pass through the refining process of an attorney’s office. We were in considerable perplexity on this point, when a friend of my father’s happened to step in, and determined the matter for us. He was a rough, eccentric man, but had withal his share of sense; and on the difficulty being stated to him, he replied with a loud continuous whistle, that augured any thing but an approval of our projects. ‘College!’ he exclaimed, looking askant at me: ‘why he is half a fool already: if you send him to college, you’ll make him a fool complete.’ It must be owned, in extenuation of the old man’s rudeness, that my deportment at this time somewhat justified his suspicions. I had so long been dreaming after the fashion of Alnaschar, that I bore myself now and then towards my old acquaintance and equals in a way that not even the elevation I reck-

oned on could have justified. In truth, I had become a considerable coxcomb. I was not, I think, naturally vain; but my poor father's hopes, and my mother's smiles and prophecies, brought out the germ of folly into sudden blossom. It was well for me that it was timely checked. Our friend's advice was taken. All notions of college were abandoned, and I was sent off, for five years, to the office of an attorney in our county town.

"The toil of an attorney's life is much exaggerated. It is held up as a sort of hideous spectrum to the imaginations of youth, and has deterred many an intelligent and diffident boy—and hundreds of doting mothers from adding a victim to the shrine of Law. In the country, at least, there is little to do that need alarm an ordinary student. A brain of very common strength is sufficient to bear up against all the impediments that usually beset this period of probation. Even the fictions of our jurisprudence (not the least vicious of its qualities) may be mastered, though not admired. Admiration demands a subtler scrutiny, a longer and closer intimacy with law, than a youth—nay than even I, a veteran of thirty years, have been able to contract with it. In truth, its first aspect is rugged and severe towards all. It was so with me; but habit reconciled me to my labours; and thus—with an occasional novel in the evening, and a walk with a rustic belle on Sunday, a short half-yearly visit to my parents, and a dance or two in the cold winter weather,—I managed to run through my five years of clerkship, with considerable satisfaction to myself, and not wholly without the approbation of my employers. At the expiration of that period, I had the choice before me—whether to pursue the humbler but safer course of an attorney, or to venture upon the dangerous but dazzling chances of the bar. I preferred the latter; and, after a short sojourn at home, I was at once let loose upon—London!

"The stride from the quiet of the country—from its sleepy, stagnant current of existence, to the soil and centre of intellectual, busy, and ambitious life, is great and fearful. I think of it with a shudder even now. The sudden escape from all control is of itself perilous enough. But when, in addition to this, one is thrown amongst the struggling and vicious crowd of London, into her noisy streets and abandoned haunts (arenas more dangerous than even the bloody circuses of Rome, where the wild beast and the gladiator fought and mangled each other, for—what?) the wonder is, that so many of the young and inexperienced survive to attain any thing like a moral maturity.

"I was told that I ought to see 'the world;' and I was ready enough to behold it. 'You should see every thing once, at least,' said a new acquaintance: 'Take a glance at every thing: sow your wild oats; and then sit down and fag steadily at law.' This was the advice of a man who was esteemed for his prudence, and not a little respected for his knowledge of 'the town.' It was impossible to reject such counsel; and accordingly I resolved to see and judge of every thing. What places this resolution led me into, it is unnecessary to detail. It is sufficient to say, that the death of my father and mother about this time, by an infectious fever, enabled me to see London to my heart's content. I was the sole heir of their little property, which

I speedily disposed of; not, however, before I had given an honest plumper at the county election to a candidate who was hard beset, and made my maiden speech at the hustings, which, it was said, turned the contest in his favour. A new member is always grateful; and my vote obtained for me a world of thanks, and a pressing invitation to his metropolitan residence.

“ I was now pursuing my way professedly to the bar. I had kept several terms, and had entered myself as pupil of a special pleader, at whose chambers I duly read the newspapers, peeled an orange, drank a glass of soda-water, and now and then (but this was a rare event) attempted to scrawl a declaration in trover or assumpsit, in which my bad writing and legal incapacity were the only things conspicuous. ‘ You will never do for special pleading, nor the common law bar,’ said one of my co-pupils; ‘ you take the matter too leisurely. Suppose you were to try conveyancing?—or see what figure you can make in a court of equity?’ I caught at this suggestion. Six months of pleading had satisfied me that my ‘genius’ lay another way. In other words, I heartily disliked my employment, and was glad to escape from it under any show or pretence. Mr. — had no objection, of course, to my quitting his office at the end of six, instead of twelve months, and leaving my desk open for another pupil; and accordingly I left him without ceremony, and transferred my person to the chambers of a celebrated conveyancer. This, from my country education, suited me better than my previous tasks. I had some glimmering notion of the law of real property, and I was not unwilling to increase my knowledge. The rapid diminution of my funds, too, began to make me think; and after a few struggles with Fearn and Preston, Sugden and Sanders, a few sighs cast towards the distant theatres, and a month of severe but wholesome illness, I cast off the trammels of idleness, and sat down to work in earnest.

“ I had not been here more than a quarter of a year, when I one day suddenly met in the street Sir Charles I.—, our county member. He had not forgotten my election services, and hastened to reproach me for not having called upon him. I pleaded the usual number of excuses—protested that he was ‘very kind’—that he ‘overrated my trifling exertions,’ &c.—and concluded by accepting his invitation to dinner for the following Saturday. The interval was spent in ordering a new and fashionable dress, and in getting up, for conversation, some of the ordinary topics for discourse—the last poem or novel; but when the hour arrived, and I entered the member’s spacious mansion, and heard my name go sounding up the marble staircase, I forgot all my late conversational acquisitions, my new dress, and even the applause that followed my last speech at the club, and stumbled into the drawing-room with a dizzy head and almost trembling steps. The reception which Sir Charles gave me, however, speedily reassured me. He was a well-bred, polite man, and, it may be, was a little pleased at the homage which I thus involuntarily paid to his station. He introduced me to his wife; to his son (an only child, whom Nature seemed to have constructed for the sole purpose of hanging one of Stultz’s or Weston’s suits upon); and finally to a poor relation of the family, whom the death of both parents, and her own utter indigence, had cast upon the member’s charity. Mary S— was, when I first

knew her, about nineteen years of age. I remember her as though it were but yesterday. She had not that beauty without fault, either in face or figure, nor that romantic melancholy expression, which novelists delight to expatiate on; but she had a pleasing and intelligent countenance, a little dashed by sorrow, but not injured—an unaffected manner—and a voice more musical than any sound I have ever heard. It was to *me*

‘More tuneable than lark to shepherd’s ear;’

’twas sweeter than ‘the sweet South;’ richer than Juliet’s voice; softer than Ariel’s song; and—I was never weary of listening to it!

“Being both persons of small importance (for I was no longer a freeholder of —shire), Mary and I were generally left together to amuse ourselves whenever I visited Sir Charles’s house. I had a general invitation there, for which I was, I believe, partly indebted to some musical talent⁹ that I possessed, but which I should have neglected, had not ‘attractive metal’ drawn me thither with a power that I could not resist. That being the case, I became a visitor; sometimes at the evening parties of Lady L——, and always in the mornings; for then the masters of the mansion were usually absent, and their *protegee* was left to the solitude of her thoughts. The consequences of this intimacy may easily be foreseen. I fell in love with the excellent Mary, who returned my affection, but at the same time resolutely refused to accept my hand, and entail poverty on us both. I proposed to ask the consent of Sir Charles. She dissuaded me, however, from this; assuring me that he would reject me,—professedly upon some plea of family pride, but in reality to save himself from the necessity of aiding our slender means, as well as to preserve for his wife a cheap and useful companion. For the condition of Mary was not that of a sinecurist. She was the chief secretary of the house; the writer of all Lady L——’s letters; the copyist, and often the corrector, of Sir Charles’s speeches; the milliner and dress-maker of her lady cousin, sometimes on ordinary, and always on extraordinary occasions. She filled, in short, one of those thankless, nameless offices, where the ties of blood are admitted solely for a sordid purpose,—where the victim has to endure, uncomplainingly, (or starve!) all that the proud will sometimes dare to inflict,—where all the labours and hardships of servitude are undergone, without even the wages of a menial. In these cases, there is but too often no mercy on the one hand, and no spirit of resistance on the other. The first act of reluctant charity justifies every species of after tyranny. The value of the original benevolence is exacted to the uttermost farthing,—no abatement, no relenting.—‘Do you remember *who it was* that took you in? and fed you? and—&c.—’

‘Oh! hither let soft Charity repair!’

Let her repair to such melancholy places, and soften the ungenerous heart, and sweeten, with her smiles, the bitter, bitter bread of dependence!

“We married. The consent of Mary’s ‘protectors’ had been asked, and immediately refused; and upon this, I tried repeatedly to induce her to fly with me, but in vain. At last our situation made us desperate, and some prospect of professional success opening at the time, I wrung

from her a slow consent to—clope. We fled, and were, as may be imagined, never pursued. The consequences of this step, however, were, that my wife was cast off, and I discountenanced. But I nevertheless plodded steadily on my way; never relaxing, never forgetting that on my success depended the comforts, nay the existence, of one who was dearer to me than myself. By the time I had arrived at the bar, and was qualified to practice ‘in court,’ we had one child born to us,—a girl. It was the only one we ever had, and we loved it in proportion. No one can tell how entire and unselfish our love was. Men may imagine and speculate on other things; but *this* is beyond all guess, all divining. It is, beyond comparison, the most painful, the most powerful, and mysterious sympathy that ever warmed the human heart. Let no one talk of it, who has not *felt* the care and anxiety which beset a parent’s mind:—

‘He talks to me who *never had a child.*’

(How wise is Shakspeare in this, as in all other things!) The single man knows no more of what we endure for the child we love, than the blind or deaf know of sound or colour: his idea is a guess altogether, unfounded or remote from reality.

“I forget how long it was that we continued under the ban of Sir Charles and Lady L——’s displeasurè; but I recollect that the interdiction was taken off at the request of a good-natured visitor of their house, to whom I had once (for I used to carve occasionally there) accidentally given the prime slice from a haunch of venison. He recollected this with gratitude, and was not easy till we were restored to favour. After some discussion, some show of resentment, and an intimation that we were to ‘expect nothing,’ except the countenance of the family, Lady L—— signified that she should ‘no longer object to receive Mr. and Mrs. ——.’ Her willingness to be reconciled was communicated to us; and we once more walked up the marble staircase of the L——’s, heard our names thurdered out by powdered lackeys, and once more underwent

‘The proud man’s contumely,’

and all the ungracious and worthless favours which the poor but too frequently submit to receive from ‘the great.’ It would be of little use to recount, one after one, the numberless slights and stinging condescensions which were showered upon our ‘bare, unsheltered heads.’ I myself would have fled into the forest, or the poor-house, to avoid them: but we had—a child! and for her dear and tender sake, my poor Mary entreated that I would bear up against ill fortune a little longer.

“Accordingly, a ‘little longer,’ and ‘a little longer,’ we went on; our situation never amending. Custom, which reconciles us to all other things, never renders caprice or tyranny the less difficult to be borne. We endured—more than shall be told, and we felt that we were descending, with swift and certain steps, from one stage of discomfort to another, and with the prospect of inevitable poverty full in our view. First, trifling delicacies were abandoned—then the finer clothing common to our condition; then the solid comforts of life, meat, tea, firing, &c. passed out of our reach. Our child suffered last: for we were daily guilty of little pious frauds towards her, to conceal from her the absolute poverty of our lot.

“ During all this period, I was the visitor (on no intimate footing, however, for I could not return the substantial civilities offered me) at gentlemen's tables. I dined off plate and china, spread with all the delicacies of the seasons, when I had not a meal at home. On these occasions, I have been compelled to restrain myself (to an extent that it would be difficult to credit), in order to conceal from the persons present the voracious hunger that was devouring me. I have abstracted food (from the share, however, allotted to myself)—bread, cake, or other substantial edibles—to carry home for the next day's sustenance. In the course of time, this foraging was calculated upon between us; and my wife would see me depart almost with pleasure upon one of these expeditions, knowing that I should reserve for our domestic necessities a portion of the superfluities of which I was expected to partake. I have heard of a wealthy miser doing this to a great extent. We, however, had a better excuse than he. He abstracted what belonged to others; whereas I pilfered only from myself.

“ But I am writing confusedly, and without order. I should have mentioned that my funds were, for some time, sufficient to furnish us with common comforts; and even to appear suitably to our station. Our honeymoon did not wane and disappear so very rapidly in the chill atmosphere of poverty as to call for that commiseration which a sudden accident alone excites. We were exposed in the end, indeed, to the rigorous seasons. We had our fill of calamity. But it descended upon us, drop after drop, like the icy dew that falls upon the earth beneath. We retired from our places gradually, and left our acquaintances an opportunity (and perhaps an excuse,) for discovering and attaching themselves to other friends. The common intercourse and advantages of the world are not to be had for nothing: we must pay for them with other things. We must return favours for benefits, good humour for vivacity, nay, almost meal for meal; otherwise, we shrink out of the circle of society and our place is supplied by fresh comers. We were willing to do all that could be done in this interchange, but we found that money failed us at last, and with money good spirits also vanished:—we were, therefore, fairly dismissed. I made, indeed, a few efforts to recover myself. A sudden influx of business gave a temporary colour to our fate, but it did not last long enough, nor was it of sufficient amount, to give to our prosperity even the appearance of stability. We fell

‘ In many an airy wheel,’

deeper and deeper still, till we touched the lowest level of our destiny.

“ But let me return, for a short space, to our child. We had, as I have said, one child—one only. To give her the appearance of respectability, to afford her the wholesome, and sometimes delicate food, which her youth and infirm health required, was the struggle of every day. We ourselves fared hardly, and were content. My own expenses were trivial: those of my wife were less. But even rent and the coarsest clothing are fearful things for those whose income is utterly precarious. Sometimes we had nothing—not a shilling, not a solitary farthing; and then we were driven to borrow trifling sums by depositing the few poor trinkets of my wife, some

books that were seldom in use, or a portion of our clothes, with the pawnbroker. These sometimes remained unredeemed for months. At such times our distresses have been great indeed. I have sought and petitioned for employment of *any* sort, and my wife has shed tears of joy at having the commonest labour offered to her. *It produced BREAD!* I should cause the visages of some of my bar acquaintance to grow doubly supercilious were I to enumerate the shifts and projects that I have been reduced to, to obtain a shilling or two for the next morning's meal. But what will not the father and the husband do! It may be well enough for the single man to go to his bed and sleep, careless of the next day's fortune; but he who has creatures whom he loves dependant on him, must be busy and anxious, and provident. I have (thank God!) never yet lain down at night without knowing that my wife and child would the next morning have bread before them—sometimes, indeed, scanty fare, but always something. What I have undergone, more than once, to procure this, shall remain locked in my own heart. I have never provoked the generosity of my professional brethren, nor the contempt or compassion of strangers by an open exposure of my wants: for I had a character and station to preserve by day, on which all the hope that was left depended. But *secretly*, and by night, and where I was *unknown*, I have shrunk from nothing. The labour of the porter, the hack writer's midnight toil, the work of the common copyist, *BEGGARY*, have all been familiar to me. I look back on these occupations without shame or regret, and, indeed, at times, when my pulse of pride beats—as it will beat feebly even now—I recur to some of them with a smile.

“In our sunny seasons we had one apparent luxury—music. It was, in truth, a great enjoyment; although the real object of its introduction among us (to whom luxury of any sort was necessarily a stranger,) was that our child, who inherited her mother's sweet voice, should find it a means of livelihood. When we grew much poorer than usual, our little borrowed piano-forte was dismissed; but, in other times, we struggled hard to keep it for our daughter's sake. I remember still our evening concerts, my flute or voice accompanying her instrument, and our sole dear auditor standing beside us with glistening eyes. We almost forgot our poverty, and turned aside from the dark face of futurity, to listen to gentle airs and solemn movements. We wandered with Handel, ‘by hedgerow elms on hillocks green,’—with Kent, and Boyce, and Purcell. Haydn and Beethoven were our friends; the learning of Sebastian Bach was familiar to us; the divine melodies of Mozart were our perpetual delight.

“Music, however, could afford no help, farther than to enable us occasionally to forget misfortune. It did not purchase for us bread or meat, nor revive my coat of rusty black, which the malice of several winters and of as many summers had conspired to injure. My wife's clothes faded, while she hearkened to harmonies that were ever fresh. In a word our miserable wardrobe became so flagrantly bare, that our ‘friends’ at L—house announced the fact to us in unmitigated terms, and desired that, unless it could be renewed, we might straight become better strangers. ‘We will leave them, my dear Mary,’ said

I, 'to their poor pride. They are lower than we are, after all!' She sighed, and made no answer; for she saw, notwithstanding all her humility, that we could never return there again. We never did return!

"One of the most painful and irksome things to myself was the necessity of appearing 'in Court' during the period of our extreme poverty. It is supposed necessary, with what reason I know not, that the barrister should appear in Court at all events, whether allured there by business or not. In compliance with this custom I have sate out many a weary morning with my blue bag before me, (its sole ballast a quire or two of paper, or an old volume of reports,) sometimes listening to arguments on matters of no interest, but generally meditating on my own mournful prospects, and forming hundreds of projects to retrieve our fallen fortunes. How little have the frequenters of the Court of Chancery imagined that, under the imposing though grotesque dress of 'the bar,' one man has sat there as poor and friendless as I have been. There is a sort of equality in the costume and in the rank which rejects the idea of any great diversity of condition. Yet have I sate there, more than once, utterly penniless, whilst Mr. Romilly, or Mr. Bell, Mr. Hart or Mr. Leach, &c. have been 'winning *golden* opinions from all sorts of men.' At these times I have sometimes thought that, had I fair opportunities, I might have taken my stand by the side of those celebrated advocates; but, alas! when some casual opportunity came, I found that I was tongue-tied, and that all the faculties that I gave myself credit for were either not there, or were in a moment dispersed and put to flight. Self-possession,—confidence in one's own strength, is scarcely a secondary requisite at the bar. The learning and even ingenuity of man are nothing without it. The course of the advocate should ever be

'As confident as is the falcon's flight,'

if he hopes to conquer. For myself, I never could attain this self-possession. I have dreamed, indeed, of Bacon and Coke, and Hardwicke and Holt, and Thurlow and Mansfield, ('silver-tongued Murray') and all who have made a name, and I have vowed that I too *would* win the same airy and substantial glory that had encircled the heads of famous lawyers. I have read, and read, and written, early and late, morning, noon, and night: I have compiled and digested, speculated and invented: All branches of law, all sorts of literature have I tried:—But my writings accumulated, my information increased—in vain! My labours were fruitless. My piles of manuscripts were destined only to feed the worm or the moth, or to afford a habitation to the spider.

* * * * *

"I know not why I should pursue farther this downward path. It would be easy to go on recounting fact after fact, feeling after feeling,

'Facilis descensus Avernus.'

"But, having thus far traced the narrative of my calamities, I am content to stop. If any one should ever read over what is written, he will probably find it even now sufficiently irksome. There is too little of incident or adventure to stir up the blood,—to make 'the hair to stand on end,'—to force from the eyes of readers deluges of tears.

Mine is not an 'eventful history.' It is a melancholy one; and, I fear too, that it is not a solitary instance of misplaced ambition. But it is dull, and dark, and uniform. It is without a spot of pleasantness; sterile in all its aspects, unless, indeed, it prove (and it may well prove) a timely and valuable warning for those who have yet the race of life to run. That it may be useful in this sort, I will complete it. I will not, by publishing it now, encounter the jeers or the sympathy of critics; but I will leave it for the edification of those who come after me. It will be of little moment, *then* what becomes of my poor memoirs. Wit, rancour, praise, compassion,—what will they avail to the ear that is deaf? to the eye that is blind? to the sense—the intellect that has soared, or sunk, or fled—whither?

“ . . . A few more sentences and I have done. They comprehend (notwithstanding all I have already said,) the bitter sum of my existence. But I cannot linger over *them*. I cannot (like the beggar by the way-side,) exhibit and grow garrulous over my holier sorrows. Let it be sufficient to say that I have followed my wife and my only child to their graves; and that I am now utterly—*alone!* My misery needs no exaggeration, and it asks for no sympathy. I go on, as I have always done, struggling and toiling to-day for the food of to-morrow. But I no longer feel apprehensive of the future. It is even some alleviation when my own insignificant personal wants obtrude upon me, and call me away for a moment from substantial grief. It was with this view—with this hope, that I sate down to pen this story of my disappointments; and, in truth, the task has now and then beguiled me—not into forgetfulness, indeed—but it has mingled with the almost intolerable pain of the present, recollections of the comparatively trivial sorrows of the past. I have all my life been pursuing a phantom—professional success. I have been 'chasing the rainbow' for fifty years. I have failed in every undertaking. I have striven my best! I have been honest, industrious, and constant to my calling; yet nothing has prospered with me. I do not seek to inquire into the reasons for all this; but it may be worth the while of another person to do so. The causes of success in life deserve a minute scrutiny. Whether they be owing to accident,—to impudence,—to genius,—to perseverance,—it will be well to know. It will *then* be seen why my learning has been useless, my honesty of no account, my daily, nightly, unceasing toil unavailing. Let me not be understood as being *now* querulous or indignant. The time for those feelings has passed away. I have no motives now to desire rank or professional success. I would not possess them if I could.”

* * * Such is the Counsellor's story. I have nothing to add to it; except that we heard he had thriven in his business somewhat better latterly. His health, however, (his clerk said,) became very indifferent; he did not attend Court so regularly as usual, and never walked out as formerly, except to visit a little churchyard in the suburbs of London, where his wife and child lay buried. To this place he went regularly every Saturday evening, (about sunset), and sometimes, when his spirits were more than usually depressed, he would wander there every afternoon for a week or a fortnight successively.

E. E.

THE LEGACY OF A LATE POET, NO. II.

(Gathered from his Portfolio.)

1.—POETS.

Daughter. I do not like him, sir. The steadfast truth
Lives not within him. Yesterday his dreams
Sprang upwards to the sky; to-day they creep
And grovel midst base things, below the earth;
Nay, *once* he wrote—

Father. Tush, tush!—the poet's way.
They have all their changes, girl. A poet first
Cradles his thoughts in flowers. He will wander
O'nights, and wreck his spirit upon a rose,—
Grow lavish on small things, and swear by Cupid!
There is no beauty in the world (save one)
Can paragone the pink or daffodil.
—Then grows he wiser. With the years that come,
Come strength and sterner fancies: Then, he loves
To look upon the antics of the sea,—
Hear Boreas mutter,—see the lightnings race
Down the ladders of the sky: He drinks deep healths
To Chance, red Wax, fierce Love; whilst in his heart
Boil the wild passions, from whose depths rise forth
The beauty which must make his after life,
Or mar't for ever.—From this stage he soars
To meditation and philosophy;
Clothes Science with the rainbow, and sweet Art
Translates amidst her sister stars above:
Wisdom's his God,—pure wisdom, which he deals,
With moral grace, amongst his brother men,
Till, all his good being done, he lays him down
And sleeps with Fame for ever!

2.—THE SEA-ROVER.

EARTH would not help him: She withheld her corn,
Her wines, her nourishing fruits, and man his care;
So with the hound he starved! He lay till morn
Unshelter'd 'neath Heaven's arched ceiling bare:
Whilst rains fell on him, and the piercing air
Stab'd him with icy arrows to the bone:
There lay he, leper-like, in dumb despair,
Until his hardening heart turn'd quite to stone,
And *then*—he sought the Sea! The Sea, more kind,
Ope'd wide her arms for one all wild and brave,
And nursed and bore him on her own white wave,
Till he, whom man disdain'd, disdain'd in turn,
Shook off all ancient love for human-kind,
And stung them like the serpent blind and stern!

3.—AN IRISH SONG. (*Air, Kathleen O'More.*)

HE is gone to the wars, and, has left me alone,
The poor Irish soldier, unfriended, unknown,
My husband, my Patrick!—
The bird of my bosom—though now he is flown!
How I mourn'd for the boy! yet I murmur'd the more,
'Cause we once were so happy in darlin' Lismore,
Poor Ellen and Patrick!—
Perhaps he *now* thinks of his Ellen no more!

A cabin we had, and the cow was hard by,
 And a slip of a garden that gladden'd the eye ;
 And there was our Patrick,—
 Ne'er idle whilst light ever lived in the sky.
 We married,—too young, and it's likely too poor,
 Yet no two were so happy in happy Lismore,
 As Ellen and Patrick,
 Till they tempted and took him away from our door.
 He said he would bring me, ere Autumn should fall,
 A linnet or lark that would come at my call ;
 Alas ! the poor Patrick !
 He has left me a bird that is sweeter than all !
 'Twas born in a hovel, 'twas nourish'd in pain,
 But it came in my grief, like a light on the brain,
 The child of poor Patrick,—
 And 't has taught me to hope for its father again.
 And now we two wander from door unto door,
 And sometimes we steal back to happy Lismore,
 And ask for poor Patrick ;
 And dream of the days when the wars will be o'er !

4.—AN EPITAPH.

MARK when he died, his torments, his epitaphs !
 Men did not pluck the ostrich for his sake,
 Nor dye't in sable : No black steeds were there,
 Comparison'd in woe ; no hired crowds ;
 No hearse, wherem the crumbling clay (imprison'd
 Like ammunition in a tumbrel) roll'd
 Rattling along the streets, and silenced Grief ;
 No arch whereon the bloody laurel hung ;
 No stone ; no gilded verse ;—(poor common shows :)
 But tears, and tearful words, and sighs as deep
 As sorrow is,—these were his epitaphs !
 Thus, fitly graced, he lieth now inurn'd
 In hearts that loved him, on whose tender sides
 Are grav'd his many virtues. When they perish,
 He's lost !—and who would care, all friends being gone,
 To wither quite alone !—The poet's name,
 And hero's—on the brazen book of Time,
 Are writ in sunbeams, by Fate's loving hand ;
 But none record the housefold virtues there :
 These better sleep (when all dear friends are fled)
 In endless and serene oblivion !

5.—LOVERS PARTING.

OH ! give me *one* word at parting,—
 One look, though a glance of scorn ;
 And I fly like the Tartar's arrow
 From the region where I was born.
 No more, like a guilty shadow,
 I'll haunt thee with eyes forlorn ;
 But dissolve with the cloud of darkness,
 And be lost in to-morrow morn !
 No matter where'er I wander :—
 Hot desert or frozen shore
 Are the same to the lover's sorrow,
 Who dies for a dream of yore !
 My friends ?—they are fled—divided :
 My wealth ?—I shall want no more ;
 Thy hatred alone I'll carry,
 Whether I sink or soar.

Art silent?—Farewell for ever,
 Thou shape which the angel wore
 Who wept with the desert mother!
 Soft book of the sternest lore!
 Thou *shouldst* have been born with pity,
 Have smiled—Ha! thou smil'st as of yore?
 Tears? sighs?—oh, sweet Wonder of lovers!
 I NEVER will leave thee more.

6.—A DIRGE.

DEATH hath been busy in these flowery haunts:
 The Old still stand,—like thorns or knotted oaks;
 But Beauty and its pride have perished!

Dirge.

Let the moaning music die,
 Let the hope-deceived fly,
 Turn'd by strong neglect to pain!
 Let the mind desert the brain,
 Leaving all to dark decay,
 Like a lump of idle clay!

They are gone who loved and—died,—
 The once lover and his bride;
 Therefore we our sorrow weave
 Into songs;—Yet wherefore grieve?
 Though they sleep an endless sleep,
 Why should *we* despair and weep?
 They are gone together;
 They are safe from wind and weather,
 Lightning and the drowning rain,
 And the hell of earthly pain.
 They are dead;—or if they live,
 There is One who can forgive,
 Though a thousand errors ran
 Through the fond, false heart of man

Let the moaning music perish!
 Wherefore should we strive to cherish
 Sorrow, like the desert rain?
 Though we weep, we weep in vain!
 They are gone together,
 Haply to the summer shores,
 Where the bright and cloudless weather
 Shineth, and for ever pours
 Music with the flooding light,
 And the Night doth chase the Day,
 And the Morn doth chase the Night,
 Like a starry fawn away!

They are gone—where pleasure reigns
 Sinless on the golden plains,
 Far above the scathing thunder,
 Far above the storms and jars
 Of earth, and live delighted under
 The bright silence of the stars!
 Therefore let the music die—
 Thoughtless Hope and Sorrow fly:
 They are happy,—happier than
 We who, in the mask of man,
 Pour our unavailing tears
 Over Beauty's number'd years!

THREE DAYS OF DECEMBER IN PARIS.

DUMOURIER says of the French, in his Memoirs, that they have passed through as many revolutions in seven years as the Romans in as many centuries. They have farther improved in the science of mutation since his day; for they have reduced years to days, and they now celebrate in France "la grande semaine," the *great week*, commemorating the events of last July. The revolutionary movement is not yet over; and, on the 22nd of December, they had nearly effected another, as complete and important as any of the former. As I was present on that memorable day, I send you the following details of an eye-witness.

Paris had been for some time in a state of considerable ferment. The trial of the ex-Ministers had excited the highest feelings among the citizens, to whom they were, personally, objects of horror. Every square had a small cemetery formed in the centre, enclosed with a paling, and surmounted with tri-coloured flags, wreaths of everlasting flowers, and baken garlands, among which were tablets inscribed with the names of the citizens of the vicinity who had been killed in the revolution of July, and whose bodies were deposited below. Round these cemeteries were sentinels of the National Guard, who kept watch day and night at these sacred spots. When a passenger stopped to look on them, he was shown a book containing the names and services of those who had perished. On passing through the *Marché des Innocens*, I stopped to examine one of these grave-yards. All the persons killed appeared, by the inscriptions, to have been of the humblest rank in life; one of them was as follows: "Ici repose Jean François Couvet, Porteur aux Halles des Marchés, âgé 24, mort pour la liberté, 28 Juillet, 1830, regretté de sa mere, de ses freres, et de tous ses amies. D. F. P." Painted on the tablet, along with the inscription, were white blotches, with tails like tadpoles, which represented the tears of the survivors continually shed on his grave. The view of these things in the public places kept alive the remembrance of the common people; and when those whom they considered as the authors of these murders came to be tried, the whole of the Parisian populace loudly demanded their death, as some expiation for the loss of their own friends.

I arrived in Paris on the evening of December 21. As we passed the Faubourg St. Antoine, we were struck with the silence and solitude of that bustling and populous district, which seemed to be totally deserted by its inhabitants. As we approached the Palais Royal, the ways became choked with people. Bodies of National Guards, some in uniform, and some with muskets only, were seen hurrying in all directions; and at length our carriage was stopped by a picquet, and we were informed we could go no farther. After some remonstrance, however, we were suffered to pass, and we found the Palais Royal like a field of battle. Fires were lighted in all the squares, and in the place in front, and battalions of soldiers and National Guards were bivouacked round them. We made our way to the hotel which was the nearest, and just in the centre of motion, and I then went forth to hear the news, and see what was going on.

I learned that the Chamber of Peers were deciding on the fate of the ex-Ministers. The evidence had been closed, the public were excluded, and the Peers were at that moment deliberating on the punishment or acquittal of those men who had filled all Paris with graves. It was near nine o'clock, yet I determined to make my way to the Luxembourg, where the Peers were sitting. It was now that I learned where all the people of the Faubourg had gone. Every avenue from the Quays to the Palace was choked up with a dense mass, which it was impossible to penetrate, whose shouts, yells, and shrieks, continually filled the air, and were really appalling. Occasionally, I could recognise the words, "Mort aux Ministres!—à bas les Chambres!" and now and then the awful sound of "à la lanterne," which had been formerly the watch-word of so much blood and suffering. On the morning of this day, the whole of the Faubourgs had risen in a mass, and proceeded direct to the Luxembourg. Government

had reason to apprehend this movement, and had ordered detachments of the National Guards, and other troops on whom they could rely, to march to the palace. They providentially arrived at their post just as the crowd was ascending the streets; and when the people were rushing, in all directions, to seize on the palace, and dispose of the peers and prisoners as they thought fit, they found themselves suddenly stopped by the cordon of military, that was just drawn round it. They at first attempted to push on, convinced that the greater part of the soldiers would not stop them. They were, however, steadily opposed by the friends of order; but they continued the whole day augmenting in numbers, sometimes pressing close on the Guards, and sometimes retiring before the points of their bayonets.

The unfortunate Ministers were all this time in the palace, awaiting the sentence of the court, and, in the mean time, expecting every moment to be torn to pieces by the mob. It was, therefore, determined to rescue them, if possible, from the latter dreadful fate. A common carriage was therefore called, and they were placed in it, without bustle, or any appearance of precaution. The carriage remained a quarter of an hour before the palace, as if on an ordinary occasion, and no one suspected for what purpose it was placed there: it then drove off, and the furiously excited mob suffered their victims to pass quietly through them, while they were shouting for their death, without knowing that they were then in the midst of them. About the time I arrived, this circumstance became generally known, and the cry of "à la Vincennes" began to circulate. A considerable detachment set out for the fortress, hoping to overtake the prisoners before they reached it. A few, however, only persevered; and when they did arrive, and demanded the prisoners, who were safe within, the officer commanding gave them to understand that the whole was undermined, and if they persisted, he would certainly fire the train, and blow them and himself into the air rather than betray his trust: after this threat they retired.

When the judgment of the Peers was known the next morning, the indignation of the populace was roused to a pitch of frenzy. It was every where circulated, and cried about, that the murderers, as they were called, were suffered to escape, and sent out of the country, and the whole of the Faubourgs now rose *en masse*. It was also generally known, that the sentence had greatly displeased a considerable part of the National Guards, particularly those of the lower class, who had been incautiously admitted into their ranks, and the *élèves* of the schools, who had acquired such an extraordinary ascendancy over the minds of the people. The first sounds, therefore, which we heard, were drums beating to arms through all the streets even before it was light; and when I went out, at nine o'clock, detachments of military had cut off the communications of the different streets; and, before twelve o'clock, it was supposed that 90,000 men of all arms were guarding the avenues of the metropolis, and that they were not more than enough.

A deputation of three citizens now demanded an audience of the King, at the Palais Royal: they were admitted, and required, in the name of the people of Paris, the death of the Ministers. The King acted with great firmness. He told them, that he and they were both equally subject to the law, and must observe it: if it had decreed the death of the culpable, it would have been his duty to have seen it executed; as it had not, he would take care also to see it observed, or he could not be worthy of the station to which he was called. He finally exhorted them to retire to their homes, and obey the law, and induce their friends to do so too, or he should find it his duty to compel them, as he had the means in his power; and he pointed to the military, which were every where around. When they retired, he himself, with his family, advanced to the balcony, which overlooked the square and place of the Palais Royal, and addressed the crowd that was assembled there with the National Guards. I stood just under him, and had a full view of the scene. The Duc de Nemours was on one side of him, and a younger son, the Duc de Joinville, on the other. The balcony is a screen which joins the wings of the palace, and the group stood high in the open air, as if placed on a lofty pedestal. He spoke with the energy and earnestness of a man most deeply interested in what he said, and with consider-

able action. He advised, he warned, and he finally threatened the disturbers of the public peace, and concluded by a solemn declaration, that, at whatever hazard to himself, he would do his duty. He was heard in silence; but when he retired, the shouts again commenced, and a few faint cries, "Vive le Roi!" were heard among them.

From this scene I made my way through the crowd with an intention of visiting the Louvre with a young friend. We passed through the Gardens of the Thuilleries, which were now empty, and not one of the busy gay crowd which is always seen there was to be observed—all had retired in alarm to shut themselves up at home. We came out at the Quay, and, as we proceeded along, we heard an immense shout from the Pont Neuf, and then met a large detachment of the people from the Faubourgs, headed by a man in uniform, and proceeding rapidly towards the Palais Royal. We were for some time carried along with the crowd, but extricated ourselves and escaped into the Place de Carrousel. Here we found the few people who, like ourselves, were not concerned in the events going on, and were running in terror in all directions, and the *fiâcres* and heavy *voitures* were driving fiercely along, getting out of the way of some imminent danger. It was now generally understood that the National Guards were beginning to join the populace, and the appearance of this body, headed by one of them, was a confirmation of the fact. The people, as they ran past us, cried out, "la fusilade a commencé," and we expected every moment to be entangled between the parties.

It is unknown to what dreadful extremities things would have proceeded, had not the battalion of National Guards placed at this avenue to the Palais Royal been strictly faithful to their duty. When the body of the populace, which passed us, came up to their post, they firmly refused to let them pass. A desperate scuffle ensued, in which they were obliged to charge with their bayonets, and, in a short time, the mass of the populace was scattered in all directions; several ran back and passed us wounded and bleeding, and the rest dispersed, leaving the leader, who headed them, in custody of the Guards; it was afterwards said he proved to be an officer of the old Royal Guards in disguise.

Alarmed seriously for the fate of my young companion, I thought it would not be justifiable to gratify my curiosity any longer, while having such a charge, so I endeavoured to make my way back to our hotel. Every avenue and passage was guarded, and no persons permitted to penetrate the lines, so we had to make a considerable circuit. At length, having arrived at the farther end of our street, I made an appeal to the Guards. I was referred to the officer on duty, and after a strict inquiry as to who I was, and where I was going, he at length sent a detachment of soldiers to guard us home, who left us with a serious warning not again to stir out of our hotel.

Our hotel was just in the centre of all the parties, and, had the crisis which was hourly expected come on, there is no doubt that it would be one of the first houses entered by the contending parties, either for attack or defence: I should have been just as well pleased to have been in some other for the sake of my young charge, but it was impossible now to change it, and we must abide here the result. I could not, however, cease to admire the indifference and gaiety of the people of the house. At every shout, or sound of new commotion, they all ran to the gate, both males and females, where they laughed and chattered at every thing that was passing, as at a spectacle, and seemed to enjoy the idea of the city being sacked and given up to plunder by the mob, as they would if they saw the same thing represented at the Odéon theatre. I, notwithstanding this, passed a night, I confess, of some anxiety. The threatened revolution was not one of any former character. It was literally a struggle between the very populace, who had every thing to gain, and the respectable part of the community, who had every thing to lose; and, had the former succeeded, there is no doubt that the plunder of property would be the first object, and no private house could afford any protection. The horrors of the scenes of the former last Revolution were naturally conjured up; and as the same class of persons would have gained the ascendancy, exactly similar scenes were expected to

follow, to which the sacrifice of the ex-Ministers by some bloody death would be but a prelude.

The event of this awful crisis was determined by a cause which in England would be hardly believed credible. There are in Paris several schools, of which l'école Polytechnique, l'école du Droit, and l'école de Medecine, are the principal. The first was established by the National Convention, in March 1794, under the name of Commission des Travaux Publiques. In the year following, it assumed the name of Polytechnique, and in 1816 it assumed a new organization. No candidate was admissible before the age of sixteen, or after that of twenty, and must, moreover, bear certificates from competent authorities, that he was devoted to the King. They are instructed in mathematics and natural philosophy, particularly in the branches connected with a military education; but no regard is at all paid to moral or religious instruction. They consist of about six hundred, and have on all occasions taken a decided part in public affairs; and notwithstanding the precaution at their entrance to exclude all disloyal candidates, they have always shown a contrary spirit. On the memorable days of last July, it was they who organized the first irregular insurgents, and by the skill, judgment, and intrepidity they then displayed, they acquired an extraordinary ascendancy over the minds of the people; and it was really surprising to see the moral influence these boys had gained over the old and experienced, who submitted implicitly to their directions. Next to the Polytechnique, l'école du Droit is the most influential. It consists of about fifteen hundred pupils. It stands near the former, and is divided into five courses—Roman law, criminal law, natural law of nations, executive law, and the civil French law. But all these have latterly been neglected for politics, and the law of the "Constitutionnel," and the "Journal des Débats," is the only one attended to by the élèves. L'école de Medecine and de Chirurgie contain about nineteen hundred students, who attend the lectures of twenty-two professors; but so turbulent and disorderly have they latterly become, that they make no scruple of hissing and hooting them in the halls when they displease them. These, with the pupils of some other public schools, form altogether a body of five thousand lads, who have latterly become a new party in the State. They generally inhabit the Rue St. Jacques, and other streets leading to the Pantheon, where they are every day to be distinguished by their coats buttoned up to their chins, without any cloaks, with a book or two under their arms, and braving the cold *bise* with puffed-out cheeks. The houses are very high, with long corridors, where groups of *grisettes* and *élèves* are mixed together. In the vicinity are a number of restaurateurs, almost exclusively filled with them. I dined one day among them. The tables were laid out with plates and soup-basins, at which groups of pupils scrambled; their manners were rude and boisterous, and their conversation sometimes quite offensive, not only to manners but decency, in which the expletive of *sacre* was continually heard. Two young gentlemen, who sat near me, were particularly coarse in their language and dirty in their apparel. Yet it is these chaps who now dictate to the Government: the part they took in the present question, it was supposed, would be decisive; it was therefore looked for with intense anxiety, and it was not till Thursday morning they condescended to declare themselves.

I was at the house of a friend in the Rue de Paix, leading to the Place Vendôme. The shops were generally shut, and the usual business of the busy Boulevards in the neighbourhood interrupted, from the intense anxiety and suspense which prevailed; suddenly, we heard joyful sounds, and on going to the balcony to see what caused them, we perceived a very extraordinary procession. In the front was a battalion of National Guards, who were followed by dense but regular columns of *élèves* of the different schools, marching in companies. They had all their tickets of admission stuck in their hats like cockades, and in front of each division was a leader, who brandished an oak stick like an Irishman at Donneybrook fair. The rear was brought up by an irregular crowd of boys, shouting and hallooing. The appearance of this union of the schools with the National Guards was quite electric on the people of Paris. As the procession passed, confidence was every where restored; the shops were all re-opened; and

in half an hour while I remained, I saw a whole district restored by these school-boys from a state of terror and distrust to one of the most perfect confidence and hilarity. From this moment the revolution was considered as terminated, and the evening of the anxious morning passed off as if no disturbance was ever apprehended.

The extravagant eulogies bestowed on these boys for the negative merit of not joining with the mob to plunder the houses of the peaceable, were received by them in a characteristic manner. A vote of thanks was to be moved in the Chamber of Deputies, and I went to hear the debate on it. It was opposed by some members, on the ground that they had published a very inflammatory declaration, which, though it bore no signatures, was generally understood to have had their concurrence: the vote was, nevertheless, carried by acclamation. But how did these embryo demagogues receive this flattering testimony of the nation's gratitude? They immediately called meetings, and the next day I saw groups of people at every corner reading the proclamations which they had posted up, signed by members deputed by the different schools, in the name of the rest. They stated "that the former declaration attributed to them was theirs, and they openly avowed it; that if they did not join with the populace, it was not because they differed in opinion from them, but because they thought it right to preserve public order, which was endangered; that on the *grande semaine* of July last they submitted to the chief-magistrate proposed to them, but on the express condition that his government should be based entirely on *republican institutions*; but not one of these expectations had been yet fulfilled; that the thanks of the French people would be highly acceptable to them, but they rejected with scorn those offered by the Chamber of Deputies, which assumed to itself the character of representing the people, to which it had not the smallest pretensions." Among other places, I read this loyal *affiche*, printed in large characters, and conspicuously posted in the front of the *Ecole du Droit*: immediately beside it was another, to call a meeting of the *élèves*, for the purpose of "casting lots to decide on the four persons who were next day to dine by invitation with the King!" Now, what would John Bull think if the students of the Temple, the medical pupils, and the boys of the Duke of York's military school at Chelsea, were to combine together, and after avowing their unqualified approbation of the Radicals dictating to the Government, and grossly insulting the Parliament, they had been asked to dine at St. James's, as a reward for their conduct?

The ridicule and gross impropriety of not only suffering but encouraging those hot-headed lads, thus to abandon their studies and dictate to the country their crude absurdities, and the exceeding peril that arose from it in the highly-excitabile state of the people, at length compelled the Government to interfere. Marshal Soult, as governor and officer, of the Polytechnique School—and he had learned from his old master Napoleon how to manage people under such circumstances—without farther delay or remonstrance, put the whole school under arrest. Similar measures will be taken with the other schools, and these young gentlemen will be at length taught that they will be much more profitably employed in learning the particular professions by which they are to earn their bread, than in dictating constitutions by which the country is to be governed.

With respect to the National Guards, their conduct on the present, as on the former occasion, was above all praise. When the liberties of the country were really endangered, and their free institutions threatened with total extinction, they rose as one man to resist the attempt, and reckless of every other consideration, they hazarded at once their properties, their families, and their lives, upon the important issue. When a second time called on not to attack, but to defend that Revolution they had so gallantly achieved, they again appeared with the same promptness and alacrity; and with sorrowful hearts, but determined hands, they resolved to defend all that was dear to man, even against their former associates. It was really a surprising, but an admirable sight, to observe these honest shopkeepers, every where hastily putting on their uniforms behind their counters, and issuing from their shops expert and resolute soldiers—to see them marching and countermarching through the streets with the most obedient dis-

cipline and perfect regularity. It was distressing to see them, under sleet and snow, with the thermometer twenty degrees below the freezing point, bivouacked all night in the open streets; and when they had retired to take a short refreshment in the morning, again turned out with the alarm-drum, without a moment's relaxation. Yet with all this anxiety, hardship, and fatigue, their patience and good temper never deserted them for a moment: it was quite affecting to see the kindness with which they remonstrated, and the gentleness with which they repulsed the furious populace, though sometimes grossly insulted and personally assaulted. One officer near me had his sword snatched from his hand by a fellow, who then attempted to cut him down with it. The officer was a powerful man, and soon wrested it from him, and then laying the flat of it lightly on his back, advised him to go home and mind his business. The populace at the Luxembourg pressed so close, that they were breast and breast with the Guard, and they both began to sing together the national hymn. "Marchons!" said the Guard, advancing. "En avant," responded the mob, retreating before them. The circumstance was so absurd, that they all burst out laughing, and this good-humour tended not a little to allay the irritable feeling of their opponents.

On the evening of the third day, the whole of the Guards were marched to different parts of the city, to be inspected and thanked by the King. I saw, from the gallery of the Louvre, about six thousand drawn up in the Place de Carrousel below, waiting for this purpose; several fathers had their little boys in complete uniform with tiny muskets; their wives and families formed the circle of spectators outside, and the whole displayed a most interesting spectacle; they had been several hours waiting in the frost and snow, and the King, though momentarily expected, did not come. They could not lay aside their arms, and they were almost stiff with the cold; so they all began to dance with shouldered muskets. It was now dark, and the King actually did come among them, in the midst of their fun. He rode through the dancing ranks, who greeted him with shouts and patriotic songs, and having thus performed their last duty, they returned home with their children in their hands, and their wives on their arms, carrying with them the respect and admiration of every man who witnessed their exemplary conduct.

But we are not to suppose that the revolutionary storm, though suspended, is blown over. The elements of disturbance still remain, and will, sooner or later, explode here, if not timely provided for. Many causes of discontent are every day discussed, and even the National Guards have expressed a decided opinion on them. It is generally understood that the death of the ex-Ministers was a mere pretext, and, like the abdication of Constantine in Russia, was only an event of which the discontented wished to avail themselves to effect their ulterior purpose. Republican opinions are expanding in all directions, and a deep regret is felt and expressed that a Republic was not established on the ruins of the Charter, last July. Its preamble is loudly complained of. They have, on this, to be sure, the declaration that it was given by the King, but they have not inserted that it emanated solely from the people, on the British principle. While these and sundry other causes of discontent are daily increasing, the Chamber thought it right to insult their best friends in the persons of the National Guards, taking from them the right of choosing their own officers, and so wounding the spirit of the adored and influential veteran La Fayette, that he would no longer hold a post, which he had filled with such ability and benefit to the country, and many of his comrades are beginning to feel that they are treated in a degree much in the same manner as when they were disbanded by Louis le Desiré.

To these causes, perhaps, may be added the state of religion in France. All traces of Christianity have nearly disappeared. The attempt made, on the restoration of the Bourbons, to re-establish Sunday, after much squabbling with the police and the shopkeepers, is now altogether given up, and, in France, the Sabbath is nowhere distinguished from a week-day, either in business or amusement, except, perhaps, by a greater attention to both by all classes of people. A clergyman is never seen; the churches are empty and falling to decay, and every thing formerly held so sacred is now an object of ribald blasphemy, as in

the first revolution, but in a still more hopeless state. The people have quietly, but decently, laid them aside as altogether useless incumbrances. Meantime, sects are every where established to substitute some other doctrine; the most prominent of these are the St. Simonians, which, like the theophilanthropists of Lepaux, are making considerable progress, particularly in the great towns of Paris, Lyons, and Bordeaux. They take their name from their founder, St. Simon, a wretched man, of gross habits and immoral conduct, but who became before his death the Taylor or the Carlisle of France. His disciples have several chapels in Paris, and the shopkeepers, it is said, have begun much to frequent them. The upper classes are now, as they have always been, totally divested of any religion or substitute for one. The doctrine of the Simonianists is, that Christianity was very useful and necessary for the state of the world, when it was promulgated; but the time has passed away, and it is now altogether unfitted for the improved state of human knowledge, which requires something more perfect. They have substituted, therefore, for Jehovah the "Dieu du Progrès," or "Deity of Improvement," as the god of their adoration, reviving the opinions of the infinite perfectibility of man, and holding it necessary that he should never stop in his career, but continue to advance not only in moral, but in political, and every other knowledge. Change with them, therefore, is always considered improvement, and man is never to be content with his present state, but be continually engaged in new revolutions. With such elements, therefore, of discontent, and such doctrines to cherish and keep them alive, there is little appearance that France will be soon in a settled state.

Meantime, wars and rumours of wars abroad are continually exciting them; the minds of the people and the whole country present a military aspect. Every town through which I passed was pouring out its contingent of conscripts, and we met every where, on the road to the capital, large bodies of fine young men marching to their respective depots, chanting national hymns against foreign and domestic tyrants. That these things will terminate in another great change, seems to be here the decided apprehension of all. Should it take place, it will be again a recurrence to first principles, as in 1791. Those who now call out for a Constitutional monarchy, based on Republican institutions, will think it right to omit altogether the first part of their demand; and neither a Bourbon, nor any other man, I fear, will be again recognised as King of the French.

THE SISTERS.

—————" We grew together,
 Like a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a union in partition;
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 And will you tend our ancient love asunder?"

Midsummer Night's Dream.

' I go, sweet sister! yet my love would linger with thee faint,
 And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain:
 Take then the braid of Eastern pearl, that once I loved to wear,
 And with it bind, for festal scenes, the dark waves of thy hair;
 Its pale, pure brightness will beseem those raven tresses well,
 And I shall need such pomp no more in the lone convent-cell."

Oh! sister, sister! wherefore thus?—why part from kindred love?
 Through festal scenes, when thou art gone, my step no more shall move.
 How could I bear a lonely heart amidst a reckless throng?
 I should but miss Earth's dearest voice in every tone of song!
 Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearl! or let me proudly twine
 Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of thine!"

“ Oh! wouldst thou seek a wounded bird from shelter to detain?
 Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed, to weary life again?
 Sweet sister! take the golden cross that I have worn so long,
 And bath'd with many a burning tear for secret woe and wrong!
 It could not still *my* beating heart—but may it be a sign
 Of Peace and Hope, my gentle one! when meekly press'd to thine!”

“ Take back, take back the cross of gold! our mother's gift to thee—
 It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be;
 With funeral splendour to mine eyes it would but sadly shine,
 And tell of early treasure lost, of joy no longer mine!
 Oh! sister! if thy heart be thus with voiceless grief oppress'd,
 Where couldst thou pour it forth so well as on my faithful breast?”

“ Urge me no more!—a blight hath fall'n upon mine alter'd years,
 I should but darken *thy* young life with sleepless pangs and fears!
 But take, at least, the lute I loved, and guard it for my sake,
 And sometimes from the silvery strings one tone of memory wake!
 Sing to those chords, in starlight hours, our own sweet Vesper-hymn,
 And think that I, too, chaunt it then, far in my cloister dim!”

“ Yes! I *will* take the silvery lute, and I will sing to thee
 A song we heard in childhood's days, ev'n from our father's knee!
 Oh! listen, listen! are those notes amidst forgotten things?
 Do they not linger, as in love, on the familiar strings?
 Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain?
 —Kind sister, gentlest Leonor! say, shall it plead in vain?”

SONG.

“ Leave us not, leave us not!
 Say not, adieu!
 Have we not been, to thee
 Tender and true?”

“ Take not thy sunny smile
 Far from our hearth!
 With that sweet light will fade
 Summer and Mirth.

“ Leave us not, leave us not!
 Can thy heart roam?
 Wilt thou not pine to hear
 Voices from Home?”

“ Too sad our love would be,
 If thou wert gone!
 Turn to us, leave us not!
 Thou art our own!”

“ Oh sister! thou hast won me back!—too many fond thoughts lie
 In every, soft, spring-breathing tone of that old melody!
 I cannot, cannot leave thee now! ev'n though my grief should fall
 As a shadow o'er the pageantries that crowd our ancient hall!
 But take me, clasp me to thine arms—I will not mourn my lot,
 Whilst love like thine remains on earth—I leave, I leave thee not!”

AFTER-DINNER CHAT.

“A thing of shreds and patches.”—SHAKESPEARE.

AN accidental meeting with an old acquaintance, a few days ago, led to an engagement to dine together, that same evening, at a coffee-house. We are admonished by a foolish old proverb, that “a rolling stone gathers no moss.” Unsocial old proverb! disingenuous old proverb!—(this is not the first opportunity I have taken to declare my hatred of some of your superannuated, twaddling community)—tell me, thou lazy, spiritless old proverb! does not the rollingstone gain, by its “truant disposition,” something better worth possessing than a sordid blanket of musty moss, wherein selfishly to encrease its own dull, selfish self? Does it not acquire roundness, smoothness, polish, and other qualities, which render it pleasant in the sight of men and virtuosi? O thou apothetic old proverb! had my friend and I attended to thy tame warning, we should, incontinently, have entered the nearest tavern, where we should have sat with our chins meeting across a narrow table, till we were tired of each other's company—as completely cut off from all intercourse with the outer world as if we had been immured in a pew of a country church. But, no! like a couple of gallant snow-balls, we rolled along Pall-Mall, Regent-street, and Bond-street, gathering and increasing as we went, till we bounded against the door of the Clarendon—an avalanche of Nine!

They who (in addition to the luxuries of the table and the cellar, such as but few private houses can supply) would enjoy the ease, the freedom, and the conveniences of a tavern, combined with those home-comforts which are rarely to be met with *from* home, let them engage one of the private dining-rooms at the fine establishment I have mentioned—that, for instance, which, with its beautifully-sculptured chimney-piece, its pictured walls, gilded cornices, and ceiling fretted with gold, reminds one of some of the rooms in Hogarth's “Marriage à-la-mode.” This did we: and re-assembling at the expiration of the two hours allowed for preparation, we presently found ourselves seated at a round table, whereon was served a dinner which Apicius might have envied, and wines which would have provoked Jove, could he have tasted them, to dismiss his pretty little butler for having kept him so long on a regimen of humble nectar.

I am not permitted to name my companions: I must, therefore, request of the reader that he will be satisfied with their initials; at the same time allowing him, for his own private satisfaction, to exercise his undoubted intelligence in filling up the blanks—if he can. The party, then, consisted of B—, F—, H—, G—, K—, N—, R—, S—, and—(Did you ever hear the phrase uttered, without at once perceiving that the person so introducing himself was fully satisfied of his own superiority to the rest?)—“*and* your humble servant.” Being all of us renowned, more—or *less*,—for learning, wit, wisdom, science, philosophy, &c. I cannot but think it would be agreeable to the public to be made acquainted with some of the witty sallies, profound observations, and piquant anecdotes, which, in the superabundance of intellectual wealth, we scattered about us on the evening in question. As we were all good-natured persons, and no ladies being present, there

was but a small sprinkling indeed of private scandal; for, *taken in the whole*, that portion of our conversation could have occupied but little more than one-third of all the time we were together. Of this, however, it is not my intention to report a single point, for the reason, that the public has no taste whatever for such matter. "Where there is no demand for a commodity," say the political economists, "there will be no supply;" and the truth of this axiom is corroborated by the fact, that all the respectable operatives who would earn an honest livelihood by scandal and defamation, are dying of hunger. Nor do I mean to record every *bon mot*, every pleasant repartee, that assisted to enliven the meeting. Like table-jests in general, they were mostly indebted for their effect to the momentary circumstances which gave birth to them; not one in twenty but would suffer by being separated from the *occasion*: they would lack their spirit, their flavour, their *bouquet*, like the remains of a bottle of Burgundy set aside for the next day's use. But, in the course of the evening, numerous anecdotes were related; and it is to the repetition of some of those, which seemed to me remarkable for oddity, for point or drollery, or as being illustrative of character, or as possessing a certain portion of interest, whether comic or serious—(ay, *serious*—for a story was told of a haunted house! and a scene described of still more solemn interest)—I say, it is to the repetition of certain anecdotes that I shall chiefly confine myself. I shall not hold myself bound to follow the order in which they were related, nor *always* to state the circumstance, or the point in conversation, that suggested them; but will write them down as they occur to my memory. To the truth of nearly all of them I can bear personal testimony.

During the progress of a dinner, profuse, and of tempting variety, the usual *food* for conversation is the dinner itself. Short and pithy criticisms on the several dishes are the staple for the time. Expletives, even, are prohibited. "Delicious!" or "Exquisite!" or "Perfect!" would either of them be an eulogy of sufficient extent and force to satisfy the vanity of Woodger* himself. Long speeches *after* dinner are bad enough, but whilst it is going on they are absolutely intolerable; and any one who should contemplate the delivery of such an oration as, "I do declare that this is the best *Charlotte à la Russe* I ever tasted in all my life," would infallibly be coughed down before he could get half way to the end of it. S——, who is a man of acknowledged pleasantry, never opens his mouth at all during dinner, except to put some good thing *into it*; he never allows one to *come out* till the cloth is removed. This, indeed, is but a parody of his own hit, at table one day, at fat Major C——; a dull gentleman, who eats every thing and says nothing:—"If half as many *good things* came out of your mouth as go into it, by Heavens! Major, you would be the wittiest man in England." Notwithstanding what I have said, it must be admitted that, even during this busy period, a few specimens of humour were exhibited not unworthy of any company, and excelled by few, when similarly occupied. They possessed the merit, too, of being apt to the occasion. *Ex: gr:* F——, turning to R——, (who had asked for part of a pheasant, which the former was carving,)

* The *artiste cuisinier* at the Clarendon.

said, "Shall I send you a leg?" To which the latter, with his usual readiness, replied, "No, I'll take the wing, *unless you prefer it yourself*."—Again: "B——," said N—— (who was seated opposite to him), "will you take wine with me?"—"With *pleasure*," was the prompt reply. N——, (not easily vanquished in "these keen encounters of the wit," but, looking steadily at his antagonist,) continued,—"Shall it be hock or *sherry*?" When B—— (with an air of composure which little prepared you for what was to follow—at the same time taking hold of a long, thin, green bottle—) rejoined, in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to be heard by every one at table, "*Hock for me!*" I am not certain that the *point* of these witticisms will be immediately perceived; but I give them as impartial specimens of the general run of what may be termed the During-dinner Chat upon this, and, not unfrequently, more promising occasions.

The cloth was removed.

I will not peremptorily pronounce upon it as a fact, nor pretend to account for it if it be one, but I believe it will generally be found, that a party seated at a long table will either break up into little knots of two or three, or fall into speech-making; that at a round table the conversation will be general and miscellaneous,—in the way of narration, never exceeding a short anecdote; and that at no table at all, but placed in a semicircle about the fire, one's qualifications for positive story-telling will be brought into requisition. Leaving this point to the consideration of philosophers more profound than myself; and once more reminding the reader that, in repeating some portion of the chat which occurred at our table (a *round* one), I hold myself exempt from the observance of order or method;—

"We'll e'en to't like French falconers: fly at any thing we see."

* * * * *

P.—Brevity, combined with clearness, is the best foundation for the *didactic* style, certainly.

N.—Ay, and for the *epistolary*, too. And the greatest master of that art I ever knew, was an old regimental servant of mine, Phil. Parker. You must remember Phil.?

F.—What! Briefwit, as he was nicknamed by the regiment? To be sure I do. He was as stiff as a halberd, and his conversation was as stiff as himself. His questions and answers were always short and pointed, like the word of command.

N.—Well, when the army of occupation was ordered home, I procured Phil.'s discharge, and kept him abroad with me—for he was an excellent servant. On my return to England, after some years' absence, I resolved to spend two or three weeks with my aunt, Lady R——, in Kent, before I proceeded to London. I sent Phil. forward; and, having reasons for pitching my tent in the immediate neighbourhood of Pall-Mall, I ordered him (forgetting, as I did, the changes and improvements which had taken place in the metropolis) to secure lodgings for me at the Orange Coffee-house, in Cockspur-street. The next post or two brought me a letter from Phil. in these very words: "*Your Honour.—Pulled down!—Honour's humble servant, Phil. Parker.*" I then wrote to desire he would take apartments for me in Old Suffolk-street—the Scotch Barracks, as it was called—where I

had formerly lived. Another letter came from Phil. "*Your Honour.—Pulled down!—Honour's humble servant, Phil. Parker.*" My next instructions allowed him the exercise of some little discretion. He was to hire rooms for me *either* at the St. Alban's Hotel, or at some other place in the immediate neighbourhood of Carlton House. Again came a laconic from Phil. "*Your Honour.—Pulled down!—Honour's humble servant, Phil. Parker.—P. S. Carlton House pulled down too!*" I then wrote to him that, unless all London was pulled down, he should be in waiting for me, at a certain time, at the Horse-Guards; and there, punctual to the moment, I found him.

R.—The present age might very well be named the Pull-downian, in contradistinction to the Golden, the Iron, or any other age; its leading characteristic being its propensity to pull down.

F.—Ay, every thing; not only old houses, but old opinions, o'd prejudices, old institutions, o'd governments. Yet 'tis better, in all these cases, to pull down—but *cautiously*, mind me—than that we should wait till they are overtaken by decay, tumble about our ears, and crush us beneath their ruins.

R.—We must admit that our ancestors were fellows who had a fine notion of durability, at least. All their edifices, whether political, moral, or architectural—absurd, unseemly, and inconvenient as many of them undoubtedly are, or were—seem as if they had intended them to endure for ever. There is scarcely even an old superstition, however absurd it may be, but is so firmly constructed as to require a lusty pommelling with Reason's sledge-hammer to make it give way; and for their buildings—! Watch the slow, laborious process of pulling to pieces an old house, with its ponderous beams and massive brick-work! Why, in less time than they are pulling down *one* house of eighty or a hundred years' standing, they will build up *three* of our modern nutshells.

N.—*They* will not endure quite so long.

R.—So much the better for the Modernizer, or Improver, who shall arise to shed a lustre on the year 1850. They will spare him the trouble of pulling them down; for, by that time, they will, complaisantly, have tumbled down ready to his hands.

K.—That reminds me of an epigram, which I would repeat, if I were sure it would be new to you.

N.—No matter for that, if it be to the point.

S.—And *pointed*—else we'll none on't.

K.—Upon my word, S——, that remark is somewhat blunt.

S.—So, most likely, will be your epigram:—in that case, we are quits.

K.—Well, it *is* mine; so I must leave you to judge of it for yourselves.

On Modern Buildings and Building-leases.

"This ground," quoth Tom, "(thus wealth increases!)

"I've let on snug, short, building-leases;

"Ere long, these houses, new and fine,

"By right, will, every one, be mine."

"If that's your scheme, you're safe," says Neddy;

"For, see!—they're *falling in* already!"

H.—Like some of the new-fangled constitutions.

N.—Because they were *run up* too hastily. Depend on it that nothing durable was ever done in a hurry. This principle holds good in the science of government-making, as well as in the art of house-making;—and in science, art, and literature generally.

H.—The principle is illustrated by Nature herself, in her own works.

N.—True: your trees of the fastest growth are the earliest to decay. Look at the oak. Imagine him, two centuries ago, a mere brat of a tree, of five or ten years old, growing and growing, slowly and imperceptibly. Fancy him the scoff and scorn of his more-admired playmates of the forest, the *highly-talented* elm, the *vastly clever* poplar—the precocious, the hasty geniuses of the leafy community—who would make an upward dash of two feet whilst he was carefully improving himself inch by inch! Behold him, now, in his majestic maturity, and inquire where are those sylvan young Rosciji who flourished in the days of his youth? He has outlived whole generations of them! So may it be said of—

S.—No more of that, N——, an' you love us. We know towards what point you are turning: your defence of the Glorious Constitution.

N.—'Tis true, I was; but we'll change the conversation. I passed through Grosvenor-street this morning, and saw your house full of carpenters and masons. What an intolerable nuisance it is to have those fellows about one! Why don't you pull it down and build a new one?

S.—Because I am not positively out of my senses. It is one of the finest old mansions in town. All that it requires is the removal of a few rotten timbers, and the alteration of two or three fire-places which are inconvenient and antiquated, and not quite agreeable to our present notions of taste, comfort, or convenience. It is just *that* I am doing for it: that done, it will be as good a house as ever it was, and I would not exchange it for any other in London.

N.—Thank'ee for saying all I wished to say, though not exactly in the same words. Our Constitution, also, is a fine old edifice, the work of successive architects of glorious power. It has suffered from the wear and tear of Time. It has, in parts, become "inconvenient." It requires alterations and improvements, in order to adapt it to the new exigencies of an altered state of society. To that end, let us call in the cautious surveyor, the skilful architect; but, "as we are not positively out of our senses," for Heaven's sake! let us not give the noble edifice entirely over to the Demolitionists.

B.—A truce to politics: this is no place for them.

S.—And yet there was a time when the four walls within which we are now sitting resounded to but little else. Are you aware that this part of the Clarendon was once the residence of the Duke of Grafton?—Junius's Grafton.

K.—Ha! ha! ha! Conceive his Grace sitting here, in this chimney-corner, just after receiving a castigation from the lash of old *Stat Nominis Umbra*. With what *gusto* he must have sipped his claret!

S.—By the by, K——, you were once a great *discoverer* of Junius. Did you ever, really, make out, to your own satisfaction, who *did* write those letters?

K.—Not exactly; but I can tell you with positive certainty—*who did not*.

S.—Thank'ee ; a fact, however small, is valuable.

* * * * *

B.—You were remarking, just now, R——, on the difficulty of destroying even an old superstition. There is one still very prevalent, and not confined to the mere vulgar and illiterate. I allude to the notion, that if thirteen persons meet at table, one of the number will surely die within the twelvemonth following ; and I am acquainted with several, whose heads I should have no objection to carry on my shoulders, whom it would be impossible to induce to join in a party to be composed of that number.

H.—Of all superstitions, that is, perhaps, the most absurd—the most directly contrary to reason and experience. It is contrary to experience, because we know that in no country in the world is the average mortality so great as to carry off one-thirteenth of the population annually—of course, I speak of the native population only, strangers being exposed to the accidents of climate ; and it is contrary to reason, because if the number were increased to fourteen, or more, the probability of the death of some one of them would be increased in proportion.

B.—It is not by reason and experience that the slaves to this superstition attempt to defend it. They will refer you to the Last Supper, at which thirteen were present.

H.—That, no doubt, was the origin of it ; yet I believe that very few of your Thirteen-arians are aware of, or, indeed, ever inquired about, its origin.

K.—I assure you that, till this moment, I was ignorant of it myself.

S.—You said that as angrily, K——, as if you thought we should presume to dispute your ignorance on any subject.

B.—I recollect some verses on Fatal Numbers, occasioned by the publication of an *Ordonnance* by the French Government, about ten years since, prohibiting the meeting—even, I believe, for social purposes—of more than twenty persons. As there are among them two or three stanzas applicable to the present subject, and one or two others to present times, I will repeat them. By the by, remember that the allusion in the fifth stanza is to the *Piquers*, a sort of *monsters*, who went about the streets of Paris, stabbing the women with needles. It was afterwards discovered that this was a thing *got up* by the Police itself, to divert the public mind from the attacks then meditating against the liberty of the press ; and for a time it succeeded.

Fatal Numbers.

From age to age hath Reason's light,
With gradual ray, dispell'd the night

Of haggard Superstition :

At every step the goddess takes,
The demon's gloomy fabric shakes,
And flies some dark tradition.

Slow though her march sublime, 'tis sure !
And though some lingering mists obscure

The fulness of her lustre,
Like yon vain, envious clouds that play
Around the potent orb of day—

One beam destroys the cluster.

Free'd from the demon's heavier chains,
 One little tyranny remains,
 And still the mind encumbers :
 The graver superstitious frown,
 With awe and trembling, still we own
 The sway of *fatal numbers* !

The bell tolls *One* ! Ill-omen'd hour !
 The spectre glides— the spell hath power—
 The dead forsake their niches !—
 What terrors in a *Tierce* ye see !
 The Furies and the Fates are *three*,
 And *three* are Shakspeare's witches !

Three-headed growls the dog of Hell ;
Thrice waves the wand for magic spell ;
 And, many a Belle alleges,
 Those viewless terrors of the street,
 Who wound each pretty form they meet,
 Wield needles with *three* edges.

Nine is accurs'd !—But dire *thirteen* !
 If at the festive board be seen
Thirteen portentous covers ;
 Laugh, song, jest, merry tale, away !—
 Confusion, horror, and dismay !—
 Death o'er the table hovers.

Now Reason for a moment sleeps,
 And forth a new-born bugbear creeps ;
 (Sure those we had were plenty !—)
 Scoff if you can at *three*, or *one*,
 Deride *thirteen* !—but, trembling, shun
 The suares of *one-and-twenty* !

Hear it each laughter-loving soul !
 Hear it ye patrons of the bowl,
 In Momus' court who revel !
 Assemble when you will a *score*,
 But if you're found *one* laughter more,
 Dread worse than Death or Devil.

On fashions, arts, the last new play,
 Books, or the tattle of the day,
 A *score* may safely reason :
One added to the sacred sum,
 And straight the wondrous themes become
 Sedition, plot, and treason !!

Sacred the roof where *twenty knaves*
 Conspire to render freemen slaves,
 And plot their land's undoing ;
 But *twenty-one* in fair debate,
 How best to serve or save the State,
 Bodes dungeons, racks, and ruin.

But Superstition's race is run !
 And though the spell-fraught *twenty-one*
 May work while Reason slumbers ;
Her glorious course renew'd, it fails !—
Her march to stop no power avails—
 Not e'en the Power of NUMBERS.

H.—The *power of Numbers!* What may be called the Physical-force Philosophy is fast growing out of fashion.

N.—Not exactly so; only it is beginning to be perceived—and in the right quarter, too—that it is a system which may be employed with as great effect on one side of a question as on the other.

K.—If you get into politics you will turn the claret sour.

N.—To return, then, to certain superstitions we were talking about. There is another one still prevalent, and more so in Catholic countries than elsewhere: I mean the foolish opinion that Friday is an unlucky day—that an undertaking, for instance, commenced on a Friday, will fail.

K.—That accounts, then, for the failure of the *Xlpacqlluacquilpac* Mexican Mining-association, in which, with a view to the moderate profit of fifteen hundred *per cent.* I embarked five hundred pounds: the subscription was opened on a Friday.

N.—Hold by that; I'll answer for it, your Directors never gave you a more satisfactory account of the matter.

K.—And, just now, I recollect two other unlucky events, both of which occurred to me on Fridays. Once, I lost my purse with nineteen sovereigns in it.

S.—That goes to prove Friday to be a *lucky* day.

K.—The deuce it does!

S.—To the *finder*. But what was the other unlucky event?

K.—I was never but once in my life plaintiff in an action: it was tried on a Friday, and I lost it.

N.—But what would the defendant say to that? I suppose *he gained it?*

K.—Why—it did so happen, certainly.

N.—The reason why, in Christian countries, Friday stands “aye accursed in the calendar,” is sufficiently obvious. Yet why should that be the case, when, at the same time, it is considered that, on that day (by an event to which I shall do no more than allude) the redemption of the human race was achieved! Yet is this calumniated day not without its partisans, and some amongst them of illustrious name. Sixtus the Fifth—a Pope, mark ye!—considered it “a fortunate day; for it was on Fridays he was made a Cardinal, elected Pope, and crowned: Francis the First declared, that whatever he undertook on a Friday succeeded: and Henry the Fourth (of France) preferred that day before all others, because—it is rather a lover’s *because* than a philosopher’s, I grant—because it was on a Friday he first beheld the Marquise de Verneuil, the mistress he loved more than any other,—*except* the fair Gabrielle!

H.—There is something beautiful in the superstitious reverence which the Persians entertain for their Wednesday. *That* is with them a white, or fortunate day. There is a dash of poetry in its origin, which excuses—I had almost said ennobles the superstition—it was on Wednesday that *Light was created*.

R.—I once saw General Z——dy, a man of undoubted bravery—he was a Neapolitan in the French service—turn pale at upsetting a saltceller. In vain did we endeavour to reason, or to laugh him out of his alarm. “I entertain only two superstitions,” said he; “but those are deeply rooted in my mind. Breaking a glass, or upsetting

a saltceller, is the sure prognostic of some grave misfortune to me. You may laugh; but I could relate many instances in proof of what I assert. I will trouble you with only one—but that is no trifle. When we were at Vienna, a fellow in my regiment (I was but a Colonel then) got possession of a cut-glass tumbler, the most exquisite thing of the kind I had ever seen. I bought it of him, intending it as a present to my wife. It went, in my baggage, through many a hard campaign; and though many other articles of greater value were either lost or broken, I at length got it safe home. I felt, as I gave it to my wife, that if ever she should break it, some serious calamity would befall me; and I told her so. Many months passed away. I had the command of a division, and fixed my head-quarters at——” [I forget the name of the place he mentioned—it was on the coast of Italy]—“One morning, on coming down to breakfast, Madame Z—— told me she had broken the Vienna glass. I expressed myself more angrily to her than ever I had done before, and reminded her of the caution with which I had accompanied my present. Scarcely had I spoken, when an aide-de-camp came with intelligence that an English frigate was in the offing. I ordered my staff to be summoned, and went out with them to reconnoitre. The vessel was within range of our guns, and I ordered the batteries to be manned, in case she should attempt a landing. It was soon clear, however, that she had no such intention; but, as she made away, she fired one shot—it was a wanton and a useless act, unless it were intended as a hint that her passing visit was not a friendly one—that one shot carried away my leg, whilst not another person was hit by it. You see—! within an hour after the breaking of that glass, was I stretched on my bed with my leg off!”

N.—And what then? Say the most of it, it was but an odd coincidence.

R.—It is as such, only, I give you the anecdote; I am no convert to the General’s creed.

N.—The spread of education, should it operate no greater benefit, will render the lower classes happier in themselves, and more useful to the community, by clearing their minds of the foolish, and, in some respects, the dangerous superstitions infused into them by their grandmothers.

K.—I should not be surprised if it were to supersede the necessity for grandmothers into the bargain.†

P*.

† To be continued.

SPEAKERS AND SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT, NO. III.

Members of the Government, not in the Cabinet.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH (Commissioner of Indian Affairs).—The Right Hon. ex-Recorder of Bombay was originally a student in medicine in the Edinburgh University. From the hospital and the dissecting room, he passed into law and the metaphysics of the schoolmen; thence to Grotius and Puffendorf, and the *Lex Gentium*; thence to history, ancient and modern; and from these has settled down into a kind of *emeritus* commentatorship on all three, in which, however, the influence of his earlier investigations is very discernible. The study of medicine, as has been well remarked by the late Professor Stewart with respect to Mr. Locke, is of all others most fitted to prepare the mind for those speculations which have engaged the attention of Sir J. Mackintosh since the morning of his life; “the complicated and fugitive, and often equivocal phenomena of disease, requiring in the observer a far greater portion of discriminating sagacity than those of physics, strictly so called, resembling in this respect much more nearly the phenomena about which *metaphysics, ethics, and politics*, are conversant.” But for the very same reason, the study of medicine is apt to induce a habit of sceptical indifference, which almost precludes a rooted and warm affection to truth, without, it is true, disposing the mind the more to embrace error, but rather to regard it as a matter for the exercise of the critical faculties, than as an object of our moral disapprobation. ‘It is owing to this influence of his medical studies, which even Mr. Locke’s surpassing sagacity and powers of self-examination failed in guarding him against, and not to a less worthy source, that I am inclined to trace the vacillations which have been censured in Sir James’s political and ethical opinions, and the want of fusing earnestness, and of *openness* of purpose in his various speeches and essays. Be it a speech in the House of Commons, a lecture on the Law of Nations in Lincoln’s Inn Hall, an article in the Edinburgh Review, or a history of Ethical Philosophy, the Right Hon. and Learned Member is never the mere advocate of even his own views and opinions,—is never content with laying down and illustrating the arguments on his own side of the question; but, as a Judge, seems to feel himself bound to state all that has been, or can be said, *pro and con*, on both sides, with equal explicitness, and with apparently equal earnestness. In every thing he is the learned expounder of all that has been said on the matter at issue, without, however, reflecting a new light, or infusing new warmth, from his own preponderating conviction. Hence, while he astonishes by the wonderful extent and accuracy of his reading, and by the no less wonderful readiness and accuracy of his memory, he seldom impresses you with a conviction of his being a man of commanding intellect, and never hurries you on in breathless enthusiasm, by the force of his own feelings. Hence the unimpressive—from want of glowing warmth—character of his speeches, in which, as has been well observed by a late writer, you have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; in which the exception is laid down with as much earnestness as the rule or principle, and the objection as the argument, the doubt as the conviction, for the sole purpose, as it should seem, of showing off his critical acumen in rebutting and solving them. It is evident that he is a man of no ordinary talent, and of wonderful acquirement; but that he wants something Promethean to impart living fire to his closet abstractions,—that he would have done much better had he known less,—that, in fact, his original powers are weighed down under the weight of his researches into the opinions of others. His speeches in Parliament are too prosy and metaphysical, and abound too much in reference to the theory of politics and the law of nations; while his metaphysical and political articles are too colloquial, and smack too much of the gossip of the man of the world. He is evidently not wholly at home in either, and would shine more in the Professor’s chair of history or moral philosophy to some fashionable university. Then he is so indolent, so far as writing his thoughts is concerned, and, unfortunately for himself, excels so in conversation. But this would lead

me beyond the range which I have laid down for myself in these notices of the Speakers and Speeches in Parliament.

The countenance and general manner of Sir James Mackintosh are eminently expressive of the intellectual habits of his life, and of his naturally very benevolent disposition. Energy of will is wanting in the brow; and though the mouth and eye are cordially kind in their expression, they want that compression and fixedness, which betoken deep-felt, undoubting conviction. In his very latest work, he says, that in speculative philosophy he is nearer to *indifference* than to an exclusive spirit. This remarkable declaration, which may be extended to his other inquiries, shows how much the mere scholastic logician has prevailed over the metaphysical philosopher, and, to those conversant with the springs of human action, affords a most satisfactory explanation of the causes of Sir James Mackintosh's not holding a higher place among statesmen and philosophers. As it is, however, he is by far the best informed and most philosophical speaker or writer in either House of Parliament—a compliment which my respect for his talents and acquirements makes me regret is just now so little worthy of his acceptance.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL (Paymaster of the Forces).—The advocate of the advantages, in a moral and social point of view, of a titled aristocracy, like to that of which Lord J. Russell is a member, might quote him as a favourable specimen. The Noble Lord was early taught that the name of Russell was synonymous with patriotism and honour, and, by the circumstances of his fortune and station in society, was exempted from all temptations to violate either. Hence, what was originally artificial and unconnected with sound morality, has become a habit of consistent high-motived public conduct; and hence—and this is important to the entire argument—his avowed conviction that such conduct is incompatible with the breeding and usages of the less aristocratically born. This is the more worthy of notice, as neither in person, talents, nor information, does the Noble Lord exhibit those advantages usually sought for in one who affects to disdain the crowd. In figure and countenance he is scarcely less mean and insignificant than his friend Tom Moore, and, without that little worshipper of title and wealth's genius, is not a whit more un-commonplace and less superficial in his acquirements. He has written some pamphlets, two octavos, and one huge quarto, and made some half dozen speeches on Reform, in all of which we seek in vain for a single passage above mediocrity, or indicating originality or width of thought, or eloquence of expression, while in every sentence we are accosted by a—"I am Lord John Russell, the descendant and biographer (bless the mark!) of the great patriot martyr (the pensioner of the French King, if we may believe contemporary writers), Lord William Russell"—tone which would be less offensive, were it more the echo of natural egotism. And then his hemming, hesitating, lisping, hawing, effeminate voice, and the air of self-complacency of the polished nobleman, too proud to conciliate, too feeble to subdue, the prejudices of the multitude. But the day for aristocratic hauteur is fortunately gone by; the supremacy of influence of one man over his fellows will, it is to be hoped, in no distant period, be founded on his moral and intellectual pretensions, without a too exclusive regard to the accident of his birth.

MR. WYNN (Secretary at War).—Why was not this gentleman sent back to the office—the Presidentship of the Board of Control—which he had filled for years with so much efficiency and general satisfaction? Does Lord Grey conceive a *tabula rasa* a qualification for office? Was Lord Auckland's appointment to the head of the Board of Trade founded on his ignorance of every thing connected with the duties of the office? Is it because Sir James Graham knew nothing of naval affairs that he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty? Or because Sir Henry Parnell is the best informed man in Parliament on matters of trade and finance, that he is overlooked altogether, or insulted with the offer of a subship? Or is it because he had experience as a Cabinet Minister that Mr. Wynn is left out, to make room for my Lord Auckland, and my Lord Durham and Co.? But more of this anon, at a fitting occasion.

Mr. Wynn is the walking Hatsell of the House of Commons,—it is he, and not the Speaker, who lays down the law with respect to the proceedings of the House on all occasions. Is a petition, informally worded, laid on the table, or does a question arise touching the regularity of some Honourable Member's motion, respecting even a turnpike bill, Mr. Wynn quotes a host of precedents in point, and the matter is decided. The Right Honourable Gentleman would indeed seem to have made the rules and usages of Parliament a careful study, whether with a view to filling the Speaker's chair, as many believe, or in the spirit of a member of the Society of Antiquaries, it is not easy to determine; probably there was a mixture of both motives, in which the latter prevailed. It strikes me, that it was more as a curious branch of history that Mr. Wynn made himself so proficient in the laws and precedents of the Journals, than as a making himself up for the Speakership, and that his accidental proficiency was taken advantage of by his political friends' as a valid ground for putting him forward as a candidate for the office, rather than that his proficiency was the result of an ambition to sit as chairman. Mr. Wynn labours under one defect, which is incompatible with the efficient performance of the duties of the Speaker of so important an assembly as the House of Commons,—his voice* is *ludicrously* shrill (hence he is called *Squeak* Wynn) and infantile, not unlike in tone and compass a schoolboy's broken penny trumpet; and this incurable defect, and it alone, has been the obstacle to the Right Honourable Gentleman's attaining a very commanding station among our modern statesmen.

It would be a curiously instructive speculation, to estimate how much a man's success or ill fortune in life depends upon some apparently slight defects of physical conformation,—one, indeed, much more connected with what are usually considered the bias and eccentricities of genius and talent, than a superficial observer could well imagine, and of which modern biography furnishes very interesting materials. Mr. Wynn is a man of talent, very extensive information, noble person, high principles, great courage, and influential connexions, and yet possesses no weight, save on one subject, and that one generally considered beneath the dignity of men much less intellectual than himself, all owing, perhaps, to a thickening to the extent of half the breadth of a nail of the *chordæ vocales*, or some other member of the vocal organs. Had he more talent, or a spark of the invincible obstinacy of genius, it is not improbable that his defect would have operated as a stimulus to great and successful exertions—had he less, he might have passed his days as a morose recluse, or, if cursed with a morbidly nervous sensibility of temperament, might have become actually insane. Considerations of all importance in the management of the young suggest themselves, which, however, it would be out of place now to enter upon.

MR. POWLETT THOMPSON (Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Treasurer of the Navy).—The appointment of the Hon. Member for Dover to the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade, is as creditable to Lord Grey's Administration as it is discreditable to the House of Commons as a body. It is praiseworthy in a Government, that it should enlist among its members a gentleman possessing no other qualification than his having made one or two speeches on matters connected with his daily avocations as a merchant ("the house in the City," as Lord Lowther sneeringly termed it,) which evidence an acquaintance with the elements of political economy; while it is highly discreditable to any body of educated men, that a mere acquaintance with the works of Adam Smith and Mr. Ricardo, should, in the year 1831, be a mark of distinction. The im-

* The force of this observation, concerning Mr. Wynn's defect of voice, will appear the stronger to those who have heard the remarkable voice of Mr. Manners Sutton, the present Speaker. Who that has heard the Right Honourable Gentleman *pealing* "Order! order!" can ever forget it: and yet it is not easy to describe it, but by negatives. His voice has nothing of mere noise in it, and yet it is singularly loud; it wants intellectual expression, and yet it savours not of the mere machine, and is imposing, grand, and organ-like; and it is not put on for the occasion, and yet it reminds one of what an archbishop's ought to be in full consistory.

mortal work, "The Wealth of Nations," has been published some forty years: its subject matter is intimately and practically related to the every day concerns of mankind, more particularly of the British nation: it has a connexion, as was well observed by Mr. Horner, more than twenty years ago, more or less intimate with every question of politics and morals, whether with respect to the conduct of private life, or the administration of public affairs: cases are daily occurring in which, without a knowledge of its principles, it is impossible to judge correctly, and therefore to act wisely and safely; and yet, in this age of the march of intellect, forsooth, Dr. Southey talks, in the "Quarterly Review" (No. 29.) of the subjects of Population, Bullion, and the Corn Laws, as he does of the scholastic ephemera of the middle ages, and puts note of admiration to them, expressive of his astonishment that such perishable stuff should engage any portion of the public attention; and, in the year 1831, a young member of the House of Commons is taken out of the ranks and promoted to a company, because he seems to understand the great principle which Adam Smith had demonstrated beyond all controversy—"that, in every country, it always is, and must be, the interest of the great body of the people to buy whatever they want of those who sell it cheapest." And yet we prattle and boast about our taking the run in the march of improvement. We are the most thinking and virtuous people in the world, and we ought to add, the most modest; and yet our senators, wise in their generations, talk of machinery as an evil to the poor consumer of manufacturing commodities, and of dear bread and a limited market as a blessing to our artisans and labourers!

I would touch upon the sing-song, whining, conventicle delivery of the Right Hon. Member for Dover, but that I fear it is incurable, from, I should presume, having had its source in a delicate constitution. He would do well to apply his best endeavour, as much as possible, to remedying it; for he may depend on it, that did he possess as much talent and information as he most certainly is not the possessor of, he could not succeed in being impressive with such a mau-milliner tone and manner.

MR. ROBERT GRANT (Judge Advocate-General), in very many points of character, bears a striking resemblance to his brother, the President of the Board of Control, whom I noticed in our last number. Like him, he is a man of considerable capacity—of large views—accurate and extensive information—but, like him, also, is wanting in unremitting energy, and in that buoyancy which mainly springs from animal spirits, and its attendant, a sanguine disposition. It cannot, however, be said that they are equal in talent—it being questionable whether the learned Judge Advocate's mental endowments are of the high character of his gifted brother's; but, to make amends, the former has a voice remarkable for its gravity and impressiveness, which renders him a much more efficient debater than the Right Hon. President of the Affairs of India. To their high honour be it said, they have been both the consistent and able advocates of religious toleration, and of every measure tending to diffuse the blessings of civil and religious liberty; and have succeeded to office, in spite of the covert foes to both, and of every species of reform which could essentially benefit mankind.

Mr. Grant, I see, means shortly again to invite the attention of Parliament to the question of admitting the Jews, to an equal participation of the civil advantages of the Constitution with their Christian fellow-subjects. I shall attend to the debate with the most anxious attention—feeling, as the unflinching advocate of religious liberty in its most unrestricted meaning, a deep interest in the success of the leaned gentleman's honourable exertions. May they prosper!

SIR THOMAS DENMAN (Attorney-General).—This is a gentleman of whom it is not easy to speak, save in the language of eulogy; for not all the baleful influence of his professional habits have been able to tarnish the lustre of his moral character. This is the higher praise, as the character of his understanding, the expression of his countenance, and the bias of his animal temperament, are strongly favourable to Sir Thomas Denman's eminence as a lawyer. He has the fixed iron eye—slightly curved hawk nose—thin, wafer, pale, compressed lips—

and that general expression of countenance which indicates much circumspection, self-possession, wily acuteness, and the calm uniformity of emotion and steadiness of purpose of a man who controls, and is not controlled, by the passionate energies of his being, and who is not to be diverted by any feelings of either internal or external origin, from the attainment of his objects, which are united in the ideal of a lawyer; while he possesses that fluency and fearlessness of speech—that grace of voice and delivery—and that high-toned urbanity of disposition which, indeed, insinuates itself among, and softens down features engraven by study and long-pursued masculine investigations, so essential to a successful advocate. His great defect is want of power—of the *vivida vis* of genius: his great charm, as I have said—the moral transparency of his character—a virtue which explains his apparent *professional* imperfections and inconsistencies, of which his “Go and sin no more” conclusion of his speech in defence of the Queen is the most memorable. The fact is, mince the matter as we may, it is morally impossible to attain great eminence as a lawyer, without a sacrifice—more or less, according to the circumstances—of a portion of our moral integrity. For what is the business of a practising barrister, at best—but, like Milton’s Belial, to make

“ — — — The worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.”

The only facts and truths he is concerned about, are those contained in his brief; and his sole aim is to confound truth and falsehood in the minds of the jury, and, his doing so, necessarily engenders a habit of confounding them in his own. He does not, it is true, wilfully mis-state facts; but he wilfully barter for a fee his talents and knowledge to the service of falsehood, and to the consequent disservice of the truth. “Our’s is an honest employment, and so is a lawyer’s,” says Peachum, in Gay’s fine satire; and the rogue had reason for his declaration. For surely he who argues in defence of what he is convinced is wrong—who perverts his ingenuity to making others believe to be true what he himself knows is not so—who is indifferent whether the defendant or the plaintiff, the injured or the aggressor, be his client, so as he pockets his fee—who is, in fact, indifferent whether he is speaking on the side of truth or falsehood,—cannot avoid becoming himself somewhat indifferent to both, and, in consequence, losing a portion of his moral inflexibility of purpose. These observations are not meant invidiously to an honourable profession, but to apply to the monstrous abuses of our present system of jurisprudence.

With respect to other subaltern members of the new Administration, I think it better to defer a notice of their senatorial qualifications till they come before us in the way of business. Abundant opportunities will present themselves, which I shall take advantage of. I may as well premise here to the reader, that it is my intention to communicate more *viva voce* eye-witness information touching the proceedings in both Houses,—so far as the personal character and conduct of the members (in their strictly *public* character, be it understood,)—than he has been accustomed to, as he will be enabled to judge for himself in the next Number.

FLOWERS IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

“ I desire, as I look on these, the ornaments and children of Earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast? or whether they *have* their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould.”—*Conversations with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health.*

Bring them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have honey-cells ;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the green wood to its bounds ;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird, whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree : •
Oh ! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to Earth again !

Spread them not before the eyes,
Closing fast on summer skies !
Woo thou not the spirit back,
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the coloured Earth !

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eyes—
Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis *thou* that dreaming art,
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.
Yes ! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gush'd her love ;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,
In their fragile mould she sees ;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,
She can read no word of grief ;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell ! farewell !
And her dim, yet speaking eye,
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain ;
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom :
So should one depart, who goes
Where no Death can touch the Rose !

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BAR, NO. II.

Sir Edward Sugden.

IF it were our object to select as subjects for our sketches only those whose popular qualifications, rather than their professional attainments, gave them notoriety at the Bar, we should not have chosen Sir Edward Sugden to sit for his portrait in pen and ink; but Sketches of the English Bar, omitting the great lawyers, would perhaps (by the fastidious) be considered rather an incomplete performance, and therefore, at the risk of being almost as dry, though certainly not so tedious, as a Chancery-suit, we venture upon a sketch of a mere lawyer, but, as a master of the most difficult branch of the law, second to none at the Bar. Indeed, this is perhaps not saying enough for the professional reputation of Sir Edward Sugden; for, though a little man, he is, undoubtedly, the greatest lawyer in Westminster Hall. Mr. Tyrrel, one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the law of real property, than whom there is no one more capable of judging in such a matter, has given it as his opinion, that Sir Edward is the *only* man in Westminster Hall who is master of the English law of real property; and it will hardly be denied, that of all the branches of the law, this is the one which requires the most laborious study to become acquainted with, and which, while it preserves more of the form of a science, is, from its dry and abstract nature, less inviting, or perhaps we should rather say, more repulsive than any other. To those unacquainted with the various branches into which the practice of the law of England divides itself, and who think that every man who wears a wig and gown has the same sort of business to attend to, it must seem strange that two men so opposite in every respect as the subject of our last sketch, and the subject of the present one, should both have attained such eminence in the profession. While both were at the Bar, the scene and the nature of their professional labours were, indeed, as different as their characters and abilities; but now that we find them in the same court—the one as judge, and the other as principal counsel—the consideration of the different means by which they have attained to their several stations is strongly forced upon us. There cannot, indeed, be a greater contrast than that between Lord Brougham and Sir Edward Sugden. The former remarkable for the extent and variety of his accomplishments; versed in almost every species of learning; gifted with resistless but irregular energy; distinguished for the facility with which his mind grapples with great affairs; matchless in the fervor of his eloquence, and eminently qualified to be the first of the popular body, has been made a Judge and a member of the House of Peers, in neither of which situations do his peculiar talents shine forth to particular advantage. The latter, a laborious, acute, deeply-read lawyer, who has dived deep into the dark recesses of his profession, and left no nook nor cranny unexplored, but whose mind, never by accident nor design, took an excursion in any other direction—possessing, instead of energy, undeviating assiduity—his mind incapable of elevation beyond professional concerns—always fluent, but never eloquent—familiar with the manner in which every species of Equity question

has been considered and decided upon by former Equity judges. Such is the principal advocate, whose daily business it is to plead before the Judge we have described, while he plainly and openly lays claim to much more knowledge of the way in which the questions ought to be decided than is possessed by him whose judgment he seeks. Lord Brougham took fame and fortune, as it were, by storm—Sir Edward Sugden has obtained fortune, and fame in his profession, by slow and painful steps. His father followed a business which gave him opportunities of being well acquainted with the *heads* of the legal profession; but it is said that he used to declare his son had no genius for his business, and he would be forced to make him a clerk. He accordingly became a clerk in a solicitor's office, and from that humble station he has risen to his present distinguished position as a lawyer, without any qualifications of a more brilliant nature than steady good conduct and unwearied industry. He had not even the advantages of a liberal education—no acquaintance with the Muses tempted him to wander from the dry, delights of parchment—he was not one

“ Who pens a stanza when he should engross.”

He kept the even tenor of his way, copying and consulting authorities; his thoughts by day were of fines and recoveries, and his dreams by night of springing uses and contingent remainders.

He practised for some time as a conveyancer before he went to the Bar, and in this branch of the profession continued to perfect himself in the legal learning which he has since turned to so much advantage, both at the Bar and in the legal works which he has published. If Sugden had never entered the Court of Chancery, the reputation attaching to his name from his books alone, would place him amongst the first on the list of real-property lawyers: in the technicalities of the science—the casing and dry husk of the law—that curious, pedantic old gentleman, Mr. Preston, may perhaps have more knowledge of details; but in the substance and the application of his subject, in arrangement, and facility and clearness of expression, and in popular usefulness as an author, Sugden is without a rival among modern writers in his branch of the law. Indeed nothing but his profound legal erudition, nothing but his unshaken knowledge, could have raised him to the rank he holds, having no advantages of birth, nor of prepossessing manners, nor of education, other than legal. Rather insignificant in his appearance, and without much pretension to winning address, he must have remained in obscurity but for the depth and excellence of his professional attainments. His high character as a real-property lawyer in the Court of Chancery, was acquired while Lord Eldon presided there; a Judge not likely in a matter of this sort to be deceived. Sir Edward's knowledge of cases is boundless; with the rules of practice he is familiar, and still more so with the remote and difficult principles of our complex system of law. Conveyancing, an intimacy with which is so important to a Chancery practitioner, he is a thorough master of, in all its forms. Upon questions of title, no man's opinion is so valuable, nor so much sought after. He has considered the subject attentively, and written upon it with great depth and minuteness of learning. His book on this subject, called

“A Treatise on the Law of Vendors and Purchasers,” is that one of his works which is most generally known and consulted; it has run through numerous editions, and is allowed by all competent judges to be one of the most judicious and practically-useful books in the law. Every thing relating to the purchase and sale of estates is laid down with care and exactness; the cases classified with skill, and commented upon with judgment and discrimination. The estimation in which this book is held, is testified by the continual references made to it, both in court and elsewhere, and by its rapid and extensive circulation. His next most important work is, “A Practical Treatise on Powers,” a title which is a stumbling-block to the unlearned. We entreat our readers not to believe that it has any thing to do either with mechanics or politics. In the days in which this book was written, Mr. Sugden dreamt not of the lever, the wedge, or the screw—no Archimedean dreams shot athwart his meditations on the Statute of Uses; nor did his legal wishes ever learn to stray to Continental congresses, and the balance of the “Powers” of Europe. What think you, gentle reader, is a real-property lawyer’s notion of “powers?” Listen to the mellifluous Sugden, and he will tell you, that “powers are either common-law authorities, declarations or directions, operating only on the conscience of the persons in whom the legal interest is vested, or declarations or directions deriving their effect from the Statute of Uses.” There is a flowery definition for you—there is a slight taste of the matter to which our College youth turn their ardent studies, having been duly prepared for such pleasant reading by diligent study of the Muses; by imbibing the fire of Homer, the graceful elegance of Virgil, the impetuous energy of Demosthenes, and the eloquent argument of Cicero.

Sugden’s book on Powers is by far the best regular work on a subject that is abstruse and difficult, and founded upon legal doctrines, which fully to understand, requires years of patient study and incessant perseverance. The author calls it his favourite work, and we doubt not, that if there be

A lawyer’s joy, to legal authors known,

he must feel it to the utmost, in contemplating a work, which placed upon grounds intelligible to professional men, doctrines which had confused the learned judges when Coke and Bacon argued, and which, until simplified by him, had puzzled every student since. Sugden’s edition of “Gilbert on Uses” is another excellent lawyer’s book; and his “Letters on Estates” are instructive, and may be advantageously read by all for whom estates have a *proper* interest, whether they be professional men or no.

It will be worth while here, (and we crave the reader’s patience, as we shall soon proceed to lighter and more *sketchy* matter,) to point attention to a few paragraphs from one of Sir Edward Sugden’s books, both to exhibit a specimen of legal morality, and of the style in which the subject of our sketch expresses himself. “Moral writers,” says Sir Edward, “insist that a vendor is bound *in foro conscientiæ* to acquaint a purchaser with the defects of the subject of the contract; arguments of some force have, however, been advanced in favour of the contrary doctrine, and our law does not entirely coincide with this

strict precept of morality." And farther, he says, "Even if the purchaser was at the time of the contract ignorant of the defects, and the vendor was acquainted with them, and did not disclose them to the purchaser, yet if they were *patent*, and could have been discovered by a vigilant man, no relief will be granted against the vendor. The disclosure of even patent defects in the subject of a contract may be allowed to be a moral duty; but it is what the civilians term a duty of imperfect obligation. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt*, is an ancient maxim of our law, and forms an insurmountable barrier against the claims of an improvident purchaser. In this respect equity follows the law."

Sir Edward does not appear to be in the least startled at this acknowledged discrepancy between equity, law and pure morality—the law is his creed, and that is all that concerns him. Blackstone says, that courts of equity are established for the benefit of the subject, and he enumerates among their uses, that of enforcing such matters of trust and confidence *as are binding in conscience*, though not cognizable in a court of law; but this, it would appear, is mere flattery, if Sir Edward's account be the more correct one, which, we fear, it is. It is curious to observe how completely a lawyer of Sir Edward Sugden's habits rests his mind upon the authority of precedents, and cases, and dicta, laid down in the books, even in matters of the most obvious kind, which, with ordinary men, would be thought sufficient to stand of themselves, without any support from a case quoted. When Sir Edward discourses concerning "value," he says, "neither can a purchaser obtain any relief against a vendor for false affirmation of value, it being deemed the purchaser's own folly to credit a nude assertion of that nature." Now this is a legal dictum, and the reader is very properly referred to the authority in *Harvey versus Young*, Yelv. 20; but immediately after, there comes another dictum, namely, that "value consists in judgment and estimation, on which many men differ." Surely it requires no ghost to come from the grave, nor lawyer to rise from his tomb, to confirm a thing so plain as this. We would have taken Sir Edward's word for it, and backed him for a thousand pounds, on the strength of our own conviction. But our author quotes an authority, and whom, think you, does he quote on the subject of the nature of value? Adam Smith, perhaps, or Say, or Mill, or Ricardo, or McCulloch. Not one of them; he quotes *Eikins versus Tresham*, 1 Lev. 102, reported in 1 Sid. 146, by the name of *Leakins v. Clissel*. There are some lawyers who would quote a case, to show that the 1st of February came the next day after the 31st of January, if that circumstance ever happened by any chance to have been noticed in a report.

I must now say something of Sir Edward Sugden in Court. When I was first in the habit of seeing him there, though it is but a few years since, the Court of Chancery presented a very different scene, and different actors, from what it now does. Lord Eldon was upon the bench, and Sugden was the junior of the King's Counsel that appeared in Chancery. Pepys, Bickersteth, Treslove, Knight, Pemberton, and Tinney, who have since got silk gowns, were then behind the bar; and before it, I was daily accustomed to see Wetherell, Hart, Agar, Heald, Horne, Shadwell, and the subject of our sketch.

They are all yet in the land of the living ; but Horne and Sugden are the only two who are regularly to be found in their old place, pleading before a very different kind of Judge. Wetherell was the same clever, grotesque, vehement person, that he still is in the House of Commons ;—but he deserves a sketch to himself. Hart, who was subsequently Vice-Chancellor, and then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was a most singular-looking person, and quite a man for a portrait. He was a tall, or rather a long, ill-favoured, elderly man, with a long rugged face, and small dark eyes, which used to glitter in a strange, slow, lazy manner ; he wore spectacles, which were uniformly fixed upon the point of a nose, so long, that had he been a short-sighted man, he would have required an eye-glass to see his spectacles. While he spoke, his principal action consisted in pulling off these nose ornaments, and putting them on again. He used to rest himself as tailors do, by standing up, or slowly pacing along with his hands behind him under his gown, as he may be seen in any of the old collections of the caricature shops. He was an extremely able lawyer, and pursued his argument with a most leisure imperturbable obstinacy, in spite of the interruptions and cavillings of his learned friends on the other side. He was as slow and as sure as Lord Eldon himself, or as the death of one's rich relations. Sometimes he smiled, "and smiled in such a sort," as would scare any one accustomed only to smiles of honesty and simplicity. It was good for young lawyers to hear him and Lord Eldon discussing the points of a case ; they both knew all its bearings as well as a city clerk does the geography of the desk, at which he has been sitting ten hours a day for five-and-forty years. Agar was loud, bustling, and vulgar, both in appearance and manner. Heald was a tall, handsome man, with a stoop, who spoke with a Lincolnshire brogue, and knew his business well ; he was very rich, and when his wife died, and his spirits became very much depressed, he left the bar. Horne was, as he is, frowning and vigorous, and always breathing battle. Shadwell, now the Vice-Chancellor, seemed always to be out of his place, with a lawyer's wig and gown on. His rosy complexion, effeminate voice, and continual simpering smile, gave him an effeminate appearance, and he appeared too well pleased with himself, as he bent forward over his brief, his arms extended, and the points of the fingers and thumb of one hand, joined to the similar extremities of the other, while, smiling all the time, he addressed the Court respecting exceptions, re-hearings, reports of the Master, and other highly interesting topics. He knew practice, however, as well as any man of his standing.

Such were the men with whom Mr. Sugden had daily to compete in the exercise of his duties as a Chancery barrister, and it struck me that he always appeared to advantage. He was always at his post, always ready for his cause, even when it was unexpectedly called on, and though he did not advocate it with eloquence, or any particular energy of expression, he spoke with much propriety and gentlemanly ease, and evidently with a most complete knowledge of his subject. Sir Edward is in Court a man of agreeable though not commanding appearance ; his figure is neat and small, his face handsome, but the somewhat sunken cheek, and lawyer-like hue of his complexion, are witnesses of the laborious study to which he has de-

voted himself. The prevailing character of his appearance and manner is neatness. Every thing is compact—every thing ready—every thing well arranged, even to the holding of his pen, so as not to sully his fingers. He sits and stands unusually erect,—one would suppose that having “consulted the authorities,” and found that no man could, by taking thought, add a cubit to his stature, he resolved that he would at least not diminish his by a thoughtful stoop. In speaking, he holds his head as high as he possibly can, and rests his left hand on his brief, while his right is stretched out towards the Judge, with the fore-finger extended. In this attitude, he will harangue you for three or four hours at a stretch, in a most even strain of conversational fluency. I do not know a more fluent man,—no breaks, no stops, no difficulty in his discourse, but with no more passion or feeling in it, than in a French tragedy. He is correct, copious, smooth, and intelligible, but without one spark of the soul of oratory. While you listen to him, the blood never rushes to your brow, nor the tear to your eye; you never clench your hand, nor stand with suspended breath,—you think he is doing very well, yet you wish he had done—he is the Sir Robert Peel of the Court of Chancery. If he uses a strong expression, it is connected with something technical, which takes away its force, and he will tell the Court that “his client could not *div*e into the recesses of the plaintiff’s heart, and discover that he had determined to resist the *payment of costs*.” Proud of his knowledge of the principles and practice of equity law, he frequently delivers himself as if he were expounding the law to an auditory of pupils, rather than reasoning a particular case for adjudication; and he speaks as though he were reading from one of his books. The facility and neatness of the expression, as well as the nature of the matter spoken, serve to confirm the idea that he is repeating something which he has previously written. I am sure I have sometimes heard him pronounce a doctrine of equity in an epigrammatic manner, very like the following, which is in print:—“Equity looks upon things agreed to be done as actually performed; consequently, when a contract is made for the sale of an estate, equity considers the vendor as a trustee for the purchaser of the estate sold, and the purchaser as a trustee of the purchase-money for the vendor.”

Sir Edward Sugden is well aware of his own qualifications, and does not always bear them with that meekness, and indulgence to others less informed, which is the best grace of superior ability. He sometimes becomes very elaborately indignant where there is but little occasion, and he is too often short and waspish to his juniors. It is but fair to suppose, however, that these are defects of temper rather than of the heart; and his humane interference respecting the unfortunate people confined for contempt of Court, deserves to be mentioned to his praise, and as a proof that he can feel for the distresses of others, and exert himself for their relief.

In Parliament Sir Edward Sugden does not appear to advantage. When he parts with such adventitious dignity as the legal dress affords to personal appearance, he loses more than he can afford, and his Parliamentary speaking has the common fault of lawyers’ speeches in Parliament,—it is too prolix, too tame, too much about one thing, for the House of Commons. The pernicious habit which barristers

so uniformly indulge in before the Judges, of speaking a long time, and dwelling upon every ramification of the case, in order to twist the mind of the Court or jury from the truth, and the uniformity and declamatory style of their speaking, make them for the most part incapable of taking up the manner which Parliament requires. Lawyers, when they come into the House of Commons, forget that the Judges before whom they usually speak are paid some five or six thousand a-year each for the trouble of listening, and therefore they will listen, though not in the least interested nor amused; but the Members of the House are very differently circumstanced, and they must be interested or amused, in order to induce them to bear a speech patiently. Mr. Campbell interests the House, and has the prudence not to trespass long on their patience. Sir Charles Wetherell amuses them, and is respected for his blunt honesty; so he may talk as long or as short as he pleases, and will be listened to; but Sir Edward Sugden is rather dull and lengthy, and Chancery-barrister-ish. To give an example: he wanted the other night to acquaint the House that the clerks in the Registrar's Office in the Court of Chancery did not give the attendance which they ought, and he stated this simple matter in the bundle of words which follows:—"The effect of the arrangements in the Registrar's Office is, that the officers cannot give the attendance which is necessary. There are frequent complaints, therefore, that business is delayed for want of their attendance. During term time the attendance which the Registrars can give is by no means sufficient. I took the liberty of asking one of those gentlemen how this happened, and he *did me the favour* to state the facts." He said it was quite impossible that the present number of Registrars could give the attendance required by the great increase of business." Who could patiently listen to such prolixity as this, unless they were well paid for it? Sir Edward should, in the House, carefully eschew lengthiness and solemnity; he has talents for being epigrammatic and pungent, and these he should cultivate for Parliament, dispatching his details with as much brevity as their nature will admit of. Sir Edward's late speech, however, upon the abuses in the Chancery system is, taking it for all in all, an able and candid statement, and the honest desire for reform which it exhibits, is worthy of being mentioned to his praise.

We cannot close a sketch of Sir Edward Sugden at the present time, without some allusion to the palpable hostility which he bears to the present Lord Chancellor, and which he has lately shown in so marked and disagreeable a manner in the Court of Chancery. That so learned and acute an equity lawyer as Sir Edward Sugden should have to act daily as Counsel before a Judge who is not a learned equity lawyer, is doubtless a reasonable cause for some mortification, and, perhaps it may be a public grievance, which Sir Edward would be justified in taking public notice of; but the captious asperity which he has displayed, is professionally unbecoming, and wholly unsuited to the grievance, if such it be. If Sir Edward Sugden thinks the Lord Chancellor unfit for his place, he knows the constitutional mode of seeking redress, and his situation as a Member of Parliament gives him the opportunity to avail himself of this mode; but if he thinks his unfitness is not so glaring as to justify so bold a step, he

will act with much more dignity, by giving to the Lord Chancellor all the advantage which he is able from his great knowledge and his position in the Chancery Court, and thus make the best he can of a system, which renders it inevitable that the principal Judge of equity in this country should often be chosen for his abilities as a statesman, without reference to his capabilities as a Judge.

It should be remembered also, that Lord Brougham is a man with powers of thought, and habits of industry so wonderfully great, that what would be preposterous with regard to almost any other man, is not so with regard to him. It is certainly impossible that, at his time of life, even with his unparalleled industry, he should ever arrive at the minute and extensive knowledge of the law of real property possessed by Sir Edward Sugden; but the duties of a Chancellor are so numerous, so lofty, and so miscellaneous, that, after all, a man of vast general knowledge, of clear judgment, and great habits of dispatch, is, as the office stands, much more fitted for it than any mere lawyer, however well versed in that branch of the law with which the Court of Chancery chiefly has to do. If Lord Brougham remains in his office two years, and supposing him (which, viewing him as a Judge, we are bound to do,) divested of political prejudices and hostilities, he will then be more fit for his office than any other man in the country; because there is no man, that the country knows any thing about, of so clear, and vigorous, and capacious an understanding. It would be more becoming in Sir Edward Sugden to let such a man alone.

STANZAS

Oh! ask me not to sing to-night.

Oh! ask me not to sing to-night,
 Dejection chills my feeble powers,
 I own thy halls of glittering light
 Are festive as in former hours.
 But when I last amid them moved,
 I sung for friends beloved and dear,
 Their smiles inspired, their lips approved,
 Now all is changed—they are not here.

I gaze around—I view a throng,
 The radiant slaves of pride and art,
 Oh! can *they* prize my simple song,
 The soft low breathings of the heart?
 Take back the lute, its tuneful string
 Is moisten'd by a sorrowing tear,
 To-night, I may not, cannot sing,
 The friends that love me are not here!

M. A.

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF PROPERTY AND THE POOR-LAWS.

THERE undoubtedly exists both misconception and misrepresentation as to the moral influence of the Poor-laws. Nothing is more common than to hear of their degrading effects, nor of lamentations for the humiliating change they have produced on the spirit of the people. Let us look at the soundness of this general opinion; for, undoubtedly, it seems strange that a provision, intended to lessen the discomforts of poverty, should have a tendency to produce the worst moral result of that evil.

The only fair way in which the investigation can proceed, is,

FIRST, to ascertain if there be any cause among the higher classes, by which they have an interest in making it felt to be disgraceful to receive assistance from the parish;

Second, whether the administrators of the law have any motive to enforce this notion; and

Third, if the paupers themselves are likely to admit the correctness of the opinion by which their superiors and the parish officers are seemingly so compassionately affected.

With respect to the first inquiry, it must be evident that the rates levied for the support of the poor constitute a great grievance to the rich; and that every addition which happens to parochial distress comes in the shape of a hand into their pockets. An increase of the poor-rates diminishes their ability to procure comforts and pleasures for themselves; it subtracts from their means, and, in consequence, they must have a natural wish that the pauper should, as long as possible, endure the bitterness of his condition patiently, and trouble them as little as he can. Nothing therefore can be more clear, than that the rich should strenuously cherish that pride in the labourer, which has so long made him endeavour to be independent of parish aid. To accept assistance from the poor-rates cannot, indeed, in their eyes, but be the most humbling meanness, and they cannot otherwise, under that feeling, and sympathising with the supposed effects of it on the energies of the kingdom, endeavour, by all imaginable exhortations, to make the poor think of it as they do. But there is perhaps a serious misconception in this. The doctrine is advantageous only to the rich—it is the reverse to the poor. It tends to keep in the hands of the former the money absorbed by the poor-rates, and it imposes on the latter a patient endurance of sufferings. There is no equitable result in the practice—all the desirable advantage goes to the rich, and all the privation to the poor.

The result of the second inquiry is equally obvious. The administrators of the law have, without a direct pecuniary motive, a strong inducement to throw every stigma in their power on the practice of asking parish assistance. The operation of it gives them trouble; the voice of complaint and adversity is ever grievous, and it is natural that they should foster the idea of men becoming guilty of mean-spiritedness, who rely on aid from their parish.

But is it therefore likely that the poor can be of the same opinion as those who are bound by law to contribute to their support, and those who administer the fund formed by the contributions? Undoubtedly not. The progress of knowledge has taught the labourer

that all the wealth of the world consists of the proceeds of their toil. This admitted fact is well-known among them, and has doubtless its due moral influence. Indeed, the conclusion from it is obvious. "If," they say, "all wealth come from us, the very wages that we receive must have come from us too; rental and the profits of our employers; all income is drawn from us, and it is on that income we hold a perpetual lien for aid in the hour of our need. The alms doled out to us by the parish officers are unjustly so denominated. The difference between what we receive as wages, and the profit enjoyed by our masters, should be called SAVINGS; and as such we think it; and we feel no more degradation in lifting so much money, as we get from the parish officers, than we do from the managers of the saving banks." This, without question, is the way many think; and we fear there is a growing dislike to the arrogance with which their own, as they conceive it to be, is given to them by the parish officers, nearer allied to indignant resentment, than to that degradation of spirit, which it is so much the interest of the rich to ascribe to the acceptance of alms, as, in their charitable sentiments, they call the appropriation of parochial assistance.

In Scotland* and in Ireland, where, as yet the wisdom of the poor-laws is not known, at least practically, the poor man has a lower feeling of his own right than in England; and the old notion, that there is degradation in seeking aid from the parish may still, without artifice, prevail both among the rich and the poor; but in England, the principle upon which the poor-laws are founded, is often both in public and private discussed, and comes home in so many different ways to every man's business and bosom, that it may be said to be part of the practical knowledge of the country. The labourers here consider themselves to possess as good a right, under the law, to the parish funds, as the rich have to their property.

No doubt it has been so long the custom to preach the degradation of taking parish assistance, that with many minds it has become habitual to consider it in that light; but it is so no longer with the general populace, and every day it is becoming less and less so.

The moral influence of the poor-laws, from what I have thus stated, has therefore probably no tendency to render the spirit of the people more flexible, but, on the contrary, to make them more stern—instead of a slavish disposition, it is calculated to foster republican notions, and in that simple expression, there is a key to much that now agitates the kingdom.

Connected with this view of the subject, hangs one of great importance to the existing orders of society.

That the poor consider themselves entitled to a larger share of the surplus reserved by their employers of the profits of their labour, cannot be doubted; but do they take the most judicious course to enforce their claim; and the rich the wisest to resist it?—That the labourer is worthy of his hire, is an old and incontrovertible doctrine; but the labourer, in accepting assistance from the poor-rates in aid of his wages, undoubtedly manifests an imperfect conception of his own

* In Scotland there are Poor-laws, not much dissimilar to those of England, but the habits of the people have almost universally superseded them.

rights. His plain, direct, and honest course is, to demand his hire from his employer; and there must be something greatly wrong in taking but part from him of what he is entitled to, and consenting to solicit the remainder, necessary for his support, from the parish. It is becoming accessory to a political fraud to do so.

The few of the rich—for it is to be hoped they are still but few—who nefariously pay their labourers lower wages than they can live upon, and send them for the deficiency to the parish, are evidently blind to their own danger, or they would discern that they are committing an injury on society, for which the indignation of mankind will extort from them atonement. The immediate effect of the system is to irritate their labourers, who should be paid at once, and not be compelled to go for their second payment in the character of beggars, imploring it as a boon of charity. It is making adversaries, while Nature points out that, by a different conduct, they would secure friends: it is loosening the ties between the master and servant, and sowing grudges where gratitude should be reaped.

But the evil of sending labourers for the balance of their wages to the poor-rates does not rest with the just unthankfulness which it tends to create in them. The other capitalists in the parish—those who have no occasion to employ labourers—see what is going on, and see that for the poor-rates they are taxed, in fact, that their neighbours may get their work cheaply done; and the mutual obligations of good neighbourhood are, in consequence, broken; society in all its reciprocities feels the shock; and while the labourers are growing stronger and stronger, and more and more indignant at their condition, the rich are becoming weaker by being less and less cordially united. It is fearful to contemplate this state of things. It is a malady that loudly calls for remedy; and no man that wishes well to his species, or to the existing frame of society, can reflect upon it without awe and dread.

What renders this tendency to dissolution in the social compact the more alarming, is, the error into which there is a manifest aptitude among public men to fall. All varieties of opinion are thrown out upon the subject of the Poor-laws, and the uniform result of every discussion respecting them in Parliament is only fresh doubts if any thing can be done to reduce the evils arising from the rates. This is truly deplorable. But as the evil arises from the state of the law allowing the criminal usage, of quartering the labourers for a portion of their hire on the parishes, it may be obviated by enactment; and the attempt to check it should be made with a firm hand. The system, until a better can be evolved, must be put down. The poor-rates should be allowed to increase as the law stands at present; but the landlord that sends his labourer for part of what is necessary for his support to the parish, and the parish officers who connive in his fraud should be regarded as infamous, and punished as offenders. A law to this effect would immediately raise wages to a rate adequate to the support of the labourer, and we tread on perils when that is not the case. By raising wages to their natural level, rents, for example, would be reduced, and landlords would suffer; but who else is it that should suffer? They alone can afford it; and it is a foul injustice on their part to their country, that they should struggle to wring

high rents from their tenants when the value of the produce can no longer yield them.

It ought also to be borne in mind that, by making the wages adequate to the support of the labourers, an immense reduction would at once take place in the poor-rates, and through that means relieve the universal complaint of the nation against this taxation; for inasmuch as the money paid to the labourers from the parochial funds would be superseded, in so much would the parish rates admit of being reduced. At all events, our social obligations impose upon the State an obligation to see that the labourer receives his hire from his employer. He has a natural right to be supported for what he does; it cannot be refused to him by any human arrangement, and God and Nature are on his side when he asserts the claim.

But it is said there is not adequate means of employment; that the labourers' market is overstocked. The assertion is contradicted by all your untilled parks and pastures. It is not however possible, in the nature of things, that the remedy can be applied so speedily as to avert the evils which menace the land. It is not possible that new modes of husbandry can be introduced at once, by which the soil may be made to maintain a greater number. It is no longer within scope of European and Christian polity that war should be entered into, merely to thin the multitudes always produced in a time of peace, especially in a long period of peace, which allows the children born in it to grow to maturity;—but we have vast Colonial regions, where millions can find employment, and we have means in capital which ought to be devoted to emigration, the only alternative remaining by which the order, the beauty, and the greatness of England can be upheld.

In the preceding view taken by the labourers of their right to parochial assistance, there is an obvious fallacy. In principle they are undoubtedly correct, but in the application of that principle they are as clearly in error; for admitting that wealth is but the product of labour, and that the producers have a lien upon it, still the extent of their lien can reach no farther than to the amount of their respective contributions to the mass. The labourer, in right and justice, can claim no more from it, even supposing society had consented to allow their full claim, than their individual proportions. But I shall explain this a little more particularly.

It has been too common, ever since the first irruption of revolutionary principles at the breaking out of the original French Revolution, to speak of the equality of natural rights, and to overlook the necessary social rights. This disastrous practice has at last become baleful to the very structure of society itself. The world no longer regards the social frame of things as a sound permanency, but as a temporary expedient, which may be altered or abrogated at pleasure, and the consequences which may ensue from any such change are lost in the contemplation of the perfection of that nullity, abstract principle. This is a fatal state, but it is undoubtedly the present general moral condition of the world, and were it not as probable as that the sun will rise in the east when he has set in the west, that the evil is only one of those passing clouds which in different ages have overcome the affairs of man, the prospects of society would be dark indeed.

Of our natural rights, it is only necessary to observe, that they exist in things which cannot be equally apportioned, and that it is this which has evolved the institutions of society. From the earliest concentration of the social state, from the beginning of the world, there has been a continual laying aside of our inheritance from nature—a casting off the savage slough, and, in its stead, an investiture of ourselves with the dispositions induced by the reciprocal wants of living in community. The more refined and intelligent man becomes, the farther he recedes from a state of nature, and yet, in opposition to this incontrovertible truth, it would seem, from the tenour of the questions in general discussion, as if the progress of improvement should lead us back to that state. But let us look at our natural rights: perhaps it will be seen how incompatible they are with civilization, and how far from promoting that social welfare which it is at once the interest and the duty of the members of a community to cultivate.

The natural rights of man are properly but the ramifications of one right, which may be described as consisting of an equal claim to an equal portion of the productions of the earth—every thing that philosophers call right hinges upon that very simple proposition. But as individuals possess various powers, capacities, and predilections, this equality is modified by the influence of those qualities; and accordingly, when individuals unite in society, laws are formed to regulate the administration of their respective endowments. The weak has the same right to food as the strong, but the strong has the power to wrest his share from him; hence the origin of that institute in which all the members of society concur, and which says to the strong, if you oppress the weak we shall punish you. The reader will, for himself apply the principle of protection in its bearings—the sole object of all law and government, and therefore it is needless to enter upon a more detailed explanation. Indeed, if we admit, as we must do at once, that all our natural rights resolve themselves into one equal claim to an equal share in the production of the earth, and to nothing more, it must be granted that the only object of living in society is the protection of the shares of the multitude individually against the powers, capacities, and predilections of individuals, in the variety of which there is danger, and which, to keep in subjection the various orders, divisions, or classes of the social system, have necessarily been induced. Great princes and epochal characters, which from time to time have influenced the destinies of the world, have altered the forms of the system in their respective nations, but the principle of protection, from which all institutions emanate, could not be changed. It is vital to society, and the institutions of lawgivers cannot be framed otherwise than with reference to its incessant elementary operation.

When it is fully understood that men live together in community solely for protection, it will be allowed that the privilege of individuals—that is, the consent to exercise their personal endowments—is only a permission granted by the community upon a persuasion that the common good will be advanced by it. This is the less disputable, as crimes are, in fact, only the result of individual endowment, and consist of actions which are inimical to that protection for which

mankind associate in unity. It cannot be said, that the individual who in a state of nature exercises his strength and his cunning, or indulges his desires for his own particular gratification, has not a right in himself so to do. But could society exist if that right were permitted?—is not penal law but a restraint on that right?—and does not society, by the penalties directed to restrain the morbid exercise of power, capacity, and predilection, clearly acknowledge, that in all other cases the exercise of these qualities is allowed in their wholesome state to individuals?

This is a most important induction to a proper understanding of the social state; for if in all respects but in those which are injurious to the welfare of others, society permit individuals to enjoy the privilege of exercising their several faculties, whatever results from that exercise to the individuals must be sacredly their own, and an object of protection; to injure it in any way is a violation of the very principle of the social compact. In a word, it is this permission which constitutes the right to property, and accordingly, except during the fits of that mania by which the social system is occasionally disturbed, no question ever arises as to the protection of proprietors; on the contrary, that protection is consecrated by all the strongest fences that legislative wisdom can invent. Men are armed against their fellows for its security; police and constabulary are instituted to keep it safe; and parliaments, judges, and magistrates invested with prerogatives and honours, that its sacred nature may be preserved inviolate. All dogma, opinion, and notion, which tend to suppose that man may be deprived of the acquisitions arising from his natural endowments, cannot therefore be otherwise than criminal, and obnoxious to the vital interest of the social state.

Property being thus a necessary secretion of society—if I may be allowed the strongest term which the language affords to describe a result of social organization, it follows of necessity that all laws instituted to restrict the privileges by which it can be acquired ought to be regarded as in their nature unjust; and so undoubtedly they would be, were all the world in one community; but, unfortunately for us in some respects, the earth is divided into many nations, often at war with one another, and this causes them to provide public means of defence against the aggressions of one another, and compels them to have always in readiness the sinews of war. Now, when we object to entails and hereditary rights to property, we ought first to ascertain whether they are rendered necessary by the political subdivisions of states and kingdoms, and whether the causes which did originally render them so, any longer exist: this we should do before we pronounce them either usurpations or obsolete.

It is no part of my plan in this sketch to supersede, by the fullness of explanation, the necessity of the reader to think for himself; I shall therefore only ask, with reference to those restrictive laws which have for their intent the preservation of property in large masses among a few persons, whether, when the feudal system was instituted, the preservation of such masses was not necessary to the defence of kingdoms, and if for that purpose, would it have been easy to devise a more effective plan for having always in readiness the sol-

diery and officers requisite to constitute an army? In fact, that system was so perfect and admirable for its purposes that it could not have been the invention of any human genius, but must have resulted from the natural exigencies of society—a provision of the same Providence which gives strength and courage to the beasts of the field, and beaks and talons to the birds of the air!

To call in question, then, the utility of the various possessions held for purposes of national defence under that beautiful fabric, argues alike ignorance of history and of human nature; but the alteration which has since taken place in our social condition, the rise in particular of new interests, more available to the purposes of modern war, may have rendered the feudal institutions obsolete. I think they have, and that the toleration of large hereditary possessions for national defence has become obsolete; but I am not of those who imagine that, because the political circumstances of modern nations have superseded the feudal tenures and obligations, therefore the restrictive laws, by which large properties are kept in hereditary possession together, ought to be entirely abrogated. On the contrary, it seems to me that there is in the nature of the interests which have arisen during the decay of the feudal system, an imperative obligation to encourage the preservation and perpetuity of large properties, although there may be no longer the same necessity for the continuance of the ancient restrictive laws.

The new political system, in antithesis to the feudal, may be called the commercial system. The elder had but one simple object—defence. The state of the world, when it flourished, was full of violence, and whatever it possessed of enjoyment may be described as amusements in the intervals of military duties. There was then no tissue of reciprocal interests. The world was a camp, and the profession of its inhabitants arms, and the servitude that waits on the toils of war. Things are now of a different character—domestic war has ceased—men have betaken themselves to innumerable other vocations than arms,—arts and science, literature and manufactures, to improve the comforts of the human race, are now esteemed more important than the pursuits of heroism. National war has become only subservient to their prosperity. In this altered circumstance of society there is, it may be alleged, a reason which tends to annul hereditary rights; but, perhaps, if we turn our attention more specially to the subject, it will appear that there still is a necessary tendency to allow the natural accumulation of large properties.

The progress of knowledge has enabled the various endowments of individuals to come more and more into action. Inventions accordingly, of greater variety, are more in use among mankind, and especially in this country. Science has discovered new regions and new materials; navigation has imported from, and carried to the uttermost ends of the world, merchandise and manufactures unknown to our warlike ancestors. Over these circumstances genius and intelligence preside. The skill of individuals has enlarged the powers of productive labour to an extent equal to the capacity of a vast population, and intelligence has made, literally, our merchants princes. In such a state of things, while society recognizes the just privilege of

individuals to exercise their wholesome endowments, it cannot but happen that property, which results from such endowments, must not only be generally accumulated, but be accumulated in masses. The man who possesses productive machines must, by a judicious application of them, become, from their productions, a great proprietor; and he who has the skill to direct a multitude in any simultaneous operation, must also become equally legitimately rich. It can never be alleged against the one more than the other, while justice is allowed in human affairs, that the skill which enables a man to direct the energies of numbers, does not entitle him to reap from it all the advantage of his natural superiority.

But this natural effect of the privileges which society allows to endowment, has a higher and another effect. Nature does not distribute the gift of talent among her children either in equal portions, or of the same kind. She does not select the offspring of the rich for her particular favourites, nor are the poor in the distribution of genius always passed over: on the contrary, it is generally found that original talent, that which best furthers the improvement of the world, is oftentimes found among the humble; as the oak and the pine, the most useful of all timber, flourish best among rocks and in sterile soils, under inclement skies. The savings of avarice, and the capitals of forecasting prudence, are requisite to foster talent,—patrons, and the encouragers of ingenuity or of enterprise, could not be, were society, by a tyrannical assumption of power, to make individual endowment subservient to promote the comforts of the common race. Genius has an inalienable claim to the fruits of its own rearing; and it would be a crime against all that is various in mind, accomplishment, and superiority, to make the products of individual genius the stock of a community. Both nature, in giving the different gifts by which individuals are distinguished, and society, by consecrating them, pronounce the co-operative system, founded on crime, and that every coercive or legal attempt to destroy the relationship of property to individuals, can only originate with the base and the ignorant, the step-children ordained for ordinary work. I say not this in disparagement of those whose lot lies in the soil and in labour, but to mark the injustice which lurks in those dogmas which so many of the vicious and the simple of mankind are so eager to propagate; nor while I vindicate the necessity which the natural inequality of human talent evolves for society, that property should attach to individuals, do I contend for the continuance of those restrictive laws, or, in urging their abolition, seek an abridgment of that just prerogative which comes from property to the possessors.

Admitting, then, that society is formed for the protection of property, that it necessarily admits of individual privilege, and that it is from such privilege that property arises, let us return to what I have called a fallacy in the reasoning, which has led the labourers to imagine that because all wealth is the product of labour, it therefore can entitle them to an equal right to participate in the property of the rich, or sanction any pretence to share it without the permission of the proprietors, under the penalty that awaits on crime.

It is not true, however, that all the wealth of the world is the result

of labour—much of it is created by the skill with which labour is directed—much too by the contrivances of ingenuity, proceeding from the spade and the hatchet, and rising, through all the varieties of invention, to the carriage and the ship, the canal and the railway, the chronometer and the power-loom—still more, by the combinations of correspondence, and the administration of the laws. Perhaps it is not saying too much, that the mere labourer and operative contribute less from themselves to the formation of national wealth, than the other classes of the community, who live by skill; and as their tasks are the meanest, their produce is the least valuable. So far, then, as to the pretensions which the labourers are so disposed to urge, namely, that they have as good a right, as it is called, to share the property of the rich as the owners themselves: it is not only false, but proceeds from a culpable misconception of what is due to nature, and to the necessary working of the social state.

But still they may urge that they have all an equal right to the poor-laws, and, from the institutions of society, to demand assistance when in need. I have put forth this claim as plainly as I could, and, giving it the air of advocacy, by the manner in which I stated it, shown that in seeking parochial assistance there can be no feeling of degradation induced. But were, however, the question more considerably examined, it would be seen that the claims of the labourers to parish assistance are not so absolute as they imagine, and that the poor-laws are really a boon granted from the humanity of society.

It is manifest that, abstractedly, an individual can have no property but what he himself acquires; and therefore the individuals of the poor can have no claim on the parish fund, beyond the amount which they may have actually contributed to it, after consuming the fair value of their hire. It is only the difference between what should have been paid to them as the fair value, and what they have been obliged to receive from their employers, which constitutes the amount of their contribution to the parochial fund. To that amount they have claim, and all that they receive from the parish fund beyond it, is subtracted from the property of the other parishioners—
ALMS.

Doubtless, the thoughts thus thrown out on the subject are not calculated to exalt the pride of those who seek revolution and a radical change; but they ought to be consolatory to man, in so much as they show there is necessarily far less possibility of corruption in the existing frame of things, than is commonly supposed, and far less possibility of changing the principle of our institutions, and forms, and classes of society, than theoretical politicians imagine and attempt.

JOHN GALT.

BYRON'S LAST BIOGRAPHER.

THERE was once an Archbishop of Dublin, whose palace and patis were beset by friends and relatives, till patience and purse were equally exhausted. One day, as he was riding out, a mendicant accosted him, with that preface to a begging petition, so common, which enlists your sense of religion and your feelings in their favour:—"For the love of God, a trifle—I have not a friend in the world!"—"Not a friend in the world?" exclaimed the Prelate—"would the man be an archangel?"—What the Archbishop said in his life, Lord Byron might say after his death. Had the gifts of poet and prophet been united, as in days of yore, his Lordship would have died with the old proverb on his lips—"Save me from my friends!"

Great men are generally made responsible for the sins of their biographers, whose flippancy, or whose dullness, whose too narrow or too theoretic views, alike reflect on their unfortunate subject. At the first glance, Lord Byron would seem to have been peculiarly favoured in his. Mr. Moore was an old and an intimate friend, one with whom Byron constantly corresponded, and to whom he entrusted his most important proof of confidence. Mr. Moore was also a man whose literary reputation stood sufficiently high to save him from all suspicion of that envy, almost inseparable from the unsuccessful. Himself a poet, he was well calculated to pronounce that best judgment on poetry, which is the result of feeling. He also came forward as the affectionate and professed apologist of a life, the details of which required many allowances, and much delicacy. Whether said in a friendly or unfriendly spirit, the remark was universal, "Lord Byron is very fortunate in having Moore for his biographer,"—all were prepared to expect a life, which, with laudable partiality, would soften and redeem all darker shades, and, by taking the best, take perhaps the truest view; for there is more truth in charitable conclusions, than we are always willing to admit.

"Wait for the end," said the Grecian sage. Certainly in this case, the congratulatory predictions have brought any thing but their own fulfilment. Has Lord Byron's character come elevated or purified from the hands of his biographer? Most assuredly not. Has his friend, Mr. Moore, been

"To his virtues very kind,
And to his faults a little blind?"

Assuredly he has not. Every petulant expression is recorded, every degrading act registered; his sneers and his intigues, all that must awaken and exasperate the angry feeling of those concerned, and disgust even those who are not, are assiduously dragged into light. If we wish to array every moral principle of the reader against a hero, what better method of doing it, than by dwelling upon his most vicious actions? and assuming that pseudo-tone of apology, which only revolts the sense of right it affects to blind? Is this fair? or rather shall we ask, is it not false?

* "Πιστον γαρ ουδεν γλωσσα δια στοματος λαλει
Διχομυθον εχουσα καρδη νοημα."

If we seek to make the same hero ridiculous, what easier method than to enumerate his most trifling actions as things of importance, forcing the small incident to enact the tumid frog of the fable? Lord Byron is held up, in a spirit of magnanimous defiance to public opinion in England, as connecting himself with every black-eyed harlot in Venice, who is eager to fight for his favour, while an air of grandiloquent absurdity is thrown over the whole, by a long inventory of trifles, alike ludicrous, uninteresting, and unimportant. What can it

* The old Mitylenan means to hint, "that where double-tongued guile is cherished at heart, truth never passes the lips."

matter to the public, when Lord Byron took salts? Such passages as the following mark a man scrupulously careful of the character of the friend he champions:—

“ I have got some extremely good apartments in the house of a merchant of Venice, who is a good deal occupied with business, and has a wife in her twenty-second year.” Again, “ I am very well off with Marianna, who is not at all a person to tire me; firstly, because I do not tire of a woman *personally*, but because they are generally bores in their disposition; and secondly, because she is amiable, and has a tact, which is not always the portion of the fair creation; and thirdly, she is very pretty; and fourthly, but there is no occasion for farther specification.”

Are such and similar passages consistent with the reason assigned for the suppression of others, because they are of a like nature! By the suppression of a passage, we are naturally led to conclude that its coarseness called for its omission, or that its contents, if known, might injure Lord Byron's fame; but when we find many such passages admitted, we are driven to seek other motives and deeper reasons, and are led to suspect that this foster-father of his Lordship's fame either has some more remote cause for withholding the omitted parts, or is at times marvellously forgetful of his previous determination to cancel all that is objectionable. It seems to have escaped Mr. Moore, that by undertaking somewhat arbitrarily to decide for the public what it ought, and what it ought not, to read of Lord Byron's correspondence, he becomes voluntarily responsible for the propriety of whatever he is pleased to lay open for perusal. To his kindness, therefore, is the public, and to his friendly judgment is the memory of his Lordship alike indebted for such frivolities as the following:—

“ I had a civet-cat the other day, too, but it ran away, after scratching my monkey's cheek, and I am in search of it still. It was the fiercest beast I ever saw, and like — in the face and manner.”—“ Our weather is very fine, which is more than the summer has been. At Milan I shall expect to hear from you. Address either to Milan *post restante*, or by way of Geneva, to the care of Monsi. Hentsch, Banquier. I write these few lines in case my other letter should not reach you, I trust one of them will.”—“ Pray send the red tooth-powder by a *safe hand*, and speedily.”—“ I am not coming to England, but going to Rome in a few days. I return to Venice in June; so pray address all letters, &c. to me here *as usual*—that is, to Venice. Dr. Polidon this day left this city, with Lord G——, for England. He is charged with some books to your care (from me), and two miniatures also to the same address, *both* for my sister.”—“ There are few English here, but several of my acquaintance, amongst others the Marquess of Lansdowne, with whom I dine to-morrow. I met the Jerseys on the road at Foligno—*all well*.”—“ All your missives came, except the tooth-powder, of which I request farther supplies at all convenient opportunities: as also of magnesia and soda-powders.”—“ Mr. Kinnaird is not yet arrived, but expected. He has lost, by the way, all the tooth-powder, as a letter from Spa informs me. By Mr. Rose, I received safely, though tardily, magnesia and tooth-powder, and —. Why do you send me such trash, worse than trash, the sublime of mediocrity. Thanks for ‘Lalla.’”—“ I petition for tooth-brushes, powder, and magnesia; Macassar oil (or Russia); *the sashes*.”—“ The crow is lame of a leg—wonder how it happened—some fool trod upon his toe, I suppose; the falcon pretty brisk; the cats large and noisy; the monkeys I have not looked to since the cold weather, as they suffer by being brought up. Horses must be gay—get a ride as soon as weather serves. Deuced muggy still.”—“ Dined; tried on a new coat; mended the fire with some *ayotole* (a Romagnole word), and gave the falcon some water. Drank some Seltzer-water; read, rode, fired pistols—returned—dined.”—“ Bought a blanket.”—“ The Count P. G——, this evening (by commission from the Ci.), transmitted to me the new *words* for the next six months—*** and ***. The new sacred word is ***—the reply, ***—the rejoinder, ***. The former word (now changed) was ***; there is also ***—***. (Things seem fast coming to a crisis—*Ca ira!*”

True, there was a book to be made, and that book a quarto, and that quarto to be filled. A quarto—the state-coach and six—the last remains of the heavy aristocracy of literature. But still, even when we consider the broad domain of margin, the ease with which a few flimsy, flowery paragraphs are thrown off—

not even that horseleech, a quarto, crying "Give, give!" can satisfactorily account for more than half of that which Mr. Moore has judged advisable to insert. Such is the dross gathered from submitting the character and correspondence of Lord Byron to the crucible of his acknowledged friend and professed advocate!

Now there are two ways of cutting this Gordian knot between profession and practice. First, that it takes its origin from a mistake in judgment—a conclusion which none can admit; Mr. Moore is too clever a man, and too much a man of the world, to lack the penetration which discerns, and the tact which avoids the ridiculous. The second is, that the feeling feigned and affected by Mr. Moore towards "his noble and valued friend" was, but the mask to a very different one, and that, in fact and reality, he envied, feared, and disliked this "wonderful and gifted individual."

Through his whole life, Moore has acted very much on the plan of the old woman who lighted two wax tapers, one to St. Michael and one to the Devil—and the Devil's was rather the longest. Circumstances may have rendered conciliation expedient, but his nature ever leads him to nibble, if he dare not wound. To recur, for a moment, to his Life of Sheridan; can any one be found who will assert that the unhappy orator's reputation was brightened by being filtered through Mr. Moore's pages? Byron has shared but the same fate as Sheridan—a fate, by the way, very generally participated in by all who are doomed to figure in these quartos. We marvel much if Mr. Murray feels very greatly gratified, from being himself put forth with "all the leaven of Fleet-street clinging about him." That Mr. Moore should cherish a hidden dislike to his "noble friend" can create but little surprise. Byron's first attack, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was as easy, as the old comedy hath it, "to forgive as a Christian; that is to say, not at all;" but very difficult to forget. We can pardon being made the object of abuse, but never being made the object of ridicule. Nay, when they nominally stood forth as the Pylades and Orestes of poetry, Byron never checked or repressed the occasional sneer at one "of the better brothers;" as when he says, "Public opinion never led, nor ever shall lead me; I will not sit on a degraded throne; so pray put Messrs. ———, or ———, or Tom Moore upon it, they will all be transported with their coronation." This seems to us one of those pleasantries, pleasant to all but the individual most concerned. Lord Byron was not of those who "scented vanity by a kindred instinct, and pampered it by way of exchange." He might like "golden opinions from all ranks of men," but he infinitely preferred taking their gold after he had knocked them down. Mr. Moore was, additionally, courted and petted, as the presumed friend and positive correspondent of Lord Byron, and was wont, from this vicarious favour and reflected fame, to pride himself, as though all this homage and distinction was devoted and but due to himself! Setting, however, this instance aside, wherein he suffered his vanity to blind his discernment, Mr. Moore seems to have laboured under the grievous mistake of supposing correspondence necessarily implied friendship; his gull could not but rise, and his chagrin burn, upon reading these words of Lord Byron: "As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *mule* human being, except Lord Clare, the friend of my infancy, for whom I feel any thing that deserves the name. *All my others* are men-of-the-world friendships." After this positive disclaimer, and distinction between personal and accidental friends, his Lordship proceeds: "But as for friends and friendship, I have (as I already said) named the only remaining male for whom I feel any thing of the kind." Lest, however, Mr. Moore should be quite choked with choler, Lord Byron does at length go so far as to admit him, in rather an equivocal manner, to a small share of favour, by making this gratifying exception—"perhaps Thomas Moore." That a nature such as Lord Byron's should provoke many enemies is no matter of marvel, still less that Mr. Moore should be at the back of the roll. But what we reprobate is the semblance of friendship and the reality of hate. To a fair field and no favour, we would only have said—

"Upon him bravely, do thy worst,
And foul fall him who blanches first."

but we loathe this wily censure and secret satire, under the guise of an epitaph. We disdain the assailant who fights under a flag of truce. When the libraries of the "nobility and gentry," at least of such on whose shelves size stands for dignity, are supplied; also the country book-clubs, which judge by weight, this quarto will be cut down and republished as an octavo. It will bear this well, for full three hundred pages might be beneficially omitted, and the remainder still have the rare merit of being best for all parties. As a biographical work, Moore's "Byron" will never take a standard place in our literature. The form under which these pages should have appeared, and in which they would have been far more valuable, was the simple title of "Lord Byron's Correspondence;" and, if any absolute necessity existed for these letters being dovetailed into awkward divisions, and interlined with constellations of asterisks, which any one may fill up, or fancy the suppressed matter far worse than its reality, which certain consequence Mr. Moore has chosen to disregard, we could wish they had fallen into kindlier or more judicious hands. The biographer has done nothing—no new light is thrown on Lord Byron's matrimonial dissensions. While, with regard to the destruction of his Lordship's journal, Mr. Moore only says, "if it were to be done* over again, I should act in the same manner." This conclusion is more satisfactory to himself than to his readers. It would require something far more intelligible than this self-gratulatory paragraph to change the general opinion, or remove the odium attached to this transaction. Mr. Moore accepted the trust in the full maturity of his judgment, he read the MS. and had ample time to ponder and reflect upon its contents, and, if he found them such as he could not sanction or approve, it was still in his power, and it was his bounden duty to remonstrate with Lord Byron, and, if his remonstrance failed, as an honourable man, as an honest man, he should have refused the trust. But no, Mr. Moore, in premeditated treachery, unhesitatingly undertook this trust, which, when his friend is in the grave, he as unhesitatingly violates. We would ask Mr. Moore what is the perfidy, what the effrontery of that man, who, even while he is bartering for gold the confidential letters of his deceased friend—which letters were never intended to meet the public eye—yet dares to withhold the MS. entrusted to his charge for the sole and positive purpose of being laid open to the world? We would ask, hath not such a one deceived his friend and defrauded the public? and we would say to Mr. Moore, "thou art the man!" The following passages speak for themselves. His Lordship writes: "Your entering into my project for the Memoir is pleasant to me." "So Longman don't bite: it was my wish to have made that work of use. Murray, however, does bite to the tune of two thousand guineas." It is curious to observe how clearly his Lordship foresees the advantages of his own death, in a business point of view: "You need not be alarmed; the fourteen years will hardly elapse without some mortality among us: so your calculation will not be in so much peril, as the 'argosie' will sink before that time, and the pound of flesh be withered, previously to your being so long out of a return." Again, he writes to Moore himself—"I really think you should have more, if I evaporate in a reasonable time." Again, in allusion to Murray's offering pounds, instead of guineas, Lord Byron says—"I thought our Magnifico would pound you, if possible: he's trying to pound me too, but I'll specie the rogue."

Thus, while endeavouring to raise money upon the MS., Mr. Moore found nothing objectionable in the publication; but, like a regular jockey, was ready to warrant it "sound, and free from blemish." But the whole business

* We would call the attention of our readers to the following passage, p. 294. "My, this present writing, is to direct you that, if she chooses, she may see the MS. memoir in your possession. I wish her to have fair play in all cases, even though it will not be published till after my decease. For this purpose it were but just that Lady Byron should know what is there said of her and hers, that she may have full power to remark on or respond to any part or parts, as may seem fitting to herself. This is fair dealing, I presume, in all events." Surely this is one proof, at least, that the contents of the "Journal" were not the real cause of its suppression.

is worthy of Rosemary-lane, or the Stock Exchange. Byron died, and Moore had quite worldly experience enough to see, that the tide of opinion would turn, and that the admiration and sympathy denied the living would be lavished on the dead. Two thousand pounds was infinitely less than the present value of the MS.; but Murray was ever a man, whose timidity is wont to get in the way of his calculations. The "pitiless storm" of abuse was still ringing in his ears. The violence of "the small fry" about him was as yet unmastered and unstified by the reaction of public feeling. The speculation seemed a hazardous one. So Murray was glad to get back his money, and Moore his MS. For once, the poet fairly outwitted the bookseller. Some three or four years after, Mr. Moore receives from Mr. Murray double the sum for a "Life of Lord Byron."

There is such a similarity of case and conduct between Hunt and Moore, that we cannot refrain from drawing the parallel. Both accepted Lord Byron's friendship; both expressed themselves flattered by it. Both accepted pecuniary obligations; the one received money, the other goods. Both publish quartos after his death, of which his faults and follies furnish the *materiel*. Of the two, Leigh Hunt's conduct is by far the least disreputable. He avows his angry feelings, and says candidly, if not kindly, "I was aggrieved, I resent and revenge to the uttermost of my power." But Mr. Moore comes forward as the eulogist and the defender—of such eulogy we can only say—

"Some sly reproach, with praise to blend,
No enemy can match a friend."

Such defence we deprecate, for any memory which has our good wishes.

We particularly pointed attention to one or two literary slights, as the key to Mr. Moore's invidious and masked battery. We now proceed to expose the meanness, and yet the exaggeration of vanity, which forbade this small portion of evil to be counterbalanced and obliterated by a series of kind offices and warm praises. Lord Byron made the *amende honorable* for the attack in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and he ever spoke with regret of the hasty intemperance and sweeping conclusions of a young and angry man. The sneer, in one of his letters, was, after all, but retaliation for Moore's own quiz upon the "Corsair." Place in the opposite balance, praise the most repeated and most cordial—sympathy in domestic afflictions—letters full of confidence—anxiety about, and rejoicing in his friend's success—a gift offered in the most delicate manner, and benefited by to the amount of two thousand pounds—a reception in his house the most hospitable; but let us use the biographer's own words—"Here," said Lord Byron, in a voice whose every tone spoke kindness and hospitality, "these are the rooms I use myself, and here I mean to establish you." Yet one touch of offended vanity could cancel this long arrear of kindness. "What, but one halfpenny-worth of bread to all this sack? Monstrous!!!"—We close this revolting part of our subject in the too pertinent words of the Psalmist—

"It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour; for then I could have borne it. Neither was it mine adversary that did magnify himself against me; for then, peradventure, I would have hid myself from him. But it was even thou, my companion—mine own familiar friend."

Lord Byron's own letters are full of interest. Their most marked, because most unexpected, characteristic, is their common sense. Nothing can be more true than his analysis of character, and his insight into motives.

"He is a keen observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men."

Nothing more accurate, and, we must add, more just than his observations, when referring to the business of life. The next distinguishing mark, is the feverish, insatiate, and unbounded vanity they display. What will be said? is the great first cause. But is not this weakness, the inevitable attendant on a literary career? We all know we cannot take to dram-drinking with impunity, and flattery is just a mental glass of brandy,—the love of excitement engenders the

habit, and the habit, soon confirmed, becomes a craving want. Lord Byron, in common with all popular authors, had three ordeals to pass: first to fight his way into notice; and with him, as with others, this was not done without a wearying and humbling apprenticeship to mortification and neglect. He was next to essay the excess of adulation, to be courted by those who hope to make another's praise "interpret to their own"—in short, he was to live through a carnival of compliment. Thirdly, he was to abide the reaction of his own success, when praise was no longer a novelty, and its sweets cloyed; but the sting of abuse still retained its smart, and of a person on whom the gaze of the public has long been concentrated, nothing is too absurd to be invented—too atrocious to be repeated—too false to be believed—for "Folly loves the martyrdom of fame." All these stages leave their sediment behind; the first, its anxiety and bitterness; the second, its satiety and disgust; the third, its disdain and despair. Lord Byron lived through all.

We leave it to those—who deem that to depreciate is to assimilate to their own low level—those Tartars of the moral world, who seem to think that the qualities of those they destroy must become their own possession and inheritance,—We leave to such as these to point attention to Lord Byron's vices, as though these were his peculiar property, instead of being heired by the many, and indulged by the most. We leave it to such to enlarge upon his vanity, as if he were the sole and single possessor of that most universal weakness. We leave it to the friends he trusted and obliged, to enact

"The secret enemy, whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy."

But it is the common cause of all—

"Whose mind
Stars the dark wanderings of mankind,—"

the common cause, too, of all who have been either enlightened or delighted, to rise up against the base spirit which, for gram or for grudge, violates the confidence and degrades the memory of the dead. Who among us has been so careful and so cautious in speech, or so upright in conduct, as to challenge such scrutiny, and abide the test to which Lord Byron has been subjected? What possible benefit can be derived from petty details? There is more real discouragement to genius in a few pages of a work like Mr. Moore's, than in all the records of all the Otways, Chattertons, and Keateses, that ever died of neglect or starvation. No writer ever sat down under the shade of his own palm-tree more triumphantly than Lord Byron, and no one had ever more reason to know that its shadow brought not repose; that its crown was of thorns; its shelter but that of the Upas. When we talk of his faults, we may remember, if we will, that we might have been benefited by them, as beacons of warning. If we have been touched by his pathos, let us forgive that it had a real cause; and if we have been enlivened by his wit, we may regret, without reproach, that he ever practised the folly, he afterwards, in scorn of it, painted to the life. Like other men, Lord Byron had his frailties and his vices; but, unlike others, he has left an atoning record of the one in keen satire, and of the other in sad and true philosophy. Why should we dwell upon himself,—taking "a base delight" from those traits which he shared in common with his fellow men? Why should we not rather dwell upon his works, with a high and generous pride in the noble monument thus erected in the literature of our own age? Lord Byron has himself said—

"I twine
My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language,"—

those hopes may rest in security, for that language enrolls his memory.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE MER DE GLACE.

In a Letter to H. C—, Esq.

Geneva, August 10, 1830.

I PROMISED you some account of our perilous adventure on the Mer de Glace. I am perfectly aware how incompetent even the best descriptions are to convey a just idea of scenes like these I am about to describe, and unaccustomed as I am to attempt any thing of the sort, I am not certain if I can make you understand what I wish to convey even with the aid of a sketch or two.

The Glacier de Bois, about a mile and a half from the town of Chamouni, fills up a deep and narrow cleft between the Montanvert and the enormous bare and pointed rocks, the Aiguille Dru and Aiguille Vert, which shoot up into the very skies, and seem to rival the "Monarch Mountain" itself. The top of the Glacier, before it turns over into the valley, is the part, from its rugged appearance, called the Icy Sea, or Mer de Glace: and, to attain a level with this, it is necessary to climb the Montanvert, about three thousand French feet above the valley; and, according to Keller's map, four thousand three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Lake of Geneva.

We left Chamouni at seven o'clock in the morning, which promised to be clear and fine; my companion was a young medical student, a stout fearless being, who had been rambling on foot all over Switzerland for the three months passed, dressed like a French peasant, vigorous and accustomed to fatigue. I am, as you know, not very strong, but tolerably active, when needful. I was provided with a pole, about six feet in length, armed with a spike at the end, to steady myself with on the ice; my companion preferred a walking-stick. Our path, abrupt and angular, wound directly up the mountain's side through a forest of firs; and, though steep and tiresome enough, not dangerous. About half way up we overtook (and, in this country, to overtake is to join,) a French lady and her two daughters, mounted on mules, and accompanied by two guides, bound, like ourselves, to the mountain's top, which we accomplished in about two hours. In our ascent we caught occasional glimpses of Chamouni, Mont Brevent, and the opposite range, pretty enough certainly, but, I think, greatly exaggerated in the guide-books.

On gaining the summit we found a small hut, yecept the "Hospice," where two men from the village of Argentiere are stationed, and where coffee, bread, and brandy may be procured. From this spot the view is singularly beautiful; the Mer de Glace lies immediately beneath you, and, at this distance, appears like a frozen cataract; the horrible chasms, so deep and terrible when near, look only like the furrows of a ploughed field, whilst, on the opposite side of the glacier are the needles of Mont Blanc; pyramids of rock, so bare and pointed, the eagle finds no footing, the drifting snow no resting-place.—The Mer de Glace descends from Mont Blanc itself, and its length (from the Hospice to where it turns abruptly into the awful recesses of the mountain,) is reckoned to be four hours, or twelve miles long: it is not, however, so much, but may be about eight; and, in the

easiest part, a league across, though, from the immense height of the surrounding mountains, it appears to be much narrower.

At the end of this valley, which might well be called the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," the mountains are covered with eternal snow, and, indeed, including Montanvert, form part of the base of Mont Blanc, although the top cannot be discovered from this place on account of the enormous rocks which bound the glacier (of perhaps ten thousand feet in height) intervening. No description of mine can do justice to such a scene; there was an unearthly stillness, and, even where we were, the clouds were rushing swiftly past our faces in misty streaks—such is the view from the Montanvert!

After the ladies had taken some refreshment at the Chalet, we accompanied them down a narrow fugged path to the ice, which took us fully a quarter of an hour to gain; we found this part of the glacier composed of hillocks of ice, separated from each other by deep seams, widening in many instances into awful chasms, some only two or three feet wide, others twelve or fourteen, and so deep the eye could not fathom their profundity; the surface of some of these blocks were flat, others rising abruptly into points or cones, whilst the sides of either yawning abyss were transparent, and of a greenish hue—this ice had been the accumulation of ages.

We were now three thousand feet above the foundation of the glacier, and these seams had riven it to its very core. The surface was dirty, and covered with small pebbles, blown from the surrounding mountains by the violent hurricanes to which these regions are subject. When the ice is partially melted by the sun, these stones sink down, forming holes which fill with water, and thus working themselves lower and lower into the solid block, it soon cracks, and, from the pressure below, speedily widens into a chasm. In many places we could hear the water gurgle as it rushed through its subterranean channels, making, where it fell, the seams deeper. As this effect occurs in ten thousand places at the same moment, these various streams, unable to penetrate the rocky soil on which the glacier is based, unite below, and, overcoming every obstacle, burst forth into the river Arve. The edges of this icy sea were smoother than towards the middle, where the seams were widest and deepest, and, at intervals, cracked with a fearful sound.

The ladies having satisfied their curiosity, and wetted their feet by venturing a few yards upon the ice, returned, accompanied by us, and when nearly at the Chalet, my companion proposed to visit a spot at the farthest end of the glacier, called the "Garden;" it was on the opposite side, and about four hours' walk from where we were, easily accomplished in fair weather, and attended by guides—we were of course to go alone. The guides, when they heard of our intention, said it was impossible to accomplish it by ourselves, as we should meet with difficulties we could not overcome, and might besides be lost should we be overtaken by any of the dense mists which not unfrequently envelope the wanderer even on the brightest days.

To these remonstrances my companion paid but little attention, supposing, naturally enough, they wished to discourage people making the attempt. unattended by one of the "caste;" as, were it done with impunity, their occupation would fail them. I confess I thought so

too, yet inclined to pay some attention to what might be the consequences. We were going far away from the habitable world, and all assistance, should it be required. Were we to encounter a storm, there was no shelter. However, my friend prided himself on his acquaintance with glaciers, and I trusted to *his* experience, so, after a few misgivings, I agreed to go.

The day was clear, and the sun shone brightly. We took leave of the ladies, and the guide, shaking his head at our temerity, pointed out the path: a sort of sheep-track leading down to the edge of the glacier, and along the bottom of the mountains which bound the valley on the Montanvert side. We were now left to ourselves, and creeping along the base of rocks, which rose ten thousand feet above ~~us~~, our path, rugged and uneven in itself, was strewn with blocks of granite; torn from the parent soil by avalanches, they lay high and unwieldy; some we had to clamber over, others to creep under and between; at times we ascended fifty feet above the glacier, and then descended even to touch the ice; our progress was of course but slow, and we were obliged to be cautious where we placed our feet; sometimes a stone would roll from under us, or come scampering down from above, to the manifest danger of our heads,—a common occurrence in these regions; in consequence of the scanty soil in which huge stones are embedded having been softened by the rain. Indeed it not unusually happens, immense rocks, of many tons weight, are detached from the higher regions, and, rushing down with inconceivable violence, gather force as they come, whirling from point to point, and carrying down every thing they come in contact with, bound into the very middle of the glacier, where their progress is stopped by some enormous chasms, whose icy jaws receive them, but, being too large to swallow, here they stick, and form, in many instances, the only mode of communication from one berg to another.

Picking our way in this manner for some time, we came to a startling difficulty, namely, an immense rock, round whose smooth face it was necessary to pass.—We had been gradually mounting for some time. It rose fully five hundred feet above us, and below us sunk sixty; it was nearly perpendicular. Here we lost all path, of course, and the only possibility of crossing it was by a ledge, a few inches wide, barely sufficient to hitch one foot on whilst we put the other forward; its stony surface did not afford a shrub or blade of grass to steady oneself by. We crossed it by cautiously placing one foot before the other, and, as it inclined a little by leaning inwards, rather a delicate operation, as the slightest awkwardness would have overbalanced us, and nothing could have prevented our pitching at once to the bottom. At last we came to a cursed gully, over which it was necessary to step, and then mount about four feet to regain the ledge: my companion took the lead and climbed up, I followed and accomplished it with much difficulty, my progress being impeded by the pole, which left me but one hand at liberty. Once past the gully, a few paces over the ledge brought us to the other side, and we regained the path (if so it might be called) once more.

As we continued our course, we found many of the rocks undermined by large masses of earth having fallen from them, leaving spacious caverns, through whose porous roofs the water continually

dripped. Here we rested a few minutes and refreshed ourselves with a glass of wine, my companion having fortunately brought a flagon with him. Resuming our march, we scrambled on much in the same manner for two hours longer. We were now approaching the upper end of the glacier, and found the ice smoother and whiter, as if snow had recently fallen, so we determined to cross (the Garden being on the opposite side). This we accomplished easily enough, until nearly over, when our progress was impeded by large banks of ice, fourteen or fifteen feet high, dirty and rotten; round these we were obliged to wind our somewhat weary way, occasionally stopping to breathe and look about us.

I had observed for some time past a change gradually taking place in the weather: the sky was overcast; the clouds were gathering on the mountains' tops, getting darker and lower, and at last assumed the murky grey appearance sailors call "greasy," and which foreboded, not a transient shower, but a settled rain. I mentioned it to my companion, and hinted the propriety of turning back. I represented the extremely disagreeable situation we should be placed in, were my prognostics fulfilled—a distance of fully three hours from "the Refuge" by the quickest rate of travelling, and with the glacier again to cross, in a narrow valley, where the slightest concussion, even speaking loudly, was sufficient to detach the masses of snow which but slightly adhered to the rocks immediately above us—much more so, when the rain, and its accompanying evils, might render our return difficult, if not dangerous. My objections were overruled, and we continued to wade on through the mud, but were scarcely over, when a lengthened peal of thunder burst through the sullen air, and striking from rock to rock, prolonged itself in countless echoes. Large drops of rain fell wide, and pattered heavily on the ice; a thick, black mist spread itself on every side; the gloom was terrific, heightening the natural horrors of the place; it caused even my companion to pause, and reluctantly to forego his purpose; so, much to my satisfaction, we turned our faces towards the Hospice, far hidden from our sight.

We proposed, instead of recrossing the glacier where we were, to keep along on the same side until we could discover the Chalet, and then attempt a passage—and this was the cause of all our misfortunes. No time was to be lost—the rain increased—the lightning flashed—and the thunder bellowed fearfully from time to time. We strode on as fast as the broken ground would allow, keeping down along the edge of the glacier and under the rocks for about an hour, and then prepared to cross obliquely to some point, from whence we might reach the Refuge. We had insensibly repassed all the smoother ice, which had so recently afforded us a safe and easy passage, and got to enormous ridges of frozen snow, of perhaps fifteen feet in height, covered with earth and pebbles—the *débris* which had fallen in showers from the heights above.

Making our way slowly and with difficulty between these masses, we came to the *real glacier*, which had, however, completely changed its character; instead of the comparatively smooth ice, covered with a coat of frozen snow, we found the blocks larger and the seams wider, and to be traversed with increasing difficulty. It was no pleasing thing to stand on a block of slippery ice, and jump across a chasm

of unknown depth, upon a lump equally slippery, at the hazard of missing our footing, and gliding beyond all possible relief.

After passing over some awkward places, we found it difficult, if not impossible, to return, and must therefore keep on at all hazards: and here we began to feel the full weight of our folly; the tempest was increasing frightfully; the lightning flashed across our eyes; the thunder roared; and the wind, in fitful gusts, dashed the rain in our faces: whilst the black mist, like a pall over Nature's dying face, heightened the savage gloom around us. Of course, we soon got wet through, but made the best of our way onwards.

The "bergs" became more isolated; the seams increased to chasms; it was often necessary to walk round a piece more than once, to discover the means of passing over to another; many were only connected with each other by a narrow slip of ice, affording a perilous and insecure footing, every other part being encircled by a chasm of perhaps eight feet distant,—much too wide to think of jumping. The sides of these chasms were rounded by continual rains, and the surface of the ice rendered exceedingly slippery by that now falling. In this manner, alternately advancing and receding, we got to the centre, and our situation was awful; the rain poured in torrents; our clothes stuck to the skin; in spite of the necessary exertions, my hands and feet were benumbed by the cold, walking on the wet glassy ice, in shoes thin at the first, but now trodden down at heel, and burst at the sides. The water "squashing" through them, it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep them on my feet; and this proved to be very fortunate, as, had they been thick and strong, I could never have kept my footing on the ice, and must have thrown them off and gone without—rather unpleasant to have walked barefooted over such a road for four or five hours. At last we jumped down upon a block of ice, and found it completely separated from the others by a crevice several feet wide, into which an enormous block of granite had wedged itself, and over this it was necessary to pass from one to the other: it rested high over the terrible gulf, whose sleek and crystal sides ran down to unknown depths; the stone was narrow, as the sketch will show. The piece of ice we wished to cross to was much lower than the one we were on; so, supposing we got over the stone in safety, and found our farther passage impracticable, we could not get back again, as to climb up the stone again was impossible.



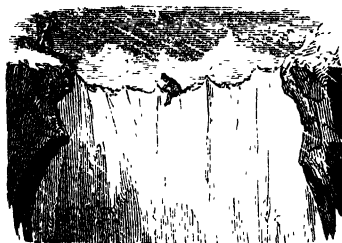
We were obliged to run all hazards, and quickly too. We gazed upon each other for some time in silence. There was no alternative. My friend mounted first: he sat astride, and, placing his hands forward upon the rock, drew himself along, until he reached the middle,

when it was necessary to TURN, (a most perilous thing to accomplish,) and slide down upon his stomach, as the sketch will show. However, he got safely over, and then my turn came, and with thoughts far from agreeable I climbed up on the stone, and when I came to turn and embrace the cold dirty stone, its chill seemed to strike to the heart. Nevertheless, I slid down, and my companion assisted to "*land me*" in safety.

We continued our course in a sad plight, our minds absorbed in the dangers it was evident we should have to encounter. We crossed another chasm over a similar stone, and when down, we found ourselves upon a large berg, cut off from all communication with the rest, except in *one* place, and that by a passage so perilous that it seemed hopeless to attempt it. It was a narrow wasted ridge of ice, like a wall, the upper edge worn so thin by the action of the elements as to be but little thicker than a horse's backbone, though it got broader downwards; it might be twenty feet across. This my companion declared it was impossible to cross, and we sat down in mute despair.

Here we were, cut off from all hope of assistance, far beyond the sight and hearing of human beings. I hallooed, but I felt at the time how hopelessly.

In such a situation, how many thoughts crowd on the mind. I thought of home and of the few still left, who might make a nine-days' wonder of us whilst sitting round a bright fire, should the news ever reach them; but even that was scarcely probable;—we might be seen, perhaps, but not alive, as we could never have survived the night;—and what a death to die! by cold and hunger, in regions of ice and snow! After sitting some time, and taking a gloomy glance around, my companion resolved to try the desperate alternative: he said, truly enough, to remain where we were was certain destruction, and we could but *attempt* to pass over, even though the failure would accelerate our otherwise inevitable fate. No time was to be lost, and we prepared to cross the ridge, narrow as the bridge which leadeth to the Mahometan paradise, and almost as hopeless to attempt. The sketch will give you a slight idea of the place.



My companion took the lead. The end of the ridge next us was somewhat lower than the block of ice we were on, and sunk down in the middle with a slight curve—and at the other end it rose about four feet. My friend sat down with his legs hanging over the yawning abyss, and lowering himself upon the ridge, placed his hands before him, drew his body along, precisely as you may have seen boys draw themselves along a scaffold-pole laid horizontally: we had

the advantage, however, of steadying ourselves by pressing our legs against the ice. Having in this manner got nearly over, and to where it began to rise, the greatest caution was necessary in rising on his feet, in order to draw himself up upon the block of solid ice.

I watched his progress with intense anxiety, and then it was my turn to follow. My heart sunk within me—my companion stood on the other side and encouraged me. I threw my pole over to him, and then sat down on the edge of this awful chasm. My sensations were horrible indeed; nothing short of absolute despair would have tempted me to undertake it. However, I stretched my legs over this icy saddle: the pelting rain was running off in numberless rills; the rough, uneven, jagged edge struck a chill upon my very heart; my clothes were stiff and frozen on me; my hands and feet benumbed with cold; almost shoeless, and the skin torn off my fingers by the rough ice and small stones scattered over the glacier. I moved slowly and steadily onwards; I looked down on either side the yawning gulf below me—I felt the necessity of collecting all my energies—it was the calmness of despair. I uttered no sound; poised as I was, the slightest swerve either way and I should lose my balance, and then all would be over. I drew myself along, and steadied myself by pressing my legs against the glassy ice; and then, when almost over, I had to raise myself upon my feet to mount the solid block—the most nervous of all. I gathered one foot up, and by the help of the pole which my companion extended to me slowly rose and stood upon the narrow, slippery edge, and gained the block in safety. Once more together, what was next to be done?

The storm raged in unabated fury—the sun was sinking:—in these regions the daylight quickly fades—were darkness to overtake us, far from assistance, uncertain of what we might yet have to undergo,—only overcoming one danger to encounter another,—had any accident happened to my companion, I feel convinced I should have been unable to make an effort to assist him; indeed, from the nature of the place, without ropes and ladders, it would have been useless.—Reflections, like these, although they urged us to desperate undertakings, tended but little to comfort us;—my companion's iron mind gave way to bitterness.

We made the best of our way onwards, with tolerable ease, for some time, often however, after having proceeded an hundred paces, obliged to return, and take another direction, it being impossible to see the difficulties until we came to them. In many instances we had to jump down upon a block, and over a narrow chasm, and were unable to return, as well from the slipperiness and the unyielding nature of the material, as from the impossibility of jumping up and over a crevice at the same time, as a glance at the sketch will show.



At last we leaped down upon a large block of this description, and, to our horror, found it *quite isolated*—chasms fairly all round us—ghastly icy walls—horrible to contemplate. The chasm which separated the block nearest to us, was fully six feet across. It was not so much the *distance*, as the uncertainty of being able to keep our footing when over:—we could not of course take a standing leap, and there was great difficulty in running on the surface, slippery with rain.

My companion thought it could not be done: however, as I had for some time conceived our escape hopeless, I became careless of what might befall me. I threw my staff over, and, retiring a few paces, sprang over, and came with nose and knees on the ice with considerable violence, too happy in having accomplished the main object to care much about the minor evil of peeling my “flippers” against the sharp corners, and alighting upon the ice with a force which shook me to the centre. My companion followed, and fortunately this proved the last of our dangers; and so powerfully had we been excited for the last three hours, that difficulties and disagreeables were now passed by unheeded. We found the remaining part of the glacier tolerably connected, and, after floundering about for some time, had the happiness to come to terra firma, at the bottom of the rocks, near the spot where we stopped for refreshment in the morning.

We hurried along as fast as the rude track would allow us, my fingers and legs smarting from the wounds they had received; but although our progress was far from pleasant, (it poured a deluge still,) the dangers we had so wonderfully escaped, impressed our minds with indescribable feelings of thankfulness,—we seemed almost miraculously to have been rescued from an inevitable and awful death. And now the pangs of hunger assailed us; we had eaten nothing since six o'clock in the morning; it was at this time four in the afternoon, and we had far to go. We had been too earnestly engaged for some hours to think of eating, or indeed to feel an appetite. My friend had a little wine left, which we shared. Our road lay along the edge of the glacier, and at last we came to the “*barefaced rock*” we passed in the morning. This was a *difficulty*—in fact, a *danger*, though not equal to what we had overcome; so we thought less of it—*once over*, we knew all would be well. It had been made very slippery by the wet. Mr. M. went first, and with his assistance I got over too; that done, he pushed on for the Chalet, which shortly after appeared in sight. I followed as quickly as I could, and about five o'clock got safely housed.

None but those who had undergone the harassing fears and fatigues we had just encountered, could duly appreciate the value of the assistance afforded us by such an establishment in such a place, on the summit of a lonely mountain, high up above the habitable world. Fresh logs were piled upon the fire; stripped to the skin, and, wrapping myself in a blanket, discussed oceans of warm brandy and water, whilst my clothes were drying; safe and comfortable, and once more enlivened by human faces. The rain continued, and when the door was opened, the clouds were *scudding* past us with fearful rapidity—so great was our height

My companion, after resting a short time, set off for our quarters at Chamouni, to get dinner ready, and some dry clothes, against my arrival, leaving me to follow at leisure. Shortly after, five or six men arrived at the Chalet; they had been on the opposite mountains, gathering a flock of sixty sheep, which had been scattered the day before by a wolf who came down from the recesses of Mont Blanc. The men had ascended early in the morning from Argentiere, and had, like ourselves, been exposed to the elements, but had not encountered our dangers, being well acquainted with the place; they were dripping wet, and benumbed with cold, and had gathered all the flock but four. One man brought with him the remnants of a sheep, which had been torn in pieces. The shepherds said, they had seen two people on the ice in the morning, but conceived it an impossibility to cross the glacier where we did, and wondered at our escape.

After staying some time, I again put on my half-dried clothes, and set off down the mountain for Chamouni; it rained heavily, and in ten minutes I was as wet as ever; the rain blew in my face, and made the clayey path very slippery. However, partly by sliding, and partly by scrambling and catching hold of the roots of the pine trees, in about three quarters of an hour I got to the bottom. The whole valley was enveloped with mist, through which the lower parts of the mountains alone were visible. A mile and a half farther, brought me to the inn, in as comfortless a plight as any poor devil needed to be, literally wringing wet. A tub of warm water, a change of clothes, and a good dinner, speedily set all to rights, and, bating my bruised legs and fingers, a little stiffness, and the fright, the next morning found me as well as ever.

Being in delicate health, I was fearful the long exposure to the rain, and being half frozen into the bargain, might be attended with serious consequences; but this time I came off "Scot free," and setting off next morning for Geneva, we walked the whole distance (sixty miles) in two days.

C. W. D.

P. S. I have since heard the people in the Chalet considered our escape miraculous. I scrawled some lines in the Mountain Album, warning people not "to go and do likewise."

Thus I have had good cause to remember the lines of the poet,

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains
They crown'd him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

DR. NARES'S LIFE OF LORD BURGHLEY.*

THE pursuit, the passion for private and personal anecdote, pushed into the retirements of the rulers of the world to discover the secret springs of political action, so prevalent of late years, has a very decided tendency to corrupt in its sources the stream of history. The political gets thus to be confounded with the personal, or considered as comparatively insignificant. The back-stairs becomes of more importance than the cabinet; and what essentially, perhaps, concerns nothing but the intrigues of a court, is made to rule the destinies of nations. All depends on the caprices of the monarch. The whims of princes occasionally, it is true, may disturb the orbit of a minister's politics; but notoriously in modern times, and probably at all times, the leanings, and feelings, ~~and wishes~~ of the sovereign, do and must yield, for the most part, to steadier and more comprehensive interests. It is of serious consequence, however, when the historian gets the wrong bias: for then history becomes just what he chooses to make it. The same act is often, in the absence of positive evidence, assignable to a private or a public source—to transient or permanent causes; and according to the bent of the writer, or his particular purpose, will the motive be assigned to one or the other. One man is of coarser perceptions, while another subtilizes. The resulting habit gives birth to systems, and one is for referring all to some disinterested source, and the other to a base and selfish one. One can see nothing but vice; another nothing but virtue. With one, again, mere association governs the judgment, without any settled plan or principle; his own experience and feelings are the standard, and then every thing, like objects seen through coloured glass, partakes of the tinge. On the other hand, a writer is perhaps the tool or the fool of a faction, and then whatever opposes must be passed over, or denied, or cunningly twisted in accordance to their views. The result of all which is, that the best established history is never secure, and a sort of necessity recurs, periodically, of doing all over again. For the makers of books this is a charming prospect; for, take up what book we will, we discern some personal bias, and we come, justified by abundant experience, rapidly to the conclusion that the writer has yielded to it too much, and the matter requires moulding afresh. But of all the sources of historical corruption, none, probably, has more betrayed writers than the passion of assigning public action to secret and unworthy motives. The distinction, broad as it is, of the political and personal, has come to be lost sight of. So many important points have been, apparently, traced to pretty and pitiful sources, that with many, pursuing an empty analogy, every thing seems traceable to a similar origin. It is, however, one of the most degrading conceptions that ever took possession of man; it is one of the most narrowing and blinding too; we shall never see half the object by fixing our eyes upon points. One thing depends too much upon another in this world to refer all, and that systematically, to any thing so restless and irregular as the fancies of an individual. Instead of looking abroad, and taking in remoter, and not for that reason less influencing causes, we keep our eyes intent upon the single individual, and, what is worse, upon some single characteristic of that individual, and construe all accordingly. The death of Mary of Scotland is thus tracked to the vanity of Elizabeth, mortified by superior beauty. Vain enough, no doubt, she was; but the vanity, to any one who can grasp remoter causes, vanishes in the graver agencies that brought the national interests of the two queens into conflict.

To show how groundless is this judgment in the case of Elizabeth, is the main purpose of Dr. Nares's new volume; for though, ostensibly, the Life of Cecil is the subject, from the Queen's very accession, *that* is all but identified with the reign of Elizabeth. He was her earliest minister, and continued to be her chief and confidential adviser for forty years, to the very close of a long life. That

* Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil Lord Burghley. By the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D. Vol. ii. 4to.

life was wholly public, and its story is inseparable from public measures—from the history of his country. He conducted her counsels, foreign and domestic; and though not professedly Premier—the distinction was, indeed, then unknown—he was from the first influential in every department, and eventually paramount. Dr. Nares, accordingly, whose object leads him to discuss the times, as the only means of fairly painting his hero, takes up the political history of the reign, and examines it, if not in the generalising spirit of a philosopher, with, what is better for his purpose, a hearty resolution to search and sift the truth. The tone of the apologist will be thought, perhaps, to prevail too much; but that tone in the end will prove to be the result of profound research, of laborious investigation on his part, and the imperfect measure that has been usually taken of Cecil and the Queen on the other. Inquiries were demanded at every turn, and he has been thus insensibly drawn into a defence, because, at every turn too, he had perversions to expose, blunders to correct, and contradictions to adjust. He himself commenced his undertaking with a prejudice against the minister and his measures; but in the progress of his labours his impressions changed; he yielded to the force of evidence never before considered, and finally resolved, like a man, to state the results of his researches without flinching. Whatever might have been Elizabeth's vexation at being eclipsed by Mary's personal charms, Cecil's conduct, he finds, tending invariably to the safety of the Queen and the preservation of the state. Though he may not be able to justify some of the minister's acts, abstractedly, they are to be palliated on the recognized principles of the age, as acts of retaliation, or as precautions dictated by necessity. It was not because Mary was beautiful and herself was ugly, that Elizabeth finally got rid, by violence, of so annoying an object, and spent thirty years in plotting that destruction. Circumstances, over which neither she nor Cecil had any control, brought the two queens into collision. They began before Mary's beauty, or her virtues, or her vices were known; they were of political importance, of vital interest, involving the safety of the state, and the very existence of Protestantism. These circumstances Dr. Nares sets himself sedulously to illustrate; and he has, beyond all question, thrown more light upon the connection of events, upon the general spirit and bearings of the times, than any one writer that can be named. He has had recourse to all authorities; he has sifted, and sorted, and valued them, and finds the political influences to outweigh the personal immensely. This makes the book bulky and the work heavy; but the materials are extensive, the object is of importance, and the very heaviness is relieved by the earnestness with which the author urges and enforces the grounds of his own conviction. Though the reader may not think more harshly of Mary than before, he must think less so of Elizabeth, who was compelled to many invidious measures for the maintenance of her rights and the independence of her crown.

The commencement of the conflict—for conflict it was—between Mary and Elizabeth, is of far more importance than the conclusion; and the commencement is precisely that which has been least regarded. Elizabeth came to the throne under peculiar circumstances; the country was divided upon religious matters; Catholics and Protestants were not merely opposed, but struggling for superiority. Their ascendancies had alternated. The last reign had elated the Catholics; they had recovered much of the lost ground, and were active in maintaining it and advancing their cause. Elizabeth's title was disputed by one party, and, of course, supported by the other. Her mother, upon Catholic principles, was an adulteress, and herself a bastard. Her own father, though he afterwards placed her in the line of succession, had also by act of Parliament bastardized her; and her sister, on the throne, at every quarrel, taunted her with the stain of her birth. Her rights, in short, were recognized only by a party, and into the hands of that party she naturally threw herself—their cause was inseparably coupled with hers. The death of her sister came upon the country, and both its factions, by surprise. Elizabeth was on the spot, and stepped into the vacant throne. She was beforehand with all competitors—she got possession and bravely kept it—but right she had none in the eye of a large portion of her subjects. Her pretensions rested essentially on the wills and wishes of the

Protestants; upon them, then, it was that she relied for support; their interests were bound up with her's, and they hesitated not to insist even upon her legitimacy. Edward's right had rested upon the same basis; if his birth was legitimate, her's was so; if he succeeded on his father's appointment, so did she. The succession had, in fact, gone, in two cases, exactly as if the question of legitimacy had nothing to do with the matter—as if Henry's children were equally legitimate; and so far the road was smoothed for a third. The lay Catholics showed but little concern, and were ready to receive her, in the absence of competitors capable of supporting their own claims. With the hierarchy the case was very different. With them, an active opposition, and even an effective one, would have risen up at once, but for the untoward circumstances of her competitors. Those competitors were the descendants of Henry's two sisters. The elder branch he had himself excluded, and the younger had, by mis-alliances, sunk in political importance. Though excluded by acts of parliament, the birthright of the elder branch was unequivocal, and that right devolved on the Queen of Scotland, who, on Elizabeth's accession, was in France, and had recently been married to the eldest son of Henry II. of France.

If no active steps were taken on the part of France to enforce the Queen of Scotland's claims, not a moment was lost in asserting them; she was saluted forthwith as Queen of England—was, sedulously, on public occasions, addressed as such—and even the arms of England were ostentatiously blazoned with those of France and Scotland. Nothing could be less disguised or less ambiguous—it amounted to a declaration of right, and was construable into a threat of enforcing it. To the remonstrance of the English minister an evasive reply was returned, as if all had been the work of artists and poets, and sycophants, but still no change was made. Peace between England and France, at the time of the late Queen's death, had been actually negotiating, and these acts of the painters and poets of the Court—peace was of too much importance to Elizabeth—were not allowed to interrupt the negotiation. A final treaty was signed within five months of Elizabeth's accession; and though the signs and symbols of the Queen of Scotland's pretensions could not be entirely passed over, the farther consideration was waved by consent for the present, “in the hope that Providence would furnish some opportunity of quietly terminating them.”*

But the very act of suspending the discussion proved that Mary had not abandoned her claims: for though Mary herself—yet but a girl of sixteen or seventeen—might trouble herself little about them, her connections were notoriously very differently affected. Her mother was a Guise, and, at the moment, actually regent of Scotland; and her uncles, especially the Cardinal, were powerful, united, and entered heart and soul into the design, planned by the Pope and the potentates of the Continent, of restoring the ascendancy of Catholicism. England was the chief seat of heresy, and Scotland was infected from side to side. Both Mary and her mother were under the control, as to religious matters, of these uncles, and Scotland was thus readily accessible to their arts and enterprises. England also was exposed on the side of Scotland, and Mary's rights to the English crown, in the eyes of all good and fanatic Catholics, superior to Elizabeth's. Mary, moreover, on her marriage with the Dauphin, had conferred the crown matrimonial on her husband, who might speedily become King of France, as in fact he did, and then would be in a condition effectually to enforce them. The Guises had already surrounded the Regent with French troops and French advisers, and Scotland, in effect, was already but a province of France. Here then were grounds enough of alarm and jealousy, and Cecil's eyes were not closed upon the danger. Here already appeared serious causes for alienation and distrust, before any thing like personal bickerings could arise. Here was already something very different from the petty quarrels of a couple of angry women—it was already an approaching struggle for imperial rights, prompted by the ambition of one, and involving the existence of the other—it was the coming invasion of the Continent of Europe upon England—a conflict of two religious parties whose interests were irreconcilable, ready to encounter in deadly opposition.

In the mean while the reformation in Scotland was rapidly advancing. Knox

had returned from Geneva, and communicated some share of his own impetuosity to many of the leaders; his remonstrances sharpened their fears and exasperated their indignation. The Regent, who had for a time, in opposition to the Hamiltons, favoured the Reformists, had now completely withdrawn from them, and had given up herself wholly to the control of her brothers; nothing but French measures and French interests were pursued. Scotland was sacrificed to France—Mary had now become Queen of France—and the necessity became every day more imperative for resistance. To apply for aid to England was a natural act on the part of the malcontents. Circumstances placed Elizabeth at the head of the Protestant world, and her own political interests were evidently at stake. If Scotland fell into the hands of France, England must follow. In strictness, the Scotch Reformists were now rebels, and Elizabeth, a Tudor, was no friend of rebels; but principles and prejudice must give way to present security, and that security was obviously endangered. Cecil saw the danger, and urged the necessity of affording relief. Troops were accordingly despatched, but abundant care was taken to mark the distinction between aiding rebels and infringing the rights of the crown. Her assistance was afforded to those who were in arms against France, and not against the Queen. Elizabeth took the character of a mediator, rather than of an auxiliary. Negotiations were opened, and a treaty of conciliation and peace was finally concluded under her auspices, and managed by Cecil in person. But he had great difficulties in persuading the French agents to acknowledge Elizabeth's rights to her own crown. During the negotiation Mary of Guise, the Regent, died, and French influence, for a short time, was on the wane. The government was in the hands of the Congregationalists; and before any effective measures could be taken to re-establish the authority of the Guises, the King of France, Mary's husband, also died. That event snapped at a stroke the union of Scotland with the French monarchy, but not the influence of the Guises; on the contrary, Mary was now all their own. The extension of her power was to them of more importance than ever, and the Cardinal, especially, relaxed not an inch in his efforts to re-establish the ascendancy of the papal power. Every order that issued from Mary to the government of Scotland was now the absolute dictate of her uncles: but the prevalence of the Protestant party made her presence in Scotland every day of more importance, and preparations were forthwith made for her return.

But the treaty, which had been concluded under the mediation of the Queen of England, had never been formally ratified by the King, and now that Mary was become sole sovereign, and likely to return, it became still more imperative for Elizabeth to urge this ratification so long procrastinated. Throckmorton was accordingly commissioned to demand the ratification. Mary contemptuously refused; she must first consult with her nobles. What was this but to deny Elizabeth's rights to the crown of England and to assert her own? Mary, it is true, regarded those of her subjects, whose demands had been secured by this same treaty as rebels; but the treaty itself had been negotiated by agents fully empowered by herself and her husband. A twelvemonth had passed and no protest had been made, no disavowal of the acts of her ministers, and she had even sanctioned many subsequent measures. She was in honour, and by the common usages of contracting powers, to ratify in form, as well as in fact. The refusal was truly an act of hostility to Elizabeth, and showed distinctly enough the influence of Mary's perilous advisers.

Notwithstanding this, strictly an act of hostility, she soon afterwards applied to Elizabeth for permission to pass, in her way to Scotland, through her dominions. Elizabeth, naturally enough, refused; and this refusal produces a clamour among historians at such an unheard-of atrocity,—it is a proof of paltry jealousy on the part of Elizabeth, and of rooted malignity on that of Cecil. But be it remembered, the refusal was not peremptory—it was merely conditional—if Mary would ratify the treaty, which did not exclude her reversionary rights, but only acknowledged Elizabeth's existing ones, she was welcome to pass through England, and would be treated with all possible honour and distinction. Nothing surely could be more unreasonable than Mary's resentment at this refusal. All the woman was betrayed. She was vexed at her own condescen-

sion; she could reach her dominions by sea, and did not require the Queen's assistance.

But Elizabeth, it is still urged, sent out a fleet to intercept her. This—the fact is not fully authenticated, but not improbable—though not perhaps justifiable, in the more chivalric usages of our own times, yet *that* can scarcely be said, was perfectly so, on the principles and practice of the age; and the qualities of actions must always be judged of by the spirit of the age. Mary's own counsellors had just before advised the interception of Murray, and had only been prevented from carrying the advice into execution by his being too quick in his movements for them. Besides, it is not to be inferred, as it has absurdly been, that Mary's life was *then* in danger—a little gentle restraint was probably all that was contemplated, just to enforce the ratification. The measure was not only injudicious, but, had it been accomplished, idle. Mary would not have conceived herself bound by an act of force; but that apparently escaped Elizabeth's council, and, conceding the fact of an attempted interception, we regard the measure as a blunder of Cecil's, if, which is more probable, the fury of the woman in Elizabeth did not overrule the wisdom of the minister in Cecil. As Mary herself said, on some occasion, the best of women are but women at the best. It might be the suggestion of hasty resentment, but surely not prompted by sanguinary revenge.

The advocates of Mary, however, and almost all historians are parties, find malignity in the minister, and jealousy in the Queen, in every act of theirs that couples them with Mary. In her marriage this is most particularly remarkable. Elizabeth would have prevented her from marrying altogether. There is no proof of this. Situated as Mary was, both in position and pretension with respect to England, her marriage was not a matter of indifference to England, and could not, of course, be such to Elizabeth. If she married a foreign potentate, as she was urged to do by her uncles, the political safety of England was as much endangered as it had been before from the same cause. So inseparably linked were Elizabeth's interests, that she was perhaps unavoidably urgent—she interfered almost of absolute necessity. She recommended an English nobleman, or one of Mary's own subjects, and what could she have done better? Unexpectedly, young Darnley was introduced—certainly to the annoyance of Elizabeth, for *he* too had a not very remote claim to the English crown. He was in direct descent from Henry the Seventh, and the union of the two claims might prompt the united possessors to acts of hostility, pushed on, as there could be no doubt they would be, by the Guises. Cecil and the Queen, however, were outmanœuvred—the marriage took place, and from it immediately sprang all poor Mary's future troubles.

Passing the intermediate period—in 1568 she escaped from the prison of Lochleven, and flew, not from choice, but because she could scarcely with safety reach any other place, to England. Not in any romantic confidence did she throw herself upon the generosity of Elizabeth; it was her only immediate resource. As to any thing in the shape of invitation, or pledge of protection, the evidence is very questionable; but, nevertheless, into England she came, and in England she was *protected*. What was to be done with her? Oh! exclaim the patrons of Mary, in the fine spirit of chivalry, replace her on her throne, at the head of an army. That, to be sure, might have been very heroic, but probably not very discreet. It is clear Mary had no claims even upon Elizabeth's goodwill. Elizabeth might not like, and probably did not like, to see subjects depose their sovereign; but the interests of England were obviously safer when Murray was Regent in Scotland, at the head of the Protestant party, than when Mary was Queen, backed by her uncles, and ready to second the tyrannical views of the Catholics. What still was to be done with Mary? Was she to be delivered up to her rebellious subjects? That would have been at once to sacrifice her; for the party in power would doubtless have brought her to the scaffold, as the murderer of her husband—at the very least, have doomed her to perpetual imprisonment. Was she to be sent to France? Mary had her own reasons for not wishing to go there—Catherine was then in full power—was her personal enemy, and likely neither to treat her with respect, nor facilitate her

return. In truth, she came to England as an asylum, and an asylum she found it; it was a refuge from enemies and troubles, and at first a secure one. There is no ground for supposing that Elizabeth entertained "cruel designs" against her at that time. It was never expedient, indeed, to replace her, or give her again full freedom; but that was partly the misfortune of Mary's peculiar position, and partly attributable to her own restless and ambitious views. It was not safe to replace her in a condition by which she might sting her benefactor, for benefactor Elizabeth truly was. She afforded her an asylum, when she could not readily find another.

Here, however, it will be observed, perhaps, that two years after she did propose to deliver her up to her avowed enemies, in exchange for the Earl of Northumberland. That is true; but then it was two years after, when a conspiracy had been stirred up by Ross—promoted by the Kings of France and Spain, and the Pope—when ammunition was actually landed in considerable abundance—when peril was at the very door. But notwithstanding the proposal was made, she did not carry it into execution; she did *not* deliver her up to her exasperated subjects, but was, in effect, still the protector of her life, at her own great hazard, and to her own continual annoyance.

Two years again, after this indication of a desire to give up Mary, occurred the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which undoubtedly among all Protestants excited horror, and an apprehension and distrust of Catholics wherever they were. About a month before that fearful event, Elizabeth's parliament, upon some fresh occasion of alarm, had been urgent with the Queen to bring Mary to trial, which she resisted. Immediately after the massacre, however, when every Protestant was still shuddering, Killigrew was despatched to Scotland to put the Scotch upon their guard. This was one object, but another was to urge a requisition from the Government of Scotland to Elizabeth to deliver up Mary, for the purpose of being tried and executed. The instructions are still extant, and drawn up by the hand of Cecil. This is one of the blackest measures, in appearance, that stands incontrovertible against Elizabeth and her minister; but even this diabolical measure has its palliatives, and Dr. Nares addresses himself, not to justify the act, but to show the impelling causes, which are manifestly of no little force. Cecil, he is convinced, was influenced by no other motive than an invincible persuasion that the safety of Elizabeth was incompatible with the life of Mary. The proposal was horrible enough, but still, as before, it was *but* a proposal, and we know not, if it had been acceded to, that the ultimate purpose would have been accomplished. "Mary was *not* demanded by the Scottish authorities, to be disposed of *in the way of justice*; and the consequence was, not that she was brought to justice and summary punishment in England, but *suffered to live*, and continue in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, one of the first of the nobility of the realm."

No, for fourteen years longer did Elizabeth subject herself to perpetual dangers, and conspiracies, and annoyances. It was safe neither to keep her nor to dismiss her; yet she kept her, and only finally sanctioned her execution on plain proof of her concurrence in a plot for her dethronement and against her life. But this is anticipating Dr. Nares. The volume ends with this point of Killigrew's mission, and we must wait for the final volume of his elaborate performance, before we can fairly estimate the whole. Dr. Nares's purpose is to *show*—having convinced himself on abundant evidence—that Elizabeth was not solely impelled by paltry and personal motives, but more by weighty and political ones—the safety of religion and the stability of the throne; that Cecil her minister had but one object in view—his mistress's security, in which the ascendancy of Protestantism was implicated; and that neither the jealousy of the one nor the malignity of the other contemplated, at the outset, the necessity for the cruel termination of poor Mary's captivity. That necessity came on step by step, till the only alternative seemed Elizabeth's own destruction—and then the die was cast.

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. II.

*The Honourable Mrs. Norton.**(With an engraved Likeness.)*

AMONG the female writers of the present day the Hon. Mrs. Norton holds a distinguished station. There is a tenderness, a grace, an elegance in her poetry, combined with an energy of thought and power of imagination, which we are hardly prepared to say exist to an equal extent in those of any other female, with whom it would be just to institute a comparison. In one quality, and that the highest, she excels most of her fair contemporaries, at least she displays it more uniformly. We allude to the quality of having a *meaning* for her words. She rarely, if ever, strings together high sounding phrases, or gaudy glittering sentences, which seem to signify something very fine, which elevate and surprise "by their gorgeous array," but which exceedingly puzzle those who like to have a peep at the ideas thus magnificently clothed. In perusing the productions of Mrs. Norton this difficulty is never encountered. Before she writes she thinks; a preliminary process by no means uniformly attended to by many who think they are writing poetry, when they are only fitting a certain number of words into a certain number of lines.

Our readers are aware that Mrs. Norton is another link in that long chain of hereditary talent which has now extended itself through nearly a whole century. She is a Sheridan by descent, the daughter of Thomas, the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and one, consequently, of the rich cluster of genius and talent which is wreathed round the name she inherits. The intellectual honours of her lineage will certainly not degenerate in her hands; while there is hope she may transmit them to those by whom they will be displayed as proudly for the delight and admiration of a succeeding generation.

Mrs. Norton has delicately and plaintively alluded to her paternal claims in the following lines to Lord Holland, prefixed to her "*Sorrows of Rosalie*."

" Taught in the dawning of life's joyous years,
To love, admire, and reverence thy name;
Though of youth's feelings few remain the same;
And the dim vista of its hopes and fears
Memory hath blotted out with silent tears;
Still, in its brightness, even as *then* it came,
Link'd with the half-remember'd tales of fame;
That word before my darken'd soul appears,
Bringing back lips that smile and speak no more.
Spurn not my offering, then, from that bright shrine,
Where hope would place it; but, for those of yore,
Permit her name, who trembles o'er each line,
In its oblivion to be shadow'd o'er,
By the bright happy gloriousness of—*THINE!*"

We have said that Mrs. Norton is distinguished from some of the female writers of the present day, by always having a meaning for her words, and by thinking before she writes. Were we inclined to ascribe this distinction to any other cause than that which we doubt not phrenology would abundantly establish by the ample development of certain cerebral organs, we should do so by the fact that her education was not entrusted to those professors of multifarious knowledge who superintend, as governesses, the due administration of daily



THE AUTHOR OF 'THE WINDING ONE, & C.

The ... by ...

C. E. Norton

doses of grammar, history, geography, the use of the globes, Italian, French, music, drawing, and *other accomplishments*. A Scots clergyman, of the name of Wilson, who taught the young Lord Kinnaird, in whose father's house our young poetess was at the time domesticated, was her first instructor; and afterwards she had the benefit of her brother's tutor (Mr. Walton of Hampton) to complete what Mr. Wilson had begun, in all that did not come under the immediate personal superintendence of her mother. There can be no doubt, we think, that this masculine teaching, if it did not produce, at least strengthened and expanded, the particular quality to which we have adverted.

The love of poetry, or rather of making it, manifested itself very early. We have heard, indeed, that before she was able to write them down, she composed verses in her head; and when she was of an age to wield a pen, (a little lively miss, perchance, of about seven or eight,) it was among the most disastrous of her then calamities to witness the destruction of those precious manuscripts. Her mother rather discouraged than incited her juvenile attempts at composition, as being a too trifling occupation of her time, and resolutely denied her all access to her own stores of pen, ink, and paper. But what will not the *furor scribendi* devise to feed its longings? Our youthful poetess levied incessant contributions upon the blank pages of her music-books, and upon any other goodly sized books that offered the like tempting pillage, and thus defeated, as is no uncommon thing in similar struggles for supremacy, the maternal precautions.

When she was only eleven years old, or, at most, had not completed her twelfth year, her ambition took a soaring flight, and realized its first golden dreams of appearing in print. About that time, a description of works, which, for want of a more appropriate generic term, we may designate *Dandy Books*, was in high popularity with nursery students. One of those, "The Dandies' Ball," was presented to Miss Sheridan by Lady Westmoreland, and the perusal of it kindled the desire to produce something of the same kind—a satire upon the exaggerated faults of a class of persons with whom she had never mingled and with whom, if she had, it may be supposed she was not very likely at that age to discover the points that were most tangible to ridicule. However, to work she went, composed "The Dandies' Rout," and conveyed the valuable copyright to Mr. Marshall, the publisher, we believe, of all the other Dandy productions, in consideration of receiving fifty copies for herself. A small number of these copies were presented to select friends; but the greater portion was exchanged for other books with a Richmond bibliopolist. The plates were from her own designs; and we dare say, the little authoress would have been puzzled to determine whether she were prouder of the offspring of her pen or pencil. We have been told, that at a very recent period, when Mrs. Norton was purchasing some coloured prints to amuse her child, at a shop in Regent-street, the master of the domicile, without knowing who his fair customer was, produced her own "Dandies' Rout," as the very best thing to "please the young gentleman." Doubtless, the old friend, so long unseen, and almost forgotten, was willingly received, though not perhaps entirely in deference to the recommendation.

The next literary effort was a volume of short poems, written in conjunction with her sister. But these were not so fortunate as the

“Dandies’ Rout.” Many ineffectual attempts were made to convince sundry tasteless booksellers, that they had an opportunity, if they were wise enough to avail themselves of it, of following the advice which Iago so strenuously urges upon Roderigo, by “putting money in their purses.” But it is utterly impossible, sometimes, to convince men of their own interest; and booksellers are proverbially negligent in this respect. The consequence was, these poems never arrived at the dignity of publication. The longest of them, we have been informed, was a sort of versification of the “Clavis Calendaria,” a favourite book with our authoress in those days, but not, we should think, one which she would now select for the display of her poetical powers.

Nothing daunted, however, by the invincible bad taste and want of discernment among booksellers, another poem was begun, in the Spenserian stanza; a sort of Inkle and Yarico story, called “Amouïvada and Sebastian.” It did not proceed very far; but as the scene was laid in America, the intention of completing it led to the diligent perusal of many works upon American history, manners, customs, and scenery, which was of itself some advantage in augmenting her stores of general knowledge.

At this period; one of her favourite amusements was acting extempore plays, with her brothers and sisters, every Saturday, or half-holiday. Tragedies were of course preferred, and they all related to *Turkey*, for the sake of wearing a *turban*. A regular plot, or a connected series of incidents, was wholly out of the question; five minutes only being allowed for an improviso speech to each actor, and ten minutes for our authoress to prepare her own essays at dramatic eloque.

At the age of seventeen, Miss Sheridan composed her “Sorrows of Rosalie,” but found the same difficulties (difficulties almost inseparable from the first essays of authorship) in obtaining a publisher. What an intensely interesting and curious work might be written, if complete materials for it were accessible, detailing the many heart-sickening obstructions which beset the early paths of genius!—the anxious toil of years’ struggles into notice, after as many years, perhaps, of anxious but defeated hopes. It seems to be a settled principle, that every new candidate for literary fame should be regarded with distrust, and pertinaciously discouraged. It is not merely the friendless and unknown scholar, the threadbare child of fancy, who is doomed to this chilling ordeal; not merely the *poor* author, of whom it may be assumed that his poverty, and not his capability, is the exciting cause. Look at the disclosures made in the letters of Lord Byron, with regard to some of *his* works—and, we may add, (as an illustration of our argument,) look at the individual of whom we are now speaking. Her rank, her station in society, not even the *prestige* of her name, were sufficient to command the very slender privilege of obtaining, at once, the publication of a small volume of poems; dismissing, for a moment, from our consideration the question of their intrinsic merits.

When Miss Sheridan was nineteen, she accepted the hand of the Hon. George Chapple Norton, brother to the present Lord Grantley. This gentleman had proposed for her when she was almost a child, certainly before she had attained the age of seventeen.

After her marriage, Mrs. Norton renewed her efforts to bring her favourite poem before the world, and, as the world knows, with success. It was published, with some smaller pieces from her pen, by

Mr. Ebers, in 1829, but without her name. Coming forth thus unostentatiously, it had nothing to help it save its own claims. These, however, were sufficient. Criticism was not even propitiated by a disclosure of the extreme youth of the writer at the time of its composition. Had this been done, it would have afforded a standard by which to estimate the probable future of a mind that could achieve such a work at seventeen; while it would have directed into their proper channel the opinions pronounced upon it. We do not err in saying, however, that the impression actually produced was eminently gratifying. The "Sorrows of Rosalie" evinced taste, feeling, skilful management of a very difficult style of versification, and a power of reaching the heart through affecting incidents related in simple, flowing phraseology, and embellished with tender, plaintive imagery. The smaller poems, too, had great and various merit, but all tending to establish the same fact, that the writer possessed the art of flinging a pensive grace over the complainings of a wounded spirit.

In all her earlier efforts Mrs. Norton was encouraged and flattered by the partiality of her uncle, Mr. Charles Brinsley Sheridan; and she has frequently said she imbibed the most ardent notions of future fame from watching him while he translated a collection of Romaic songs, which were afterwards published by Messrs. Longman. "I invariably left his study," observes Mrs. Norton, in a letter to an intimate friend, "with an enthusiastic determination to write a long poem of my own." To this impulse we probably owe *the poem* which has placed her in so high a situation among living female writers: we allude, of course, to "The Undying One," a second edition of which has been called for within the short period that has elapsed since its first publication. This poem takes a higher aim than "The Sorrows of Rosalie," and exhibits the rapid maturity of the powers so strongly shadowed forth in the latter work. Its appearance was hailed with unmingled applause, both by the reading and by the critical world—by those who read to be delighted, and by those whose business it too often seems to be to delight in not being pleased. The suffrages, however, were here unanimous. In the narrative of the poem, the interest is strongly maintained; in its variety of measure and subject, attention is fixed; in its imagery, language, and sentiments, the most refined poetical taste will find little to condemn. It is, altogether, such a production as warrants us in anticipating still increasing pleasure from the future efforts of the same pen. Of the minor poems contained in the volume, it does not fall within the scope of this article to speak in detail; but we cannot dismiss the subject without expressing our unfeigned admiration of the exquisitely-beautiful piece, entitled "The Wanderer looking into other Homes."

It is not in poetry alone that Mrs. Norton has exercised her talents. Besides several unpublished plays, we believe she has more than half completed a novel, which will furnish a sort of synopsis of the expectations and disappointments incident to those impassioned dreams of youth, which form an unreal world of their own, and which vanish only when the *real* world is discovered. If we may judge of this embryo work by what we *have* read of her's in prose, we should be tempted to predict she has a path before her which she can tread with distinction whenever she chooses to enter upon it.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

“ Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.”

THE LORD CHANCELLOR and SIR EDWARD SUGDEN.—The Court of Chancery has become a place of public amusement since Lord Brougham has presided in it. First, there is the entertainment of seeing *how* the Chancellor looks, which the members of the Mechanics' Institute, who consider his Lordship as belonging to themselves, enjoy daily; for these honest people drop into the Court to gaze at the Judge with much the same feeling that a girl opens a drawer and looks at her doll to gratify the complacency of possession, and to be assured of its safety. The second entertainment is derived from the scenes which are now of frequent occurrence in that once grave place. Lord Brougham carries something of the vivacity of debate into the Court, and a leading practitioner carries a considerable portion of the irritability of disappointment into it; the result is, some smart altercation, with much petulance on the one hand, and a remorseless dry sarcasm on the other.

To employ a trite but expressive phrase, Sir E. Sugden has never been “right in his mind” since Lord Brougham ascended the Woolsack. Loss of place, together with that circumstance, seems to have utterly spoiled the learned gentleman's temper, and he bears himself as one crossed in love of office. When Mr. Brougham took leave of the Bar, it was remarked that Sir E. Sugden alone neglected to rise and acknowledge his parting salutes, as though he would express, “I will not rise to you, whose rise has stopped my rising.” The spleen has not confined itself to dumb show, it has broken out in words, as spleen will do, on a very slight occasion.

While delivering a speech, Sir E. Sugden observed that the Chancellor was writing, and he stopped.

“The Lord Chancellor desired Sir Edward to proceed.

“Sir E. Sugden replied that he could not, unless he were in possession of the attention of the Court.

“His Lordship said he was giving his full attention to every thing that was stated, and of that he alone was competent to judge; he was taking a note of something said by the Learned Counsel, and he should choose his own time for making his note; papers might be put before him for signature, but signing his name was merely mechanical, and did not at all withdraw his attention. If a Judge were not at liberty to do any thing merely mechanical whilst Counsel were addressing him, the business of the Court must be suspended every time he blew his nose, or took a pinch of snuff. If one of his predecessors had given such intense attention as was expected, he would not now appear with so smiling a countenance.”

“Sir E. Sugden sat down.

“The Lord Chancellor inquired if he had any thing more to state in reply?

“Sir Edward Sugden declined to say any thing further.

The Chancellor's illustrations of snuff-taking and nose-blowing were, perhaps, too farcical for his place, and for the respect which a Judge should show for a member of the Bar, even when he is in error; but the conduct of Sir Edward was provokingly captious, and obviously proceeded from a settled purpose to take and make offence. It is notorious that Lord Eldon was in the habit of carrying on all the correspondence of State intrigue when presiding in the Court of Chancery, and purporting to be hearing the statements and arguments of counsel; and Mr. Sugden never found any fault with the practice in those days, or stopped till his Lordship's attention should be disengaged. After barristers had been addressing the Court for hours, without making any impression on Lord Eldon's mind or ears, he would declare he must take home the papers to look into the case, without which proceeding, indeed, it was physically certain he could know nothing about it. The large full-bottomed wigs worn by the Judges would seem as if they had been devised for the protection of their organs of hearing on these occasions. Why Sir E. Sugden should, in the long time of Eldon, have been patient of scribbling, and letter-reading, and note-dispatching on the Bench, and so impatient of any employment of the pen by Chancellor

Brougham, is only to be explained by the supposition that disappointment induces displeasure in the one instance, as expectation caused content in the other.

The Whig journals have teemed with zealous vindications of the Lord Chancellor (for the zealous vindication of a Lord Chancellor is always a sweet and promising office, and nothing can more agreeably fill up the time of an unemployed barrister), and fierce attacks on Sir E. Sugden, whom, according to liberal practice, they have not failed to reproach with the humbleness of his origin, or "meanness of birth," as it is, on such occasions, termed by the railers against prejudices. What the vocation of Sir E. Sugden's father had to do with the affair, it is not easy to see. Lord Eldon did not come of high degree, and yet he was the very pink of temper and courtesy. If it were clear that humble birth was the cause of splenetic conduct, it would not be unreasonable to advert to a man's descent when he gives way to ill-temper, or even to call legitimacy in question when the faults of low-breeding were manifested by a person of rank or family; but the fact, that men unhonoured with ancestry cannot behave themselves decently, is not yet established as a certain truth. The burliest of patriots, the great town-bull of Reformers, the bruin Radical of the day, the "Radical" of the "Times," who rages and roars against the aristocracy by the hour or the column, concluded some charges against the Marchioness of C— with a moral reflection, referring her alleged meanness of conduct to her ungentle blood! And this is *liberality*, ay, and consistency too! In one column it is proved that the aristocracy are all greediness, and it is asserted in another that rapacity is attributable to plebeian descent! Thus it is that the professed foci of illiberal prejudices are ready to turn those very prejudices against persons they desire to wound. Oh that people who take the name of *liberal* would wear it with more credit! A better name there is not in the vocabulary; in the Latin,* it implied more than the word gentleman, and it should comprehend every good quality belonging to education and accomplishment.

MR. O'CONNELL and the RATIONALE of DIGNITY.—It would puzzle Jeremy Bentham himself to expound the rationale of dignity. The "John Bull" lately remarked, that *honour*, in a priestly sense, means salary; and that when double honour is scripturally said to be due to the spiritual pastor, the proper interpretation is double income, or two livings. Had Falstaff been instructed by a pluralist, he would have seen that there was one sort of honour which was of some sterling value. When we rise above honour to *dignity*, we find the charges of it steadily increasing with station. Thus the dignity of the Crown is the most expensive quality in England; why it should be the only quality of the Crown supported by a revenue, I do not exactly understand—for instance, why should not the truth of the Crown, or the wisdom of the Crown, or the knowledge of the Crown, be maintained at high charges also? As Bel's godhead was proved by his eating much meat, so the dignity of the Crown is referred to its costing much money. Dignity, it seems, can never stand on its own legs; it must be supported, and by gold; and the more exalted the person invested with the dignity is, the longer and the more solid must be his pedestal. A tabular scale of dignities might be formed from a prebendary to a king, running up at an angle of forty-five degrees, to a perpendicular of half a million a year. In these arrangements I can clearly trace a ruling principle, and a plan; but when I come to the dignities of unofficed individuals, and the means of upholding them, all attempts to develop the *rationale* are fruitless. The occasion of these words is the conduct of Mr. O'Connell upon his arrest. When the informations against the Learned Gentleman were about to be read,—

"Mr. O'Connell put on his hat, and, addressing the Magistrates, said he meant them no disrespect in doing so, but that, as a Member of the British House of Commons, he

* I marvel that the lovers of coincidences have never remarked that *liber*, the book, comes from *liber*, the tree; as *malum* the fruit, and evil, came from the tree of knowledge; and that *libertas*, liberty, proceeds from the book which is now every where disseminating its spirit. There are those who would push the remark to *Liber* Bacchus, and make a bad point on the intoxication of knowledge.

was in no way inferior to Lord Anglesey himself, and he *was determined to assert the dignity of that House*, which was outraged in his person. The Magistrates remarked, that that was quite a matter of taste, and Mr. O'Connell was at liberty to act in that respect as he pleased. Mr. O'Connell said, that *having asserted his dignity, he should, out of respect to the Magistrates, remain uncovered.*"

Here was a dignity of the O'Connell crown, supported simply and solely by its supporting a beaver! A king could not have supported his dignity at a less rate than half a million sterling, but an O'Connell puts on a hat, value (prime cost) thirty shillings, and supports not only his little, private, personal dignity, and the dignity of all the line of the O'Connells, but also the dignity of the Imperial Parliament into the bargain. At the same time, it must be perfectly obvious, that had not Mr. O'Connell clapped his hat on his head when he did, and for such time as he did, the dignity of the House of Commons, to say nothing of his own, would have suffered a grievous shock, sensible to every member in every part of the world. Nothing but Mr. O'Connell's hat could have saved the dignity of the Honourable House. The cheapness of that mode of asserting a dignity wins upon the affections. There is so much cost associated with the idea of keeping up a dignity, that it charms one to see that the dignity of the third estate can be upheld on the easy terms of putting a hat on head, which is nearly or quite as cheap as hanging it on a peg.

Fielding, in his "Jonathan Wild," has a learned chapter on hats, in which, however, he has overlooked the uses of them for the maintenance of the dignity of Parliament. He hastily says, indeed, "What is the use of a hat, farther than to keep the head warm, or to hide a bald crown from the public?" Now, in Ireland, there is no occasion for hats to keep heads warm, which are as constitutionally hot as roasted potatoes; and, as we see in the example of Mr. O'Connell, they are the only conservators of dignity, public and private. It is odd that Fielding should have hazarded the hasty proposition I have quoted, as, in another passage of the same book, he shows a perception of what is necessary to the dignity of the crowns of men, where he describes Jonathan Wild in the boat adrift at sea, cocking his hat and looking fierce, until he reflected that there was nobody by to observe him. Jonathan, in cocking his hat, was asserting his dignity.

The best example of asserted dignity I have ever seen is that of Reeves, in the part of Magog the Beadle, at the Adelphi Theatre. As I did not witness the effect of Mr. O'Connell's putting the dignity of Parliament on his head, I cannot form a comparison between the two, but I would venture to back Reeves against the Counsellor; and when Mr. O'Connell visits London again, I strongly recommend him to go and see the Beadle's manner of vindicating the insulted dignity of Beadles. It may afford a lesson, or hints at least.

MILTON and SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.—In Dr. Paris's *Life of Davy*, a work of great knowledge, and full of instruction, I observe this passage:—

"A great poetic genius has said, 'If Davy had not been the first chemist, he would have been the first poet of his age.' Upon this question I do not feel myself a competent judge: but where is the modern Esau who would exchange his Bakerian lecture for a poem, though it should equal in design and execution the *Paradise Lost*?"—p. 30.

I believe that if this choice were proposed, the number of *Esaus* would be very considerable indeed; not because there are many who really enjoy and prize the poetry of Milton, but because most persons think it necessary and proper to profess an admiration for his *Paradise Lost*, while few know any thing whatever of the Bakerian Lecture. The vast majority of Dr. Paris's readers will, I am confident, be startled by seeing the two performances mentioned in the same sentence. The national admiration for Milton is of a very general, and also of a very distantly respectful kind; it is commonly quite clear of intimacy, for people venerate without troubling themselves to know his writings. Speak of Milton, and you hear of Satan's Address to the Sun, and such other passages as have become familiar through Entick's *Speaker*, the *Elegant Extracts*, and, perhaps, Addison's *Critical Notices*. But though the admiration of Milton is an ignorant admiration, though it is an admiration of a name supposed to imply all

poetic excellences of the noblest kind, yet it is not certain that the preference which this blind respect would dictate would not be the preference accordant with reason. The choice may be right, though the motives are insufficient. The Esau who, knowing nothing whatever of the Bakerian Lecture, and little of Milton but the common honour in which his name is held, should prefer the *Paradise Lost*, may make the proper choice, though moved to it only by an adopted admiration. As we happen to be blest both with *Paradise Lost* and the Bakerian Lecture, it is not now very profitable to consider which might have been dispensed with for the possession of the other; but supposing the necessity of foregoing one, I am far from satisfied that the choice of wisdom would have been that which seems to Dr. Paris (a name certainly of great authority in judgments) the necessary preference. The discoveries of science are discoveries of truths, always existing, and which every hour of experience is tending to lay bare: at some period or other they are sure to be made, and the forward or fortunate genius of any one man only accelerates the discovery by some short time. The inventions of poetry are in the mind of the poet only, and if they are lost in him they are found in no other brain. Had Milton not written his *Paradise Lost*, we may be quite sure that to the end of time no other author would, in the same words, and with the same thoughts, have supplied the omission, and our language would have wanted the grandest manifestation of its power; but had a Davy not existed to propound the Bakerian Lecture, another philosopher would, in all human probability, ere this have developed the identically same doctrines. Imagination is a personalty, science depends on a reality; the first is lost with the man—the truths of the latter are co-existent with the scheme of Nature, and ever waiting discovery.

PUBLIC ECONOMY.—“How are we ruined?” asks Quidnunc in the farce. It would not be difficult to show him, if the following statement may be taken as a specimen of our public economy:—

“It is said that Buckingham Palace is about to be given to the Duke of Northumberland in exchange for Northumberland House, which is to be taken down in order to complete the improvements in the Strand.”—*Morning Herald*.

This is, indeed, buying and selling, and living by the loss. The whole affair may best be set forth in a sort of equation—

$$\begin{array}{l} \text{£}800,000 \\ \text{Nash} \end{array} = \text{Buckingham Palace.} \quad \text{Buckingham Palace} = \text{Northumberland House.} \\ \text{Northumberland House} \text{ minus Northumberland House} = 0.$$

All the building-up of Buckingham Palace; the dome; the archway; the finny wings; the monstrous charges, and jobs, and misappropriation of the French fund, are to end in a clear space, at the site of Northumberland House! Thus in the chain of causation, the New Palace was raised for the pulling-down of an old mansion, and all its multitudinous jobs have turned to rubbish, and the clearing away for improvements—in State morals as well as Charing Cross, I trust. Whenever that Buckingham Palace writes its life, what odd stories it will tell of its birth, parentage, and rearing!

SMUGGLED NEWSPAPERS.—The high Stamp Duties have had the effect of producing a smuggling trade in newspapers. Men without character or capital publish journals unstamped, which circulate extensively among the lowest classes of people, for whose worst tastes and narrow means they are intended, and return immense profits to the adventurers. The price of these papers is fourpence, which gives a larger profit to the smuggler than is obtained by the fair dealer from the sale of any stamped sheet. The expense of getting up the contraband articles is small, as they deal in declamations and inventions, which cost nothing more than the ink and paper. The spirit of them, like all smuggled spirit, is furiously ardent, and three times above proof. One of them recommends the hanging of a hundred and sixty-two Boroughmongers, and is obliging enough to name the persons whom it will be pleasant to the nation to see hung by the neck until dead. Among these, Lord Berkeley is, I observe, named. As the Berkeley title is in abeyance—the Colonel claiming it without success, and his fourth brother, the Hon. Morctou Berkeley, disclaiming it, and refusing to take his seat

in the House of Peers—it would be necessary, in order to give effect to the wish of the smuggler journalist, to make out at the same time the claim to the title and the title to the gallows. To the parties this would be an interesting suit to have to press, or to have adjudicated.

It may be asked, what is done with the smuggled prints to which I have alluded? Prosecutions are commenced against them, and in due course of procrastination; and, supposing all legal exactness in the proceedings, and no flaws, technical errors, or quibbles, a conviction may be obtained in three months, or so, by which time the chief adventurer has cleared three or four thousand pounds, out of which, a man of straw, who suffers the penalties, has a share that supports him comfortably and cheerfully in gaol. There is only one way of dealing with this or any other smuggling trade, and that is, by the reduction of duties.

The RECORDER of NORWICH.—A teacher has appeared at Norwich, known by the style and addition of Mr. Sergeant Freere, the Recorder of that town. This learned Gentleman has a short and easy way of disposing of all persons whose opinions displease him.

“Are we,” says he, “to despise the wisdom of our ancestors, and scoff at the experience of ages, because certain theorists and speculators choose to put forth their absurdities?” This is a sensible question. As well might it be asked—“Are we to cut off our legs, because certain boobies attempt to stand on their heads?” Decide that arguments are “*absurdities*,” and it requires no ghost, or Sergeant Freere, to suggest to people that the nonsenses should have no force; but to some persons, not of the worshipful station of the Recorder of Norwich, it might seem necessary to prove the absurdities before proposing the question, whether weight should be permitted to them. On Trial by Jury, the Sergeant held forth thus luminously:—

“In criminal cases it worked well; in civil cases, it did not, because if in the latter an individual brought into Court a just cause and lost it, it was no satisfaction to him that his neighbour won his; but in criminal cases it was a sufficient satisfaction to the public that, if in one instance an offender was acquitted, *in another an offender was convicted*, and an example was made to satisfy the justice of the country.”

That is to say, provided there be a hanging or a transportation, the public is content; and without one of these two good things there is no complete satisfaction. Mr. Sergeant Freere has, however, overlooked the fact, that in criminal cases there is often one party as much dissatisfied with the verdict as is the losing suitor in the civil proceeding—namely, the man to be hanged.

The Sergeant is in great wrath with persons who have derived the notion from Blackstone, that originally one-third of tithes was appropriated to the repair of the church, one-third to the support of the poor, and the remaining third to the maintenance of the parson. This the temperate judge describes as—

“One of the falsehoods, the wicked and malicious falsehoods, which have been put abroad by periodical publications, by itinerant lecturers, and by newspapers.”

He proceeds to state:—

“The real history of the tithes, and that on which these theorists have founded their false and unfounded assertions is this; ever since this country has been divided into parishes, the rector has been entitled to the whole, and this statement about the tithes, which has caused so much excitement, existed more than one thousand years ago—when no distinction of parishes existed—when this country was first converted—when there was scarcely more than one church within a Bishoprick, and then, indeed, one-third went to the buildings and repair of the cathedral, and one-third to the poor converts of Christianity; all that time the clergy were not planted about happily, as they are now—that time was some three hundred years before the conquest of this country; but since then the clergy have become the owners of the whole of the tithes, and such owners, whether lay or clerical, are possessed of a title to be traced back many hundred years before the title to our estates.”

The same power that entitled the rector to the whole of the tithes can surely disentitle him now, should such a course be consistent with public policy. The legislature which has regulated tithes may regulate them again. By what

authority, but the authority of Parliament, have titles of immense amount been severed from the church, and rendered payable to laymen! The same legislative power is now competent to dispose and adjust the same sort of property.

Leaving tithes, the learned Recorder proceeds to exclaim against what he styles the "*impertinent humanity*" of persons who have offered up petitions imploring the remission of sentences of death. Mr. Sergeant Freere obviously regards it as a hard thing, that people cannot be hung as heretofore in apathetic peace and quietness, and without tears, reclamations, or officious interference on the part of the public, which latter annoyances he traces to the mischievous suggestions of the Press.

"To prevent the *lesson from the scaffold*, Petitions are prepared for a remission of the sentence—Petitions founded in humanity, but I must say it is a most mistaken and *impertinent humanity*. How is it possible that they can better know what is necessary to be done in Hampshire and in Berkshire, than those who are aware of the whole nature of the cases? Our ancestors thought, that in cases of an aggravated nature, there was a necessity for taking away life, in the crime of burning for instance; but in these days, it is asked, who shall place the life of a man in competition with a barley stack? Experience has forced upon us that nothing short of these lessons from the scaffold will have the effect of staying the atrocious crimes which have been committed."

Our ancestors thought, that in cases of a particular nature, the roasting of offenders was absolutely necessary; but their wisdom in this respect would hardly justify us in following the example.

As for the *lessons from the scaffold*, their efficacy may be judged of from the fires that have been blazing on the very heels of the executioner's progress. The speech of Mr. Sergeant Freere is the most incendiary production I have yet seen,—the sentiments it puts forth are adapted to have the worst effect on the minds of half-informed people, who will suppose that he speaks as a mouth-piece of the Justice of the country.

THE COURT OF CHANCERY ON THEATRICALS.—From the pages of newspapers, and the speeches of advocates, what odd notions would be formed of the manners and customs of society. Sir E. Sugden, in describing the inconveniences of the great Theatres, whose patents are now undergoing Chancery inquisition (*in re* the Winter Theatres against Arnold,) complained that persons on one side of the house could not make themselves heard by friends on the other side, without the aid of speaking-trumpets. Whence it might be inferred, that it was in more commodious theatres customary for people to carry on conversations from one side box to the opposite one, or to bawl from No. 7 to No. 16, their common places and tittle-tattle. In the gallery, these manners are, by amply sufficient oral evidence, known to prevail; for one often hears, after the prelude of a whistle to bespeak attention, Susan, Joe, Jean, and Tom, asked, whether they are present? and an answer is frequently given with responsive energy of lungs; but we had no suspicion that the same custom of extensive communicativeness was wished for by the folks of the boxes or the pit, till Sir E. Sugden uttered his complaint of its present impracticability, and implied the desirableness.

The patent theatres are, however, undoubtedly large to a fault, though the fault instanced is not the precise one of which any but a practising barrister, who has forgotten the customs of the world, would have thought of complaining. Why they are so preposterously large, it would be difficult to explain; it cannot be for the audience, which does not fill them; but if the more rapid draining and ruining of the proprietors be the object, they are well contrived for that exhausting process.

Chambaud tells us of a traveller, who boasted that he had seen a cabbage as big as a house. Another person observed, "there was nothing very extraordinary in that, for he had seen a pot as big as a cathedral."

"Poh!" exclaimed the first, "that's impossible; for what could be the use of such a pot?"—"Why, to boil your cabbage, to be sure," was the answer.

To a stranger, an account of the size of our theatres would seem incredible, till the gulph of our Court of Chancery should be described, when it would appear clear that it was the vaster cathedral-kettle of hot water, contrived to boil the giant cabbage of Covent Garden.

For Sir E. Sugden to talk of the size of the theatres which scarcely fill a hollow-tooth in the jaws of the great Leviathan, is a cruel mockery. Granted that folks cannot converse together from opposite stage-boxes, but what mortal voice can descend from one end to the other, from the beginning to the end of a Chancery-suit? The boar, with his consuming and digesting process a hundred yards long, complains of the corpulence of the sheep he is licking over and preparing for deglutition. Covent Garden is big, too big for hearing; so is Lincoln's-Inn Hall, a Patent Equity Theatre. The arguments for many courts will run parallel with that for many theatres—access, convenience, seeing, hearing: an end to great luminaries, but sufficiently good performers, nearly on an equality.

The Lord Chancellor, with a view to ascertaining the causes of the admitted decline of taste for the drama, asked some very embarrassing questions:—

“The Lord Chancellor.—What is the date of the last stock-piece produced at the large theatres—I mean a play that is acted, frequently—a *rational comedy or tragedy fit for the amusement of men and women?*”

“Mr. Harrison, after some hesitation, mentioned Lord Byron's ‘Werner,’ and Mr. Milman's ‘Fazio,’ [sublimated of George Barnwell.]”

“The Lord Chancellor.—“How long has ‘Werner’ been acted?”

“Mr. Harrison.—Three weeks.”

“The Lord Chancellor.—How long has ‘Fazio’ been acted?”

“Mr. Harrison.—It was acted some years since, and is now reproduced.”

“The Lord Chancellor.—How long is it since any play was produced like the ‘School for Scandal,’ or the ‘Rivals’?”

“Mr. Harrison said, he attended so little to these matters that he was unable to afford his Lordship much information on the point.”

“The Lord Chancellor.—Has there been any play of the description I have mentioned produced since 1804?”

“Mr. Harrison replied, that ‘John Bull,’ a very popular play, had been produced and repeatedly acted since that period.†

* * * * *

“The Lord Chancellor.—There is an idea entertained that theatres are not supported by people living in town, so much as by visitors from the country; but that notion is, I should think, exaggerated.”

“Mr. Harrison said, that the increase of population in the metropolis had by no means furnished a corresponding augmentation of play-goers. He thought that this circumstance was to be attributed to the combined influence of religious feeling, the weight of taxation, and late dining hours.”

Allowing religious feeling and seven o'clock dinners their due weight, I yet believe the progress of literary taste, and the accomplishments, to be more powerful causes of the effect deplored. When there was less reading and music, there was more play-going. Now that people can amuse themselves, they, of course, are less anxious to seek to be amused at the trouble and expense of expeditions to distant parts of the town, and, after all, the very probable chance of disappointment. A pleasant volume deprives many a theatre of a lounge.

The French stage flourished contemporaneously with a high degree of intellectual cultivation, from a particular cause. The theatre was for a long time the only place in which the public could indicate their political feelings. The most distant allusions were caught at, and made expressive of the sentiments of the audience. As, however, the liberty of the press obtained ground, the French stage declined, and it is now following the course of our own; and the theatrical properties are becoming less and less profitable.

The story of the Bottle Imp illustrates the character and tenure of theatrical

† The following list of pieces, produced since 1804, and “fit for the amusement of men and women” was afterwards read:—“Speed the Plough,” “A Cure for the Heart-Ache,” by Morton; “The Heir at Law;” “The Poor Gentleman;” “The Wheel of Fortune;” “The Iron Chest,” by Colman; “Brutus,” by Mr. Howard Payne; “Virgilius,” by Mr. Knowles; and “Bertram,” by Maturin. Such has been the harvest of twenty-six years, during which period we have had a Scott, a Byron, a Wordsworth, a Coleridge, a Moore, and countless minor but sparkling stars in literature.

property. There is always a sale at a loss; always a purchaser for the mischief; always a nightly plague—every one sees the curse of the possessor, and some one nevertheless is always ready to take the devil of a bargain into his own hands. “So runs the world away!”

THE LATE MADAME DE GENLIS—I translate the following smart account of the late Madame de Genlis, from that very piquant French paper the *Figaro* of the 4th January.

She nearly died the day she came into the world; a mere chance saved her; and the noble lady lived eighty-five years.—What a misfortune, not only for the Ducrest and the Genlis, if the clumsy Bailiff who sat down in the arm-chair where the infant prodigy had been left by the careless nurse, had crushed under the ample and heavy development of his various femoral muscles, the hope of French literature! The concussion would have despoiled us of a hundred volumes, and Heaven can witness what volumes! History in romances; morality in proverbs; and religion in comedies. This is what the world of letters would have lost—society would have lost a very different thing.

Such a nose as never was possessed before; a nose modelled by Love himself, and celebrated by ten court poets, and which the censor of praise was as unable to improve as a certain tumble which its owner had in infancy.—Hands the most beautiful that could be, and which Madame de Genlis put up for exhibition during twenty years, upon the strings of a harp, now passed into a proverb.—A form without fault, and which made the delight of the Palais Royal parties in the open air. A foot, alike triumphant at the Court and at the *Porcherons*.—Eyes capable of making an impression upon the running footman of M. de Brancas, and of an innumerable crowd of Dukes, lawyers, officers and men of letters.—A genius!...oh! for her genius, if she had not been encumbered with so much modesty, Madame de Genlis would have shone by it alone in the first rank; through feminine modesty she remained in the second.

Philosophy may breathe again. The author of “The Evenings at the Castle” was the Attila of philosophers; she crushed Voltaire, considering him as a *mauvais sujet*; pursued Diderot and d’Alembert; breasted Rousseau; refuted the Encyclopædia; and was always of the party in favour of the Altar and the Throne, excepting only the day when the Revolution of 1789 commenced.

Foul-mouthed people allege Madame de Genlis to have been a great coquette; which is a calumny. She was virtue itself. No doubt she was the object of rude assaults; public declarations, scenes of despair, disguises, eulogies in verse, madrigals in prose,—all were employed to seduce her affections, but she resisted always. To revenge her cruelty they attacked her morals, and epigrams rained on her. She replied by her *Memoirs*—rather diffuse confessions, which Lavocat (the publisher) contrived to dilute further—but edifying, and which have demonstrated that if Madame de Genlis was not canonized in her life-time, it was because there is no longer any religion to speak of, or that she neglected to cultivate interest with the Pope.

One poet had the audacity to put up Madame de Genlis’ honour at the Exchange for a dollar; the ladies of the Directory exclaimed against this; the Countess herself said nothing; she despised the exaggeration which nobody could credit. In truth, Madame de Genlis was quite as good as the particular Queen, whose modesty was only to fall before the millions of a Cardinal-Duke.

Mirabeau boasted, in one of his letters, that he had communicated his own tenderness to the charming tigress; but Mirabeau was a vain, good-for-nothing coxcomb, and the boudoir on four wheels which he presented as the theatre of his triumph, was a horrible invention. The proof is, that Madame de Genlis says nothing whatever about it in her *Memoirs*. Posterity should be just towards the illustrious Countess, and accept, as sincere, her revelations. Let us, then, consider her as the most virtuous of women; as the least arrogant; the most sensible; the most learned; for all, in fine, that she desired to appear; for Madame de Genlis never said what was untrue; she solemnly declares so.

Madame de Genlis had a talent that was very dear to her, but the title of a good housewife was that she coveted above all the rest. I can never forget the following circumstance, exemplifying the *naïf* vanity of the pretension to be without pretension, which the noble lady sometimes assumed. I was anxious to see this celebrated person, and wrote to ask the favour of a brief interview. She appointed the following day. At twelve o’clock I presented myself; Madame de Genlis was writing; she laid down her pen and obligingly offered me a seat, then said,—“Allow me, Sir, to finish my *pot au feu*; above being a woman of letters, I value myself as a good housewife.” And the Countess scraped the carrots and the leeks, tied them up, put them into the soup-kettle, skimmed the meat, and neither forgot cloves nor fried onions. Then taking off her

kitchen apron, came with very good grace to offer herself to my curiosity. We talked upon art and literature, and I must say that she did not speak of her harp more than twice, of her talent for acting more than once, or of her facility of writing—very much more than six times.

Madame de Genlis died almost suddenly, and was employing herself as usual, when death struck her. She leaves two works, which will, no doubt, be published as soon as a bookseller is found to put them together, and idlers seem disposed to read them. The King offered her rooms in the Tuileries, and she had replied to this gracious proposal the evening before she died. Louis Philip never forgot his preceptor—Madame de Genlis is said to have had some desire to be forgotten by her pupil.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVERTISEMENTS.—Among the strange advertisements that frequently meet the eye, we have observed two that are especially remarkable. An able Edinburgh print offers to give one shilling for each tolerably clean "Scotsman;"* and a clergyman proposes the same reward for ladies of unimpeached and unimpeachable chastity, and intends to put himself to the expense of two pounds' worth.

"A notice," says the Morning Herald, "of which the following is a verbatim copy, was posted, last Sunday," on the door of Wetherby Chapel. The notice bears the signature of "W. Herbert." (The Hon. and Rev. William Herbert is the Rector of Spofforth, in whose parish the Chapel of Wetherby is situate).—

"NOTICE.—Twenty shillings will be divided annually amongst twenty women born in this parish, and residing in it, of irreproachable and unsuspected chastity. The ten oldest will be preferred, and the oldest under twenty-five years of age.

"Also twenty shillings to twenty married women, of irreproachable and unsuspected chastity, married in, and belonging to this parish, and residing in it. If there are more than twenty applicants, those born in the parish will be preferred. No woman pregnant before her marriage, or whose character does not stand quite clear in the opinion of her neighbours, need apply. The most needy will be preferred amongst those equally qualified. The names of the applicants, with their age, parentage, and township, must be given in to the clerk on or before the third Sunday in January. The names of those who are preferred will be put up in the church on the second Sunday in February, and they will be expected to attend to receive the money on the third Sunday of February, after evening service.—1st of January, 1831. "WILLIAM HERBERT."

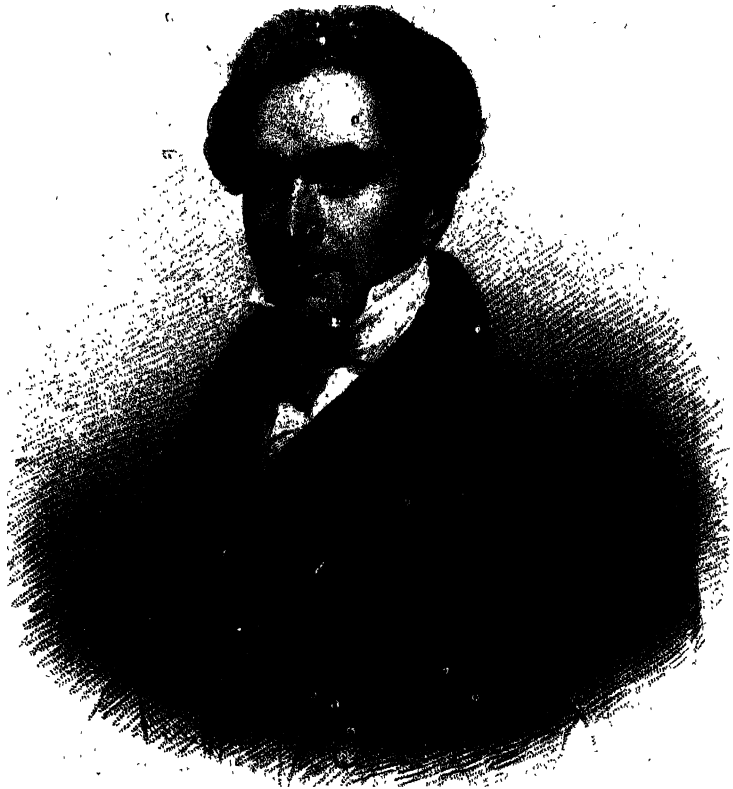
"Any applicant from Wetherby must bring a satisfactory certificate of conduct from some person approved of by me."

What would the scoffing Juvenal say to this? Here is an example of the progress of improvement! A shilling reward offered for Lucretias, bid for by the score, and all excluded whose characters do not stand quite clear in the opinion of their neighbours. Phœnixes should now be as plenty as larks, and roasted on the spit by dozens. Diana! what an age! The one time prodigy of a woman untouched by calumny or detraction, and standing quite clear in the opinion of her neighbours (words big with censoriousness) is only rated at the worth of twelvecence! What has happened to the morals of the age, or what has happened to the currency?

This is an affair for Mr. Attwood. Either the shilling has been immensely enhanced, and commands a vast amount of property, or good behaviour has become wonderfully abundant, and consequently cheap. Virtue will, at this rate, soon be a drug. In many parts of the country, they offer, at the church doors, as much for the head of a weasel as they do at Wetherby for a head of spotless modesty. From some cause, there must be an extraordinary production of propriety. The demand, at the rate of twenty shillings the score, indicates the fullness and cheapness of the supply. Has machinery any thing to do with it? Are any threshing machines concerned in the case?

Never was there such a compliment to the sex of any nation. The King offers a bounty of eight or ten pounds for brave men, but chaste women (unreproached and unreproachable) who pair off with them in the order of merit, are to be had for a shilling each!

* Edinburgh, Wednesday, January 5, 1831.—Six copies of the Scotsman, of Saturday, 1st of January, are wanted. If tolerably clean, one shilling will be paid for each.



THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY."

reproduced by Thomson from a Painting by F. W. Pichersgill Esq. 1831

John Pook

London. Published in the New Monthly Mag^z by Colburn & Bentley, March, 1831.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT
IN ILL HEALTH, NO. III.

CONVERSATION THE FOURTH.

In order to make allowance for much of the manner and the matter of L——'s conversation, I must beg the reader to observe how largely the faculties of the imagination enter even into those channels of his mind from which (were the judgment thoroughly sound) all that is merely imaginative would be the most carefully banished. In L——'s character, indeed, whatever may be his talents, there was always a string loose, something morbid and vague, which even in perceiving, one could scarcely condemn, for it gave a tenderness to his views, and a glow of sentiment to his opinions, which made us love him better, perhaps, than if his learning and genius had been accompanied with a severer justness of reasoning. For my own part, I, who hate the world and seldom see any thing that seems to me, if rightly analyzed, above contempt, am often carried away in spite of myself by his benevolence of opinion, and his softening and gentle order of philosophy. I often smile, as I listen to his wandering and platonic conjectures on our earthly end and powers, but I am not sure that the smile is in disdain, even when his reasoning appears the most erratic.

I reminded L——, when I next saw him, of his promise, in our last conversation, to give me a sketch of his early history. I wished it to be the history of his mind as well as his adventures; in a word, a literary and moral, as well as actual narrative,—“A MEMOIR OF A STUDENT.” The moment in which I pressed the wish, was favourable. He was in better spirits than usual, and free from pain; the evening was fine, and there was that quiet cheerfulness in the air which we sometimes find towards the close of one of those mild days that occasionally relieve the severity of an English winter.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT.

“You know,” said L——, commencing his story, “that I was born to the advantages of a good name and of more than a moderate opulence; the care of my education, for I was an orphan, devolved upon my aunt a maiden-lady, of some considerable acquirement and some very rare qualities of heart. Good old woman! how well and how kindly I remember her, with her high cap and kerchief, the tortoiseshell spectacles, that could not conceal or injure the gentle expression of her eyes—eyes above which the brow never frowned. How well too I remember the spelling-book, and the grammar, and (as I grew older) the odd volume of Plutarch's Lives, that always lay, for my use and profit, on the old dark table beside her chair. And something better too, than spelling and grammar, ay, and even the life of Caius Marius, with that grand and terrible incident in the memoir which Plutarch has so finely told, of how the intended murderer, entering the great Roman's hiding-chamber, as he lay there, stricken by years and misfortune, saw through the dim and solemn twilight of the room, the eye of the purposed victim fall like a warning light upon him, while a voice exclaimed, ‘Darest thou, man, to slay Caius Marius?’ and how

the stern Gaul, all awe-stricken and amazed, dropped the weapon, and fled from the chamber; better, I say, even than spelling and grammar, and these fine legends of old, were certain homely precepts with which my good aunt was wont to diversify the lecture. Never to tell a lie, never to do a mean action, never to forsake a friend, and never to malign a foe; these were the hereditary maxims of her race, and these she instilled into my mind, as something, which if I remembered, even the sin of forgetting how to spell words in eight syllables might be reasonably forgiven me.

“ I was sent to school when I was somewhat about seven years old, and I remained at that school till I was twelve, and could construe Ovid’s Epistles. I was then transplanted to another, better adapted to my increased years and wisdom. Thither I went with a notable resolution which greatly tended in its consequences to expand my future character. At my first academy, I had been so often and so bitterly the victim of the exuberant ferocity of the elder boys, that I only resolved, the moment I was of an age and stature to make any reasonable sort of defence, to anticipate the laws of honour and never put up, in tranquil endurance, with a blow. When, therefore, I found myself at a new school, and at the age of twelve years, I saw (in my fancy) the epoch of resistance and emancipation, which I had so long coveted. The third day of my arrival I was put to the proof; I was struck by a boy twice my size—I returned the blow—we fought, and I was conquered, but he never struck me again. That was an admirable rule of mine, if a boy has but animal hardihood; for, for one sound beating one escapes at least twenty lesser ones, with teasings, and tormentings indefinitely numerous, into the bargain. No boy likes to engage with a boy much less than himself, and rather than do so, he will refrain from the pleasure of tyrannizing. We cannot, alas! in the present state of the world, learn too early the great wisdom of resistance. I carried this rule, however, a little too far, as you shall see. I had never been once touched, once even chidden by the master, till one day, when I was about fifteen, we had a desperate quarrel, ending in my expulsion. There was a certain usher in the school, a very pink and pattern of ushers. He was hard to the lesser boys but he had his favourites among them,—fellows who always called him Sir, and offered him oranges. To us of the higher school, he was generally courteous, and it was a part of his policy to get himself invited home by one or the other of us during the holidays. For this purpose he winked at many of our transgressions, allowed us to give feasts on a half-holiday, and said nothing if he discovered a crib* in our possession. But, oh, to the mistress, he was meekness in a human shape. Such humble and sleek modesty never appeared before in a pair of drab inexpressibles and long gaiters. How he praised her pudding on a Sunday! how he extolled her youngest duncie on his entrance into Greek! how delicately he hinted at her still existent charms, when she wore her new silk gown at the parish church! and how subtly he alluded to her gentle influence over the rigid doctor. Somehow or other, between the usher and myself, there was a feud; we looked on each other not lovingly; he said I

* The cant word at schools for a literal translation of some classic author.

had set the boys against him, and I accused him, in my own heart, of doing me no good service with the fat schoolmistress. Things at length came to an open rupture. One evening, after school, the usher was indulging himself, with one of the higher boys, in the gentle recreation of a game at draughts. Now, after school, the school-room belonged solely and wholly to the boys; it was a wet afternoon, and some half-a-dozen of us entered into a game, not quite so quiet as that the usher was engaged in. Mr. — commanded silence; my companions were awed—not so myself; I insisted on our right to be as noisy as we would out of school. My eloquence convinced them, and we renewed the game. The usher again commanded silence; we affected not to hear him. He rose; he saw me in the act of rebellion.

“ ‘ Mr. L——,’ cried he, ‘ Do you hear me, Sir? Silence!’

“ ‘ I beg your pardon, Sir; but we have a right to the school-room after hours; especially of a wet evening.’

“ ‘ Oh! very well, Sir; very well; I shall report you to the Doctor.’ So saying, the usher buttoned up his netler garment, which he had a curious custom of unbracing after school, especially when engaged in draughts, and went forthwith to the master. I continued the game. The master entered. He was a tall, gaunt, lame man, very dark in hue, and of a stern Cameronian countenance, with a cast in his eye.

“ ‘ How is this, Mr. L——?’ said he, walking up to me; ‘ How dared you disobey Mr. ——’s orders?’

“ ‘ Sir! his orders were against the custom of the school.’

“ ‘ Custom, Sir; and who gives custom to this school but myself? You are insolent, Mr. L——, and you don’t know what is due to your superiors.’

“ ‘ Superiors!’ said I, with a look at the usher. The master thought I spoke of himself; his choler rose, and he gave me a box on the ear.

“ All my blood was up in a moment; never yet, under that roof, had I received a blow unavenged on the spot. I had fought my way in the school, step by step, to the first ranks of pugilistic heroism. Those taller and more peaceable than myself, hated me, but attacked not; these were now around me exulting in my mortification; I saw them nudge each other with insolent satisfaction; I saw their eyes gloat and their features grin. The master had never before struck a boy in my class. The insult was tenfold, because unparalleled. All these thoughts flashed across me. I gathered myself up, clenched my fist, and, with a sudden and almost unconscious effort, I returned, and in no gentle manner, the blow I had received. The pedagogue could have crushed me on the spot; he was a remarkably powerful man. I honour him at this moment for his forbearance; at that moment I despised him for his cowardice. He looked thunderstruck, after he had received so audacious a proof of my contumacy; the blood left, and then gushed burningly back to, his sallow cheek. ‘ It is well, Sir,’ said he, at length, ‘ follow me!’ and he walked straight out of the school-room. I obeyed with a mechanical and dogged sullenness. He led the way into the house, which was detached from the school-room; entered a little dingy front parlour, in which only once before

(the eve of my first appearance under his roof) had I ever set foot; motioned me also within the apartment; gave me one stern, contemptuous look; turned on his heel; left the room; locked the door, and I was alone. At night the maidservants came in, and made up a bed on a little black horsehair sofa. There was I left to repose. The next morning came at last. My breakfast was brought me, in a mysterious silence. I began to be affected by the monotony and dullness of my seclusion. I looked carefully round the little chamber for a book, and at length, behind a red tea-tray, I found one. It was—I remember it well—it was Beloe's *Sexagenarian*. I have never looked into the book since, but it made considerable impression on me at the time,—a dull melancholy impression, like that produced on us by a rainy, drizzling day; there seemed to me then a stagnant quiet, a heavy repose about the memoir which saddened me with the idea of a man writing the biography of a life never enjoyed, and wholly unconscious that it had not been enjoyed to the utmost. It is very likely that this impression is not a just one, and were I to read the book again, it might create very different sensations. But I recollect that I said, at some passage or another, with considerable fervour, 'Well, I will never devote existence to becoming a scholar.' I had not finished the book, when the mistress entered, as if looking for a bunch of keys, but in reality to see how I was employed; a very angry glance did she cast upon my poor amusement with the *Sexagenarian*, and about two minutes after she left the room, a servant entered and demanded the book. The reading of the *Sexagenarian* remains yet unconcluded, and most probably will so remain to my dying day. A gloomy evening and a sleepless night succeeded; but early next morning a ring was heard at the gate, and from the window of my dungeon, I saw the servant open the gate, and my aunt enter and walk up the little strait ribbon of gravel, that intersected what was termed the front garden. In about half an hour afterwards, the Doctor entered with my poor relation, the latter in tears. The Doctor had declared himself inexorable; nothing less than my expulsion would atone for my crime. Now my aunt was appalled by the word expulsion; she had heard of boys to whom expulsion had been ruin for life; on whom it had shut the gates of college; the advantages of connexion; the fold of the church; the honours of civil professions; it was a sound full of omen and doom to her ear. She struggled against what she deemed so lasting a disgrace. I remained in the dignity of silence, struck to the heart by her grief and reproaches, but resolved to show no token of remorse.

"'Lok, Ma'am,' cried the Doctor, irritated by obstinacy; 'Look at the young gentleman's countenance: Do you see repentance there?' My aunt looked, and I walked to the window to hide my face. This finished the business, and I returned home that day with my aunt; who saw in me a future outcast, and a man undone for life, for want of a proper facility in bearing boxes on the ear.

"Within a week from that time I was in the house of a gentleman, who professed not to keep a school, but to take pupils,—a nice distinction, that separates the schoolmaster from the tutor. There were about six of us, from the age of fifteen to eighteen. He undertook to prepare us for the University, and with him, in real earnest,

I, for the first time, began to learn. Yes; there commenced an epoch both in my mind and heart,—I woke to the knowledge of books and also of myself. In one year I passed over a world of feelings. From the child I rose at once into the man. But let me tell my story methodically; and first, as to the education of the intellect. Mr. S—— was an elegant and graceful scholar, of the University calibre, not deeply learned, but intimately acquainted with the beauties and the subtleties of the authors he had read. You know, A——, what authors an University scholar does read, and those which he neglects. At this time, it is with those most generally neglected that I am least imperfectly acquainted; but it was not so then, as you may suppose. Before I went to Mr. S——'s, I certainly had never betrayed any very studious disposition; the ordinary and hacknied method of construing, and parsing, and learning by heart, and making themes, whose only possible excellence was to be unoriginal, and verses, in which the highest beauty was a dextrous plagiarism;—all this had disgusted me betimes, and I *shirked* lessons with the same avidity as the rest of my tribe. It became quite and suddenly different with Mr. S——. The first day of my arrival, I *took up* the Medea of Euripides. Into what a delightful recreation did S—— manage to convert the task I had hitherto thought so wearisome,—how eloquently he dwelt on each poetical expression,—how richly he illustrated every beauty by comparisons and contrasts from the pages of other poets! What a life he breathed into the dull lecture! How glowingly, as if touched by a wand, was the Greek crabbed sentence, hitherto breathing but of lexicons and grammars, exalted into the freshness and the glory of the poet. Euripides was the first of the divine spirits of old, who taught me to burn over the dreams of fiction; and so great and deep is my gratitude, that at this day I read his plays more often than I do even those of Shakspeare, and imagine that beauties speak to me from that little old worn edition, in which I then read him, that are dumb and lifeless to every heart but my own. I now studied with a new frame of mind: first, I began to admire—then to dwell upon what I admired—then to criticise, or sometimes to imitate. * Within two years I had read and pondered over the works of all the Greek and Latin poets, historians, orators! the pages of the philosophers alone were shut to me. The divine lore of Plato, and the hard and grasping intellect of the Stagyrte, S—— did not undertake to decipher and expound. I except, indeed, those hacknied and petty portions of the latter, through which every orthodox schoolman pushes his brief but unwilling way. You recollect that passage in Gibbon's Memoirs, in which he subjoins, with a pedant's pleasing ostentation, the list of the books he had read, I think, within a year. Judge of the gratification to my pride, when, chancing to meet with this passage, I found that my labours in this department had at least equalled those of the triumphant historian.

"I had been a little more than a year with S——, and a fit, one bright spring morning, came over me—a fit of poetry. From that time the disorder increased, for I indulged it; and though such of my performances as have been seen by friendly eyes have been looked upon as mediocre enough, I still believe, that if ever I could win a lasting reputation, it would be through that channel. Love

usually accompanies poetry, and, in my case, there was no exception to the rule.

“ There was a slender, but pleasant brook, about two miles from S——’s house, to which one or two of us were accustomed, in the summer days, to repair to bathe and saunter away our leisure hours. To this favourite spot I one day went alone, and crossing a field which led to the brook, I encountered two ladies, with one of whom, having met her at some house in the neighbourhood, I had a slight acquaintance. We stopped to speak to each other, and I saw the face of her companion. Alas! were I to live ten thousand lives, there would never be a moment in which I could be alone—nor sleeping, and that face not with me!

“ My acquaintance introduced us to each other. I walked home with them to the house of Miss D—— (so was the strange, who was also the younger, lady, named). The next day I called upon her: The acquaintance thus commenced did not droop; and, notwithstanding our youth—for Lucy D—— was only seventeen, and I nearly a year younger—we soon loved, and with a love, which, full of poesy and dreaming, as from our age it necessarily must have been, was not less durable, nor less heart-felt, than if it had arisen from the deeper and more earthly sources in which later life only hoards its affections.

“ Oh, God! how little did I think of what our young folly entailed upon us! We delivered ourselves up to the diotates of our hearts, and forgot that there was a future. Neither of us had any ulterior design; we did not think—poor children that we were—of marriage, and settlements, and consent of relations. We touched each other’s hands, and were happy; we read poetry together—and when we lifted up our eyes from the page, those eyes met, and we did not know why our hearts beat so violently; and at length, when we spake of love, and when we called each other Lucy and ——; when we described all that we had thought in absence—and all we had felt when present—when we sat with our hands locked each in each—and at last, growing bolder, when in the still and quiet loneliness of a summer twilight we exchanged our first kiss, we did not dream that the world forbade what seemed to us so natural; nor—feeling in our own hearts the impossibility of change—did we ever ask whether this sweet and mystic state of existence was to last for ever!

“ Lucy was an only child; her father was a man of wretched character. A profligate, a gambler—ruined alike in fortune, hope, and reputation, he was yet her only guardian and protector. The village in which we both resided was near London; there Mr. D—— had a small cottage, where he left his daughter and his slender establishment for days, and sometimes for weeks together, while he was engaged in equivocal speculations—giving no address, and engaged in no professional mode of life. Lucy’s mother had died long since, of a broken heart—(that fate, too, was afterwards her daughter’s)—so that this poor girl was literally without a monitor or a friend, save her own innocence—and, alas! innocence is but a poor substitute for experience. The lady with whom I had met her had known her mother, and she felt compassion for the child. She saw her constantly, and sometimes took her to her own house, whenever she was in the neigh-

bourhood; but that was not often, and only for a few days at a time. Her excepted, Lucy had no female friend.

Was it a wonder, then, that she allowed herself to meet me?—that we spent hours and hours together?—that she called me her only friend—her brother as well as her lover? There was a peculiarity in our attachment worth noticing. Never, from the first hour of our meeting to the last of our separation, did we ever say an unkind or cutting word to each other. Living so much alone—never meeting in the world—unacquainted with all the tricks, and doubts, and artifices of life, we never had cause for the jealousy and the reproach, the sharp suspicion, or the premeditated coquetry, which diversify the current of loves formed in society—the kindest language, the most tender thoughts, alone occurred to us. If any thing prevented her meeting me, she never concealed her sorrow, nor did I ever affect to chide. We knew from the bottom of our hearts that we were all in all to each other—and there was never any disguise to the clear and full understanding of that delicious knowledge. Poor—poor Lucy! what an age seems to have passed since that time! How dim and melancholy, yet, oh! how faithful, are the hues in which that remembrance is clothed! When I muse over that time, I start, and ask myself if it was real, or if I did not wholly dream it—and with the intenseness of the dream, fancy it a truth. Many other passages in my life have been romantic, and many, too, coloured by the affections. But this short part of my existence is divided utterly from the rest—it seems to have no connexion with all else that I have felt and acted—a strange and visionary wandering out of the living world—having here no being and no parallel.

One evening we were to meet at a sequestered and lonely part of the brook's course, a spot which was our usual rendezvous. I waited considerably beyond the time appointed, and was just going sorrowfully away when she appeared. As she approached, I saw that she was in tears—and she could not for several moments speak for weeping. At length I learned that her father had just returned home, after a long absence—that he had announced his intention of immediately quitting their present home and going to a distant part of the country, or—perhaps even abroad.

“And this chance so probable, so certain—this chance of separation had never occurred to us before! We had lived in the Happy Valley, nor thought of the strange and desert lands that stretched beyond the mountains around us! I was stricken, as it were, into torpor at the intelligence. I did not speak, or attempt, for several moments, to console her. At length we sat down under an old tree, and Lucy it was who spoke first. I cannot say whether Lucy was beautiful or not, nor will I attempt to describe her; for it has seemed to me that there would be the same apathy and triteness of heart necessary, to dwell coldly upon that face and figure—which are now dust—as it would ask in a bridegroom widowed ere the first intoxication was over, to minute and item every inch and article in his bridal chamber. But putting her outward attractions wholly aside, there was something in Lucy's sweet and kind voice which would have filled me with love, even for deformity; and now, when quite forgetting herself, she

thought only of comfort and hope for me, my love to her seemed to grow and expand, and leave within me no thought, no feeling, that it did not seize and colour. It is an odd thing in the history of the human heart; that the times most sad to experience are often the most grateful to recall; and of all the passages in our brief and chequered love, none have I clung to so fondly or cherished so tenderly, as the remembrance of that desolate and tearful hour. We walked slowly home, speaking very little, and lingering on the way—and my arm was round her waist all the time. Had we fixed any scheme—formed any plan for hope?—none! We were (and felt ourselves—nor struggled against the knowledge)—we were playthings in the hands of Fate. It is only in after-years that Wisdom (which is the gift of Prophecy) prepares us for, or delivers us from Destiny! There was a little stile at the entrance of the garden round Lucy's home, and sheltered as it was by trees and bushes, it was there, whenever we met, we took our last adieu—and there that evening we stopped, and lingered over our parting words and our parting kiss—and at length, when I tore myself away, I looked back and saw her in the sad and grey light of the evening still there, still watching, still weeping! What, what hours of anguish and gnawing of heart must one, who loved so kindly and so entirely as she did, have afterwards endured!

As I lay awake that night, a project, natural enough, darted across me. I would seek Lucy's father, communicate our attachment, and sue for his approbation. We might, indeed, be too young for marriage—but we could wait, and love each other in the mean while. I lost no time in following up this resolution. The next day, before noon, I was at the door of Lucy's cottage—I was in the little chamber that faced the garden, alone with her father.

“A boy forms strange notions of a man who is considered a scoundrel. I was prepared to see one of fierce and sullen appearance, and to meet with a rude and coarse reception. I found in Mr. D—— a person who early accustomed—(for he was of high birth)—to polished society, still preserved, in his manner and appearance, its best characteristics. His voice was soft and bland; his face, though haggard and worn, retained the traces of early beauty; and a courteous and attentive ease of deportment had been probably improved by the habits of deceiving others, rather than impaired. I told our story to this man, frankly and fully. When I had done, he rose; he took me by the hand; he expressed some regret, yet some satisfaction, at what he had heard. He was sensible how much peculiar circumstances had obliged him to leave his daughter unprotected; he was sensible, also, that from my birth and future fortunes, my affection did honour to the object of my choice. Nothing would have made him so happy, so proud, had I been older—had I been my own master. But I and he, alas! must be aware that my friends and guardians would never consent to my forming any engagement at so premature an age, and they and the world would impute the blame to him; for calumny (he added in a melancholy tone) had been busy with his name, and any story, however false or idle, would be believed of one who was out of the world's affections.

“All this, and much more, did he say; and I pitied him while he spoke. Our conference then ended in nothing fixed;—but—he asked

me to dine with him the next day. In a word, while he forbade me at present to recur to the subject, he allowed me to see his daughter as often as I pleased: this lasted for about ten days. At the end of that time, when I made my usual morning visit, I saw D— alone: he appeared much agitated. He was about, he said, to be arrested. He was undone for ever—and his poor daughter!—he could say no more—his manly heart was overcome, and he hid his face with his hands. I attempted to console him, and inquired the sum necessary to relieve him. It was considerable; and on hearing it named, my power of consolation I deemed over ~~at~~ *once*. I was mistaken. But why dwell on so hacknied a topic as that of a sharper on the one hand, and a dupe on the other? I saw a gentleman of the tribe of Israel—I raised a sum of money, to be repaid when I came of age, and that sum was placed in D—'s hands. My intercourse with Lucy continued; but not long. This matter came to the ears of one who had succeeded my poor aunt, now no more, as my guardian. He saw D—, and threatened him with penalties, which the sharper did not dare to brave. My guardian was a man of the world; he said nothing to me on the subject, but he begged me to accompany him on a short tour through a neighbouring county. I took leave of Lucy only for a few days, as I imagined. I accompanied my guardian—was a week absent—returned—and hastened to the cottage: it was shut up—an old woman opened the door—they were gone, father and daughter, none knew whither!

“It was now that my guardian disclosed his share in this event, so terribly unexpected by me. He unfolded the arts of D—; he held up his character in its true light. I listened to him patiently, while he proceeded thus far; but when, encouraged by my silence, he attempted to insinuate that Lucy was implicated in her father's artifices—that she had lent herself to decoy, to the mutual advantage of sire and daughter, the inexperienced heir of considerable fortunes,—my rage and indignation exploded at once. High words ensued. I defied his authority—I laughed at his menaces—I openly declared my resolution of tracing Lucy to the end of the world, and marrying her the instant she was found. Whether or not that my guardian had penetrated sufficiently into my character to see that force was not the means by which I was to be guided, I cannot say; but he softened from his tone at last—apologised for his warmth—condescended to soothe and remonstrate—and our dispute ended in a compromise. I consented to leave Mr. S—, and to spend the next year, preparatory to my going to the University, with my guardian: he promised, on the other hand, that if, at the end of that year, I still wished to discover Lucy, he would throw no obstacles in the way of my search. I was ill-contented with this compact; but I was induced to it by my firm persuasion that Lucy would write to me, and that we should console each other, at least, by a knowledge of our mutual situation and our mutual constancy. In this persuasion, I insisted on remaining six weeks longer with S—, and gained my point; and that any letter Lucy might write might not be exposed to any officious intervention from S—, or my guardian's satellites, I walked every day to meet the postman who was accustomed to bring our letters. None came from Lucy. Afterwards, I learned that D—, whom my

guardian had wisely bought, as well as intimidated, had intercepted three letters which she had addressed to me, in her unsuspecting confidence—and that she only ceased to write when she ceased to believe in me.

“I went to reside with my guardian. A man of a hospitable and liberal turn, his house was always full of guests, who were culled from the most agreeable circles in London. We lived in a perpetual round of amusement; and my uncle, who thought I should be rich enough to afford to be ignorant, was more anxious that I should divert my mind, than instruct it. Well, this year passed slowly and sadly away, despite of the gaiety around me; and, at the end of that time, I left my uncle to go to the University; but I first lingered in London to make inquiries after D—. I could learn no certain tidings of him, but heard that the most probable place to find him was a certain gaming-house in K— Street. Thither I repaired forthwith. It was a haunt of no delicate and luxurious order of vice; the chain attached to the threshold indicated suspicion of the spies of justice; and a grim and sullen face peered jealously upon me before I was suffered to ascend the filthy and noisome staircase. But my search was destined to a brief end. At the head of the *Rouge et Noir* table, facing my eyes the moment I entered the evil chamber, was the marked and working countenance of D—.

“He did not look up—no, not once, all the time he played: he won largely—rose with a flushed face and trembling hand—descended the stairs—stopped in a room below, where a table was spread with meats and wine—took a large tumbler of Madeira, and left the house. I had waited patiently—I had followed him with a noiseless step—I now drew my breath hard, clenched my hands, as if to nerve myself for a contest—and as he paused a moment under one of the lamps, seemingly in doubt whither to go—I laid my hand on his shoulder, and uttered his name. His eyes wandered with a leaden and dull gaze over my face before he remembered me. Then he recovered his usual bland smile and soft tone. He grasped my unwilling hand, and inquired with the tenderness of a parent after my health. I did not heed his words. ‘Your daughter?’ said I, convulsively.

“‘Ah! you were old friends,’ quoth he, smiling; ‘you have recovered that folly, I hope. Poor thing! she will be happy to see an old friend. You know, of course—’

“‘What?’ for he hesitated.

“‘That Lucy is married!’

“‘Married!’ and as that word left my lips, it seemed as if my very life, my very soul, had gushed forth also in the sound. When—oh! when, in the night-watch and the daily yearning, when, whatever might have been my grief or wretchedness, or despondency, when had I dreamt, when imaged forth even the outline of a doom like this? Married! my Lucy, my fond, my constant, my pure-hearted, and tender Lucy! Suddenly, all the chilled and revolted energies of my passions seemed to re-act, and rush back upon me. I seized that smiling and hollow wretch with a fierce grasp. ‘You have done this—you have broken her heart—you have crushed mine! I curse you in her name and my own!—I curse you from the bottom and with all

the venom of my soul!—Wretch! wretch!’ and he was as a reed in my hands.’

“‘Madman,’ said he, as at last he extricated himself from my gripe, ‘my daughter married with her free consent, and to one far better fitted to make her happy than you. Go, go—I forgive you—I also was once in love, and with *her* mother!’

“I did not answer—I let him depart.

“Behold me now, then, entered upon a new stage of life—a long, sweet, shadowy train of dreams and fancies, and forethoughts, of an unreal future, was for ever past. I had attained suddenly to the end of that period which is as a tale from the East, ‘a tale of glory and of the sun.’ A startling and abrupt truth had come upon me in the night, and unawares! I was awakened, and for ever—the charm had fallen from me; and I was as other men! The little objects of earth—the real and daily present—the routine of trifles—the bustle and the contest—the poor employment and the low ambition—these were henceforth to me as to my fellow-kipt. I was brought at once into the actual world; and the armour for defence was girded round me as by magic; the weapon adapted to the hardship and to the battle was in my hand. And all this had happened—love—disappointment—despair—wisdom—while I was yet a boy!

“It was a little while after this interview—but I mention it now, for there is no importance in the quarter from which I heard it—that I learned some few particulars of Lucy’s marriage. There was, and still is, in the world’s gossip, a strange story of a rich, foolish man, awed as well as gulled by a sharper, and of a girl torn to a church with a violence so evident that the priest refused the ceremony. But the rite was afterwards solemnized by special licence, in private, and at night. The pith of that story has truth, and Lucy was at once the heroine and victim of the romance. Now, then, I turn to somewhat a different strain in my narrative.

“You, A——, who know so well the habits of an University *life*, need not be told how singularly monotonous and contemplative it may be made to a lonely man. The first year I was there, I mixed, as you may remember, in none of the many circles into which that curious and motley society is split. I formed, or rather returned to my old passion for study; yet the study was desultory, and wanted that system and vigour on which you have, at a later time, complimented my lettered ardour. Two or three books, of a vague and unmelting philosophy, fell in my way, and I fed upon their crude theories. We live alone, and we form a system; we go into the world, and we see the errors in the systems of others. To judge and to invent are two opposite faculties, and are cultivated by two opposite modes of life, or, as Gibbon has expressed it, ‘Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.’

“My only recreation was in long and companionless rides; and in the flat and dreary country around our University, the cheerless aspect of nature fed the idle melancholy at my heart. In the second year of my college life, I roused myself a little from my seclusion, and rather by accident than design—you will remember that my acquaintance was formed among the men considered most able and promising of our time. I appeared but to poor advantage among these young

academicians, fresh as they were from public schools ; their high animal spirits for ever on the wing—ready in wit and in argument—prone now to laugh at trifles, and now earnestly to dispute on them—they stunned and confused my quiet and grave habits of mind. I have met the most brilliant of these men since, and they have been astonished, and confessed themselves astonished, even at the little and meagre reputation I have acquired, and at whatsoever conversational ability I can now, though only by fits and starts, manage to display. They compliment me on my improvement : they mistake—my intellect is just the same—I have improved only in the facility of communicating its fruits. In the summer of that year, I resolved to make a bold effort to harden my mind and conquer its fastidious reserve ; and I set out to travel over the North of England, and the greater part of Scotland, in the humble character of a pedestrian tourist. Nothing ever did my character more solid good than that experiment. I was thrown among a thousand varieties of character ; I was continually forced into bustle and action, and into *providing for myself*—that great and indelible lesson towards permanent independence of character.

“ One evening, in an obscure part of Cumberland, I was seeking a short cut to a neighbouring village through a gentleman’s grounds, in which there was a public path. ‘Just within sight of the house (which was an old, desolate building, in the architecture of James the First, with gable-ends and dingy walls, and deep-sunk, gloomy windows), I perceived two ladies at a little distance before me ; one seemed in weak and delicate health, for she walked slowly and with pain, and stopped often as she leaned on her companion. I lingered behind, in order not to pass them abruptly ; presently, they turned away towards the house, and I saw them no more. Yet that frail and bending form, as I too soon afterwards learned—that form, which I did not recognise—which, by a sort of fatality, I saw only in a glimpse, and yet for the last time on earth,—that form—was the wreck of Lucy D— !

“ Unconscious of this event in my destiny, I left that neighbourhood, and settled for some weeks on the borders of the lake Keswick. There, one evening, a letter, re-directed to me from London, reached me. The hand-writing was that of Lucy ; but the trembling and slurred characters, so different from that graceful ease which was wont to characterise all she did, filled me, even at the first glance, with alarm. This is the letter—read it—you will know, then, what I have lost :—

“ “ I write to you, my dear, my unforgotten——, the last letter this hand will ever trace. Till now, it would have been a crime to write to you ; perhaps it is so still—but dying as I am, and divorced from all earthly thoughts and remembrances, save yours, I feel that I cannot quite collect my mind for the last hour until I have given you the blessing of one whom you loved once ; and when that blessing is given, I think I can turn away from your image, and sever willingly the last tie that binds me to earth. I will not afflict you by saying what I have suffered since we parted—with what anguish I thought of what *you* would feel when you found me gone—and with what cruel, what fearful violence, I was forced into becoming the wretch I now am. I was hurried, I was driven, into a dreadful and bitter duty—but I thank God that I have fulfilled it. What, what have I done, to have been made so miserable throughout life as I have been ! I ask my heart, and tax my conscience—and every night I think over the sins of

the day; they do not seem to me heavy, yet my penance has been very great. For the last two years, I do sincerely think that there has not been one day which I have not marked with tears. But enough of this, and of myself. You, dear, dear L——, let me turn to you! Something at my heart tells me that you have not forgotten that once we were the world to each other, and even through the changes and the glories of a man's life, I think you will not forget it. True, L——, that I was a poor and friendless, and not too-well educated girl, and altogether unworthy of your destiny; but you did not think so then—and when you have lost me, it is a sad, but it is a real comfort, to feel that that thought will never occur to you. Your memory will invest me with a thousand attractions and graces I did not possess, and all that you recall of me will be linked with the freshest and happiest thoughts of that period of life in which you first beheld me. And this thought, dearest L——, sweetens death to me—and sometimes it comforts me, for what has been Had our lot been otherwise—had we been united, and had you survived your love for me (and what more probable!) my lot would have been darker even than it has been. I know not how it is—perhaps from my approaching death—but I seem to have grown old, and to have obtained the right to be your monitor and warner. Forgive me, then, if I implore you to think earnestly and deeply of the great ends of life; think of them as one might think who is anxious to gain a distant home, and who will not be diverted from his way. Oh! could you know how solemn and thrilling a joy comes over me as I nurse the belief, the certainty, that we shall meet at length, and for ever! Will not that hope also animate you, and guide you unerring through the danger and the evil of this entangled life?

“May God bless you, and watch over you—may He comfort and cheer, and elevate your heart to Him! Before you receive this, I shall be no more—and my love, my care for you will, I trust and feel, have become eternal.—Farewell: ‘L. M.’

“The letter,” continued L——, struggling with his emotions, “was dated from that village through which I had so lately passed; thither I repaired that very night—Lucy had been buried the day before! I stood upon a green mound, and a few, few feet below, separated from me by a scanty portion of earth, mouldered that heart which had loved me so faithfully and so well!”*

THE PORTRAIT.

Yrs, it is lovely—those eyes are bright
 With the vivid blaze of Nature's light;
 Surely those lips will sever ere long
 For the winning speech, or the warbling song:
 Artist, I give thee unmingled praise,
 Yet I do not grieve to withdraw my gaze,
 For I boast a source of more soul-felt bliss,
 And I know a portrait more just than this.

Affection's true and unerring art
 Has fix'd that form in my faithful heart,
 There, like a pearl in the ocean cells,
 Sacred from glance and from touch it dwells;
 With tedious skill thou hast wrought a shade
 Which chance may injure, and time must fade,
 But mine, which was traced without endeavour,
 Shall bloom in its guarded shrine for ever!

M. A.

POLAND.

Consequences of the Partition.—Causes of the Present Insurrection.

IN a former number* we gave an authentic history of the secret as well as barefaced intrigues and acts of violence which ultimately led to the partition of Poland. Enough, we presume, was said to show that whether the motives which led to that political catastrophe were morally considered, or viewed in their influence on the social order established in Europe, nothing could tend in the remotest degree to their justification.

Within the last four or five centuries, the progress of civilization had gradually led nations to a tacit deference for each other's rights and independence; and formal compacts were in later times thought of to define and consecrate the laws by which Governments were to regulate their relations with one another. The observance of similar engagements was universally acknowledged to be as essential to the security and well-being of States, as the laws against piracy and highway robbery were for that of individuals. Catherine II. was the first European sovereign who took upon herself to violate the sacred duties prescribed by civilization, when, in the midst of profound peace, and without any just cause or grievance, she called on the Poles to give up to her their liberties,—and enforced her will. Others hastened to divide the spoil with her in a manner not unlike the rush of highway assassins when called by the whistle of their leader to help in the murder of a peaceable traveller. History affords instances of invasions, conquests, and subversions between people who had regularly gone to war with each other; but a political crime so deliberately conceived and treacherously executed as the partition of Poland has no precedent in its pages. The necessary consequences of that act have been a destruction of confidence between Governments, and the assumption of a right to dethrone Sovereigns whenever their more powerful neighbours might take a fancy to their territories. All moral engagements between them were broken, and it was proclaimed to the world that duty, friendship, confidence, and treaties were nothing between Sovereigns. All ties between crowned heads ceased to be considered sacred, and a kind of signal for the anarchy of Kings was given. And yet the very three great powers which gave this example, had presumed to find fault with the right assumed by the French to prescribe limits to the authority of their own Sovereign! They resolved to revenge the King of France, and probably would have done so in the same kind way in which they had undertaken to protect the rights of the Poles against themselves, had they not discovered somewhat to their cost that *there* they had to deal with a people who had the means of dispensing with their interference. In the same spirit did Russia pick up a quarrel with the Turks, and foment sedition among the Swedes. The first step once taken in this subversive system, nothing appeared capable of stopping its progress, and the Kings of Europe who had remained passive spectators of the original act of iniquity, soon began to perceive that dishonour and destruction threatened them all.

Muscovy, which did not figure in the original formation of the present European Governments, became one of the most preponderating among them by the overthrow of Poland. That country, together with Sweden and Turkey, had formed a barrier between Russia and civilized Europe, which it was the interest of all to keep up. But each of those States was attacked in succession, and with an obstinacy which their respective means could not resist when unassisted by others. The Turks have always, indeed, maintained the struggle with a courage worthy of a happier result. From their efforts, however, nothing but brute force could be expected. But Sweden might have done a great deal more, had Gustavus Adolphus or Charles XII. established a hereditary monarchy: with a suitable Constitution in Poland, that country would have been made the chief buckler of civilization against the attacks of Russian barbarism, in the same manner as Malta had long served to shield Christianity against Mahometan aggression.

* In the New Monthly Magazine for January.

To the Russians, the partition of Poland was equivalent to an entire conquest, for all they aimed at was a direct contact with the central parts of Europe. On the side of the Baltic, the possession of Riga, Mittau, Courland, and Livonia cut off Sweden from all direct communication with the Continent, and destroyed all the important influence of that power. On the side of the Mediterranean, the possession of the Crimea, Podolia, and the free passage of the Dardanelles, afforded immense facilities towards the ultimate conquest of Constantinople, and the Peloponnesus. The immediate vicinity of Prussia and of Austria supplied abundant pretext for interference with the affairs of Germany. Thus the long chain of nations which held the Muscovite barbarians within their arid deserts as securely as ever the wall of China could have confined the Tartars to theirs, gradually became as obsolete as the latter.

It is hardly necessary to attempt to show the different influence of a conquest achieved in Europe by Russians, and one made by a civilized State. To be overrun by the masses of barbarous hordes, scattered over the wilds of Muscovy, would be a misfortune for civilization, which no irruption from Scythians, Goths, and Tartars, has ever equalled. Political rights, liberal institutions, sciences, arts, commerce, and every thing which tends to the glory and prosperity of nations and the happiness of the civilized portions of mankind, would soon give way under the oppressive yoke imposed by an innumerable race of savages. If we remember that one-third of the globe is already covered by them, that they inhabit an empire without limits, whose real weakness and strength have not been properly ascertained to the present day, we are bound to acknowledge that apprehension from such a quarter is far from being groundless.

Alexander foresaw at the Congress of Vienna the risk he might be made to incur of foregoing the immense advantages that Russia had gained through the prostration of Poland. He therefore determined to anticipate discussion by abundant manifestations of solicitude for that country's political regeneration and future condition, and by the proposal of a plan which should give to some parts of Poland the semblance of national independence, without in the least shaking the hold till then maintained by Russia over that unfortunate country. It was, of course, on condition that the throne of the revived kingdom should be maintained hereditary in his race alone that the boon was to be granted; and in order to impose on the Poles a belief in the sincerity and disinterestedness of his intentions, he proposed the establishment of a Constitution which he himself drew up.* He who declared himself the champion of civil liberty when his end was likely to be best answered by such a course, and subsequently became the chief supporter of the Holy Alliance in order to enforce the favourite doctrine of despots on the divine rights of kings; such a man, we say, was not likely to give a Constitution to the Poles, with any earnest intention that they should enjoy freedom. He might have added a N.B. to this effect—"All this conceded, provided my will and that of my delegates be always paramount," for such, in fact, was the purport of the Jesuitical *arrière pensée* with which he qualified his formal recognition of the engagements entered into with the Poles: upon the principle of the reserve have that unfortunate people been ruled ever since. A few of the outward forms prescribed by the Constitution have been from time to time observed with the view of keeping up the delusion imposed by that document; but its more essential provisions have been rendered nugatory. This system, which was adopted from the very moment when the Constitution was promulgated, was more particularly acted upon since the choice made of the Grand Duke Constantine to fill the duties of the King's representative. That man was born and bred a despot of the most arbitrary and unbending school. His notions of subordination and blind submission to military authority are the most exaggerated that any man has entertained in Europe for centuries past, his father perhaps alone excepted. His horror of political rights and constitutions is as extreme as the incapacity of his intellect to comprehend them. The man who never could understand how it was possible for a people *en frac* to pre-

* This document has appeared in the United Service Journal for January.

sume to resist the ordinances of a bigoted and besotted old King, and to oppose a successful resistance to the military means employed to enforce them, surely never dreamt that the Poles under him should be governed on any principles in the least at variance with his own arbitrary will. A series of violations of the Constitution were the necessary and probably intended effects of the selection of such a man to preside over the Government of Poland. Arbitrary acts, of a nature almost incredible, were daily exercised, as if no limits had ever been prescribed to the official character with which he was invested; and, as in Russia, his capacity of Grand Duke alone always appeared to him to comprise the attributes of absolute power. Constantine had sense enough to relinquish a throne from which he foresaw that the natural ferocity of his disposition must soon cause his expulsion; but with an inconsistency of intellect which is hardly accountable, he was unable to perceive that the burthen of his presence was likely to prove still heavier over a people who were not taught to look upon it either as the consequence of a legitimate order of succession, or of a free choice. Among the innumerable specimens of Constantine's mode of ruling Poland with which we have been supplied, we have selected two cases, the particulars of which are likely to appear interesting to our readers, at the same time that they will serve to show that despot's character; we shall give them as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words, merely premising that he holds a rank and character which induce us to place the most implicit reliance on his authority.

“During one of those fine evenings of the month of June, which in some of the northern parts of Europe indefinify the inhabitants for the excessive length of the winter nights, I was returning from the villa of the Princess Sapiega, situated at a few leagues distance from Warsaw, where I had spent the day. I was so absorbed with the thoughts of some interesting occurrences to which I had been a witness, that I left my horse to guide himself entirely by his own instinct, and I did not awaken from my reverie until I found myself suddenly before the portal of the great burial-ground of Warsaw, situated a good deal beyond the gate by which it was my intention to enter. A bright moonlight enabled me to perceive at some distance a private carriage, drawn up close to the wall of the enclosure, and apparently waiting for some one within. I could not help being struck with the circumstance at such an hour, and suffering curiosity to get the better of the desire to retrace my steps, I tied the reins of my horse to the branch of a neighbouring tree, and proceeded in search of this midnight visitor of the dead. After wading some time through the labyrinth of monuments of departed grandeur, I came to a kind of tumulus, before which a woman, in a kneeling posture, was apparently performing some earnest act of devotion. She hastily rose on my sudden appearance, but, before she had time to conceal her face under the ample folds of a long black veil, which had been thrown over her shoulders, I recognized the beautiful Countess K—, whom I had frequently met at the house of one of her relations. It then occurred to my recollection, that when about to be introduced to the Countess, my introducer cautioned me against ever mentioning, in her presence, the name of Colonel S—, with whom I had been formerly acquainted, and who, I well knew, had been an intimate friend of her late husband. I had forgotten to inquire into the motive of this caution, but not doubting now that it bore a connexion with the object of this nocturnal excursion of the fair Countess, I could not repress the feeling of sympathy and curiosity which so romantic a rencontre awakened. After apologizing to the Countess for interrupting her in the exercise of duties apparently of the most pious kind, I observed that her grief must be deep-rooted indeed to conduct her hither alone and at such an hour. We walked slowly together for some minutes, and the lady, seemingly touched with the sympathizing tone in which I spoke to her, related to me the following particulars:—

“You were acquainted with Colonel S—, and you know that he was my husband's bosom friend. They travelled together in Spain, where my husband was taken ill and died. When he found that his dissolution would be the inevitable issue of his illness, he addressed a letter to me, in which he spoke of the affectionate attentions paid him by the Colonel during his sickness, and expressed a

strong wish that I should look upon him as my future protector and friend; and, in fact, consent to become his wife. The Colonel returned to Warsaw some months after I had become a widow. Deeply as I felt the loss of my husband, I could not help thinking of his last wishes respecting his friend. You know how many of those qualities the Colonel possessed which make a favourable impression on our sex; compliance was, therefore, prompted by inclination as well as duty. An attachment soon took place between us; but the Colonel, from a feeling of delicacy which my repeated entreaties could not overcome, deferred becoming my husband until he had attained the rank of a general officer in the army, which my late husband had long held. He was entitled to speedy promotion, and he had reason every day to expect that it should take place. The Grand Duke Constantine had always appeared his friend, and, under such patronage, the road to military honours seemed to be opened to him. But his fine figure, his well-known military merit, and the renown which his cavalry regiment had acquired for the accuracy of its manœuvres, had latterly disposed the Grand Duke in a very different manner towards him. Envy and hatred replaced every impulse in his favour, for Constantine can never retain a kindly feeling for those whom he suspects of being looked upon as in any respect better than himself. A change in his manner towards the Colonel soon became apparent. Frequently he would reprove him for entertaining political sentiments which he denounced as incompatible with military subordination; and, in a short time, sought every possible opportunity to humiliate him. One day, when the Grand Duke was on parade, surrounded by a numerous retinue of general and other officers, he espied the Colonel at a distance, and perceiving that his uniform coat (owing to the heat) was unbuttoned, he called him up, and in that rough tone which is peculiar to him when in anger, Constantine asked the Colonel how he had dared to appear in his presence in dishabille.* The Colonel observed, that not being strictly on duty, and feeling much oppressed by the heat, he did not think there would have been any risk that he should be called to account because his coat was not entirely buttoned up to his neck. This answer raised the Grand Duke's anger to its highest pitch. He applied a violent blow to the Colonel's face, and ordered him to prison. To submit to such a degrading outrage was more than any man of the Colonel's fine feelings and high station in society could endure. On the following day I received this note from him, taking a slip of paper from her bosom, "which I always carry about me. Hear its contents: 'I have been dishonoured in the eyes of the whole army, and, therefore, am no longer worthy to be yours. When you receive this I shall have ceased to exist. My own hand shall give me death, that it may not one day become that of a regicide.'

"In that mound before you his remains now rest; I frequently come to give vent to my grief, and I am obliged to choose an hour at which it is least likely that I should meet with interruption, and with that annoyance by which its tyrannical author would pretend to dry up my tears."

I walked slowly with the Countess to her carriage, into which I handed her, after giving her my word that I should say nothing of my rencontre with her during my stay in Warsaw.

* Constantine's rigorous exactions about a conformity with his whimsical regulations on the mode of wearing regimentals, are among the peculiarities of his overbearing temper. He has frequently sent officers in arrest for the offence of leaving a single button out of its hole. At the theatre of St. Petersburg, his principal occupation was to spy the officers of his own regiment of Hulans; and if, through the means of his glass, he thought he perceived in some remote corner any one of them who was not bound up at all points in the strictest conformity with his latest regulations, an aide-de-camp was instantly dispatched to the offender, with orders to place him immediately under arrest. The extreme littleness of mind implied by this petty mode of harassing and tormenting those around him, Constantine evidently inherited from his father. Paul's ridiculous regulations about the dress and deportment of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg are not perhaps forgotten.

Not many days after, I went to spend a week at the seat of my friend the Count Stanislaus Pototzky. One morning, as I was sitting with him on a rustic seat formed round a magnificent cluster of poplars, which had often shaded the late King of France, Louis XVIII., when in exile, we were conversing on the prospects of Poland, under the existing mode in which its government was conducted. "If," said the Count, "the Emperor Alexander had not imposed his brother Constantine upon us as his representative, I dare say his intentions would have been acted upon in a very different spirit. But, under the fallacious promise of a liberal system, he has saddled us with an intolerable burden. Corruption and venality have become the principles of his government—extortion, the abuse of his power—*espionage*, the instigator of his tyrannical disposition—and violence, his mode of enforcing obedience and a substitute for national laws. In that Pavilion, at the extremity of the park, which you see from hence," pointing at the same time with his finger, "there is at this moment a victim of the *espionage* through which things are now managed among us." On my expressing curiosity to learn the particulars of the case to which he alluded, he continued. "It is a romantic episode," he said, "but the consequences of it threaten to be of a tragic nature. About three months ago, the Grand Duke Constantine, whilst making, as is usual with him, the very superfluous diurnal inspection of the military posts of Warsaw, (for he seems to act as if we were still exposed to the sudden irruptions of the Zaporog Cossacks,) he came to the northern gate, where the Sub-Lieutenant, Count Weliopolsky, commanded the piquet on duty. The young Count had quitted the *corps de garde* for a few moments for the purpose of buying a stamped sheet of paper, on which all petitions to the Grand Duke were, according to his express command, always to be written. On finding him absent from his post, Constantine was seized with one of those fits of rage to which he is subject, and in that most unpropitious temper did the poor sub-lieutenant find him, when, after an absence of only a few minutes, he returned with the stamped sheet in his hand. Not content with venting his anger in mere abuse, he struck him several blows; and, on the poor fellow attempting to excuse himself by an explanation of what had called him away only for a short time, the Grand Duke, who exacts and expects the most passive obedience, and will never tolerate the least reply to his reproof, instantly ordered him to receive three hundred lashes in his presence. Poor Weliopolsky lingered some days from the effects of this brutal chastisement and died.

"Count —, who was Colonel of the regiment to which Weliopolsky belonged, and who was also related to him, felt so indignant at the outrageous proceeding of the Grand Duke, that he waited on him to remonstrate against it, and ask him in what manner he intended to atone for the injury inflicted on the family of the murdered youth, though the violation of all military laws and the national rights of the Poles. Constantine replied in his usual arrogant manner, and a discussion arose in which the Count attempted to vindicate his country's rights by pointing at its laws. To talk of national rights to Constantine is to appear to him guilty of high treason. The Count was sent to prison, and that he might remain in safer custody, he was given in charge to the military governor of Warsaw, an old thorough-bred Muscovite general, who was as unbending in the execution of his master's commands as ever paddle was to the irresistible power of a hundred horse steam-engine. There was a stone warehouse in a remote part of the Court adjoining the house of the governor, in which he locked up his prisoner; its windows, though only two feet from the ground, were secured by strong iron bars, and the old general was sure that every thing was safe when, previously to withdrawing to rest, he visited his prisoner, and then locked the door himself. The keys he took with him and placed them under his pillow for the night. It happened that in the very house of the governor there was a French young lady, living as a sort of companion and instructress to his daughters, and whose superior attractions had very often received the homage of the handsome Colonel, now a prisoner under the same roof which sheltered her. His actual situation very naturally inspired her with a great interest in his behalf, and, as they could occasionally see and speak to each other, an attachment was soon formed which became strong on each side. A regular correspondence

was established between them, and it was ultimately understood, that if the Colonel should be able to come out for a short time only, he would lead her to the altar. In order to hasten so wished for an event, the young lady admitted one of the general's daughters into the secrets of her amours, and prevailed on her to grant her assistance. The general was in the habit of going to bed at an early hour, and all his children came to his bed-side to wish him a good night. It was arranged that, on one of these occasions, the governess's confidante should so contrive as to take the key from under the pillow. The prisoner was thus released on his parole of returning again in an hour, a priest was sent for at the house of a friend, the marriage was, actually solemnized, the parties returned to their abode, and the key of the prison was deposited by the trusty confidante under her father's pillow before he awoke.

"You would hardly believe that the very next day the Grand Duke was minutely informed of all that had taken place. His rage knew no bounds; when, according to daily practice, the Governor waited on him to receive his commands, he did receive something, but, on this occasion, it was a severe caning administered by the Grand Duke's imperial hands! The Colonel was, under a strong escort, sent to the fortress of Zamosk, and his unfortunate bride was turned adrift by the irritated governor. My wife, who had often seen her and had conceived a great regard for her, induced her to come and stay with us, and offered her the use of the pavilion you see for any length of time she might feel disposed to be our neighbour. Some days ago she received the news of her father's death. He was the French ex-director Neufchateau, living in exile from France since the second restoration of the Bourbons. He left some property, to which his daughter was sole heir; but, in order to obtain the enjoyment of it, her husband's signature to a power of attorney was required. We advised her to petition the Grand Duke for permission to visit him, and, indeed, I drew up for her the draft of the petition, in which the grounds of the prayer were clearly stated. She proceeded to the Grand Duke, to whom she was allowed to present it. After being made to wait some time in an antechamber, the Grand Duke brought her himself a sealed letter, addressed to the governor of the fortress of Zamosk, which the poor woman supposed to contain the order petitioned for. Three days after she had proceeded on the journey she came back to us in a frame of mind bordering on distraction. It was with the utmost difficulty we could obtain from her some account of what had happened. The Grand Duke's letter, of which she had been made the bearer, contained an order to put her husband in irons!

"Such, Sir, are the effects of unlimited power in tyrannical hands. The reigns of Tiberius and Nero never exceeded in oppression that which now affects our country. When ungovernable passion has usurped the place of justice and defined authority, its influence must soon be felt. But the Poles never intended to become any body's slaves; and, as no appeal against the oppressive system by which our rights have been superseded has any chance of being listened to, recourse must at last be had to means whereby we may for ever be delivered from our oppressors."

THE LEGACY OF A LATE POET, NO. III.

(Gathered from his Portfolio.)

1.—A STREAM.

GORZ. TURN here, and mark!—A thousand years ago,
Freshly as now this little river ran,
Babbling and sparkling on its silver road,
And leap'd from rock to rock. A thousand years!
And still 'tis in its youth. Whilst kingdoms change,
And kings go down to dust, and heroes rise,
Gleam, and are quench'd, like comets in the deep,
This little stream and things inanimate
(Which men so scorn, and rank below the brute,)
Survive and flourish. There's some vanity

The Legacy of a late Poet.

Methinks, in our opinions, when we bid
 Our trumpets bray abroad the praise of man,
 Insisting on his sole supremacy.
 Why, even the bitter weed we tread upon
 Hath scarce a shorter life, and yon aged oak
 That thrusts his bare broad arms across the moon,
 Will even now outlast the longest liver
 Of all the house of Guzman!

Steph. Peace to Pride!

Gonz. Ay, peace to Pride!—yet Pride hath never peace;
 But dwells a restless rebel in the blood,
 Usurping, with his brother Vanity,
 E'en the high seat where crowned Wisdom dwells,
 (When Wisdom holds his place), and driving far—
 To cottage hearths, lone haunts, or alien lands,
 Content, sweet Peace, and dove-eyed Modesty!

2.—A BRIDAL DIRGE.

I.

WEAVE no more the marriage train!
 All unmated is the lover;
 Death has ta'en the place of Pain;
 Love doth call on love in vain:
 Life and years of hope are over!

II.

No more want of marriage bell!
 No more need of bridal favour!
 Where is she to wear them well?
 You beside the lover tell!
 Gone,—with all the love he gave her!

III.

Paler than the stone she lies;
 Colder than the winter's morning!
 Wherefore did she thus despise
 (She with pity in her eyes)
 Mother's care, and lover's warning?

IV.

Youth and beauty—shall they not
 Last beyond a brief to-morrow!
 No;—a prayer and then forgot!—
 This the truest lover's lot;
 This the sum of human sorrow!

3.—VENICE.

AND is this Venice?—this,—whose towers are here
 Half lighted by the melancholy moon?
 The sea's own Venice?—Hush!—It seems to steal
 And narrow round us like an antique dream,
 Fantastic,—ghost-like,—quiet. Is this the City
 Palladio built? Is't where old Titian dwelt,
 And toil'd till he grew gray? How strange! How still!
 Methinks there's something fearful in this place,—
 Great Heaven above, and Ocean all about;
 No herb; no tree; no space,—scarce ground to tread on;
 Whilst, underneath, the cellars of the deep
 Lie yawning for their stores! 'Tis there, perhaps,
 This marble wonder (which the brain of man
 Built, to resolve some problem) may descend,
 Quick as 'twas born, amidst the unfathom'd sands
 Forgot and nameless,—leaving nought behind
 Save Silence and the wide and lonely seas!

SPEAKERS AND SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT, NO. IV.

FEBRUARY 3. MR. HUNT.—I was particularly curious to witness the *debut* of the Hon. Member for Preston, in an assembly so little accustomed, as that so long misnamed the House of Commons, to such an out-and-outer of the Demos coming between the wind and their nobility—to see whether any *gaucherie* of manner would betray an uneasy consciousness of his not being quite at ease among those scions of aristocracy, who occupy benches originally intended for the virtual representatives of the people. Mr. Hunt, on the whole, bore himself well; and, by a total absence of affectation, of either tone or manner,—that surest test of the gentleman, at least of nature's forming,—disappointed his audience of their ready smiles at demagogue vulgarity. But once, and that for a moment, did his self-possession seem to fail him while going through the ceremonies preceding a new member's taking his seat. After the Member has signed his name, and taken the oaths, he is formally introduced by the Clerk of the House to the Speaker, who usually greets the new trespasser on his patience by a shake of the hands. This ceremony is in general performed by the present Speaker with a gloved hand towards those not particularly distinguished by wealth or pedigree. When the new Member for Preston was introduced to him, he was in the act of taking snuff with his glove off. Mr. Hunt made a bow, not remarkable for its graceful repose, at a distance—apprehensive, as it struck me, that the acknowledgment would be that of a *noli me tangere*, exclusive. He was agreeably disappointed; the Speaker gave him his ungloved hand at once, in a manner almost cordial; and Mr. Hunt took his seat, evidently pleased by the flattering courteousness of his reception.

I have thought this little circumstance just now worth recording, as, in itself,—like those bits of straw which, however intrinsically insignificant, are yet useful in showing “which way the wind blows,”—strikingly indicative of the growing deference to the popular *aura* which has, for some months past, been manifesting itself in St. Stephen's. It is not four years since Alderman Waithman's rising to address the House was but the signal for “great coughing,” and cries of “question” from “all parts of the House,” from none more pointedly than from the Whigs and Burdett oppositionists; and that, too, when he rose merely to protect the people against the John Wilkes, and the Brogdens, and other honourable M.P. joint-stock company schemists; and it is within all our memories when the very physical calamities of one of the “lower classes” convulsed the House—the representatives of the people! forsooth—with “loud and reiterated bursts of laughter.” But “nous avons changé tout cela.” Not even Mr. Canning's arrogant wit would at this moment betray him into a “black joke,” at the expense of the new Member for Preston; the great battle of the people of England, and of Europe, has been fought and won last July by the citizens of Paris; the schoolmaster is, indeed, abroad; and thanks to his exertions those who have, with their blood and treasures, contributed to make England what she is—are now presuming to talk pretty freely over what “is done in the capitol.” Is this a dangerous state of things? no doubt it is—but to those only who, with fatuous obstinacy, shut their eyes on facts, and fancy that, because the blinds of their own understandings are nailed down, the sun is not shining abroad over the nations in all his noontide splendour.

I take it that the personal appearance of Mr. Hunt is too well known to require description. He is, take him altogether, perhaps the finest looking man in the House of Commons; tall, muscular, with a healthful sun-tinged florid complexion, and a manly Hawthorne deportment—half yeoman, half gentleman sportsman. To a close observer of the human face divine, however, his features are wanting in energy of will and fixedness of purpose. The brow is weak, and the eyes fluttering and restless; and the mouth is usually garnished with a cold simper, not very compatible with that heart-born enthusiasm which precludes all doubt of truth and sincerity. If to this defect—for a *radical* defect I hold it to be—we add that he is a man of very imperfect education, possessing but little information, and that all on one side, on the subjects he talks most about, and that

readiness is the chief characteristic of his understanding; it will not be judging too uncharitably of human motives to say, that a restless thirst of excitement, great personal vanity, and the accident of circumstances exclusively local and personal, and not native force of intellect, nor depth of conviction, have won for him his "radical" notoriety. As it is, however, he will be a useful Member; were it only as an echo of the prejudices of the people, and his appearance in the House of Commons should be hailed by every man who reads the signs of the times as the most remarkable effect in England that has presented itself to public notice—of the never-to-be-forgotten three days in Paris, reminding one—to be for the nonce a bit peetical—of those branches of fresh timber, which, floating over the boundless sea, struck the eye of Columbus as the first indication of a change in the current that had so long borne him without interruption towards a new world.

Mr. Hunt spoke two or three times in the course of the evening, in his usual rambling, asserting, self-confident style, but with less demagogue extravagance of either matter or manner than I was at all prepared for. His reply to Mr. Ferguson, a flippant, self-opinionated, and, on some professional points, rather an intelligent Member, was characteristic and extremely ready, indeed worthy of his memorable set-to's with the ex-Whig Attorney General at York, in which not all his *nisi prius* astuteness prevented Sir James from coming off but second best. Mr. Ferguson was indirectly sneering at Preston and its representative, when deprecating the evils of universal suffrage.

"Why," said Mr. Hunt, "does the Honourable Member beat about the bush?" Why not come *stick* to the point by naming Preston at once? Every one that heard him knew what he was driving at; why then does he not speak out like a man? He, and I suppose many others in this House, are just now very ready to find fault with the system of franchise in force at Preston (hear, hear.) Oh, ay, I knew how it was. But I ask the Honourable Member, and the House, did either hear of any complaint of the Preston franchise till the last election? (Hear and a laugh.) Nay, more, would they have heard even then any complaint, had Mr. Stanley, and not myself—radical blacking Hunt—been the successful candidate?" (Cheers and laughter.)

MR. O'CONNELL.—I feel that this notice of Mr. Hunt would be very imperfect without a passing parallel between him and the other "lion" demagogue of the House, the great Irish Agitator. It would be a comparatively easy task to institute a comparison between the English and Irish "man of the people," were I to string together antithetically those rapid generalities on national points of difference which we see every day pass current as fact and argument, though not possessing the most shadowless pretensions to either. The truth is, that let nations in the aggregate differ as they will in the fashions of thought and manner, (and I have long had a theory that the difference is much more one of the closet than what experience would point out,) individuals, exercising a *similar kind* of individual influence over their fellows, agree in not only the outline, but in the details of mental and moral conformations. This is strikingly true with respect to demagogues. There is a speech in Thucydides of a demagogue which, with a few verbal alterations, might be affixed to the name of all succeeding mob-orators—always excepting that remarkable, and not sufficiently appreciated man, John Lilburne. There is the same extravagance and recklessness of assertion, the same effrontery, the same overweening egotism, the same artfulness of appeal to the mere prejudices and passions of the multitude, implying an acquaintance with the murdrier side of the human heart, and the same indifference as to *means*—so as the *end*—self-exaltation, is attained, that we find so remarkable in Mr. Hunt, and still more in Mr. O'Connell's declamatory harangues. Both Hon. Members are more indebted to the cravings of an ignoble ambition, and a diseased self-confidence, for their influence with the populace of their respective countries, than to any superiority of endowment, native or acquired, over nine out of ten of their audience. They are both essentially very ignorant men—men indeed, to whom a general principle "is all Hebrew." If Mr. O'Connell's professional habits have made him more acute in detecting the errors of his opponents, Mr. Hunt's more varied knowledge of men and things make him less likely to be run short for means of defence. Of history, even as a mere chronological

narrative, they both, in fact, know nothing, save what Mr. O'Connell has picked up in Blackstone and Butler's Lives of the Saints, and what both have gleaned from that erudite and infallible work, Cobbett's "History of the Reformation." As to science and general literature, they know as much precisely as they do of modesty; and of it they have just the same notion as the blind man, spoken of by Mr. Locke, had of colours. Whence then their extraordinary demagogue influence? The answer, I fear, contains little flattering to the "dignity of human nature," as it manifests itself in the mass of mankind.

The truth is, the ability to rouse an unthinking, uneducated crowd is of the very lowest order, and is of a much more negative character than is generally imagined. Much depends on the mere circumstance that the audience is a crowd, and much on the absence of a delicate sensibility to the higher beauties of our moral and intellectual nature. That which would pass unheeded as either a clap-trap commonplaceism, or as a vapid puerility, if pronounced to a *few*, will enkindle a crowd, or excite them to action, in *proportion to their very numbers*. The shepherd's dog is put to his shifts in barking a single sheep through a gap, but finds no difficulty in managing a drove. And the reason is obvious—apart from what we may call the sympathy of aggregation. Large bodies of men, to ensure blind unanimity of action, must be appealed to, not through their virtues or reasoning powers by the principles of moral and political justice; but through their passions, their prejudices, through their very ignorance,—and he can best make that appeal who himself partakes most of these affectious. Let him who doubts this opinion attend a public meeting, no matter whether the audience be titled or well-dressed, or the very opposite, so as it be numerous, and I promise him he will be cured of his scepticism. The history of that "tumultuous sea of democracy," the people of Athens, furnishes many striking commentaries on it, and shows how much passion and prejudice, not truth and reason, are the prime movers of a mob, no matter what its designation or constitution. Phocion had watched the ebbings and flowings of Athenian excitement as Demosthenes himself "fulminated it o'er Greece," and declared that the applause was as the matter approached to vapid inanity. One day, according to the well-known anecdote, that he chanced to be himself applauded when addressing them, he turned quickly round, and with trepidation asked an intelligent friend near him "What silly nonsense have I uttered that they thus applaud me?" And here we have the rationale of the embarrassment of Demosthenes before Philip of Macedon, arising from an uncomfortable consciousness of the principle involved in Phocion's question, and not, as is usually alleged, from a dastard crouching to royalty which belonged not to the age nor to the man.

Much of this uncomfortable consciousness of being out of his element is discernible even in Mr. O'Connell's deportment in the House of Commons, notwithstanding his overweening vanity and most impotent presumption. He reminds one in every action and gesture of his countryman *Teddy the Tiler*, in the farce, at the great man's table; now arrogantly familiar with the servants, now obsequious, to a degree that would be ludicrous but for its disgustingness, to those whom curiosity allures into a familiar conversation with him. *Teddy* calls for a "glass of whiskey" at dinner, to show, as he says himself in Power's droll performance, that he is "at his *ase* and up to the ways of the *pleece*." In the same manner and for the very same reason, and with precisely the same "murtherin' gentility" of pronunciation, the Hon. Member for Waterford cannot let a Turnpike Bill pass without an egotistical harangue about the *Bepale*, sometimes *Repeel*, of the Union, and the prosperety of "ould" Ireland, and bis "Mr. Spaker I have a *peetection* to present."

Feb. 6. THE CIVIL LIST. A very crowded House assembled last night to hear the propositions of the new Government respecting the Civil List, the immediate occasion, it may be remembered, of the breaking up of the Duke's Government.

LORD ALTHORPE, as usual, was plain, manly, and above all theatrical attempts to win attention. His plan is simply an unmystifying modification, but not a reduction, of this branch of our expenditure. Not a word touching the Crown's still retaining the Duchy of Lancaster revenues, on which his Lordship's

party, particularly Mr. Brougham, grounded so many charges of equivocation against the then administration, and, as every honest man felt, with justice. The King's speech declared that his Majesty surrendered to the control of Parliament his "hereditary revenues *without reserve*;" and the Opposition, of which Lord Althorpe, Mr. Brougham, and Sir H. Parnell were the leaders, rung the changes with a vengeance, on the quibble, or, as Lord Brougham's alternative had it, "gross ignorance of the simplest rule of grammar," on the part of the Duke and his colleagues, which the exemption of the Duchy of Lancaster revenues implied. Even in the article of the last Edinburgh, [civ.] in which the triumph of the Whigs is "to P^rean-ated," as Sir Charles Wetherell phrases it, the withholding of the Duchy of Lancaster revenues, after this "*without reserve*" declaration of the King's speech, is put forward as one of those remarkable Polignac symptoms of obstinate imbecility which hastened the downfall of the Duke's dynasty, amid the rejoicings of the nation. And yet within a little month the very men who thus successfully railed at the conduct of their predecessors as either the most "imbecile dishonesty," or "gross ignorance of even the rudiments of the English language," having by this railing got possession of power, play themselves the very same pranks, that is, refuse to place these very revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster within the control of Parliament!

As this is the first bad symptom of Lord Grey's Government that has transpired; and as measures and not men, after all, are the only touchstone of praise or censure, which a truly independent Journal like the *New Monthly* should employ, I will note one or two of the more prominent statements made last night with respect to the Civil List, as they are reported in the morning Journals. From having been an ear and eyewitness, I can vouch for their general accuracy. It is not improbable that I may overrate their importance:—if not, they are worth preserving as the first page, perhaps, of the decline and fall of the Grey administration.

MR. GOULBOURN, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, said, that all that was good in Lord Althorpe's plan was his (Mr. Goulbourn's) "thunder," and all that was new, was bad, and his Lordship's own. This was the sum and substance of the Right Hon. Gentleman's modest, friendly, and disinterested opinion; and as such does not demand any comment. Perhaps there never was a man concerning whose official inefficiency there exists so universal an opinion as Mr. Goulbourn, and yet so far at least as speech-making qualifications are concerned, he is, as I believe I on a former occasion remarked, a brilliant orator compared with Lord Althorpe. Nature, to make amends, however, for a narrow, petulant, and self-centred understanding, has endowed him with all the requisites for a respectable clerk. He is a regular man at business, and, like Michael Cassio, an expert arithmetician.

SIR HENRY PARNELL, (Member for the Queen's County.) The mention of the name of this gentleman, by far the best informed man in either House of Parliament on matters of finance, again suggests the question, why was not he made Chancellor of the Exchequer? Why was not Lord Althorpe placed at the head of the Admiralty, with which his family have been long connected? Mr. Wynn in his old office at the head of the Board of Control? and Mr. C. Grant again appointed to the Presidentship of the Board of Trade? Sir J. Graham's estimate studies might have been advantageously employed in the War Office, or in the Mint; and if the affairs of the country could not be carried on without the advice of that profound philosopher, my Lord Auckland, why not invent a new cabinet office worthy of his great and well-known statesmanlike abilities? Instead of this, Sir Henry Parnell is altogether shut out of office, merely, as it should seem, because he is just now the man of all others most fitted to preside over our finances with satisfaction to the country. Lord Althorpe, to whose high moral worth and manly understanding I have more than once been a willing witness, is appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons, merely because all his former efforts in legislation have been confined to County Courts, and other matters belonging to the duties of the Home Office, and because he is in delivery and arrangement about the most inefficient speaker in the House, not excepting orator Macauley.

Sir James Graham is appointed to the head of the Admiralty for no other reason than that he never in his life devoted a moment to the consideration of naval affairs, while he has read the majority of the pamphlets and review articles which have appeared of late years on the Currency and the Corn Laws. Mr. Wynn is appointed to the Secretaryship of War because he knows nothing of the duties of the office, while he is intimately acquainted with the affairs of India, over which he most ably and impartially presided for years. Mr. Charles Grant, in like manner, is sent to an office respecting which his mind is, after the late Vice-President of the Board of Trade's own heart, a *tabula rasa*; and that too while he was known to the country as the colleague and worthy successor of Mr. Huskisson in the management of the affairs of the Board of Trade.* And lastly, we have Lord Auckland as President of the Board of Trade, because in the first place, the office belongs constitutionally to the House of Commons; and in the next, because his Lordship has had a trial of its duties during the "Talents" administration, and was found to be wholly incompetent to discharge them. This is really too bad, and will not answer. Omniscient as Lord Grey is in his own estimation, he will find, perhaps, to his cost, that the present arrangement will not do; that not all Lord Althorpe's moral influence, so creditable to those upon whom it is exercised, can bear up on the one hand against the spring tide of rash innovation which is setting in so strong now from all quarters of the Reform world; nor on the other against the zealous phalanx of Tory prejudices, of which, loss of office will make, if it has not already made, Sir Robert Peel the mouth-piece. But to return to Sir Henry Parnell.

How strangely our preconceived notions of the personal appearance of public men sometimes jar with the reality. The financier of the "mind's eye" is generally a thin, sallow, care-worn little gentleman; and yet Mr. Rothschild is as round and dumpy in face and figure as a retired tallow-chandler; and the able author of *Financial Reform* a tall, portly, florid personage, with the look half grazier, half naval, or a man to whom roast-beef, and plum-pudding, and the qualities of good old port would be more germane than jejune investigations into the most efficient mode of reducing the national debt. Then there is another contrast between Sir Henry Parnell's appearance, and his mode of expressing himself. From so "stout" a gentleman in size and bearing, and from a man so independent in principles, and so well-informed on every subject he expresses an opinion upon, one would expect a loud, fluent, and somewhat dictatorial oration, though the fact is that he delivers himself in a tone so low and indistinct, in fact, so half-whispering and diffident as to almost neutralise the excellence of the matter; and this, too, in proportion to the importance of that matter, and to the attention which the House bestows upon him. On ordinary occasions he is much more audible and distinct; and in Committee above stairs, intelligence and self-possession itself. It was evident from the Hon. Baronet's tone in reference to Lord Althorpe's statement, that he was much more dissatisfied with the new Civil List arrangements, than either his personal respect for the noble Lord or his usual diffidence would permit his avowing. He merely said he was disappointed.

Mr. Hunt's observations had more common sense point in them than even, I think, Mr. Hume's, though the latter's were in his usual spirit of anathema against all "unnecessary expenditure of the money wrung out of the pockets of the people."

They both railed at the Pension List, and at the system of supporting the poor members of titled families on public charity:—

"When," said the never-tiring, and ever-vigilant Member for Middlesex, "pensions were defended as given in charity, it should not be forgotten that charity ought to begin at home. (*A laugh.*) Let them but look at the distress of the country, which arose, in a great measure, from the burden of the taxes, and then say whether it would not be greater charity to relieve the distressed people of this country by remitting such an amount of the public taxes, than by squandering it away in this manner for the support of poor peers, and other persons whose relatives could and should support them."

Mr. HUNT, in a speech, which, though shrewd here and there, was much too lengthy and incoherent, had a great deal to the same purpose. His remarks,

however, respecting the implied determination of Ministers not to reduce their own salaries, were less rambling and told better. As he is just now a bit of a "lion" in the House, I shall quote them, the fatter as they are a favourable taste of his quality:—

"The official salaries had been raised by that House in consequence of a message from the Crown, stating the rise in the price of every article of consumption and necessary of life. If he had then been a member of that House, he should have said to the statement of the rise in prices, 'This is all perfectly true,—every necessary of life has risen a hundredfold;' but at the same time he should have said, 'Out of whose pockets is this rise to be paid for? Why, out of the pockets of the very people who are obliged to pay similar high prices for all the provisions which they and their families consume.' (Hear.) Every necessary of life had now fallen, and yet, from what had been said by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he must conclude that Ministers had no intention of making reductions in their own salaries, since they had no intention of making reductions in the Civil List where they were equally called for. It would go forth in the newspapers of to-morrow, that the present Administration, like the last, were totally indifferent to what the people of England were suffering—to all the great and general misery which was driving them to those deeds of violence, to those breaches of the law and of the rights of property, for which they were afterwards to be sacrificed."

This last sentence is characteristically insidious.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM was the Government orator on the occasion; and, if the truth must be told, his performance was very so-so. The Right Honourable Baronet is evidently a very common-place personage—without any originality or vigour of thought or language—who has made a character for himself by one or two set speeches, in which what Mr. Hume has been boring the House with since he became a member of it, was expressed in more neat phraseology, and at a more ripe moment of the public ear. Then, as I remarked on a former occasion, his lisping, sing-song, petit-maitrish, affected, carpet-knight delivery and attire, contrasting so provokingly with his Herculean, muscular figure, and those proofs of pains-taking industry so abundant in his set speeches. To say nothing of the consistency (to which I have alluded above) of the present Ministry, with respect to the Duchy of Lancaster job, there is something novel in the logic of Sir James's defence. When the Whigs were out of office, the revenues of this Duchy were as much part and parcel of the hereditary revenues of the Crown as any of those which his Majesty placed "without reserve" at the disposal of Parliament. But now it appears they are more enlightened.

"Let it be recollected," said this able logician and consistent statesman, "that his Majesty had given up the Droits of the Admiralty, his interest in the 4½ per cent. duties, and had accepted of a proposition for a reduced Civil List. The reduction, it was true, was small in amount; still an important principle was involved in the proposed construction of the Civil List, which ought never to be lost sight of,—namely, the placing a large sum under the control of Parliament, which sum had been previously beyond its reach. The Duchy of Lancaster constituted part of the revenues to which his Majesty had succeeded. Henry the Fourth, Henry the Seventh, and, curiously enough, the Protector Cromwell, had severed the Duchy of Lancaster from the hereditary revenues of the Crown; and it now remained perfectly separate and apart, and was to be considered as belonging to his Majesty personally and privately, and not in a public shape."

That is to say, because three usurpers—for if Sir James recollects the History of England, he must know that Henry IV. Bolingbroke, and Henry VII. Richmond, were, so far as an hereditary or lineal right to the crown was concerned, as much usurpers as the Protector Cromwell himself would have been had he formally placed it on his own head—lawlessly separated the Duchy of Lancaster revenue from the "hereditary revenues of the Crown;"—that therefore "it now remained separate and apart;" and therefore to be considered as belonging to his Majesty, "personally and privately, and not in a public shape." Again, I say this Civil List transaction savours ill for Lord Grey's Government—a Government which has no support save that derived from public opinion, and which, therefore, should, at all personal hazards, honestly deserve it.

8th.—THE SPECIAL COMMISSION. Mr. Hunt bids fair to have himself voted a dead bore, if he thus yields to that most fatal of all maladies—verbal inconti-

nence. Only think of six columns of the *Times* being devoted to the Honourable Member for Preston's "professional tour in his gig" through Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, and Somersetshire. It was on the whole, however, an amusing speech, with here and there a bit of his characteristic insidious shrewdness. The great and indeed only argument, if argument a mere clap-trap phrase can be designated, against the Ballot, was thus indirectly "pitched at" by him. It appears that some of the agricultural labourers refused to be sworn in special constables, conceiving that the object was to put down by force all attempts to obtain high wages. The refusal was pronounced, like the Ballot, to be un-English. Mr. Hunt quoted the reply to this weighty argument by one of the recusants. It should be premised, that the Honourable Member performed the numerous dialogue episodes of his lengthy oration with considerable humour.

"He was a tall, muscular, but half-starved young man of thirty; and his answer was worth repeating, for the benefit of those members with whom sonorous phrases had in general more weight than fact or argument. 'You tell me,' said he, 'that our refusing to be sworn in special constables is un-English. I admit it is, but I ask you if it is the only un-English grievance in existence? I have a wife and five children, I am able and willing to work, and yet all I can procure to support them and myself is 7s. per week. Is that English? Is it English, that on a Sunday I am frequently obliged to lie in bed, in order that my share of our scanty victuals may go to support my poor infants and their mother? Is it English, that while I, in common with many others like me, am thus stinted in the very necessaries of life, the parson, who abounds in its luxuries, should refuse with anger to abate one penny of his tithes? This is what I call un-English. (*Hear, hear.*) And when you remove these un-English grievances, I'll admit that my conduct, in refusing to protect the property of those who have hitherto shown so little regard to my interest, is un-English also.'"

It is needless to add, that but few agricultural labourers could thus express themselves, and that the conciseness and point of the language is due to the reporter of the speech.

Mr. Hunt's motion was negatived by no less a majority than 267 out of a House of 269 members—a fact which speaks volumes as to the mob affectations of the representatives of the people!

Mr. O'GORMAN MAHON, (Member for Clare.) I feel that no arrangement of words within my control could give a reader, who has never seen nor heard this gentleman exhibit, a just notion of his extraordinary merits. It is not enough to say that he is a tall raw-boned, though rather well-looking Irishman, overweeningly vain of his mere animal longitude and his sedulously cultivated whiskers, who, despairing, as it should seem, of attracting public attention in the paths usually pursued by men of talent and learning, courts an ignoble notoriety by making a sailor's shirt perform the additional duty of a waistcoat, and by substituting Rugantino buffoonery and "Shillelah" assurance to those mental qualifications expected in a gentleman assuming to himself a prominent place in the House of Commons. Mr. Mahon is, moreover, a curious compound of the extravagances which amuse boys and stage-struck maidens in the characters of Rugantino, Orson, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger. He has all the swagger and bravo costume of the one united with the hirsute forest wildness of mien, and ignorance of the world of the other; and seems, like his countryman in the play, to think no argument equal to a message at ten paces, and that the best way of becoming friends is to first "pick a nute quarrel!" But the Honourable Member is evidently not yet out of his hobbledehoyhood, or he would have known that the world has outgrown those follies he would fain perpetuate;—that his countryman, Dick Martin, tried the same melo-dramatic mixture of the bully and the buffoon—of Roderic Dhu and Punch—some seven or eight summers past, and failed—that *qui contempsit suam vitam tuæ dominus est* is no longer infallible among educated gentlemen—that, in fact, the man who has no other chance of being known than as a professional fire-eater, is, in this nineteenth century, consigned (at least, in good society) to a contemptuous and very short-lived notoriety. This he will even learn from the admirable novels descriptive of Irish Life of Banim and Griffin, should he condescend from his legislative eminence to improve himself by their perusal. He may be assured,

that such a demeanour as I am now going to quote will do more to perpetuate those anti-Irish prejudices which he complains of on the part of the people of England, than all the talents and mild gentlemanly bearing of such men as the Brownlows and the Wyces can for years neutralize; for what boots it that he may be in private life, a warm-hearted, generous fellow, with all those social qualities for which his country is so noted? Mr. Mahon (why the silly affectation of dropping the *Mr.*?) is yet young enough to acquire new habits, and of disabusing the public mind here of the belief that turbulence and noisy presumption are a part of the education of Irishmen of birth and station. Such surely would not be the effect of the following unique scena.

The reader will perhaps remember that the daily journals described the House as having, as usual, laughed at some Orson *outré-ism* of the Honourable Member, and that Mr. Rice, the Member for Limerick, happened to join in the laugh. The sequel is thus graphically reported in the *Times*.

“ O’Gorman Mahon thanked the Honourable Member for Limerick for that sneer; he promised the Honourable Member that it should be remembered, that he, on the Treasury Bench—(*Cries of Order!*)

“ The Speaker said, that he rose to intercept what, if persevered in, might prove disorderly. (*Hear!*)

“ O’Gorman Mahon felt grateful to the Speaker for the intimation; but complained of the interruption, because he had not been guilty of any breach of order. The Speaker, he said, had only risen to respond to an unmeaning cry; because he could not say that he (O’Gorman Mahon) had been disorderly. (*Loud cries of Order!*)

“ Sir C. Wetherell then addressed the Speaker.—‘ After the masterly and dignified manner in which you, Sir, have announced the rule of order,—avoiding all severity and harshness of manner, so as to do credit to yourself, and to correspond with the feelings of the House, I am surprised that that intimation has had no effect. If it shall not prove effective, you, Sir, will be again required to rise from your chair, and assert the dignity of the House.’ (*Hear!*)

“ O’Gorman Mahon.—‘ The Honourable Member for Boroughbridge has called upon you, Sir, to rise from your chair. (*No, no.*) I say he did. (*No.*) Let any one stand forth who pretends to say he did not.’ (*Cries of Order!*)

“ The Speaker.—‘ I am quite sure that the Honourable Member must feel, on reflection, that when I interrupt the course of any Honourable gentleman’s speech, I always do so with the greatest lenity of manner consistent with the discharge of my duty. (*Loud cheers.*) The Honourable Member will not be the single exception, as I trust, in this House, to believe that I interfered when I was not satisfied that the Honourable Member was out of order; and if I abstain from expressing myself in strong terms, it is not only from a hope, but from a confidence, that the Honourable Member will take the hint, and not oblige me to discharge a most arduous and painful duty.’ (*Loud cheers.*)

“ O’Gorman Mahon.—‘ I thank you, Sir, for not having contradicted, and, consequently, having confirmed what I asserted. (*No! no!*) Thank you for your ‘noes!’ But I ask this simple question—why do not those who cry out ‘no!’ stand up in their individual capacities and say so? The Honourable Member for Boroughbridge did call upon the Speaker to rise and put me down. The Honourable Member accused me of having been disorderly; and with that tact and ingenuity which belong to his profession, to pervert any truth, however palpable, into quite the opposite’—(*Order! order! question!*)

“ The Speaker.—‘ I still cannot but persuade myself that the Honourable gentleman, on a moment’s reflection, will see that he has been disorderly on two grounds—first, for addressing himself to a subject not connected with the question he is about to submit to the House; and, secondly, for accusing another Honourable Member of a wilful and professional perversion of truth.’ (*Hear, hear!*)

“ O’Gorman Mahon.—‘ I am now precluded from alluding any more to the Member for Boroughbridge in this House, but I may meet him again elsewhere. (*Order.*) How am I out of order? I am no more out of order now, than when I alluded to a peculiarity which I considered particularly applicable to the Member for Boroughbridge. As the Speaker abstained from saying I was disorderly then, I have his testimony in my favour.’ (*Cries of Order!*)

“ The Speaker.—‘ I am quite sure the Honourable Member will feel, and if the Honourable Member does not, I hope the rest of the House will feel, what is due to its own dignity. (*Hear, hear!*) I claim nothing for myself personally; but I do claim something for the dignity of the chair. (*Cheers.*) I tell the Honourable Member that he was out of order on two occasions; and I tell him farther, that this House never has

been in the habit of submitting to the manner in which the Honourable Member is now pleased to address the House. (*Loud cheers.*) The House always takes care to give full notice to any Honourable Member, who may be in error through mistake, to retrace his steps; but if he persevere in an objectionable course, then the Speaker, in the exercise of his duty, would be bound to take that step which alone remained, and call upon the Honourable Member by name, who would be then brought before the House, and have to make an explanation of his conduct. (*Hear, hear!*)

I need not point out the fine contrast which the dignified mild rebuke of the Speaker presents to the school-boy petulance of Mr. Mahon. Indeed it would appear to have struck himself so; for he was subsequently observed to be earnestly explaining himself to the Speaker and Sir Charles Wetherell, both of whom shook him by the hand, in the manner of paternal forgiveness of boyish follies. His subsequent speech had more than a usual supply of those blunders generally considered to be the monopoly of Patland. One or two short specimens must suffice

“ ‘The people of Ireland,’ said Mr. Mahon, ‘wanted no meat—all they desired was potatoes and salt, and that they could not obtain. In this state they had remained since the 10th of January, without a particle of food to maintain them. (*A laugh.*) Before the 1st of March 2000 more individuals would be reduced to the same situation. (*Laughter.*)’

And still better when he enters upon his argument, and, like a man drunk, boasts of his temperate virtues.

“ ‘He almost lamented that he was not born of a pugnacious disposition, that he might meet the response indicated in that cheer. *Did those honourable members who thus conducted themselves imagine that they could prevent the unfortunate men who were five feet under the snow from thinking that they could better their condition by a repeal of the Union?* (*Great laughter.*) *It might be said that England had not caused the snow,* but the people had the snow on them, and they thought that their connexion with England had reduced them to the state in which they now were. (*A laugh.*) Whether that was true or not, they believed it to be so, and would act on their belief.’ ”

These few extracts will, I take it, make the reader better acquainted with Mr. O’Gorman Mahon than could a thousand merely descriptive essays.

It was on the same evening that the Member for Clare was thus Hibernicizing it, that Lord Althorpe gave expression in a tone of unwonted energy to the following declaration, touching the O’Connell scheme of a repeal of the Union:—

“ ‘Sir, I sincerely hope that the object of those who are in favour of the repeal of the Union will not succeed; and, knowing that they cannot succeed, except by successful war, I must say, that though no man is more averse from war, and particularly a civil war, than I am, yet I must confess, that to me even civil war would be preferable to the dismemberment and destruction of the empire.’ (*Loud and continued cheers from both sides of the House.*)

9th.—Mr. Mahon again wallowing in the mud—again seeking distinction at the pistol’s mouth.

Mr. Shaw (the Recorder of Dublin, a gentleman who destroys the favourable impression which a handsome manly appearance seldom fails in producing, by a whining conventicle delivery,)’s sneer at the Milesian hero told well;—that his lively sympathy with the alleged sufferings of a criminal whose case he had been advocating as one of great hardship—must have been owing to the man’s attire. The person alluded to “wore a loose coat, no waistcoat, a striped coloured shirt, no neckcloth, and hair all over his face.”—Mahon himself to the life!

10th.—Mr. P. HOWARD, (Member for Carlisle.) In the name of common sense, when will the reign of learned nonsense be over? Was there ever such an instance of ingenious folly? Here is a fine full-grown school-boy innocent of beard, ignorant of the world in which we live, though evidently not wholly unacquainted with the names of men and things that flourished in the palmy days of Greece and Rome, comes forward, and to a literally empty House deliberately repeats, like a parrot,—save that a parrot neither lisps nor mimes its words,—an awfully long “my name is Norval” oration against the vote by Ballot, and “all that sort of thing,” as Matthews says. “I will not, Sir, as the

early history of the Roman Republic, as told us by Titus Livius, is just now being controverted, seek for an authority against the Ballot before Aufidius Gallus, in the year of the City 614." Admitting the historical accuracy of the Honourable Member's citations, and that Otho was not elected Emperor in consequence of the Ballot system, what in the name of consequential reasoning, is the *sequitur*, as Partridge, another great ancient, terms it? Is there, in the first place, no difference between the circumstances of the times? In the next place, has or has not the world grown wiser since the times of "Rome's least mortal mind?" and lastly, are not the Honourable Member's citations all on *one* side? But the Honourable Member, forsooth! is "a senator;" and, as Shaftesbury, with his usual truth and profundity observes, "the liker any thing is to wisdom, if it be not plainly the thing itself, the more directly it becomes its opposite."

12th. The BUDGET.—Well, Lord Althorpe has last night fleshed his maiden sword as a finance minister—and the result, I am sorry to say, is a failure. His statement was confused, indigestible, and illogical; and he gargled his words in his throat, if possible, still more than ever. Indeed, so defective was the noble lord in delivery and arrangement that Mr. Goulbourn, who followed him in the debate, shone by contrast as a luminous orator. It really pains me to state these harsh truths of a man, for whose integrity of purpose, and unaffected candour and straightforwardness of dealing, I entertain so unfeigned a respect—but the truth must be told; and, as Lafayette said to the Americans on the accession of a popular administration, "you must try the most popular men only by their measures."

The first great defect of Lord Althorpe's statement was the absence of every thing like confidence, or fixedness of purpose in his tone and manner: he hemmed, and he stammered, and seemed as much embarrassed as if it were truly a *maiden* speech. No doubt modesty is a most insinuating virtue in private life; but it is one exceedingly out of place in the official Leader of the House of Commons. A public speaker cannot bestow too much pains beforehand in "making himself up," as the phrase goes, in his subject matter; but once having risen to submit his views for the purpose of their being immediately adopted by his audience, he can scarcely be too confident, too free from any hesitation of either candour or indifference; in fact, he cannot be too inflexibly ardent in conquering, by the mere force of his own convictions and will, all seeming difficulties. No large assembly, not even the House of Lords, was ever yet influenced materially by a candid sober statement of the opinions of any individual—only so far as they chimed in with their own; and Lord Althorpe must know that a phalanx, by no means unimportant even as to mere number, watch the new government's every idle expression, with all the malicious scrutiny of men still rankling from ignominious expulsion from office. Concessions or admissions to such men are not only gratuitous surrender of an inch here and there, where an ell is sure to be taken, but go to furnish his worst adversaries with their most formidable arguments; and even with respect to friends, it says little for the confidence of any administration in its own strength, that instead of *commanding* the votes of honourable members by its indications of power, and influence, and will, it prays their sympathy by an acknowledgment of its own weaknesses. It is the business, as Lord Althorpe and his colleagues well know, of the Opposition for the time being to find out and magnify these weaknesses, so that the noble lord's chivalrous candour is much more honourable to him as a private gentleman than prudent as a minister.

The next defect was its apparent inconsistency. What is now-a-days called consistency is, it is true, a real merit only in the eyes of the unthinking many—the nineteen out of twenty—but it should not nevertheless be wholly lost sight of by a government with whom the charge of inconsistency against their predecessors was so frequent as to become a by-word. Besides, what was characteristic, and therefore unexpected in the Duke of Wellington and his men, will not pass muster in the new government; because, having been lifted into office by the force of public opinion alone, it is the more amenable to public censure.

The very first night of the present session Lord Althorpe, as the organ of a numerous popular party, stated that he was hostile to the then ministry because they "did not retrench as much as the wants of the people required." Last night he declared that "economy had been carried as far by his predecessors in office, as it could consistently with the public service," without assigning any reason whatever for his change of opinion. Then with respect to the Duchy of Lancaster he is but retracing the steps of his predecessors—and the pension list regulations are but changes of form—involving no saving of the public money. What will be the result of their thus tracing the steps of their predecessors? Simply, it will lower them still lower in public contempt than the Duke's government—for what in the one was after all, but consistent misconduct, would be in the other public treachery—inducing good men to believe, with the Walpolian school, that public honour is an empty sound.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S reply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was delivered in a tone of exulting energy, as if he had him on the hip and would keep him there. The atmosphere of the Opposition benches has had a marvellous effect on the Right Honourable Baronet's oratorical powers; there is an elastic buoyancy now in his speeches quite surprising in one so pompous and prosy and jesuitically word-weighting when in office. He really would be a very able debater had he less Joseph Surface sentimental egotism on every occasion; and as it is, is more than a match at every-day work for Lord Althorpe, Sir James Graham, and even Lord Palmerston together. Lord Althorpe looked aghast at the unmistakable cheers which followed every sentence of Sir Robert's sophistical declamation, for I hold it to be such, as to the proposed transfer duty on stocks involving a breach of public faith. Funded property is as much in morals, in law, liable to every tax, which the necessities of the state may require, as landed and every other property which that state protects; the breach of public faith is the same in both instances, and is no more so in either than every new tax or act of Parliament. But the Right Honourable Baronet's sophistry evidently *told* on the House, and the opinion is, that Lord Althorpe must abandon it. The great objection, however, was hardly noticed, namely, that the tax would press heavily on the comparatively *poorer* holders of funded property, those among whom the daily transfers take place, while it left the large holder, the unfrequent transfer, in point of fact untouched.

15th. MR. SPENCER PERCEVAL and the GENERAL FAST.—The most remarkable circumstance connected with the sermon which this evidently most amiable and enthusiastic "religionist" delivered in the House last night, was the marked church-like attention with which it was listened to, contrasting with the no less marked levity with which the Honourable Member's first announcement of his intention was greeted; levity which an ably conducted evening journal, and still more recently a writer in the Quarterly Review, have been hoaxed into attributing to the irreverent imagination of the reporters. I know not whence it is, but it is the fashion just now to impute to these gentlemen the fabrication of most of the absurdities perpetrated in Parliament; though it is well known to those in the habit of hearing the debates, that omission—certainly not commission—is the charge to which they are most obnoxious. Indeed, the public is little aware of the extent of their obligations to the "gentlemen of the press," in sparing them the awful infliction of many a prosy oration—(infallible in inducing sleep even when opium and other powerful narcotics have failed)—and in licking into form and substance many a *rudis et indigestaque moles* of words.

As an historical curiosity, reminding us of the more zealous days of the Long Parliament, Mr. Perceval's lay sermon would be worth preserving in the pages of the New Monthly; but as it is understood, that Mr. Coleridge means to incorporate it with his own lay sermons in a new edition of the *Statesman's Manual* or, *the Bible the best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight*, I will not now anticipate that entertaining publication. Suffice it, that the universal impression of every person who heard the honourable member was, that

"All was conscience and a tender heart."

18th. THE NEW BUDGET.—Well, was there ever witnessed such legislative child's play—such mere schoolboy backings out! Lord Althorpe seems to have nothing to do since his budget speech but to abandon all its propositions; and thus it will be till he comes boldly forward with a well-devised plan of a *bona fide* property tax—maugre my Lord Brougham's quondam opposition—and of a remission of those taxes which press on the means of productive industry. (In a parenthesis I may ask, why are honourable members, the free trade liberals, just now so silent touching the Corn Laws?) Tax capital, that is, the means of bringing into action productive industry, as little as possible—revenue as much as it can bear *as revenue*: the former being thus unshackled, progresses without limit towards accumulation; the latter if not too much taxed, interferes not with the means of productive industry. If these principles were kept constantly in view, it would not be easy to compute the immense amount of nonsense one is obliged to hear promulgated with solemn faces on both sides of the House that would be saved the public for home consumption by our honourable legislators.

Take for an example the cry against the proposed reduction of duty on tobacco. Besides that the reduction would destroy the great smuggling trade in tobacco carried on in Ireland, it would only be an act of justice to the poor consumer, to whom indeed unmanufactured tobacco is a necessary. This fact seems to have wholly escaped not only Lord Althorpe, who evidently means the best towards the less wealthy classes of the community, but the political economists, *par excellence*, of the free-trade school—though it is as plain as the plainest question of figures. The severity with which the duty on raw tobacco presses on the working classes, to whom, as I have said, it is a necessary, as compared with the comparative lightness of the duty on the manufactured commodity, to the consumer of which—the rich—it is but partially even a luxury, will appear evident when we take the raw untaxed price of both into a moment's consideration. The market price of raw tobacco is about 6*d.* per pound, the duty 3*s.* that is 600 per cent. while the duty on the manufactured commodity is but from 33 to 50 per cent. on the untaxed cost; though the consumer of the former is the poor man—of the latter the dealer in luxuries. Why not a graduated duty in proportion to the intrinsic value of the article, so low on the raw commodity as to put an end to the bounty on smuggling, which the present 600 per cent. rate holds out; and so high on the costly manufactured as to make it a tax on luxury! ultimately the revenue would be a gainer, as Lord Althorpe very truly observed. But more on these points anon.

In all these vacillations and backings out, the transparent candour and freedom from the tricks of office of Lord Althorpe are truly refreshing. "I have been taunted," said the noble lord, "with the many changes which I have thought it right to make in the budget since I first broached it on Friday last. It is true I have made many changes, but so far am I from being therefore sorry, that I should have been, and should have had great reason to be, ashamed if I had not made those changes in my plan for which reasonable grounds had been adduced." (*Cheers.*)

There is yet one, and but one, sheet anchor for the present administration, destitute as it is, in the Commons at least, of ready business eloquence, and that official tact which is the next best substitute, namely, "a full and efficient" measure of Reform. If they fail in that—I mean on the side of public opinion—out they go, with all their imperfections on their head, amid the jeers and derisions of their present foes and well-wishers. *Nous verrons.*

This article has so far exceeded our prescribed limits, that we must defer till next month a notice of Mr. Praed, Mr. Jeffrey, and Mr. Macauley, as also an account of Lord King's *epidedeizes* on the Tithe system.

MAVROVITCH, THE POLE.

“ There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

MODERN scepticism may deride the existence of metaphysical beings, and Sir Walter Scott, with his wonted ingenuity, explain the phenomena which humbler minds have venerated as proofs of the truth of my text; but the voice of all ages and nations merits as much attention as the sneers of scepticism or the plausibilities of genius. In the Highlands of Scotland, amidst the mists and solitudes of the lakes and mountains, by the piny glens and falling waters, ghosts, wraiths, and broonies, have been known from time immemorial, and many a tale of spectral omen is still told by the second-sighted inhabitants, and as well authenticated among them as the poems of Ossian and the deeds of Fingal. Ireland, too, is populous with “the good people” and other kindred spirits. Demons throughout Germany are as plentiful as turrets. The present, however, is not an occasion to multiply proofs; there is a monitor in the bosom, even of the most ignorant, certifying that spirits surround us, as Milton says, “both when we wake and when we sleep,” but which can only be discerned by the finer faculties of the fancy. Undoubtedly, a general persuasion is common among mankind that we are severally attended by a guardian angel, but ocular demonstration has not been often vouchsafed. The shade that summoned Brutus to Philippi is, however, a well-known instance; nor is it more disputable that Tasso, the poet, was influenced by a ministering spirit. The Weird Sisters who seduced the celebrated Macbeth, King of Scotland; the ghost of Hamlet’s father: the midnight visitor of the Duke of Buckingham; the equally-well avouched apparition mentioned by Daniel Defoe, in his introduction to Mrs. Rowe’s *Letters from the Dead*; to say nothing of the *Castle Spectre*, which so many have witnessed, are all evidences that such things should not be spoken of in those ways in which they are too often. I might, indeed, multiply instances innumerable, but the story of Mavrovitch, the Pole, bears impressive testimony to the existence of fatal entities, and of those inscrutable oracles which predict the purposes of futurity. As it is not universally known in England, I shall relate it in as few words as possible. The incidents are simple, but, like all the links in the chain of destiny, influential, and consecutive to dread effects. It was told me by himself on the day of his execution, and I will give his narrative from my journal, as it was recorded at the time.

When I reached Warsaw, the bells were all tolling. It was about six o’clock, in a fine dewy morning of June. I had stopped for the night at a little inn, about a league from the city, being assured by the postilion that it would be unavailing to think of reaching it before the gates were shut; but I indemnified myself for the lost time by rising early. I say lost time, for I was afraid of being too late—all the country was agitated by the strange stories of the demon that attended Mavrovitch, and something extraordinary was expected to take place at his execution. The guilt of the criminal was no longer

thought of; every one trembled and shrank, as they repeated to each other in superstitious whispers the different versions of his portentous spells and unholy deeds.

On approaching the gate, the road became gradually more and more crowded, insomuch that the pressure was excessive; such was the throng of peasants, men, women, and children, hastening from all parts of the country to witness the doom of the criminal.

As I passed to the great square, where the hotel I had been directed to is situated, and in which the prison also stands, the multitude flowing towards it was as the Danube when the ice breaks up in the spring, resistless, and uttering a strange, indescribable sound.

The windows and balconies were filled with innumerable groups, with sad and ominous visages; the roofs and chimney-tops were clustered with adventurous boys and menials; and ever and anon the deep boding of the bells announced the coming event. At the corner where two streets met, commanding a view of the scaffold, stood a large, ancient mansion, a monument of King Sobieski's time. The crowd, as they passed it in silence, pressed to the opposite side of the street, and looked backward at it with awe and dread. All the windows were closed,—not a spectator was on the roof—it was the paternal mansion of the fratricide.

Having alighted, and partaken hastily of a public breakfast laid out for the numerous guests in the saloon of the hotel, the landlord sent a boy with me to the Bishop, who was kindly solicited, in a letter of which I was the bearer, by his brother, Prince Itchingikagitch, to obtain for me an interview with the doomed victim. The application was well-timed; for several of the clergy and priesthood were assembled at his palace, preparatory to their last ghostly visit to the criminal, and his Lordship immediately dispatched a venerable friar with me to the prison, that my curiosity might be satisfied before the ecclesiastical procession went there.

In elbowing my way with the old man through the multitude, and taking many lanes and crooked turnings from the episcopal residence back to the Great Square, I gathered from him a few scattered particulars of the history of Mavrovitch, separate from the tale of his crimes and the mystery of his familiar demon, by which the event of his sentence was rendered so terrible and interesting to the whole people.

It seems that Valodimir Mavrovitch, the fratricide, was the second son of Count Bialeskow, the representative of one of the oldest and most renowned families in Poland. In his youth, Valodimir was the most elegant boy almost ever seen, and scarcely less remarkable for talent than beauty; but he had a peculiar enthusiasm about him, in which, as his tutor, Father Theophilus, often said, lay his destiny. "In all other respects, he is only," said the father, "a nobler youth than common; but in this singular endowment he has something supernatural to man. He is without fear, he knows not what it is—and with a dexterity inconceivable, accomplishes the most abstruse and difficult purposes. In his lessons, such is his aptitude, that he learns as if he had brought knowledge with him into the world; and in field-sports, the chase, and all exercises, he possesses an ardour and courage by which he

outstrips every competitor. His generosity is equally unbounded; and whatever he undertakes is pursued with an indefatigable eagerness that knows not impediment; but amidst this unexampled energy in purpose there is cause for fear. It matters not to him, when once interested, whether his object be good or bad, and in this fatal inability to discriminate the value of his aims lies his danger."

By the time the old priest had thus made me acquainted with the youthful character of Mavrovitch we had reached the gate of the prison, between which and the scaffold, covered with black cloth, an open space was preserved by the troops of the garrison, although it was generally known that the execution was not to take place till the evening, and by torch-light. It had been so ordered by Stanislaus himself, to add solemnity to the scene, on account of the rank of the condemned, the atrocity of the crime, and, perhaps, with some religious reference to the demoniac instigation by which Mavrovitch was known to have been impelled.

At the request of the Bishop's messenger, I was speedily admitted, and conducted to the tower of the gloomy fabric where Mavrovitch was confined—a lofty and somewhat decayed part of the building, with a low, narrow door, only wide enough to admit a single person stooping, and loop-hole windows, strongly grated with iron bars, through which no prisoner could escape. Just as we were on the point of entering, the door was opened from within, and a tall, gaunt, middle-aged man, with melancholy and emaciated features, came out. Seeing me a stranger, he paused for a moment, eyed me alarmedly, and then, without speech or salutation of any kind, hurried past. "It is his confessor," said the guide; "he has doubtless heard a dismal tale."

I was conducted up a steep, dark, winding stair, in which only one could at the same time ascend, and taken in through another low door, so straight that it was with some difficulty I thrust myself. This opened into a long gallery, with which the cells of the felons were connected; and at the upper end was another narrow door, which led to the state-ward, where criminals of condition were immured. In one of the rooms opening from that ward lay Mavrovitch. The guide unbolted the door, and I was admitted.

The obscurity of the other apartments had in some degree prepared my sight for the spectacle in this gloomy abode. On my entrance, I beheld the guilty man seated on a couch, as his confessor had left him. "All his original brightness" had not departed, but on the contrary, he appeared about thirty years of age, with a physiognomy supremely handsome, and an air of grace and superiority about him that I have never seen excelled.

I forget now what excuse I made for the intrusion, but he received me with the dignity and condescension of a prince. I well recollect his manner, and the grace with which he beckoned me to be seated. His manliness and courtesy soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt at my entrance, and, with what I have often wondered at, I frankly, and at perfect ease, told him, that I had been chiefly drawn by curiosity to seek that interview, to obtain, if possible, from himself some explanation of the extraordinary stories which had been in cir-

ulation concerning some inexplicable mystery in his life. He smiled pensively, and replied that he, too, had heard of them; and added, "strangely enough, though they have been exaggerated by the vulgar, they are yet not entirely imaginary."

We had then a few sentences of general conversation, when he abruptly said, "But my time wears out apace, and since you have been induced to visit me for the purpose you have so candidly stated, I can do no less than tell you the story of the Demon."

"When I was on the eve of my departure from the castle of Bailekows, my paternal inheritance; and the residence of my mother, to make a tour through Germany and Italy, the carriage being at the gate, and the servants with torches around—for it was then before the dawn of day—as I crossed the court from the hall-door to embark, an old man met me. He had the air of a priest, but not exactly the garb, and his eyes, I thought—or it might be an after fancy—were luminous. 'Valdimir Mavrovitch,' said the stranger, '**Think!**' I would have answered, but the torch-light which shone through the gateway upon him shifted, and I was surprised that he too had disappeared, like one of the shadows of the servants on the castle wall."

"I was surprised at the brief and emphatic admonition of the Demon, for it was no less; but instead of obeying his injunction, after embarking in the carriage, I fell asleep."

"In the course of the journey, I met with neither accident nor adventure, but in the evening of the afternoon that I reached Munich, I strolled out from the hotel at which I had put up, and entered, after a short walk, a coffee-house, in which several persons were smoking, with ices and liquors before them. One table only was vacant; it was near the door, and it had no light upon it. I entered and sat down at this table, and ordered a cigar, which being brought with a candle, I began to smoke, and was thinking on the admonition of the mysterious stranger in the court of the castle—my back was towards the door, when presently feeling as it were a hand laid on my shoulder, I hastily turned round, and at my elbow beheld the stranger again—'**Beware!**' said he, and withdrew."

"This incident affected me more than the former. It seemed to be couched with anxiety, as if some danger impended; but at the same moment two young officers came in, and seeing no vacant places, seated themselves opposite to me at the same table. They were about my own age, of a gallant air, and observing that I was a stranger, they addressed me in a generous, gentlemanly manner. I was much pleased with their conversation, and they professed themselves equally so with mine. Like other young men, we became, while I stayed at Munich, friends, and in their agreeable society both the '**Think!**' and '**Beware!**' were forgotten. On my departure for Vienna, they gave me letters to their friends in that metropolis, by whom I was received with marked distinction."

"I had not, however, been many days in Vienna, when one evening, returning from a party on foot, my servant having neglected to bring my carriage, a sudden stream of light from a window fell upon a figure which I perceived walking before me. He turned round at the same moment, and I beheld my warden. '**Stop!**' said the apparition;

I did do so; but in a moment the light vanished, and he was gone.

“ This third warning took some effect; it was mystical, and I pondered in a vain endeavour to ascertain to what it could allude. My conjectures were fruitless; I could only recall that in the course of the evening I had been much excited by the beauty of a young countess, whom, on account of her marriage, the ball had been given. The Count, her husband, was a noble and elegant young man, and their mutual attachment had been a theme of admiration from their childhood in their respective families. ‘*Stop!*’ I repeated to myself, as I entered my lodgings, ‘ what can that have to do with aught that I have undertaken?’ But in the course of a few days I became myself again, the admonisher was forgotten, and I could think only of the beautiful Countess. I have just told my confessor, that in less than a month her husband shot himself, and she fled from my arms to a nunnery.

“ This affair obliged me to quit Vienna more abruptly than I intended, but instead of going to Venice, I went to Paris, taking Frankfort in my way. Being entirely unknown at Frankfort, I hastily visited alone every thing remarkable in the city, resolving to leave it in the morning; but the day was sultry, and in the evening, partly owing to fatigue, I felt myself tired and indisposed, and remained there next day. In the afternoon I found myself better, and as a public pleasure-garden was near the hotel where I stopped, I went to amuse myself for a few minutes there. Whether custom or any festival had that evening assembled an unusual concourse of people I never inquired, but the garden was crowded with a gay multitude, and music with great hilarity enlivened the entertainment. I walked about delighted with the scene.

“ In the course of my sauntering amidst the arbours, I came to an alcove a little remote from the more stirring crowd, and in it were several gentlemen playing cards: two were at chess, and by their side a little boy, seemingly one of their sons, amusing himself with throwing dice. After looking for a minute or two, I went to the child, and in sheer playfulness challenged the boy for a throw. At the same instant that I took the box in my hand, some one touched my elbow; I looked round, and the old man was there,—‘*Pause,*’ said he. In that instant a rope-dancer at some distance fell, a shriek rose, my attention was roused, and I missed again the stranger; but when tranquillity was restored, my desire to play at dice returned, and I again challenged the child to whom I lost several pieces of money, which the lucky boy was as proud of gaining, as the conqueror at the Battle of Prague.

“ That was the first time I had ever played at dice. My education was reclude. I had no companions, and we had no dice in the castle. The idle game pleased me. When I returned to the hotel, I ordered dice, and amused myself all the evening with casting them, actuated by a persuasion that there must be a mode of doing so by which any desired number may be thrown. This notion took possession of my mind, and I stayed several days at Frankfort, employed in attempts to make the discovery; at last I did succeed. With

a pair of dice I attained a sleight by which I could cast what I pleased; but with it, I also made another discovery: it was only with perfect cubes I could be so successful. I tried many, but all, in any degree imperfect, could not be so commanded.

"I then went to Paris, where, being well introduced, I became a favourite. The ladies could not make enough of me, and I felt no *ennui* to lead me to the gaming-tables. But one night on which I had an appointment with a fascinating favourite, when I went to her house I found she had been seized with the small-pox. To shun reflection on the loathsome disease, I went to a house which I knew was much frequented by some of my friends, and, as I expected, met several. They invited me to play, and as I was ignorant of cards, they consented to throw dice, because, not aware of my art with them, they supposed, seeing me out of spirits, that it would rouse me. We played for trifling stakes, and, to their indescribable astonishment, I won every throw, and, doubling our stakes, at last, a large sum of money.

"Next day the lady died. My grief was such that I could not but look upon her. Her waiting gentlewoman consented, and I was shown into the apartment where she lay, at the moment when the attendants were preparing the body. Such a spectacle!—I flew in anguish again to the gaming-house. I diced again, as if a furor had possessed me; I staked largely, and won every thing. All the guests and the plundered were amazed at my success, and collected in crowds around. The pressure upon me was inconvenient. I turned to request the spectators would stand back. At my elbow again stood the Demon. 'Go on,' were his words. I was petrified, and he was away.

"Unable to proceed with the effects of the surprise, my losing antagonist imagined that I was making some sign to a secret confidant, but not daring to express his suspicion, only requested the dice should be changed. They were so. The new ones were not cubes, and they were uneven in weight. I lost back the greatest part of my winnings; and I also lost character. It was observed that I threw the casts in a different manner from that in which I had thrown the first dice. A suspicion arose among the spectators, that I did so on purpose to lose, and in a few evenings I was stripped of the greater part of my fortune; for every evening the dice were changed, and sometimes often in the course of a night. At last I quitted Paris, with the matured character of a thorough libertine and an unfair gamester.

"I took my passage at Marseilles, for Naples, and at the time appointed for embarkation, went to the mole to go on board.

"It was evening; the sun had set some time; the beacon of the port was lighted; and the dawn of the moon was brightening the eastern horizon. The populace, who were enjoying the cool air, had not however dispersed, but were standing in numerous groups around. A feeling at the moment came upon me that the Demon was near, and I resolved if it appeared again to employ my sword, although at the time persuaded that it was but a form impalpable. In the same moment I saw it before me; out flew my

sword, and in the instant I felt that it pierced a mortal heart; but instead of the old visionary-man, I beheld a boatman dead and bleeding at my feet. A wild cry arose. The mob seized me, and I was carried to prison. Next day the case was investigated before the court of justice. I related the simple fact. A glib advocate doubted my asseverations, but the spectators, who were numerous, gave the fullest credit to the story, and I was spared the doom of a murderer, because the judges were of opinion that I could have no motive to commit the crime, and had perpetrated the deed under some influence of temporary lunacy.

“That was the wanton assassination with which all Europe rang at the time, and was ascribed to the extravagance of my reprobate nature.

“After my liberation, I proceeded to Naples, and mingling in all the pleasures of that luxurious city, in addition to my dexterity with the dice, I acquired equal skill at the cards. In the study of them I found my sight possessed of a faculty not before imagined. The sharpness of my sight soon enabled me to discover at once all the cards of a pack distinctly from each other, and I speedily was master of every popular game. This superiority made me heedless of my disbursements; I could at any time supply my purse at the gaming-table, and as a consequence of that independence, I surrendered myself to enjoyment, and for years lived in riot and revelry unmolested by the Demon.

“An unvaried career of licentiousness was not however my lot. An irascible countryman of yours, a lieutenant of the royal navy, who was introduced to me at a party, suddenly seemed to scowl at me with the visage of the demon, as we were in the heat of an argument, and I struck him in the face,—a duel was the consequence, and he disabled me in the right arm. That accident destroyed my sleight-of-hand with the dice. Thus was one source of my income cut off; a slight fever soon afterward left its dregs in my eyes, I could no longer distinguish the cards with my wonted accuracy, and thus fell into poverty.

“Disturbed at the blight which had fallen on my fortunes, I shunned the haunts of the gay and reckless, and became a cicerone to the travellers; for my reputation as a libertine had reached Poland, and I was ashamed to return home.

“One day, when I had conducted an English family to Herculaneum, I felt myself a little indisposed while showing them the theatre, and, with much charitable feeling, they insisted on my going up to the fresh air, and leave them with the common guide. Glad to avail myself of their kindness, I instantly retired, and at a short distance from the opening where we descended, I sat down on the capital of a defaced Corinthian column, to wait their return.

“While sitting on that spot, I cast my eyes accidentally towards the summit of Vesuvius, then emitting, as if panting for breath, occasional volumes of white smoke. As they rolled along the speckless expanse of the calm blue firmament, they assumed various beautiful forms, and I was watching their progress, forgetful of all but the visible poesy of their appearance, when the voice of the Demon whispered, as if its dreadful lips were at my ear—*‘Your Brother.’*

"I started from my seat, and looked behind me in horror, but only the bay, with its romantic shores, was in sight.

"When I had shaken off the consternation of the moment, I resumed my seat, and began to examine myself as to the purpose suggested by the portentous words. My cogitation was not long. The Count was unmarried, and was the only impediment between me and the family estates.

"You can imagine what followed,—here I am, and this night I shall be with the Demon; but I should continue the remainder of my story. When the English travellers returned, they spoke to me with a friendly tenderness, and something in my appearance and manners had so interested them in my favour, that the old gentleman presented me with a purse of guineas. That money enabled me at once to return to Warsaw, where I consummated the instigation of the Demon."

Such was the tale told to me by the unhappy man—wonderful certainly in its circumstances, but widely different from the terrific chaos of the popular belief, and simple in its incidents, compared to the incantations with which the apparitions of the tremendous visitant were invested by the people.

I would have questioned him more particularly, but our interview was interrupted by the arrival of the ecclesiastical procession, and I was obliged to leave the prison. After the clergy, all but one, who remained with him to the last, had left him, nobody was admitted. The crowd, however, round the scaffold continued all day to increase, and the bells to toll. At last the sun set, the guards lighted their torches, and only the black scaffold and the upturned faces of the multitude were visible from where I stood. The prison gate was soon after opened; the culprit, wrapped in a winding-sheet, came forth, attended by the municipal officers, and proceeded with the funereal sound of trumpets to the dreadful spot where the two executioners, with their arms and throats bare, lifted a covering from the rack, and took their stations beside it, holding the handspikes, for turning the rending wheels, like muskets, on their shoulders. The moment that Mavrovitch mounted the scaffold, the trumpets and the tolling bells ceased; all was silent, and he walked with a firm tread towards the engine of torture. The executioners stepped forward, each took him by the arm. At the same moment a wild shriek rose; but what ensued is so well known, that I may spare myself from further recital.

J. G.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE
FASHIONABLE APOTHECARY.

A SUDDEN partiality appears to incline the fashionable and literary world towards the mysteries of the healing art. The sane in body insist on being excoriated into the condition of Lazarus, that they may penetrate the veil of the temple of Esculapius under favour of a cuticular passport; while the sane in mind luxuriate into ecstasy over the tragic crisis of the scalpel, and the prolonged sensibilities of a pulmonary consumption.—Physic is no longer thrown to the dogs by our modern Shakspeares; and the romantic school has at length found refuge in the mortar, and armed its defenceless innocency with a pestle! Why should not I too try my hand in the *mêlée*? Albeit, unused to any other mode of composition than the hieroglyphic abbreviations of the Pharmacopœia, yet mystery being the soul of romance, my random records may not be the less interesting to the public for a little touch of the incomprehensible.

I cannot, like my eminent coadjutor of Blackwood's, prevail on myself to accuse the harshness of my early fortunes;—no dishonoured acceptance, or negatived loan, rank's in my memory;—I never had a bill returned on my hands, saving at the commercial season of Christmas, with a request for a stamped receipt; nor borrowed a pound,—unless of rhubarb, from some superabounding pharmacist of the neighbourhood. Nature, indeed, seems to have pre-ordained me for the career of a prosperous apothecary! My father was domestic Chaplain to the late much-respected Earl of Worthing; my mother, her ladyship the Countess's favourite companion. Affinity, either chemical or moral, united the worthy pair in clandestine wedlock;—instead of fattening on toads, they ventured to starve on tithe-pigs; and instead of restricting her maternal sensibility to the tendance of Lady Worthing's Dutch pugs, the Companion to the lady of quality found her cares required by the promising infancy of an only son, * * * * L——, my unworthy self.

From such progeniture, much of my future fortunes, my future qualities, might be prognosticated. I was born with a singular and callous apathy towards the rubs of life; and while other lads were smarting under the whips and ferrules of the pedagogue, my parents occupied themselves in seasoning *me* to the whips and scorns of the affluent and *in*-humane. They taught me to simper under an affront, and return bow for blow. My father compelled my attendance at all the parochial interments, that I might acquire the command of a decent gravity of demeanour; and learn to bear a draught (of air) without my hat; my mother required my presence at all her parochial tea-parties, that I might accustom myself to listen to the longest edition of the stalest story without yawning. At fifteen, I wanted nothing but a little Latin, a little shop, and a pair of black silk stockings, to qualify me for my profession. Medical knowledge can only come with practice.

In what progression I managed to acquire these three indispensables, by what mode of experience I learned to administer a drachm without a scruple, shall form my first mysterious abbreviation. I have already revealed to the urbane lectors of the "New Monthly"

the recipe of my destiny ;—let them now behold me installed, at the age of twenty-eight, in a spruce showy box in Conduit Street, with a handsome brass label on my door, and a night-bell, to be shaken when taken, hanging in tempting ostensibility to the lintel. I was still a bachelor, having resolved that till my demi-fortune was enabled to expand into the binary honours of the chariot, my own fortunes should never become co-partite. But with a view to compass this augmentation of my quadrupedal possessions, I do not hesitate to acknowledge that my first patient was of the Mammalian class—even a scion of that auspicious dynasty of Pugs, which had been nursed in the lap of luxury and of my venerated parent, in Lady Worthing's caniferous parlour. In this initiatory preface to my professional practice, I saved Bobtail,—and gained a friend!

A few evenings following my visit to Lady Worthing's, I was sitting in my front drawing-room, over the shop,—so that, during my vesper luxuriance in the emulgent consolations of small Souchong, my feelings might be recreated with the industrious poundage of my apprentices, and my ears tingle with the bell of custom,—when my footboy threw open the door, and announced—"Lord Lancing!" the youthful grandson of my aristocratic patroness. I was paralyzed!—not because I perceived that Jack was slipshod, and had contrived to interpolate only a solitary arm into his pepper-and-salt jacket; but because I read in the patrician countenance of his little Lordship portents of some awful revelation!—His lip was parched with feverish excitement; his brow haggard with the irritations of suppressed anxiety. These symptoms might have arisen, it is true, from a redundancy of crude apples, or a pleonasm of pastry; but the quick furtive glance round the chamber, to assure himself that we were alone—*absolutely alone*—was the result of some more hateful combination.

"Doctor!" said Lord Lancing, as soon as the retreating footsteps of Jack resounded on the floor-cloth of the passage below—"Doctor!" said he, (youth is apt to lavish prematurely the honours of the diploma on every neophyte of the healing art.)—"Doctor! I have a question of moment to propose to you."

He drew nearer to the table as he spoke, and there was something indescribably thrilling in the air of stern inquiry with which he bent his small grey eyes on my countenance, as if to decipher the thoughts my lips laboured to envelope in mystery. "My Lord," I replied, attempting to throw into my address something of easy jocularity, which I fancied might serve to defeat his suspicions of my suspicions—"I am your Lordship's most obedient humble servant."

"Doctor!" answered Lord Lancing, apparently grateful for this mode of encouraging his confidence—"you are a respectable man,—my grandmother has a regard for you,—*you* cured her pug!"

I acknowledged this flattering encomium by a trifling bow;—such a one as we of the profession bestow on all customers whose patronage does not amount to more than a twopenny receipt; and Lord Lancing profited by the movement, to draw still closer to my chair.

"My Lord," said I, in some trepidation, for I felt that a crisis was approaching,—“it has been a very fine afternoon!” and, in spite of my better reason, I own that my voice faltered as I uttered these in-

significant words.—Great Heaven! the sentence that followed was destined to congeal them on my lips—to freeze the warm current of my blood for ever!

“*How much arsenic forms a mortal dose?*” whispered the scion of aristocratic sin; while, leaping from my chair, I stood transfixed with horror, gazing on this Thurtell of the peerage—this Burke of juvenile nobility! Methought the spirit of Cain was already flashing from his eyes!—No! the midnight felon,—the perpetrator of pitch-plaster plots,—the apprenticide Brownrigg,—the Halifaxian assassin of the fair and betrayed Bayley,—never could have worn an aspect of more paralysing audacity than that which, like copper-sheathing, invested his youthful brow with the boldness of mature delinquency! I could only stammer out a reiteration of his name. “Lord Lancing!” said I!—

A deathlike pause ensued!—It might be that the spirit of evil sank rebuked before that simple adjuration; or, it might be that the incubus of hypocrisy was pouring its copal varnish over the fearful delineations of his soul. “I ask you, Doctor,” he resumed, in a mild, plausible voice, “how much arsenic forms a mortal dose for a *quadruped?*”

What was I to think of all this?—Was it guilt?—was it guile?—was it my own gullibility?—Had the visible emotions of my bosom terrified a sinner from his evil purpose?—or had those very emotions forestalled his conception of those very purposes of evil?—Time, thought I,—time, that developer of mysteries,—will analyze this equivocal matter, and detect the existence of every noxious particle.

“My Lord!” said I, scarcely able to articulate—“Take of arsenic ten grains, and the quadruped will be a dead quadruped.”

“Have you that quantity at hand?” he now inquired; affecting a listless indifference, which almost prompted me to reply that I had nothing at hand but a little miscreant, worthy the emendation of Cold Bath Fields or Milbank. For the whole truth now glanced on my mind; and although of less than the vital moment I at first conjectured, it was only a step lower in the hangman’s ladder of crime. Lord Lancing!—arsenic!—quadruped!!!—Lady Worthing!!!—*and her dynasty of pugs!*—Yes; the evil design of the vile lordling was sufficiently demonstrated!—One of the ancestral pets was about to become the victim of his jealous malignity!

No sooner did this conviction stick in my throat, (affecting me with a nervous sensation, like that of the *globus hystericus*,) than I assumed an urbane smile; and, descending to my shop, possessed myself of a small packet of the fatal mineral, and presented it to Lord Lancing. There was, perhaps, something of unconscious trepidation in my demeanour; for it impressed his little Lordship with a suspicion that I expected a pecuniary equivalent for my instrument of mortality. “Doctor!” he cried, retreating hastily towards the door, “put it into my grandmother’s bill!”

How vast the significance which may be imparted to the simplest words by a concatenation of associations! “Put it into my grandmother’s bill!” There was nothing very imposing in the sentence, yet it jarred my every nerve with the shock of a Voltaic battery! The medium of his crime and of her bereavement was thus to be

mulcted secretly from her own strong box ! To use the forcible expression of Sir Walter, "it was like seething the kid in its mother's milk."

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, when, half an hour after this heart-stirring interview, I made my way through the crowded streets towards the patrician abode of the unfortunate lady, and, scarcely conscious of what I did, knocked at the door, and hastily inquired of the pampered domestic by whom it was opened—"Is Lady Worthing at home?"—The man was evidently startled by the earnestness of my address; and by the intensity of gesture with which I pulled my hat over my brows, when he replied, that he would go and see. In fact, my feelings were now excited to a pitch almost beyond the control of my own reason; for the lugubrious echoes of the knocker had subsided only to give place to innumerable yelpings, barkings, and howlings, uttered in the varied intonation of every stage of canine existence. For the first time, these domestic sounds cut me to the heart;—"the little dogs and all—Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart!" thought I, while the tears rushed to my eyes.

The reply of the footman was affirmative. "Lady Worthing was at home, and would have much pleasure in seeing Dr. ———." As I ascended the stairs, a universal bowgh-wowgh resounded from the drawing-room, at the door of which, unconsciously wagging his tail, stood little Bobtail—the innocent I had already rescued from the grave—as if to welcome his preserver! "Bobtail!" said I, stooping to caress him; but my heart was too full for speech, and the words gurgled in my throat like a vitriolic gargle. In another minute I found myself in presence of Lady Worthing, who was sitting near a profuse tea-table, while her wretched descendant lounged on an adjoining sofa. "Ah, Doctor!" he exclaimed, while a glance of peculiar malice irradiated his grey eyes, "this is an unexpected pleasure." Little did he think, when he placed a chair for me near his grandmother, the purpose which urged my visit;—little, very little conjecture the burthen with which I had stored my pockets in defeat of his atrocious plot. Aware of the tender susceptibility of Lady Worthing's frame, I had not for a moment indulged the intention of agonizing its sensibilities by a too sudden announcement of the delinquency of her grandson, or the perils impending over her helpless favourites. I resolved to be at once prompt and cautious in my measures,—to meet cunning with cunning—pharmacy with pharmacy; and accordingly filled my waistcoat-pockets with every grain of ipecacuanha left in my store after the preceding Lord Mayor's feast.

But how to administer my precautionary dose, without attracting the notice of the fond mistress of Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart? The antidote was in the palm of my hand,—the innocent victims frisking round my feet; but any unwonted movement on my part must naturally call forth Lady Worthing's inquiries and detection of the villainous projects menacing her repose. At all times I was a favourite with the little wanton creatures, whose gambols now affected me with unspeakable sympathy; for there is something in the canine race—something of more than human gratitude, and more than human constancy—which finds a responsive chord in every generous

mind. Poor little Bobtail!—From the moment I first poured the syrup of buckthorn down his expiring throat, he seemed to regard me as his benefactor, and to imbue every little dog in the house with correspondent sentiments.

But the crisis was approaching, and admitted not the indulgence of these softer emotions of the soul. Adroitly stooping, as if to pick up my glove, I insinuated a copious pinch of *ip*: into the mouth of my little favourite; and while Lady Worthing was reprimanding one of her domestics touching the opacity of a substratum of butter on the last muffin, I hastily filled a saucer with cream, and contrived unobserved to seduce both Blanche and Tray into the deglutition of its medicated contents.—*My task was accomplished!*

How sweet the expansion of the human soul in the first consciousness of an act of benevolence! “My spirit’s lord sat lightly on his throne,” as I beheld the rescued pugs repugnantly shaking their whiskers after swallowing the abhorrent fluid; and while they went wheezing and sneezing about the room, I swallowed the rejected muffin without wincing. In the exaltation of my soul, I became unconscious of minor accidents.

Scarcely was the tea-tray removed, when I took up my hat with a view to departure. “No! Doctor,” cried her Ladyship, with a smile of venerable benevolence, “since you have kindly looked in upon me this evening, I shall not let you off without a hit at backgammon.” What could I urge against a request thus politely expressed?—It was vain to plead ignorance of the game; such a pretext would have been unavailing to my father’s or my mother’s son.—It was vain to talk of engagements; I had already incautiously announced a professional interregnum!—I resolved, therefore, to wait and witness the catastrophe! The board was brought—the candle-shades adjusted—Lord Lancing took up a volume of Ferdinand Count Fathom, and read or seemed to read,—and the game commenced!

I question whether the awful chess-scene in “Arden of Feversham” ever produced so absorbing a sensation in any audience, as that hour of agonizing backgammon to myself! Lord Lancing had contrived to place himself in the rear of my chair, so that his movements were secure from my investigation; while the rattling of the dice in Lady Worthing’s hand, and the rapid clatter of displacing the men, altogether impeded my auricular revelations;—his Lordship might have poisoned a pack of hounds without my being enabled to authenticate the act!

At length, however, a sound became audible, needing no curious inquisition to detect the nature of the orgasm by which it was produced. “Grandmamma!” cried Lord Lancing, rushing from his hiding-place, “that little brute, Bobtail, is sick!”

“Nonsense,” replied her Ladyship; while I evinced my involuntary trepidation by making a false move. But in a moment, simultaneous retchings resounded through the chamber, which became, as it were, the cabin of a Dover packet.

“Lancing!” cried her Ladyship, roused by these discordant efforts of nature, “I am satisfied you have been giving those poor dear precious darlings something that has disagreed with them!”

“Nay, grandmamma—”

“How often have I warned you against feeding them with stewed sweetbread or——”

A new concerto resounded *fortissimo* through the apartment.

“Call Fox—call Smith—call Tomkins!—Ring for John, Thomas, and Richard!” shrieked Lady Worthing. “Oh! Dr. L——, what can you do for me—*for them?*”

“Grandmamma,” interposed the youthful criminal, with an unabashed countenance, “I am almost sure I saw the Doctor administer an emetic to Blanche and Tray:—now didn’t you, Doctor?”

“Wretch!” retorted I, my eyes flashing fire, and my whole frame quivering with indignation—“*Dare* you, indeed, reveal a circumstance arising from the unparalleled wickedness of your own design—*dare* you allude to an antidote motived by your surreptitious recourse—to *poison?* Yes, Lady Worthing, in my own defence, I am compelled to denounce your grandson as the premeditated murderer of your helpless favourites!”

Instead of the shriek which I had anticipated, as the echo of this horrific declaration, an involuntary burst of laughter issued from the lips of the Dowager;—*for a single instant, I believed it the fruit of mental aberration!* But the boyish intemperance with which Lord Lancing soon joined in her cachinnations, gave rise to a different opinion. “As sure as fate, granny,” he exclaimed, “Dr. L—— fancies that the arsenic you commissioned me to procure for the coachman, to extirpate the rats in the stables, was obtained for this nefarious purpose.”

It was now *my* turn to utter a shriek of amazement and delight. “Come to my arms, much injured youth,” I began. But it was no moment for explanations; the condition of the pugs was peremptory; and it was not till I had removed them to the housekeeper’s room, and ministered to their ailments, that I ventured to return with a view of making my peace with my patroness. At first Lady Worthing, morbidly tenacious of her grandson’s reputation, was inflexible to my exculpations. “To suspect a scion of her noble house of such criminality was an outrage against herself!” Even Lord Lancing pleaded my cause as coherently as frequent peals of laughter would permit; but at length hearing little Bobtail scratch in convalescence at the door, I seized him in my arms, and bade him put up his innocent paws in my behalf, even as the youthful Dauphin of France was taught to intercede for Marie-Antoinette with the Parisian populace! This little *ruse* was successful; my excess of zeal was first pardoned, and at length commended. From that hour I date the overflowing patronage of the Dowager, and my own fortunes. *Within a year, I became master of a chariot—and a wife!*

The above anecdote must convince my readers that candour is the amiable weakness of my character—that I am no less prompt in acknowledging a blunder than in making one; I may therefore venture, without incurring the charge of a preposterous vanity, to put forth an instance in which my professional acumen was the means of restoring an estimable individual to society—and to himself!

It has often occurred to me as a lamentable evidence of human egotism, that we appropriate to our use the various products of national commerce, without bestowing the slightest interest on the means

by which they have been snatched, as it were, from distant tropics, and wafted, so to say, to our feet. We give not a thought to the perils of land and sea encountered for their conveyance to our favoured clime, nor a tear to the waste of human life and human health braved in their culture or their manufacture; sweetening our Bohea, without reflection on the terrors of yellow fever; ensconcing our superfine blue coat, without dreaming of indigo and the liver complaint; swallowing our mutton-broth, careless of the magnified spleen of the rice-grower; and inhaling the spicy breath of "the crackling berry's juice," without one sympathising pang for the jaundiced complexion and disordered organization of the original planter! We of the medical profession, see these things in a different light. The arrival of an Occidental or Oriental fleet, laden with cargoes of colonial produce and colonial martyrs, serves at once to stir up our juleps and our feelings; we feel the throbbing pulse till our hearts beat responsive; we gaze on the bilious cheek till sugar loses half its sweetness to our palate.

One of my most esteemed patients is a gentleman whom I shall designate as Mr. Sangaree, formerly an eminent contractor for camels in the Honourable East India Company's service, and a grower of indigo in his own; who, having returned to the place of his nativity with an income of some thousands per annum, and a spleen emulating the dimensions of a Stilton cheese, was by my humble endeavours restored to comparative health. Mr. Sangaree, soon after his convalescence, became proprietor of a splendid villa at Wandsworth;—a mansion emulating the glories of Chatsworth, and standing on a lawn resembling a few hundred yards of green baize. For some time, he appeared a happy man; but no sooner had he gone the round of house-warming dinners, and discovered that he had not a single neighbour capable of encountering Mulligatawney, the refrigeration of a Punkah, or the elaborate edition of his interview with Sing Gong Fatty Bothr All, Rajah of Banyshandan, than poor Sangaree grew hyped and fractious. I prescribed Cheltenham—I proposed Brighton;—talked of a tour, and listened to three consecutive recitals of the Banyshandan audience; but was obliged to take my leave and my fee without the restoration of my patient to health or temper.

Some days after my visit, I was startled at my frugal meal—some hashed mutton, most appetizingly prepared by the hand of my fair partner, and a pint of port simmered before the parlour-fire by the officious hand of my medical partner—when Sangaree's chariot drew up to my door; and his confidential housekeeper, a Mrs. Phibbs, who resembled a native dragoon in a dimity gown, stepped out, and stepped in.

"Oh! Doctor," cried she, flourishing a pocket-handkerchief like the mainsail of a man-of-war, "my poor dear master!—you must instantly accompany me back to Wandsworth."

Insensibly I glanced towards the hashed-mutton—"You shall dine like a nabob at the willa," cried she, with a look of contempt at its unctuous opacities; "but not a moment is to be lost;" and she touched her forehead so significantly, that I immediately adjourned to my shop and provided myself with implements of phlebotomy, and that crooked vest which is called a strait-waistcoat. In half an hour we

were at Wandsworth; and it was fortunate for me that during my suburban journey my Brobdignagian companion had prepared me for the spectacle which was about to meet my eyes; for on entering the gorgeous dressing-room of my patient, I found him seated on a brocaded sofa, with a black Bandana handkerchief disposed like a cravat between his upper lip and the tip of his singularly-elongated nose; while vast patches of rappee smeared his protuberant chin, to the extremity of which he occasionally applied a bottle of volatile salts.

"Ah! Doctor," faltered he, in a tone of decided hypochondriacism, "it is all over with your poor friend!—lost to society, Sir!—banished from the fellowship of mankind!—a match for the satyr of the woods at the King's Mews, or Lord Horsephizz at the King's levee!"

"My dear Sangaree," I replied, in a soothing voice, accepting a seat by his side, "what is the meaning of all this?—whence arises this hideous transformation?"

"You see it then?" said he, lowering his tone to the thrilling whisper of maniacal affection. "Ah! Doctor, the servile wretches by whom I am surrounded pretend that I delude myself—that my features remain in *statu quo*, and that my understanding alone is disordered!—But you, my estimable friend, are a sensible man;—and to you I may fearlessly reveal the secret of this mysterious catastrophe.—Doctor, prepare yourself for a tale of terror!"

I assumed an air of respectful attention; on which my infatuated patient applied his pocket-handkerchief sonorously to his chin, and having wiped that arid feature with the diligence we commonly bestow on its nasal concomitant, resumed his narration.

"Last evening, Doctor, being, as usual, alone—for that ass, our Curate, having quarrelled with my assertion, that the Hindû God Siva is the Oriental Isaiah, no longer drops in at tea)—I attempted to pass away my time till supper by reading a strange farrago of absurdities, called "Frankenstein;" after which, I found my curried rabbits, kibobed turkey, and capon marinated with mango-juice, extremely refreshing. My claret was well saltpetred—my sangrorum inimitable; and, lost in reflections on the romantic tale I had been perusing, I forgot to order the dishes to be removed.—Fatal forgetfulness!—horrible oblivion!—Had not my rascals waited till I rang my bell, the frightful crisis would have been anticipated."—He paused, and blew his chin, while I managed to preserve an imperturbable gravity.

"On a sudden, Doctor, the osseous fragments on my plate, and the dismembered limbs of the poultry still lingering on the dishes, became instinct with horrific animation. The legs of the rabbits united in preternatural collision with the carcass of the capon—the turkey rose on its drum-sticks—human faces intellectualized the superficies of two mealy potatoes, and surmounted the grisly spectres;—which now stalked from the table and seated themselves beside me!—Oh!—Doctor, Doctor!"

"A drunken dream," thought I; but I remained as dumb as a dormouse.

"The turkey, Doctor, was the first to speak. 'Sangaree!' said it, in a sepulchral voice, like that of Macready in a catarrh; 'Sangaree! behold in me the renowned John Company, and the lady opposite is

my wife.'—Oh! Doctor, my very blood seemed saltpetred by this announcement!—'Sangaree,' said *the thing*, perceiving my trepidation, 'in thy last contract for camelling my campaign with the Rajah of Seninavadavad, one hundred spavined beasts disgraced thy bargain; fifty died of the glanders, and a score were foundered before they reached the first field!—By the honour of John Company, thou shalt pay the piper!'—At this terrible announcement, I felt in my breeches-pocket for my purse, meaning to tender it as a *douceur* to the Begum; but Mrs. Company grinned a horrible grin in my face, disclosing a row of patent mineral teeth. 'Wretch!' cried John, his long, lank throat reddening as it might have done in its pristine turkeydom, 'dost thou insult our consort?'—and extending his ornithologic claw, he seized me by the nose, and tweaked it into *vice-versarius* juxtaposition with my innocent chin!—Oh! Doctor, the shriek with which I received this visual infliction dispelled the charm!—The spectres vanished! my varlets rushed in, and found me lying senseless under the table!—But, alas! on my restoration to consciousness, the truth of the apparition was painfully authenticated by the substitution of my chin for my nose—my nose for my chin!"

"I see it, my dear friend, I see it!" cried I, seizing him affectionately by the hand. "But do not despair;—John and Mrs. Company have frequently visited my patients, leaving evidence of their malignant magic, and I am fully prepared with a counter-charm; resign yourself without apprehension to my hands." At this moment the door burst open, and his four domestics, arrayed according to my preconcertment with Mrs. Phibbs in Eastern costumes, borrowed from one of his old trunks, made a sort of fantastic entry, like the personages of one of Molière's burlesque *entr'actes*. At a signal from my hand, two of them advanced towards him and closely pinioned his arms; a third unbound the Bandana handkerchief from his pseudo chin; and the fourth, after violently lathering his nose with Naples soap, produced a blunt razor, and shaved that unresisting feature, even to excoriation; while the whole four chanted a quartette of mysterious adjurations.

At first poor Sangaree raved and swore, resisted and threatened; and replied to my inquiries, whether he found his features afford any promise of dislodgement, by a torrent of invective. At every fresh lathering, however, his fury became weakened by physical irritation; and at length, when his nose had been reduced to the condition of St. Bartholomew's, and he felt the jagged razor approaching it for the eleventh time, he cried out that "the spell was broke, and that his chin now formed the extreme Cape Matapan of his visage!"

He had literally been flayed into rationality! Never did I behold him more cheerfully himself than when he signed me a cheque on his banker, and dismissed me for the night;—and if indeed my friend Sangaree has experienced any relapse of hypochondriacism, he has at least taken precautions that the intelligence should never reach Conduit-street.

THE POLITICAL ASPECT OF IRELAND.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ? Quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? Quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? How far, D. O'Connell, will you carry your abuse of our endurance? How long will you mock us in the frenzy of your desperation? To what length will your measureless effrontery hurry you? We can easily conceive, we can ourselves feel, how bitterly disappointed and how justly indignant those must now be, who, in the warmth of their zeal for the cause of Roman Catholic Emancipation, believed and declared that so soon as that measure was carried, Ireland would at once become peaceful, contented, and happy. We are all very apt to attribute too much efficacy and too much importance to that which we are accustomed to dwell upon as the predominant cause in producing any effect; and thus the minds of liberal men were carried away, and if they happened to be of an enthusiastic temperament, were exceedingly misled, as to the astonishing results which were immediately to flow from Catholic Emancipation in Ireland. The ill effects of centuries of misrule and left-handed justice cannot be obliterated so easily, or quickly. While the patronage of Ireland, in all its ramifications, was extended solely to Protestants, not only were envy and disaffection excited among the few leading Roman Catholics, who were entitled by birth and fortune to aspire to the more exalted places of trust and ennoblement, but as the same system pervaded all the minor and more invidious appointments, as tax-gatherers, excise-officers, tithe-proctors, constables, gaolers, and other subordinate and obnoxious functionaries of the executive, whose duties are inevitably attended with much unpopularity, were all of them uniformly selected from the class of Protestants, hatred and rancour, in addition to envy and distrust, were as naturally infused into the mass of the inferior and less informed Roman Catholics.

The angry passions that had thus necessarily been excited, the disaffected temper that had naturally prevailed, must take some time and management to be allayed. The bold bad brawling men, who had been raised into notice and ephemeral importance during the times of turbulence and struggle, must be allowed to sink back, slowly though surely, into their natural insignificance. The vexed and turbid waters must be permitted to subside, and the venomous reptiles to settle down again into their native mud. Then, when men learn the blessing of Issachar, to know that rest is good, and the land that it is pleasant, the genuine and beneficial effects of the great healing measure will begin to be experienced.

From these considerations it should be a subject far less of surprise than of regret to find the arch-agitator of the Irish populace hastening to assure that respectable community, that Emancipation was to be regarded merely as "the stepping-stone to recover the rest of the privileges of which they had been robbed," and pledging himself that before two years went about "he would *force* Government to grant them their own Parliament, sitting in College Green." He had promised his partisans too much from Emancipation, and he knew it. Whatever glowing pictures he might have drawn within the walls of the Association, of the plenty and splendour that were suddenly to follow in the train of that great measure, when possibly he neither expected nor hoped that it would be carried by the magnanimity of the Imperial Parliament, he could not but know that its real effects upon the people at large, however important and salutary in the end, would be gradual, and for some time scarcely perceptible in their operation. He naturally feared that the people would feel indignant when instead of the *Pays-de-Cocagne*—the lubberland that he had predicted, labour a dollar a day, and land for a song, they saw these golden visions vanish into thin air, and that Emancipation which had been depicted as so glorious a goddess in pursuit, prove what would seem to them but a cloud and a phantom in possession. Therefore some other topic of irritation was to be proposed, which might occupy both him and them, and, by engrossing their attention, prevent them

from dwelling too morbidly on the past deceit, of which they had been made in some degree the victims.

Mr. O'Connell was deeply stung too, not only by the unexpected advancement of that law-officer of the crown by whom he had been so signally defeated in his motion on the Cork criminal trials, but by his general and complete failure in the Imperial House of Commons. He felt that there his shallow dogmatism and swaggering vulgarity could not avail, and he hurried back to the more congenial atmosphere of Dublin taverns, and mob-meetings, where he might once more fret his little hour among the rabble, and supplicate, but in vain, the more respectable part of his former associates to join in his career of wickedness and folly. His dictatorial style and swift success among the misguided persons who are still found to shout in his train, ought not to excite surprise. That success is a natural and easy result of an appeal to the passions of the crowd, at a period of great general excitement throughout Europe, of which he has not failed to take a shameful advantage, to inflame the minds of his ignorant auditors, and effect the utmost mischief in his power. "Herein," says the stern and haughty historian of the Catilinarian conspiracy, "the fortune of Rome seemed most deplorable of all, that when the whole world, subdued in arms, lay prostrate at her feet, when wealth and leisure and all things that mankind deem most desirable even superabounded, there yet were found within her own bosom citizens who were obstinately bent on the destruction of the state and of themselves. Not only the accomplices of the conspiracy, but also the whole of the populace, favoured the designs of Catiline; and this indeed they did according to their manner, through desire of change. For always, in every State, *those who have nothing to lose* envy the good, extol the mischievous, dislike the existing state of things, and long for something new. The profligate and needy, dissatisfied with their present condition, court revolution; in sedition and disturbance they can live without exertion, and they have no property to risk in the struggle."

We are very far from meaning to brand every man who thinks favourably of a repeal of the Union with an ill name, for we know that whilst the bad can always be excited, the good may also often be deceived; indeed on one occasion we perceive that Mr. O'Connell himself has anxiously disavowed the Jesuitical doctrine of justifying the means by the end, and pointedly declared, that he would not purchase the attainment of the greatest possible good by the commission of the least possible evil. His recent conduct generally, his constant appeals to the worst passions of the misguided populace, holding out to them the examples of the French and Belgians, and assuring them that they want but a native Parliament to bring the King's Ministers to their trial like Polignac and his associates—these things, and the wide-spread misery he attempted to produce by paralyzing commerce, and advising a run upon the banks for gold, whilst he himself "wrings from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash," form so ample a commentary upon this text of *innocent* means, that we deem it quite unnecessary to dilate upon the subject farther.

Of such a man we have no hope and little fear. A trader in agitation from his youth, without original genius or acquired general information, he has been proved to be altogether incapable of large or sound political views. Common-place in his ideas, which are usually but the echo of whatever happens to be the prevailing topic of irritation, gleaned from the tattle of his associates, or at best from the ten times repeated trash of the party newspapers, coarse in his language and clownish in his action, he is well fitted to ensnare the unthinking multitude who have no other test for honesty but bluntness, or for courage but effrontery. *Dangerous* ambition, however, must be made of finer as well as sterner stuff. We have sometimes heard it wondered at that he has been able to preserve his popularity *so long*, notwithstanding the proverbial fickleness of his votaries. His secret is extremely simple; it is to be as fickle as they, to follow where he cannot lead, and veering about with every breath of popular feeling, still to throw up his cap as the rabblement shouts. The disgusting mummery of toasting the memory of William Third, in bumpers scooped from "the bloody

Boyne," kissing the Orange banners, and shouting round the Dagon of the Orangemen in College Green, are melancholy proofs of how low, how very despicably low the wretched man can stoop, who would retain the favour of the populace by such disgusting tricks as these. In truth no genuine patriot was ever long a popular man. He who flatters the folly and falls in with the prejudices of the many, who furnishes them with pretexts for violence and subjects and language for abuse, will receive their adulation while ruining their interests; but the man who would calm their passions, instruct their judgment, and guide their feet into the paths of happiness and peace, will, during the paroxysm of excitement, be regarded as a cold, heartless person, deserving only of pity or contempt. But we confess we do feel some indignation at the apathy or the timidity of the intelligent and respectable part of the Roman Catholic community in Ireland, who profess in private their total dissent from the views and opinions of the agitators, that they forbear to come forward, and by manfully avowing that dissent, disprove the much vaunted assertion, that the Anti-Union question, and the conduct of its promoters, have at least their tacit concurrence.*

Strongly however as we condemn the acts of the Separatists, and much as we admire both the abilities and the disposition of the present Viceroy of Ireland, we yet must feel disposed to look with great distrust upon the recent Proclamation policy pursued by the Irish Government. Undoubtedly crime must be punished, and illegal excesses be restrained, but it lowers the dignity of the Executive to engage in a contest almost with a private individual, and in some degree invests that person with the interesting attributes of martyrdom, if at least he have the fortitude to abide the test without flinching, which the vacillating character of the man, in this case, renders doubtful. Unfortunately too, by the exertion of merely coercive measures, the Government is necessarily presented to the people in a hateful point of view, and that insubordination to the law which seems so unhappily to form absolutely a part of the nature of the less informed Irish, is fostered into deadly enmity and furious excitement. Even if the strong arm of the law succeed in putting this spirit down for the moment, who can tell when or how fearfully the smothered flame may burst forth again from the deceitful ashes? We own, we feel an instinctive horror too of stretching Penal Statutes so as to include constructive crimes. We would apply to the associate agitators the language which Julius Cæsar used in the Senate respecting the *parricidas reipublicæ* of his day: "Illis merito accidit quidquid evenerit: cæterum vos, Patres Conscripti, quid in alios statutatis considerate. Omnia mala exempla ex bonis orta sunt: sed ubi imperium ad ignaros aut minus bonos pervenit, novum illud exemplum ab dignis et idoneis ad indignos et non idoneos transfertur. * * * * *

Atque ego hæc non in M. Tullio, neque his temporibus vereor: sed in magnâ civitate multa et varia ingenia sunt. Potest alio tempore, alio consule, cui item exercitus in manus, falsum aliquid pro vero credi. Ubi, hoc exemplo, per Senati decretum, consul gladium eduxerit, quis finem statuet, aut quis moderabitur?" We do not fear the misapplication of such a power by the Marquis of Anglesey, or in our days, but we dread the precedent, and while we mark how naturally the approaches of that worst of evils, anarchy, lead us with equal step to the very verge of despotism, we fear that liberty may be infringed in our eagerness to repress licentiousness. Nor do we see that much good could arise from shutting these men up in Newgate. If they could be detected in the commission of any offence against the established laws, of which the penalty was banishment, or another alternative which we shall not name to ears polite, no doubt the land would have a most happy riddance; but as long as this is not the

* In saying this, we must add, in justice to the "Dublin Evening Post," the leading, and incomparably the ablest Roman Catholic journal in Ireland, that it has boldly and unceasingly opposed the machinations of the malcontents, and exposed the folly and the wickedness of their designs, with an unflinching honesty and ability worthy of the highest praise.

case, we should rather follow the advice of that discreet and able councillor Gamaliel, to refrain from these men and let them alone, that they and all, as many as give heed unto them, may of themselves be scattered and brought to nought. Or, at the most, we would only set up in opposition to them some shrewd plain man, like Menenius Agrippa, who, when Mr. O'Connell tells the people that England is a great indolent Pot-belly, devouring their substance and growing fat by the sweat of their brow, would reply by showing that it was from thence they derived strength to agitate, and all the vitality that quickened in them, as limbs and members of the great Commonwealth of the United Kingdom.

In truth, though Mr. O'Connell's conduct is certainly most mischievous to the people, we doubt whether it be actually dangerous to the State. We scarcely think that he has any fixed design of high ambition. To his surprise and irrepressible chagrin, he found that

“The applause of listening Senates to command,
His lot forbade,”

at least in England, but he hopes that if he had a snug bear-garden in College Green, he could manage things his own way still. An engrossing vanity and a silly desire of public notoriety, led him on to seek from the dregs of the people that admiration which nature and education have denied him the power of gaining from the informed and judicious. Let us not then give him credit for powers which he does not and never can possess, nor render him really formidable by believing him to be so, for no man knows better how to improve a Newgate notoriety into a seeming martyrdom for the mob.

We do not think with those who hold that Ireland is doomed to be for ever an island of sorrow. The result of political agitation may be calculated with tolerable certainty, when we take into account the form and nature of surrounding materials, the force of public opinion, properly so called, and the capacity and situation of those who influence it most. Whoever does this calmly and dispassionately, and looking above and beyond all these petty causes of temporary irritation, inquires what are now the real and permanent prospects of Ireland? will descry in the dim, but, we trust, not distant vista of futurity, a vision of harmony, prosperity, and peace to the inhabitants of that portion of our empire. It is a glorious thing to see

“What Heaven hath done for that delicious isle!”

And now that, in addition to the bounteous provisions of nature, a fertile soil, a genial climate, and a quick, intelligent people, she is favoured with the blessings of complete religious and political freedom, by a full participation in all the rights and privileges of the British constitution, time and tranquillity alone are wanting to render her as flourishing as she is free.

In a recent number (that for December), after showing the tumult, the corruption, and the misery that constantly prevailed in Ireland up to the close of the eighteenth century, we were at some pains to prove that the trade and commerce, the production and consumption of the Irish people, had increased—prodigiously, and in a ratio far beyond that of her rapidly-increasing population—since the enactment of the legislative Union, on the 1st of January, 1801. As this was not merely asserted or assumed, but satisfactorily proved from official documentary evidence, we shall not be so superfluous as to repeat our demonstration now, but content ourselves with observing that Mr. O'Connell's only reply has been an affected doubt of the authenticity of the Parliamentary papers upon which our statement was founded. He has accused the member for Limerick (whom he frequently eulogises with his abuse,) of “getting up” a report on the state of Ireland, framed and intended to deceive. At the time when that report was printed and presented to the House, the honourable member in question was a leading and active member, not of the Government, but of the Opposition, and his character for ability, integrity, and true patriotism, place him at all times far above the puny assaults of disappointed malice. The truth is, that facts and official documents are stubborn things, which cannot so conveniently be twisted for a purpose, and therefore it is that Mr. O'Connell impotently endeavours to cry down

their credit. He knows that they would falsify his statements if appealed to, and therefore, like a cunning lawyer, he carefully confines himself to vague and groundless general assertions, which can only be met by a positive denial. When, instead of violent declamatory harangues upon the measure in the abstract, we see him calmly and reasonably discussing the question upon its real merits, and showing by evidence the results that have flowed to the poor and oppressed country from its union with the rich and free one, then, and not before, we shall give him credit for sincerity, however mistaken we may still deem his views. In justice to him, therefore, we should observe, that immediately before the recess he did move for some additional returns of imports and exports, customs and excise in Ireland, by which he meant to rebut the documents that proved the rapidly-increasing wealth of Ireland. Of these, however, which are now just printed, we are not likely to hear much more, as they happen to prove, so far as they go, exactly the reverse of what the mover had hoped they would establish. To this there is a single exception, in the article of malt, the consumption of which has diminished since the Union; but as the quantity of beer and whiskey annually manufactured has far more than doubled during the same period, it is obvious that the diminished consumption of malt arises simply from a change in the mode of manufacture, and the increased use of raw corn in its stead. There is one point more upon which we wish to guard against a fallacy, in case Mr. O'Connell should be driven, in sheer desperation, to make a show of appealing to parliamentary documents in support of his absurd assertions. He will probably call—nay, in the instance already adverted to, he actually did call, for returns which he must have known could not be furnished. It is not the first time that he has attempted to bolster up an untenable position by calling for documents which he knew could not be produced, and then complaining that he was denied the means of proof.

In the account of the imports and exports of Ireland, furnished from the Inspector-General's office last month, we observe the following note:—

“The view which this statement affords of the average consumption of the triennial period, terminating on the 5th of January 1830, is to a certain extent *defective*, inasmuch as the coasting regulations by which the Cross-channel trade has been governed since the year 1825, prevent the keeping of any record of goods imported duty-free from Great Britain, either in case of British productions, or of foreign merchandise, upon which duty has already been paid in a British port. Of the articles included in the present account, those in respect of which the comparison is most affected by this circumstance, are,—sugar, flax seed, cotton wool, cotton yarn, woollen yarn, raw and thrown silk, and unwrought iron.”

Our readers may have observed, that in our comparative statement in December, we brought down the general returns to the year 1825, those of tea and sugar to 1827, and that of coal to 1829; these were the latest periods for which authentic documents can be furnished. Any reference to more recent returns would be calculated only to deceive. To the strength of the statement then made we have nothing new to add, except that we can now fortify the opinion we founded upon it, by the authority (amongst many others) of the two Irish members of parliament confessedly best able, from accurate information, long experience, and tried ability, to form a sound, as well as honest opinion, upon any Irish question. Sir John Newport has solemnly assured us—

“I must not only declare, that a dissolution of the Union would be injurious to Ireland, but also that, ere long, it would lead to the separation of the two kingdoms. Surely, in saying so, I cannot be accused of speaking through dishonest motives, or of stating that which from my heart I do not think correct, when I have served my country conscientiously and faithfully for more than fifty years.”

Mr. Spring Rice adds—

“If I am asked to compare the proceedings of Parliament before and after the Union, I can do so easily and conclusively. Before the Union, our trade was fettered, our agriculture was depressed, and we were excluded from the British market. Since the Union, a freedom of intercourse has opened to our industry the markets of the whole of England. The Irish Parliament, by the vote of Agistment, threw the burden of tithes

almost exclusively upon the poor man. The Imperial Parliament, by the Composition Act, has removed many of the abuses and inequalities of the system. The Irish Parliament passed the detestable penal code: the Imperial Parliament has established perfect liberty of conscience."

One other testimony, and we take leave of this part of our subject: Mr. F. Lewis, whose knowledge of the commercial interests of the country will scarcely be disputed, states, in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords—

"With respect to the repeal of the Union, every hour will render it more and more improbable; for the wealth of Ireland will be found to depend upon a free commercial intercourse with Great Britain. If the Union is repealed, there must be separate establishments, separate accounts, and a separate system of taxation; these must necessarily lead to all the embarrassments in the commercial intercourse, which cannot be dispensed with when duties are to be collected; and they would inevitably prove destructive to the commercial prosperity and the growing wealth of Ireland."—(*Minutes of Evidence before the Lords' Committee, 1829.*)

In Ireland there are neither assessed taxes nor poor laws; but since the period of the Union there have been very considerable sums of money either granted or advanced by the Imperial Parliament, for roads, bridges, canals, harbours, and other public works, in that country. Between the years 1805 and 1822, surveys were made by the Post-office of upwards of two thousand miles of mail-coach roads, and nearly a million of money was expended upon them. Since the year 1822, public works have been carried on upon a still more extended scale, and the effects, produced, as proved in evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons last Session, have been most important and salutary; extended cultivation, improved habits of industry, a better administration of justice, the re-establishment of peace and tranquillity in disturbed districts, diminution of illicit distillation and other crimes, and a very considerable increase in the revenue. We shall enumerate two or three of the numerous facts, which fully bear out this statement. In 1823, Mr. Nimmo, the engineer, reports that—

"The fertile plains of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry, are separated from each other by a deserted country, hitherto nearly an impassable barrier between them. This large district comprehends nearly six hundred Irish, or nine hundred and seventy square miles British. In many places it is very populous. As might be expected under such circumstances, the people are turbulent; and their houses being inaccessible, for want of roads, it is not surprising that, during the disturbances in 1821 and 1822, this district was the asylum for Whiteboys, smugglers, and robbers, and stolen cattle were drawn into it as into a safe and impenetrable retreat. Notwithstanding its present desolate state, this country contains within itself the seeds of future improvement and industry."

Subsequently, Mr. Griffith, the engineer, was employed to make roads, and execute other public works in this district, under the authority of Government, and the following is an extract from the report respecting it in 1829:—

"A very considerable improvement has already taken place in the vicinity of the roads, both in the industry of the inhabitants, and the appearance of the country. At the commencement of the works, the people flocked into them seeking employment at any rate; their looks haggard, their clothing wretched; they rarely possessed any tools or implements beyond a small ill-shaped spade, and nearly the whole face of the country was unimproved. Since the completion of the roads, rapid strides have been made; upwards of sixty lime-kilns have been built; carts, ploughs, harrows, and improved implements have become common. New houses of a better class have been built, new inclosures made, and the country has become perfectly tranquil, exhibiting a scene of industry and exertion at once pleasing and remarkable. A large portion of the money received for labour has been husbanded with care, laid out in building substantial houses, and in the purchase of stock and agricultural implements; and numerous examples might be shown of poor labourers possessing neither money, houses, nor land, when first employed, who, in the past year, have been enabled to take farms, build houses, and stock their lands. The value of land itself has much increased; and, in some cases, more than double the rent has been offered."

In like manner, Mr. Nimmo observes, in 1829, that the improvement of the county of Mayo, laid open by a new road, was proceeding rapidly. He refers

to instances in which substantial houses have been built, bogs reclaimed, and planting, drainage, and improvement of every description extensively carried on. Another most important result is noticed in the same report: in the district surrounding Clifden, in the county of Galway, no revenue was paid to the state before the year 1822. In 1828 the Customs and Excise amounted to 6,080*l.*, proving indisputably the increased wealth and improved habits of the people. In consequence of the expenditure of 160,000*l.* on public works in Connaught, the increase of the *annual* revenue is stated in evidence to have equalled the whole of that expenditure; and in the Cork district, where Mr. Griffith expended 60,000*l.* in seven years, the consequent increase of Customs and Excise has been 50,000*l.* a-year. We perceive that a partial famine is now dreaded in Connaught before the next crop can come round. Amid the numerous and most judicious measures of the present Government for the farther improvement and advantage of Ireland, some of which we shall have the pleasure of enumerating before we close this paper, we hope and trust that one will be a plan both to avert the now impending calamity, and to provide against a recurrence of those heart-rending visitations to which Ireland has hitherto been subject. We know very well that the Government cannot help bad seasons and short crops; but as long as the whole nation taken together contains food enough for all the people in it, Government may do much towards effecting such a distribution of that food, as will prevent any particular portion of the inhabitants from suffering the extremity of want. On the part of the poor people of Connaught, we would address the ministers as Jacob did his sons: "Behold, there is corn in Egypt, get you down thither, and buy for us from thence, that we may live and not die."

If there be one duty more imperatively incumbent than all others upon the executive government of every civilized state, it is that of preserving every portion of the people committed to its charge, as far as possible, from the extremity of want and privation, and we feel some surprise that the frequent occurrence of partial starvation in Ireland has not long ago suggested the necessity of providing public stores of food to mitigate the calamity. With the present admirable system of police that exists in that country, the means of purchasing supplies where and when they could be procured cheapest and best, storing them up, and, when the dearth came, transporting them to the district where they were required, and there disposing of them in such a manner and at such a rate as would relieve the distress, and keep the markets equable and steady, could not, we think, be attended with such insuperable difficulty, or so great expense, as ought to deter a wise and paternal government from a measure of such exalted benevolence. The provision for the *sick* poor is considerably larger and more complete in Ireland than in England. Besides the county infirmaries, fever hospitals, and lunatic asylums, which are on a magnificent scale, the parochial dispensaries bring advice and medicines, as the Petty and Quarter Sessions do justice, home to every man's door, without cost and without delay; and if suitable means were devised of guarding against local and temporary scarcities, there would be little to wish for farther in protecting the poor. Though there is no public provision for them always to fall back upon, as in England, the charities which are maintained by private benevolence solely, as well as those aided by local taxation or parliamentary grants, are exceedingly numerous, and are in general most liberally supported. Above all, there is a sympathy in the hearts of the poor themselves, towards one another, that is better than a thousand institutions.

"Were I to speak till the sun went down," says Doctor Doyle, in his evidence before the Irish Committee, "I could not convey a just idea of the benevolence prevailing in the minds and hearts of the middling and lower classes in Ireland; but it is sufficiently proved by this, that the poor are supported almost exclusively by them, although they form a class not over numerous, and subject to great pressure; still of the million and a half or two millions now expended to support the Irish poor, nearly the entire falls on the farmers and other industrious classes. The same feelings manifest themselves in the class below the condition of farmers, and are exhibited by the

charities of the poor towards the poor. You cannot be among them for a single day, particularly if you discharge the duties of a clergyman visiting the sick, without witnessing the exercise of it in the most touching manner. In visiting a poor creature in a hovel, where distress and misery prevail, we find him surrounded by poor neighbours, one of whom brings him a little bread or meal, another a little meat, or prepares a little broth or soup, and they all try to comfort him with their conversation and society. If the clergyman be expected, they put the little place in order, and seek to make it clean, and their expressions of sympathy for the poor creature are such as console the heart in the midst of that distress."

In the larger towns they have now also Mendicity Societies,* and there are twelve Houses of Industry in Ireland.

By the return of Savings' Banks in Ireland, made in November 1829, it appears that their number then amounted to seventy; the number of accounts upon their books to 39,628, and the total amount of deposits to 1,101,215*l.* making an average of 27*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* to each deposit. On examining this document more minutely, we observe that eight of the banks made no return, so that the account is necessarily defective, so far as relates to them; yet even thus imperfect, it presents, when taken in conjunction with the other circumstances we have already enumerated, no such cheerless aspect of the condition of the great mass of the Irish people.

For the last two-and-twenty years, the possibility of reclaiming the bog and mountainous districts of Ireland has been a matter of particular attention in the Imperial Parliament. When the immense importance of bringing into a productive state 5,000,000 of acres, the estimated extent of reclaimable land now lying waste, is considered, the advantages of such a measure can scarcely be overrated. It would afford a prodigious additional demand for profitable labour, not only during its accomplishment, but permanently. The severe pressure of the present system of clearing and consolidating farms, by ejecting sub-tenants and occupiers of small holdings, might thus be mitigated, and the general condition of the peasantry, as well as the interests of the country, be permanently improved. Accordingly, we find that this is one of a series of measures which the present Government has in contemplation for the farther amelioration and advancement of the state of Ireland, and which will be carried into effect, so soon as the suppression of illegal violence will permit public attention to be directed to the real welfare of that country. The principal and most important of these measures will be comprised in a number of new legislative enactments, of which the following heads have been already submitted to the consideration of the Government and approved. It will be perceived that they are all of a simple and practical description, and having taken considerable pains to examine the subject thoroughly, we can answer for their being fully supported by the evidence taken last Session before the Select Committee on the state of the Irish poor:—

A Bill for the Extension and Promotion of Public Works, whether Roads, Bridges, Canals, Piers, Harbours, or Railways, in Ireland, placing the direction of such works under a fixed superintendence and control; and advances being made from the Treasury upon public security of an unquestionable character.

A Bill for the Drainage of Bogs, and for the Embankment of Marsh Lands in Ireland, thereby promoting the employment of the poor, and increasing the wealth and resources of the State.

A Bill to Amend the Laws respecting Grand Juries, and to provide that the burthen of the County Rates shall no longer be borne exclusively by the occu-

* Whilst on the subject of *mendicity* in Ireland, we beg to inform Mr. O'Connell, that there is a statute still in full force in that country, (6th Anne, c. 11, amended by 9th Geo. II. c. 6.) enacting, that "all loose, idle vagrants, or *pretended Irish gentlemen*, who will not work, or betake themselves to honest trade or livelihood, but wander about demanding victuals, and other loose persons of infamous lives, shall, on the presentment of a grand jury, be committed to the county gaol till transported for seven years." We hope his Majesty's Attorney-General will thank us for this valuable piece of legal information.

pying tenant; and that a principle of open contract, and of a money payment of wages, be, as far as practicable, enforced.

A Bill to Amend the Sub-letting Act, so far as the same has any retrospective operation.

A Bill for the Prevention of all illegal and improper Charges at the Fairs and Markets throughout Ireland, under the claim of Tolls and Customs.

A Bill to Provide for the Education of the Poorer Classes of all his Majesty's subjects in Ireland, and to permit the erection and support of Parochial Schools.

Six Bills for the extension and amendment of Charitable Institutions, of various descriptions in Ireland.

A Bill to Amend the Laws respecting Vestries in Ireland, and to relieve the occupying tenant, in future contracts, from the payment of Church Rates.

Various Bills for the better and more impartial Administration of Justice, and the Correction of Legal Abuses, especially in the Office of Sheriff.

A Bill to Provide facilities for voluntary Emigration to British America.

These are some of the measures of internal regulation to promote the welfare and improve the habits and condition of the people of Ireland, intended to be carried into effect so soon as the plague of agitation can be stayed, and public tranquillity restored and secured. Such measures, emanating from a most laborious and minute inquiry into the real wants of that people, furnish a new proof, if any were wanting, of the earnest and patient attention with which the Imperial Parliament is disposed to investigate every question of real importance to Ireland. From a careful observation of the proceedings of the House of Commons for many years past, we are thoroughly convinced that no imputation can be more unfounded than that of unwillingness on the part of Parliament to devote a strict attention to every question connected with the interests of that part of the United Kingdom. Those who were present in the Commons' House on the first night of the present Session, will remember the pointed and well-merited rebuke which Mr. O'Connell received from the now Lord Chancellor of England, who was sitting almost by his side, for his petulant and causeless complaint of the impatience and dissatisfaction with which he was listened to by the House, *because* he sought to bring the sufferings of Ireland under their regard. With a Legislature disposed towards Ireland as ours really is, and a Government pledged and earnest to relieve the distresses of the poor, and to adopt every practical expedient for the removal or amelioration of the evils that remain, the political aspect of that country would be bright and cheering indeed, but for the pestilential breath and blighting influence of one man, the enemy of peace, of order, and of his country. His reckless and frightful instigations, for a time dismay the timid and disgust the good. They check the circulation of capital, paralyze industry, and plunge the people into deeper wretchedness, while the attention of Government is distracted from pursuing salutary measures of general relief, to arm the local Executive with extraordinary powers to disconcert the machinations of the mal-contented. The peasantry are poor, and they are commanded by their tribune to break off all connection with a rich people, ready and willing to impart the capital they want, in exchange for the productions of their soil and labour. The peasantry are ignorant, and they are to seek instruction by cutting off the ample means of information which England can and will supply. They are still labouring under some hardships and oppressions, therefore they are to cast off all allegiance to a Government and a Legislature which has earnestly examined into their wrongs, and painfully prepared the most complete and ample measures to redress them.

It is most miserable to contemplate the quantity of evil which one man's malignant absurdity may inflict upon millions, if millions will suffer themselves to be guided by blind impulse, instead of being governed by reason. Still it is idle to compare the personal influence of Mr. O'Connell in Ireland now, with the organised power of the Catholic Association two years ago. On the great question of Emancipation, the heart and the mind, and the voice of all intellectual and influential men, who knew Ireland, arose in communion. The Anti-union

cry is joined by almost none but those who are incapable of forming any opinion upon any subject, and perhaps, in addition, a few

“Calm-thinking villains, whom no faith can fix,
Of crooked councils and dark politics.”

We believe, too, that even the spell over the mob is almost or altogether broken, and that this tyranny of agitation over law will soon be at an end. We willingly dwell upon the enlightened rather than the dark part of things, and looking beyond immediate and temporary difficulties, anticipate good, rather than bewail evil. In this extended view, the political aspect of Ireland is still bright and cheering. During the last thirty years, the wealth, the civilization and refinement of the Irish people have advanced with giant strides, and may not now be arrested. The blessings of education are rapidly spreading, and will soon penetrate into the poorest and remotest hovels of the land. An improved spirit of public opinion will quickly spring up and spread, and its salutary influence will reconcile the classes which are still separated by distrust and jealousy. Then the exertions of wise and good men will no longer be defeated by the wolfish animosity of the fierce and factious, who cry peace, be still, while they foment strife and war with all the bitterness that is rankling in their own hypocritical hearts. The physical and moral resources of Ireland will then at length be developed; left for the first time to repose, after the series of ages during which she has been harassed and distracted with perpetual dissensions, she will at length, as a fair and flourishing portion of the British Empire, become indeed “great, glorious, and free,” while, in the words of another bard, whose muse is at least as level to the imagination of the gentleman we wish particularly to admonish,

“Contented and happy at Liberty’s shrine,
The rose and the thistle shall flourish and twine
Round the spig of shillelah and shamrock so green.”

Thus far we had written when the intelligence of Mr. O’Connell crying craven to the State-Prosecutor reached us. *Habes confitentem reum*—truly the man of the people is but a recreant Knight—the preacher of obedience to the laws, a self-convicted law-breaker,—the apostle of disunion, a blind leader of the blind. Notwithstanding his continued ravings to the Dublin mob, unless the populace of that “demagogued metropolis” be utterly and irretrievably infatuated, his career with even them must soon be at an end. In the language of the Attorney-General for Ireland, we congratulate the country on the course which this prosecution has taken. We rejoice that the public has been spared the consequences of a painful, agitating, and distressing trial, and we trust in God that the result of all will be the restoration of that peace, tranquillity, and good feeling which alone are wanting to render Ireland prosperous and happy.

Earnestly do we hope that the time cannot now be far distant when the constituted Authorities will cease to be bullied, or the people to be worried and distracted any more, and that the blessings resulting from that general civilization and advancement which naturally accompany good government and increasing national wealth, will no longer be withheld from a country so bounteously endowed by the Almighty.

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BAR, NO. III.

Sir Thomas Denman.

IN turning from the distinguished lawyer of our last sketch, to contemplate the accomplished advocate whom I have chosen as the subject of the present, I feel like one who leaves an useful and painfully-elaborated work of art to gaze upon some magnificence of nature, which the eye views with admiration and the imagination dwells on with delight. It is not for me to undervalue professional learning in any one of that body whose peculiar business it is to cultivate it, nor should we look without respect upon any accumulation of knowledge, however dry and uncaptivating to the general view, which it has cost long years of painful industry to acquire; but who that has a heart within his bosom can refrain from preferring, and welcoming with joy, the powerful orator, the accomplished scholar, the man of elegant, and bland, and affectionate manners, albeit less, much less learned in the law, than his professional brother whose legal qualifications we endeavoured to describe in the last number? "The law," says one of the first and greatest of men, "is one of the first and noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion." So spake the immortal Burke, whose transcendent eloquence could elevate into glory or wither into contempt—could invest with delight, or with horror, whatever it touched upon; but in that moment he looked with the eye of his fine and glowing imagination upon law as an abstract science, unconnected with the debasing technicalities of its practice. He thought not of its mere tradesmanship and vulgar craft—of legal principles obscured and overborne by heaps of cases, quoted with as little intellectual exercise as belongs to the task of a mechanic's clerk when he repeats the items of a bill against a debtor: he looked upon it as, indeed, a science, fit to occupy and interest the intellectual faculties of man, not an all-engrossing trade, followed for the purpose of gaining fees. But even in Burke's view, it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalize the mind as much as it quickens the understanding. Sir Thomas Denman comes within the exception—he is one of those "happily-born persons," and whatever benefit he may have derived from his legal studies, they certainly have not narrowed his mind, warped his feelings, or prevented him from elevating his views, and devoting his labours to his country and to mankind. As the profession of the law stands at present in this country, it is no slight praise to say of a barrister that he is no less eminent in public life than in his profession: the studies to which he must submit, in order to qualify him for practice at the Bar, not only have a narrowing tendency upon the general powers of the mind, but the quantity of necessary labour is such, that, except with minds of rare vigour and elasticity, there is neither room nor leisure left for nobler pursuits than those immediately connected with professional success. But principally it is to be observed, that when in England a certain reputation at the Bar is obtained, every hour which the prac-

itioner devotes to any other than professional pursuits is a sacrifice of so much money. "This is the respect" which makes such difference between the estimation due to him who is merely eminent as a lawyer, and him whose time is divided between his clients and the public.

In these days, when mere competence is looked upon as contemptible, and respect is paid only in proportion to the ability which wealth gives for the indulgence of extravagant luxury—when

"Virtus, fama, decus, divina; humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent,"

it requires no small portion of public spirit to enable a man to turn his back upon the sordid path that leads to wealth, and all the luxurious sensualities that wait upon it, and, contenting himself with a moderate fortune, to engage in the too often thankless office of endeavouring to promote the public good. Nor is it a man's own inclination merely that is permitted to be his guide in this matter—his family may well demand to be considered before the country at large, and for their sakes the temptation of fees is hard to be rejected. It is to this consideration that the retirement of the subject of our sketch from political life during the last Parliament is to be ascribed; but although the House of Commons lost for a season one of its brightest ornaments, Mr. Denman was still to be found connecting himself with objects of public utility, and he did not hesitate to sacrifice his time and his best endeavours in that noblest species of human exertion, the diffusion of knowledge and improvement of the mental condition of the people.

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers, that for some years previously to his late elevation to the office of Attorney-General, Mr. Denman held the situation of Common-Sergeant of the City of London, to which he was elected through the warm regard felt for him by his fellow-citizens, both on public and private grounds: his sittings, however, as a Judge in the execution of his office occupied his time but partially, and he was still to be found in tolerably regular attendance upon the Court of King's Bench, where, as a forensic orator, he excited an interest second to none but that which attended the speeches of his long-tried friend and associate who now occupies the woolsack. Though his business was considerable, it was not so extensive as might have been expected from the high place which he held in public opinion. He had, in the earlier part of his career, given himself up too much to literature and politics to enable him to obtain that minute legal knowledge, that lynx-like insight into the craft of his profession, before which the attorneys bow down and worship, heaping up altars of briefs, and placing thereon the precious and ever-acceptable and accepted offerings of fees. His mind had not become a library of innumerable reports from Lord Coke to Barnewell and Creswell, nor could he quote at will a hundred cases to establish his own point, and a hundred more to perplex the points of his adversaries; he was therefore not much employed in cases where much depended upon doubtful points of law. It was in dealing with facts—in holding up baseness of conduct to scorn and indignation, or in calling forth sympathy for the wretched and the oppressed, that his

powerful talents were of most avail. There are qualities possessed by some, not remarkable for very profound or accurate legal knowledge, which lead to great business in jury cases, but confer more profit than honour upon those who possess them. In these, too, the subject of our sketch was found wanting: he had not that cozening adroitness which steals its way into the mind of a jurymen and filches a verdict from him, after his brains are bewildered by a colloquial harangue, half flattery and half fact. This sort of skill is nearly allied to that which distinguishes the talented class, called by way of eminence "the light-fingered gentry," who amuse a person of simplicity with some trick to gain his attention, while their hands liberate his purse or papers from the prison-house of his pocket. There be others, too, that I have seen plead, and heard others praise, and that highly, who seem determined to take a verdict by storm from the jury, who have so spluttered and so bellowed, that the poor jurymen have actually become half stupified and half alarmed, and have concluded that the plaintiff or defendant must be a much ill-used person whose counsel gets into such a dreadful passion. This vulgar brawling manner, which looks (to the superficial) like earnestness in a client's cause, brings much business, but Mr. Denman never condescended to such means for swelling the number of his briefs.

Until very lately, Sir Thomas Denman's professional career can hardly be said to have advanced his rank in life. He is the son of Dr. Denman, an eminent physician, and he received his education at Eton, and subsequently in the University of Cambridge. We are not in possession of the details of his University career, but his public speeches give abundant evidence that with classical learning, at all events, his mind is richly stored; and from the inclination of his taste, which evidently leans towards the elegant and graceful in composition, as well as the energetic and powerful, it may readily be concluded that the admirable models of the classic writers of antiquity would become his study and delight. His physical qualifications for an orator are beyond those of any other man at the English Bar. His appearance in the legal costume is strikingly prepossessing: his figure is tall, and his head is of fine and noble expression, the features massive, yet mild in their aspect, and for the most part wearing an expression of elegant suavity, which renders it difficult for the spectator to believe that such a man is ever borne away into the use of harsh and intemperate language. His voice is loud, clear, and manly, yet mellow and persuasive in its tones, and his enunciation is remarkably distinct. He never bellows, like Sergeant Wilde and others of that stamp, but he is the only man in the King's Bench whose *speaking* is heard in every part of the court. He can often be distinctly heard, when the crowd allows the stranger no chance of seeing him; but whether seen or not, you cannot listen for a moment without feeling in your heart that he is quite in earnest. No one, however, who wishes to appreciate Sir Thomas Denman justly, should be content without seeing him speak; for he captivates the eye even more than the ear, and I have seen those who did not know him wait for hours in the King's Bench, struck with his appearance, and hoping to hear him address the Judges. I find it to be rather a difficult task to characterise the peculiar style of his oratory: it is unlike that of others,

and yet the peculiarity is not so distinct and striking (except in the tone and manner of delivery) as to make it easy to point out that in which it consists. To those who have been acquainted with the Court of King's Bench, I may illustrate it by negative comparison. It does not in the least resemble the speaking of Sir James Scarlett, who merely *talks* to the Judges or to juries, and never for a moment rises into what can be called oratory: it has not the cool, serious argumentative character of Mr. Pollock's style, who discusses a matter as if he had thought about it, and about nothing else, for a thousand years; nor does it resemble Brougham's style when at the Bar, which was all his own, and such as we are not like to see again. As Brougham and Denman's names go together in people's minds, like those of Castor and Pollux, we shall venture a few words in the way of comparison. Denman's countenance has just been described, and Brougham's was characterised in a former sketch—nothing can be more opposite—the one would excite love, the other fear. Both are exceedingly impressive speakers, but Denman commands your attention by palpable means, which you plainly see and comprehend—Brougham holds you as with a spell. Both are remarkably distinct and easily heard; but with regard to Denman, you say at once, it is because his voice is loud and sonorous and his utterance good. As to Brougham, you wonder when it is past how that plain under-tone should have struck with such palpable distinctness upon your ears and sunk into your mind. Denman's is a bold, elevated discourse, of sustained and continuous force and impressiveness—Brougham's partakes more of the restless and varying temperament of the man, now intensely earnest, now bitterly ironical and cuttingly sarcastic—anon bursting away in lofty eulogy or unapproachable vehemence. The circumstances which Denman calls to his aid in illustration of his statements and arguments, are such as seem the natural and obvious suggestions of a vigorous and well-informed mind, but such as another able man might have similarly used. Brougham startles you with combinations, such as you feel convinced he alone would have thought of—the eye of his mind sweeps at a glance around the whole vast circle of human knowledge, and he sees and grasps whatever is available for his purpose—he cares not whether he plucks it

——“From the pale-faced moon,
Or dives into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground.”

It is his, and he uses it according to the occasion, whether to smite or to tickle be his object. But the main difference between the oratory of Brougham and Denman lies in this, that the latter seems to have a sympathy with the softer feelings of the human heart, which the former either has not, or scorns to use in his public speeches. Even Denman cannot touch the talisman of tears, as some have done, but he appeals to those feelings and sentiments which make up what little of goodness there is in the human heart—he seems to know “the touch of kindred,” the sweet bonds of domestic affection, and he can speak of them like a man who feels what he describes. This is undoubtedly an advantage which he possesses over his friend, however greatly he may be surpassed in other matters—for when the

heart is thus softened, whither may not the power of the orator lead it? How completely does the reader's heart go with the rude populace, whom Marc Antony's oration rouses to "such a sudden flood of mutiny!"

That, however, which I should say was the most striking and prevailing characteristic of Sir Thomas Denman's manner, is its intrepid manliness; he seems to identify himself wholly with his cause; he cares not whom he may offend, or what he may have to talk about, which might be personally disadvantageous to himself. He seems to be heart and soul with his client in the matter before the court; he thinks for him, *feels* for him, and, whatever his best judgment can do, he does faithfully and fearlessly. There is a something almost chivalrous in the devoted manner in which he takes up his client's cause, even when he is known to be personally hostile to the views, and principles, and conduct of that client; and such is the reliance upon his perfect integrity, that he is often retained to plead as Counsel in favour of the very matter which, as a private man, it is known he would warmly oppose. It has been well and feelingly said by one, whose rare union of great oratorical ability with constant and deep legal study will probably one day make him as great an ornament to his profession as the subject of our sketch, that "if you had a rotten case to patch up, you would of course select Sir James Scarlett; if you wished to set aside a special verdict, Mr. Pollock; if to chastise or terrify your opponent, Mr. Brougham; if to vindicate your character, or defend your life, Mr. Denman." Such is indeed his character, and after you hear him as an advocate and a senator, you feel inclined to exclaim—

"Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ, timidus perire."

It will be in the minds of our readers that Mr. Denman, as Solicitor-General to Queen Caroline, was second to Mr. Brougham in the memorable proceedings on the Bill of Pains and Penalties against her Majesty. It is impossible to conceive a situation more glorious, and yet more trying for an advocate, than that of the Counsel engaged in that great cause. The honour or the ignominy of a Queen of England was the question at issue,—the proudest and noblest legislative assembly of Europe were the Judges whom they addressed, and not their own country alone, but the eyes of the whole civilized world were fixed upon their exertions. At such a time, it was fortunate for the reputation of the English bar that it possessed men whose minds were capable of rising with the occasion, and advocating, in a manner worthy of their great magnitude, the interests committed to their charge. It was Mr. Denman's duty to sum up the evidence on behalf of her Majesty; but the whole evidence in the case came under his review, and was commented upon in such a masterly style, as must have mainly contributed to shake the validity of the testimony offered against the Queen, to confirm the wavering in her favour, and to cause many of the hostile to doubt. It must be confessed, that his speech, when read immediately after that of Mr. Brougham, who opened the case, appears to disadvantage; it is found wanting in the transcendent energy of language, and the lofty style of antiquity, which distinguishes the opening address; but it is to be

remembered, that he was more confined and circumscribed by the department allotted to him,—it was not so much with general views of the subject, as with the particular nature of the details brought forward, that he had to do; and though Mr. Brougham would probably have done more with them, any other man would as probably have done far less. The literary resources of Mr. Denman upon this occasion availed him much,—Cicero and Tacitus furnished him with quotations, and even the yet more classic tongue of Greece was brought into requisition, but not in a way that reflected any credit upon the advocate. We have heard that “Denman’s Greek,” the gross and intemperate quotation referred to “in the most decent language because the least understood,” was at the suggestion of a vain and malignant scholar, who brought but little of the mild graces of Christianity to his sacred profession. The use of it, and the allusion which introduced it, were something more than an indiscretion; and in after-thought, when the passion of the moment had passed away, must have been reflected upon by a man of Mr. Denman’s disposition with feelings of regret. The view which he took of the case, as involving consequences to his illustrious client no less important than if she had been on trial for her life, affords a favourable specimen of Mr. Denman’s manner:—

“My Lords,” he said, “we are trying the first subject in the country, and I beg there may be no miserable middle course taken,—that you will not say because there is no corporal punishment, loose evidence ought to be received, because the punishment is lighter. I say the punishment is more severe, and loth as I am to appear before your Lordships for a moment in a state of exaggerated sentiment, which perhaps my situation might excuse, and yours not go along with, I will yet venture to say, that I would rather that my Royal Mistress were trying at the bar like Anne Boleyn for her life, than that it should depend upon your Lordships to pronounce that sentence of surviving her own degradation, which is sought to be extorted from you by evidence like this. Much rather would I hand her to the scaffold, where she would have to lay her august neck on the block, with all the firmness and manly courage that belong to herself and her illustrious family, than consent to see her leave this country, or live in it a degraded and miserable outcast, the object of general pity or more general scorn, and one whom, though we could not but look upon as brought to it by the misconduct of others, we could but consider as one of the strongest evidences of the degradation of rank, and the loss of female character.”

In the conclusion of the speech, the personal feeling of the man comes forth in a yet more pleasing manner; and it is impossible to read without a thrill of honest pleasure his glowing tribute to the surpassing talents of his friend and leader, Brougham, and the happy and beautiful allusion to the satisfaction which he felt in being associated with him in so great a cause.

“My Lords,” said he, “before I conclude, I must be permitted to say, that during the whole of these proceedings—(personally I am sure I have every reason to thank your Lordships for the kindness and indulgence I have experienced—but) the highest gratification to my mind has been, that with my learned friend I have been joined upon this occasion, fighting the battles of morality, Christianity—civilized society—that in the language of the dying warrior

‘In this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry:’—

that when he had gained the mighty victory, which his great exertions achieved, and covered himself with immortal glory, and his client with the adamantine

shield of genius and eloquence, it has been my lot to discharge a few random arrows at the defeated champion of a disgraced cause. My Lords, it is no small satisfaction that I could witness that display of surprising faculties that belonged to my learned friend with no other emotion than those of exultation on the part of our client, that that great triumph has been achieved, and with no other sentiment except that of admiration at the prodigious powers by which it was gained. My Lords, we have done. This is an inquiry unparalleled in the history of the world. This illustrious lady has been searched out and known—her down-sitting and her up-rising has been searched out, there is no thought in her heart and no word in her lips, but has been brought to this ordeal—there has not an idle thought escaped, or an idle look, by which she has been betrayed into a moment's impropriety, which has not been by the unparalleled and disgraceful assiduity of her malignant enemies brought against her. It is an inquisition of the most solemn kind; I know nothing in the whole race of human affairs—I know nothing in the whole view of eternity—which can resemble it, except that great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed.—

‘He who the sword of Heaven would bear,
Should be as holy as severe.’—

And if your Lordships have been furnished with weapons and powers, which scarcely, I had almost said, Omniscience possesses for coming at the secret, I think you will feel that some duty is imposed on you of endeavouring to imitate at the same moment the justice, the beneficence, and the wisdom of that Divine authority, who, when even guilt was detected and vice revealed, said, ‘If no accuser can come forward to condemn thee, neither will I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.’”

Every heart will acknowledge the powerfulness of this appeal, and while the severer judgment admits that for a cause of such a nature there is a somewhat too daring familiarity in the use of sacred language, and the allusion to sacred circumstances, yet the feelings and sympathies are taken captive even in the reading of such a passage, and how much more would they have been in hearing it delivered with all the force and grace of a finished orator, and surrounded by so many circumstances of high solemnity.

The language used by Mr. Denman on the Queen's trial was long had in remembrance against him, and retarded his advancement to the honours of precedency and a silk gown, even after the sins of Mr. Brougham had been partially forgiven, in consideration of his support of Mr. Canning's Ministry. It was reserved for the Duke of Wellington to lift Mr. Denman out of the situation of a proscribed man, and to allow of his taking rank with the King's Counsel by a patent of precedency. He has had the rare good fortune, also, to gain even more by the Duke's fall from official power than he did by his accession to it, and under the auspices of his friend, the Lord Chancellor, has obtained the office of first law-officer of the Crown. In knowledge of the practice of the law, in tact and ingenuity, and facility in the despatch of business, he perhaps falls considerably short of his predecessor; but in the manly, sound English feeling, which is of the utmost consequence in an Attorney-General—the public prosecutor and the principal legal adviser of the Crown—he is undoubtedly far superior, and therefore more acceptable to the public.

It remains to say something of Sir Thomas Denman as a friend and promoter of literature, science, and the fine arts; and upon this aspect of his character there can, we presume, be but one sentiment—that of respect, admiration, and gratitude. If it has been his

honourable boast that he was the fellow-labourer and associate of Mr. Brougham in the noblest efforts of professional and patriotic exertion, it is no less so, that with him also he has devoted himself to the diffusion of knowledge, and the establishment of institutions, whose object it is to make useful learning easily attainable—to send the light of knowledge into the dark places of the land, and to uplift, improve, and strengthen, the minds of those whose worldly estate has hitherto consigned them to a life of ignorance. It may have sometimes happened that the result of these efforts has not been so widely beneficial as had been expected; but this diminishes not the credit due to excellence of intention, nor the value of the example set to others, to devote some part of their time to the advancement of general knowledge and the public good, even though the whole of it might be made available for private and pecuniary advantage. It is indeed delightful to observe, that wherever science and the arts are cultivated and held in honour, whether in splendid assemblies of the rich and powerful, or in the homely meetings of plain hard-working men, there are Brougham and Denman to be found, snatching, perhaps, from necessary repose the time which they devote to the noblest, and, in the end, the most useful pursuits of men. Of what use is it to toil for wealth, except that it may aid us to obtain happiness; and what happiness can a redundancy of wealth procure us comparable with that which flows from occasional occupation in literary and scientific studies? But all this has been much better said by Mr. Denman himself, in his inaugural discourse on the opening of the theatre of the London Institution. This admirable address, remarkable for the abundance of its knowledge, the elegance of its composition, and the amiable and modest spirit in which it is conceived, concludes with the speaker's own personal testimony to the value of the studies which he has recommended. Speaking of himself, he says—

“ He trusts that his zeal may, in some degree, supply what is wanting in ability, and he can offer at least his testimony as a witness, speaking from experience and observation, to the value of literary pursuits as means of happiness. They are, in truth, in the language of that lesson, imbibed in his early years,—‘ the nourishment of youth—the delight of age—the ornament of prosperous life—the refuge and consolation of adversity—the companion of our weary travels, of our rural solitudes, of our sleepless nights.’ These words were uttered near two thousand years ago by the great statesman and orator of Rome, who, in those characters, performed but a fleeting service to his own country, while, as a philosopher and a man of letters, he has conferred benefits on all mankind, which must be felt while the world endures.”

It is scarcely necessary to add, because it will be the natural conclusion of every reader, that as a private friend, and familiar associate, no man is more beloved than the subject of our sketch:—the kindness which he blends with the elegance of his manners—the warm interest which he takes in the happiness of those who surround him, and the zeal which he evinces to do what is best in the best manner, procure for him affectionate respect from all who are acquainted with him even but slightly, and from those who are fortunate enough to know him more intimately, an attachment, such as none but men of worth are capable of feeling or inspiring.

LIFE OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.*

So prone is the human heart to be swayed by partiality or aversion, that few judgments "keep the even tenor of their way," unbiassed by one or other of those powerful seducers. An author who ventures on a work of contemporary biography is beset by difficulties springing from this source, and seldom executes his task to the entire satisfaction of the public; for he not only has to contend with his own prejudices, but also with those of his readers, particularly if the individual who is the subject of it filled a distinguished station in life—for then all knew him, at least by report, and consequently all consider themselves competent judges of his excellences and his failings. To some, the author will appear too indulgent; to others, too severe; for each will form his estimate according to the *beau idéal* of his own imagination, and probably no two of them will exactly concur in opinion. And so it will be in all other cases; *laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*—and so much the more will discrepancies prevail as our judgments are influenced by our passions. To a certain degree, every biographer is liable to these affections, but most especially he who records the history of a lost and cherished friend! At every page, some incident will summon up recollections of mutual delight or disappointment, experienced in days long since faded into eternity; the smile of satisfaction will brighten his countenance, or the tear of sorrow wet his cheek, as memory recalls the scenes by which their sympathies were excited: nor is it in the nature of things but that the picture must partake of the tone which prevails in the master-mind that directs the pencil. Hence, too, productions of the contemporary biographer are peculiarly liable to almost capricious inequalities, and now praising, now censuring, as the changeful feelings of the moment dictate, the *dispar sibi* may be justly applied to nine works in ten of this class. We are not, however, to conclude that such works have therefore no intrinsic value, the fact is far otherwise; but all will readily admit that the author who skilfully avoids the rocks and shoals on which so many of his predecessors have made shipwreck of their truth, deserves a double meed of praise. We will not undertake to assert, that he, whose production we are about to introduce to our readers is that "faultless monster," but we will say, to keep up our nautical metaphor, that our author has generally shaped his course by a faithful compass; every needle is liable to deflection—his is not without some such wavering, but we never find it standing bolt upright over the magnetic pole of error, nor often subject to greater variations than may readily be corrected by a skilful observer. Our author describes as a friend and judges as a critic, and candidly in both capacities; and his work is at once interesting, entertaining, and instructive. That it should be all these, might well be expected; for the subject of it burst upon the world of science like a brilliant meteor, astonishing and enlightening its whole hemisphere, and our biographer has been too often, and too successfully before the public,† to leave any reasonable ground of doubt that he would execute his task with ability and honour. But we must not fall into the very error we lately deprecated, nor suffer our partialities for the recorder, or the recorded—and such we confess we have, for "we knew him well, Horatio!"—to prevail over our justice. Neither do we propose to adopt the modern method of reviewing, and avail ourselves of the title of the work before us, to write a tiresome essay on the abstract question of the importance of philosophy and the state of modern science in Great Britain, or the cause of its decline in the year 1831, and leave the reader, at the conclusion of our learned or splenetic disquisition, about as much acquainted with our author and his book, as he probably is with Jehuda Hakkadosh and the Mishna. We wish to establish a friendly intimacy between our readers and our author, and we are very much

* The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. LL.D. &c. &c. By John Ayerton Paris, M.D. F.R.S. &c.

† See his Pharmacologia, and other valuable works.

mistaken if it does not follow as a natural consequence in five minutes after they come together. The best method, therefore, of accomplishing our object, will be to bring him on the scene as soon as possible *in propria persona*—so enter John Ayrton Paris, M.D. and speak for yourself! We omit all farther prologue; for, “as good wine needs no bush,” so our friend wants no gentleman-usher to precede him on the present occasion, though it be “his first appearance in this character.”

Yet not quite so neither; for he tells us in the preface, that very shortly after Sir Humphry Davy's death, he supplied the editor of “The Spectator,” a respectable weekly journal, with sketches of his *Life*, on condition that another memoir on the same subject, “written by no friendly hand,” and intended for the same journal, should be committed to the flames. Dr. Paris's subsequent conduct was that of a man of honour and a gentleman:—

“I was soon recognised,” says he, “as the writer of these Sketches, and the leading publishers of the day urged me to undertake a more extended work. To these solicitations I returned a direct refusal: I even declined entering upon any conversation on the occasion; feeling that the wishes of Lady Davy, at that time on the Continent, ought in the very first instance to be consulted on the subject.”

Lady Davy was consulted accordingly, on her arrival in London, and Dr. Paris received from her Ladyship, “not only an unqualified permission to become the biographer of her illustrious husband, but also the several documents which are published with acknowledgment in these memoirs.” Our author's sense of delicacy carried him even farther, and he did not finally resolve on the undertaking till he had been assured, “by those who were best calculated to form an opinion upon this point,” that Dr. Davy, at that time absent from England, was not likely to “desire to accomplish the task of recording the scientific services of his distinguished brother,” but, on the contrary, “that motives of delicacy, which it was easy to appreciate, would at once lead him to decline an undertaking embarrassed with so many personal considerations.” It is due to our author to say thus much as to his motives, and now we pass on to his work.

Davy was born at Penzance, in December 1778, and was first placed at a preparatory seminary, the master of which, Mr. Bushell, “was so struck with the progress he made, that he urged his father to remove him to a superior school.” When only five years old, Davy exhibited extraordinary proofs of the quickness and power of his mind and the retentiveness of his memory, and would turn over the pages of a book as rapidly as if he were merely engaged in counting the leaves or hunting after the pictures, “and yet on being questioned, he could generally give a very satisfactory account of the contents.” He retained the same faculty through life, and the following little anecdote is related in illustration of it:—

“Shortly after Dr. Murray had published his *System of Chemistry*, Davy accompanied Mr. Children in an excursion to Tonbridge, and the new work was placed in the carriage. During the occasional intervals in which their conversation was suspended, Davy was seen turning over the leaves of the book; but his companion did not believe it possible that he could have made himself acquainted with any part of its contents, until at the close of the journey he surprised him with a critical opinion of its merits.”

Davy showed an early inclination for the marvellous, and composed stories of romance and chivalry for his own and his schoolfellows' amusement, and was also in the frequent habit of writing verses and ballads. He possessed, indeed, through life, poetic talent of no ordinary stamp; his genius was soaring, and its flights were often full of sublimity and grandeur, though sometimes so lofty that a common eye could with difficulty trace the forms obscurely sketched amidst the clouds that enveloped them. Making fireworks and “thunder-powder,” fishing, and shooting, were amongst his early pursuits, till he left Penzance school, in 1793, and went to that kept by Dr. Cardew, at Truro. He did not remain long there, nor could his master whilst he was with him “discern the faculties by which he was afterwards so much distinguished. But,” says Dr. Cardew, “I

discovered, indeed, his taste for poetry;" and dull must he have been, who, in after-life at least, could be five hours in his company without discovering it.

"Davy's temper during youth is represented as mild and amiable. He never suppressed his feelings; but every action was marked by ingenuousness and candour, qualities which endeared him to his youthful associates, and gained him the love of all who knew him."

And such he was, long after the period of early youth—long even after his removal to London, where all the luxuries of the highest circles, in which his society was eagerly courted—all the seductions of universal adulation, were unable for a long season to divert him from the paths of science, or the friends to whom he had attached himself. From the former, indeed, nothing ever could or did divert him; and if at a later period increasing wealth and honours created a new ambition in his soul, if it must be acknowledged that some of his earliest and most devoted friends felt, or fancied that they felt themselves less warmly cherished than before, we can only lament (we will not censure) that a single blot should be found in a page of one of the most unblemished records that science or humanity can boast of.

In 1795, Davy was apprenticed, by the advice of Mr. Tonkin, a firm friend of his mother, to Mr. Borlase, a Surgeon, at Penzance, and it was during his stay with that gentleman that he first indicated a decided turn for Natural Philosophy, especially Chemistry; pursuits which soon assumed an entire ascendancy over his mind, to the neglect of his professional duties.

"Instead of preparing medicines in the surgery, he was experimenting in Mr. Tonkin's garret, which had now become the scene of his chemical operations; and upon more than one occasion, it is said that he produced an explosion which put the Doctor and all his glass bottles in jeopardy."

At this period also,

"It was Davy's great delight to ramble along the sea-shore, and often, like the Orator of Athens, would he on such occasions declaim against the howling of the wind and waves, with a view to overcome a defect in his voice,"—at that time very discordant.—"I may perhaps be allowed to observe, that the peculiar intonation he employed in his public addresses, which rendered him obnoxious to the charge of affectation, was to be referred to a laborious effort to conceal this natural infirmity."

That Davy certainly had not, as Dr. Paris has stated, "a good ear," is evident from the failure of his friend's attempt to teach him the air of God save the King, and his miserable pronunciation of foreign languages, especially French; and yet that he had "music in his soul," the harmony of his verse amply testifies. He felt melody, though he could not express it.

"That Davy, in his youth, possessed courage and decision, may be inferred from the circumstance of his having, upon receiving a bite from a dog supposed to be rabid, taken his pocket-knife, and, without the least hesitation, cut out the part on the spot, and then retired into the Surgery and cauterized the wound,"—[he washed it with strong nitric acid—] "an operation which confined him to Mr. Tonkin's house for three weeks. He at this time used also to declare his disbelief in the existence of pain, whenever the energies of the mind were directed to counteract it."

A young conger-eel, however, one day caught his energies napping, for Davy roared "most lustily," on being bitten by it.

Our author has reprinted several of Davy's early poetical productions, which were published at Bristol in 1799, in the "Annual Anthology," a work edited by his friends Southey and Tobin. We wish that our limits would allow us to make large extracts, for some of them are very beautiful,—but we can only introduce a very few stanzas.

The following are from the "Sons of Genius."

"Like the tumultuous billows of the sea,
Succeed the generations of mankind;
Some in oblivious silence pass away,
And leave no vestige of their lives behind.

Others, like those proud waves which beat the shore,
A loud and momentary murmur raise ;
But soon their transient glories are no more ;
No future ages echo with their praise.

Like yon proud rocks amidst the sea of time,
Superior, scorning all the billow's rage,
The living Sons of Genius stand sublime,
Th' immortal children of another age."

1795.

The next, from "The Song of Pleasure," is exquisitely beautiful.

"There Youth, and Love, and Beauty bound,
The glowing rose my harp around ;
Then to the daughter of Desire,
To bright-eyed Pleasure gave the lyre ;
She tuned the string,
And smiling softer than the rosy sea,
When the young Morning blushes on her breast,
She raised the raptured lay,—
I heard her sing ;
The song lull'd every care and every thought to rest."

1796.

We shall give one more specimen; it is from the Poem called "The Tempest."

"If the tempests of Nature so soon sink to rest,
If her once faded beauties so soon glow again,
Shall man be for ever by tempests oppress'd,
By the tempests of passion, of sorrow and pain ?
Ah no ! for his passions and sorrow shall cease,
When the troublesome fever of life shall be o'er ;
In the night of the grave he shall slumber in peace,
And passion and sorrow shall vex him no more.
And shall not this night and its long dismal gloom,
Like the night of the tempest again pass away ?
Yes ! the dust of the earth in bright beauty shall bloom,
And rise to the morning of heavenly day."

1796.

Besides the three poems from which we have taken the preceding extracts, there is an "Ode to Saint Michael's Mount," of twelve stanzas, full of sweetness, and an "Extract from an unfinished Poem on Mount's Bay," in blank verse, containing some fine passages. The reader is by this time satisfied, we trust, that our assertion that Davy's poetic talent was of "no ordinary stamp," was not made unadvisedly. It was at once sweet and powerful; and one of the purest pleasures we ever experienced, and which we have often enjoyed, was to hear him, amidst the wild solitary grandeur of a mountain district, burst forth with the enthusiasm of the Poet, chastened, but not subdued by the reflections of the Philosopher, into an unstudied effusion of eulogy and devotion. It has been truly said by "a great poetic genius, that if Davy had not been the first Chemist, he would have been the first Poet of his age." "Upon this question," says our author, "I do not feel myself a competent judge; but where is the modern Esau who would exchange his Bakerian lecture for a poem, though it should equal in design and execution, the *Paradise Lost*?" If we had wanted an illustration of our argument, *quot homines tot sententiæ*, here it is pat to the purpose. We do not hesitate, however, although we think as highly as our author can do of *The Bakerian Lecture*, and have in our time bowed with no faint devotion at the shrine of chemistry; we say, we do not hesitate to declare, that, if the opinions of all the world could be collected, in answer to our author's question, it is our firm conviction that he would find himself in a deplorable minority; nay more, that the suffrage of Davy himself would have been given against him! The comparison too, is rather hard on Milton; for, however our author may esteem the Bakerian Lecture, as genuine *turtle*, surely the *Paradise*

Lost is something better than humble potage! But, in truth, productions of so different natures cannot be weighed against one another; each is the work of transcendent genius, and their authors will, respectively, stand for ever recorded in the pages of Verse and Science, as joint heirs of immortality.

We have hitherto travelled leisurely through the opening years of Davy's life, from the natural interest with which we watch the development of great mental powers, and also because much of the matter recorded must be new to our readers.* The period, however, is now fast approaching, when brought in full view of the world, and exalted, as it were, on a pyramid of glory, even at his first entrance into it, his subsequent history is more or less familiar to all men. Our progress therefore shall henceforth be accelerated, but we must not, in too eager haste, pass over, what our author has very justly called "the most prominent circumstance in the history of this period of Davy's life," namely, his introduction to Mr. Davies Gilbert,—then Mr. D. Giddy. Our author shall speak for himself.

"The manner in which this happened, is as curious as its result was important; and it furnishes another very striking illustration of the power of simple accident in directing our destiny. Mr. Gilbert's attention was attracted to the future philosopher, as he was carelessly swinging over the hatch, or half-gate, of Mr. Borlase's house, by the humorous contortions into which he threw his features,"—*Anglice* making faces.

Mr. Gilbert was informed by his companion, that the grinnacer was young Davy, the carver's son;† and that he was fond of chemistry. Mr. Gilbert's interest was excited, he conversed with the boy, "and soon discovered ample evidence of his singular genius."

"After several interviews, which confirmed him in the opinion he had formed, he offered young Humphry the use of his library, or any other assistance that he might require for the pursuit of his studies; and at the same time gave him an invitation to his house at Tredrea, of which Davy frequently availed himself."

Upon Dr. Beddoes establishing the "Pneumatic Institution" at Bristol, he required an assistant who might "superintend the necessary experiments in the laboratory; and Mr. Gilbert proposed Davy as a person fully competent to fill the situation." A negotiation, with Beddoes, was accordingly kindly entered into by Mr. Gilbert on the behalf of Davy, and completed by him "to the satisfaction of all parties," and

"On the 2nd of October, in the year 1798, Davy quitted Penzance before he had attained his twentieth year. Mr. Gilbert well remembers meeting him upon his journey to Bristol, and breakfasting with him at Okehampton, on the 4th of October. He was in the highest spirits, and in that frame of mind in which a man of ardent imagination identifies every successful occurrence with his own fortunes; his exhilaration, therefore, was not a little heightened by the arrival of the mail-coach from London, covered with laurels and ribbons, and bringing the news, so cheering to every English heart, of Nelson's glorious victory of the Nile."

Mr. Davies Gilbert's friendship to Davy in early life, and the assistance he afforded him at the commencement of his career, was of the utmost importance; and the steadiness of that excellent man's attachment to him, even to its very close, does infinite credit to the warm feelings of his benevolent heart. So deeply, indeed, was Davy indebted to Mr. Gilbert, that we are almost inclined to wonder how it happened that our author should have sent his "Life" into the world under the auspices of any other patron; even those of the illustrious Prince to whom it is dedicated.

* Carefully as we fancied we had collected the most attractive incidents, thus far, a second reading of the work (*decies repetita placebit*) has convinced us how very slight a taste we have, after all, been able to give our readers, of the pleasure they may expect from the work itself. The forthcoming second edition is the best proof that we are not singular in our opinion of its merits.

† His father was originally a carpenter and carver at Penzance.

We have no fear of offending his Royal Highness by the freedom of this remark; and we gladly seize the present occasion to congratulate the Royal Society on their recent choice, heartily concurring, as we do, in the conviction of a contemporary critic, that, under existing circumstances, "the Duke of Sussex is the only fit and proper person to restore the authority of the chair to its healthy exercise."*

We now find Davy settled at Bristol with Dr. Beddoes, between whom and himself a liberal and honourable arrangement had been concluded; and the first consequence of that arrangement is highly creditable to the young philosopher.

"No sooner had Davy found himself in a situation which secured for him the necessaries of life, than he renounced all claims upon his paternal property, in favour of his mother and sisters."

Davy's first philosophical essays on "Heat, Light, and the Combinations of Light," and on some other subjects, were published in the beginning of this year, in Beddoes' "Contributions to Physical and Medical Knowledge;" and in 1800 appeared his "Researches on Nitrous Oxide." Our limits are far too narrow to allow us to do more, in this hasty sketch, than mention the titles of these, and his other invaluable works, as they come in order to be noticed; but the reader who wishes to acquire a general knowledge of them, without the labour of studying them in detail, will find the leading features admirably brought together by Dr. Paris, in the analysis he has given of the "Researches on Nitrous Oxide," and especially in those masterly abstracts of Davy's subsequent, and still more important productions. These analyses and abstracts, indeed, in our estimation, constitute the most important character of his work, and leave as little to be desired by the philosophical, as the rest of this entertaining volume does by the more general reader.

Rapidly as we must proceed, we cannot, however, help stopping one minute to notice the extraordinary courage which Davy exhibited in his ardour for investigation.

"What shall we say," exclaims our author, "of that spirit which led him to inspire nitrous gas, at the hazard of filling his lungs with the vapour of *aqua fortis*!—or what, of that intrepid coolness which enabled him to breathe a deadly gas, and to watch the advances of its chilling power in the ebbing pulsations at the wrist!"

Happily for philosophy, the first attempt to breathe nitrous gas produced a spasm of the epiglottis, so painful as to oblige him to desist; for had not the marvellous sensibility of the little sentinel who guards that door of life interposed, the Bakerian Lecture—the Decomposition of the alkalies—the Safety lamp, and all the great and glorious works, by which Davy afterwards exalted the character of British science, and benefited humanity, had in all human probability been lost for ever!

We must add the following short extract from his own account of another "daring experiment," for which, Dr. Paris observes,—

"The scientific and medical world are alike indebted to him; and if the precautions it suggests be properly attended to, it may become the means of preserving human life."

The gas which Davy now breathed was the "hydro-carbonate," as it was then called, which "differs very little from the gas now so generally used to illuminate our streets and houses." He breathed it in the presence of his friend Mr. James Tobin, jun.

"The first inspiration produced a sort of numbness and loss of feeling in the chest, and about the pectoral muscles. After the second, I lost all power of perceiving external things, and had no distinct sensation, except that of a terrible oppression on the chest. During the third inspiration, this feeling subsided: I seemed sinking into annihilation, and had just power enough to cast off the mouthpiece from my unclosed lips."

Davy, "nothing daunted," made a third experiment of the same bold charac-

* Monthly Review, Art. "Royal Society," vol. xvi. p. 136.

ter. In about a week after the former, he attempted to respire *carbonic acid gas*, but the little sentinel saved him again, and prevented him from taking a particle of it into his lungs.

The "Researches" excited very general admiration, and it was increased by their being the production of so young a man.

"Precocious merit," Dr. Paris observes, "often enjoys only an ephemeral popularity. With Davy, however, it was far otherwise. Every event of his life would appear as if created, and directed for his welfare, by some presiding genius, whose activity in throwing opportunities in his way was rivalled only by the address with which he converted them to his advantage."

True to her charge, his watchful Ariel did not neglect the occasion which soon presented itself of removing him to a wider and loftier sphere of action, and, on the 11th of March 1801, placed him, under the auspices of Count Rumford, as Assistant Professor of Chemistry, and Director of the Laboratory, in the "recently-established Royal Institution of Great Britain." Davy gave a few desultory lectures in his new capacity, in 1801; "but his splendid career cannot be said to have commenced until the following year," when he delivered his introductory lecture, afterwards printed, at the request of Sir Harry Englefield, and several other members of the Royal Institution. His fame increased daily, not only in the philosophical world, but in the circles of fashion and beauty; and "at length, so popular did he become, under the auspices of the Duchess of Gordon and other leaders of high fashion, that even their *soirées* were considered incomplete without his presence."

On the 31st of May, 1802, it was resolved by the managers that Davy should in future be styled *Professor of Chemistry* to the Royal Institution.

We should gladly introduce Davy's own account of his first success at the Royal Institution, as communicated in a letter to his early friend Mr. Gilbert, as well as several of his other letters to various friends, but want of space renders it impossible. The reader who wishes to peruse them must consult our author's work, and we can honestly assure him that he will be amply rewarded for his pains.

Davy's first communication to the Royal Society was on some galvanic combinations, formed by single metallic plates and fluids; it was read on the 18th of June, 1801; and, on the 17th of November following, he was elected a Fellow of that Society.

In 1803, Davy delivered two Lectures on the Chemistry of Agriculture, before the Board of Agriculture, and he was soon afterwards appointed Chemical Professor to the Board.

Davy's passion for angling is thus recorded by our author:—

"It betrayed itself upon all occasions; and the sport was alike his relief in toil, and his solace in sorrow."—"Whenever I had the honour of dining at his table, the conversation, however it might have commenced, invariably ended on fishing."—"He would occasionally strike into a most eloquent and impassioned strain upon some subject which warmed his fancy; such, for example, as the beauties of mountain scenery; but before you could fully enjoy the prospect which his imagination had pictured, down he carried you into some sparkling stream, or rapid current, to flounder for the next half hour with a hooked salmon."

On the 22nd of January, 1807, at an extraordinary meeting of the Royal Society, Davy was elected Secretary, in the room of Dr. Gray, deceased; after having, on the 20th of November preceding, read his great Bakerian Lecture,—

"Which," says our author, "burst upon Europe like a splendid meteor, throwing its radiance into the deepest recesses, and opening to the view of the philosopher new and unexpected regions."

Had we ten times the space we have for our short account of this interesting book, we would not, in justice to Davy or his biographer, attempt to condense the excellent analysis which Dr. Paris has given of this incomparable paper. Our author modestly fears he may have been prolix "in recording the progres-

his researches" by which Davy arrived at his results. He need apprehend no such censure; or if any one be inclined to bestow it, let him try to do it better!

One circumstance, connected with this famous paper, we will state, and in our author's own words:

"It was crowned by the Institute of France with the prize of the First Consul. Thus did the voltaic battery, in the hands of the English chemist, achieve what all the artillery of Britain could never have produced—a spontaneous and willing homage to British superiority—a homage equally honourable to him who won the laurel-crown, and to those who so nobly placed it on his brow."

In November 1807, Davy read his second Bakerian Lecture, on the decomposition of the fixed alkalies, and the discovery of their metallic bases.

"Since the account given by Newton of his first discoveries in optics, it may be questioned whether so happy and successful an instance of philosophical induction has ever been afforded, as that by which Davy discovered the composition of the fixed alkalies. Had it been true, as was most unjustly insinuated at the time, that the discovery was accidentally effected by the high power of the apparatus placed at his disposal, his claims to our admiration would have assumed a very different character; in such a case, he might be said to have forced open the sanctuary of Nature by direct violence, instead of having discovered and touched the secret spring by which its portals were unclosed. The justice of these remarks will best appear in the examination of his memoir; the highest eulogy that can be conferred on its author will be a faithful and plain history of its contents."

But for that, as before, we must refer the reader to our author himself; as well as for some very judicious observations on the effect which this grand discovery, in conjunction with those which Davy subsequently accomplished, had in revolutionizing the whole theory of chemistry.

Several interesting letters are introduced in this part of the work, from Davy to his friends Pepys and Children, with whom he was at that time on terms of great intimacy—as well as an account of his engaging in a gunpowder manufactory with the latter gentleman and Mr. Burton (the founder of St. Leonard's), and of the termination of that connexion; the whole of which, we happen to know, is very accurately detailed.

In 1813, Davy wished to visit the extinct volcanoes in Auvergne, and those still active near Naples; and though passports had been "sternly refused to several of the most illustrious noblemen of England," such was Bonaparte's respect for science, that "no sooner had the discovery of the decomposition of the alkalies and earths, and its probable bearings upon the philosophy of volcanic action, been represented by the Imperial Institute to Napoleon, than, with a liberality worthy of the liberator of Dalmatians, he immediately and unconditionally extended the required indulgence,"—and Davy went to France accordingly, with Lady Davy, "accompanied by Mr. Faraday, as secretary and chemical assistant."

The account of his stay in Paris, where he was nobly received (we wish he had returned the kindness he met with more gratefully), is admirably told, and forms one of the most interesting and amusing parts of the book; but we must refer the reader to the fountain-head to slake the thirst of his curiosity, for our pitcher is so full already, that there is barely room for the few more drops which we must necessarily add, before we take leave of the spring altogether. The story of the *little hat* is peculiarly characteristic of the French people, and very entertaining.

From France he went to Italy, and returned to England in April 1815, and shortly after undertook the investigation which ended in that precious boon of philosophy to humanity, the invention of the safety-lamp, of which the reader will find a full and most interesting account in Chapter XI. For this invention, and for his researches on flame and combustion, the President and Council of the Royal Society adjudged to him the gold and silver medals on Count Rumford's donation. In October 1818, he was created a Baronet.

In a second journey to Italy, he occupied himself in attempting to unroll some of the Herculaneum Manuscripts, but without success; not, however, "from want of zeal and skill, but solely, as it is generally admitted, from the unfortunate condition of the papyri:" so at least says our author; but Davy himself did not attribute his failure to that cause alone, but loudly complained, as we have often heard him, of the vexatious obstacles thrown in his way by the jealousy of an old priest, who shall be nameless.

On the 30th of November (the Anniversary of the Royal Society), 1820, Sir Humphry Davy was elected President of that learned body, the chair having been filled, since the death of Sir Joseph Banks, which happened on the 19th of June preceding, by Dr. Wollaston, who was placed in it by the Council, but with the express declaration on his part, that he would keep it only till the day of election.

Always alive to every new subject that presented itself in science, Davy eagerly took up and extended Oersted's Experiments on Electro-Magnetism. He also examined the state of the water and aeriform matter, sometimes found in rock crystal, and other mineral substances, and (very unfairly, in the opinion of some persons) thought fit to continue the investigation, originally instituted by Mr. Faraday, on the liquefaction of Chlorine and other gases.

In 1823, in consequence of an application from Government, Davy undertook his experiments on a method of protecting the copper of ships' bottoms from the destructive action of sea-water, and Dr. Paris has dwelt at considerable length on the subject; as its importance, indeed, required. Great difference of opinion has existed respecting the protectors; for ourselves, we must say, that we think Davy was not so liberally treated by the Government as he ought to have been, and that if he had been left to pursue his experiments unembarrassed by official interference, he would ultimately have succeeded in the full accomplishment of his object, and have effected an eminent saving of the copper, without any injury to the sailing of the vessels. The failure?—no!—no! it was *not* a failure, but the discouraging circumstances, which led the agents of Government to determine "that the plan was incapable of successful application," and, most unfortunately, caused it "to be abandoned altogether in 1828," it may well be imagined, occasioned great disappointment and vexation to a mind constituted like Davy's, and there is but too much reason to conclude that his health suffered severely in consequence. His vexation was heightened, too, by the malicious sneers of the pseudo-philosophers, the scolists and petty, paltry scribblers of the day, though he should rather have treated them with contempt, which indeed he seems to have been conscious of, for in a letter to Mr. Children he says, "I am irritated by them more than I ought to be." Whether from this cause, or from a naturally declining state of bodily power, his health certainly soon became lamentably shaken, and he gradually sank into that disease which terminated in his death, not however before he composed two little works, one of which, "*Salmonia*," will always be read with pleasure by all, and by those who knew and loved him as we did, with delight. We cannot say so much for his posthumous "*Consolations in Travel*," which, though it contains passages, and not a few of them either, of exquisite sublimity and beauty, does not, we think, as a *whole*, merit those encomiums which our author bestows on it, and which we would also gladly lavish on every line from Davy's pen; and we cannot help regretting that *any* motives should have induced his brother, Dr. Davy, to give it to the world.

Sir Humphry went abroad in search of health—alas! he never found it;—and "feeling that his recovery was tardy, and that perfect mental repose was more than ever necessary for its advancement," he announced his determination to resign the chair of the Royal Society, by a letter to Mr. Davies Gilbert, from Salzburg, dated July 1, 1827.* He came back to England, where he stayed a few months, and then proceeded again to Italy, from whence he never returned!

* Deeply as Davy was indebted to Mr. Gilbert for his assistance in early life, for without it, even *his* genius might have remained "mute" and "inglorious" amid the

After residing for some months at Rome, he wished to quit it and establish himself at Geneva, and arrived at the latter place on the 28th of May, 1829.

“ At four o'clock he dined, ate heartily, was unusually cheerful, and joked with the waiter about the cookery of the fish, which he appeared particularly to admire; and desired, that, as long as he remained at the hotel, he might be daily supplied with every possible variety that the lake afforded. He drank tea at eleven, and having directed that the feather-bed should be removed, retired to rest at twelve.

“ His servant, who slept in a bed parallel to his own, in the same alcove, was, however, very shortly called to attend him, and he desired that his brother might be summoned. I am informed, that, on Dr. Davy's entering the room, he said, ‘ I am dying,’ or words to that effect, ‘ and when all is over, I desire that no disturbance of any kind may be made in the house; lock the door, and let every one retire quietly to his apartment.’ He expired at a quarter before three o'clock without a struggle.”

His remains were interred, with every possible mark of respect from the magistrates, philosophical professors, and the English residents at Geneva, in the cemetery at Plain-Palais, some little distance out of the walls of the town. Thus terminated the life of one of the greatest men this land, or any other ever produced, and terminated, too, at an age* when it might reasonably have been hoped that many years were yet in store for him to have still farther exalted his own fame, and conferred fresh benefits on his country. It pleased Heaven to ordain it otherwise, and we must not murmur; but we cannot close the volume without one sigh of regret, one tear to the memory of days deliciously spent in his society, days which, indeed, “ were to us most precious!” But we must tear ourselves from the subject. “ Good night, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!”

Of the manner in which Dr. Paris has executed his task, it can hardly be necessary to add any thing to the testimony we have already borne to the merit of his work; we thank him heartily for the pleasure we have derived from its perusal, and in bidding him farewell, which we do with reluctance, we cannot but earnestly recommend the “ Life of Sir Humphry Davy” to our readers, and repeat our assurance, that they will find it equally entertaining, interesting, and instructive.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I seem like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he, departed.

MOORE.

SEEST thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm-shadows fall!
Voices that have left the earth
Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low:
Ever there:—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone.

obscurity of a lowly station, it would be pleasing, could we perceive as ardent a tone of gratitude and affection in this, his last letter to that steady friend, as animates many of his former, particularly those written about the year 1799; and that the blood, which he complains accumulated in the head, had continued to impart with undiminished fervour its former glowing feelings to the heart.

* Fifty-one.

Guests come thither, and depart,
 Free of step, and light of heart ;
 Children, with sweet visions bless'd,
 In the haunted chambers rest ;
 One alone unslumbering lies
 When the night hath seal'd all eyes,
 One quick heart and watchful ear,
 Listening for those whispers clear.

Seest thou where the woodbine-flowers
 'O'er yon low porch hang in showers ?
 Startling faces of the dead,

Pale, yet sweet,

One lone woman's entering tread
 There still meet !

Some with young smooth foreheads fair,
 Faintly shining through bright hair ;
 Some with reverend locks of snow—
 All, all buried long ago !
 All, from under deep sea-waves,
 Or the flowers of foreign graves,
 Or the old and banner'd aisle,
 Where their high tombs gleam the while,
 Rising, wandering, floating by,
 Suddenly and silently,
 Through their earthly home and place,
 But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,
 Are those sounds and visions known ?
 Wherefore hath that spell of power

Dark and dread,

On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
 Thus been shed ?

Oh ! in those deep-seeing eyes,
 No strange gift of mystery lies !
 She is lone where once she moved
 Fair, and happy, and beloved !
 Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
 Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her ;
 Now those silver cords are broken,
 Those bright looks have left no token,
 Not one trace on all the earth,
 Save her memory of her mirth.
 She is lone and lingering now,
 Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow,
 Midst gay song and children's play,
 She is dwelling far away ;
 Seeing what none else may see—
 Haunted still her place must be !

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. III.

*The Author of "Paul Pry."**(With an engraved Likeness.)*

NOTES FOR A MEMOIR, IN A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

MY DEAR SIR ;

Your letter of yesterday has taken me altogether by surprise ; and by pressing, as you do, one of your two requests, you, impose upon me a task the most difficult I was ever, perhaps, required to undertake. Since you have obtained the consent of my old friend Mr. Pickersgill to the publication of an engraving after his portrait of me, in your "Series" in the New Monthly, I certainly shall not withhold mine ; but I would have yielded it with less hesitation had you delayed your request till a few months later. It is not that I entertain the slightest objection to your obliging the Public with a notion of my "human face divine ;" for some such memorandum is, I know, desired by a considerable portion of that august body, of every person who, in any way, is often, and has been long, before it—from kings, warriors, and statesmen, authors, artists, and actors, down to learned pigs and precocious children : but I wish you, had not been "compelled by some misarrangement with the engravers," to think of me so early in your new enterprise, and that circumstances had allowed you to give to a dozen or a score others their due precedence. I say this, not from apprehension that you may be charged with an intention of instituting a scale of rank or merit by the order in which you are giving your subjects : your taste and sagacity, in these matters, are sufficiently well known to protect you against any such inference : I say it out of pure concern for myself. Has it escaped your observation, that you are placing me in somewhat a ludicrous point of view ? You start with Sir Walter Scott ; that is well done ; Sir Walter is the present acknowledged head of British literature. Your next step is to the fair Author of the "Sorrows of Rosalie," and "The Undying One ;" well again ; that lady stands amongst the foremost in the female literary line. Now, with only one step intervening, from the Author of "Waverley" down you come to me ! I sincerely hope you may not be hurt by the fall. Why not follow the example of those enterprising travellers who risk their necks ten times in climbing up Mont-Blanc, for no other purpose, than to slide down Parnassus, (as *they* do when they come to a pleasant Alpine slope !) instead of taking a leap ? Had you done so, you would have found me, complacently waiting your arrival, very near the bottom,

"Small by degrees and beautifully less !"

And, now !—having given a few minutes' consideration to the matter—I suspect, Mr. Colburn, you are indulging a sly laugh at my expense, and that you do, really, intend to classify your subjects. I find, in your letter, something about *eminent* authors. You cannot but be aware that in literature, as in every thing else, there are two sorts of eminence : there is the eminently good, and the eminently bad. You have a *motive*, then, in placing me where you do :—you

desire that I should take the leadership, or become the representative, of a class. Which? I ask you, in which category am I to stand? You place me, relatively to Sir Walter Scott (for, gallantry forbid! that the station of the lady should be disputed), in the predicament in which Duretete stands towards Young Mirabel, in the play of the "Inconstant," where there are two ladies to be disposed of between them: "You shall have fair play," says old Mirabel; "you shall both choose; but my Bob shall choose first." Thus, you give Sir Walter the choice of one of two places, and then allow me to choose the remaining one! I say not this in anger; for so great is my respect for the extraordinary person I have named, that whichever of the two stations he may have selected (and, doubtless, he has been guided in his choice by public opinion), I shall cheerfully accept the other. After this frank and sincere declaration on my part, I cannot expect that dissension will ever arise between us: I entertain not the remotest idea of invading his domain, nor do I think it likely he will ever trespass upon mine.

But the request which I feel some difficulty, as well as delicacy, in attempting to fulfil, is, that I would "furnish you with some notes for the memoir which ought to accompany it." Now, I do not recollect that passage in the whole course of my life which (in my opinion) our friends, the public, would care a straw to be acquainted with; and if I did, I doubt whether I would relate it, forasmuch as I conceive *self* to be an irksome subject. Several months ago, (when, in compliance with the urgent desire of my friend Dick Ferret, that I would follow the fashion of Life-and-Times-writing, I promised to furnish you with a few "Sketches and Recollections,") I expressed my sentiments upon this very point; and as nothing has since occurred to alter them, I beg you will allow me to repeat them here. "Of myself, individually, he (the reader) must expect to learn but little; *self* is usually a tiresome subject; and, unless one has passed an adventurous life, he seldom appears to advantage as the hero of his own tale. Indeed, the only truly interesting auto-biography I am acquainted with, is that of Baron Munchausen. All that he tells of himself is worth listening to. 'Tis a lie from beginning to end, I grant; but it is (to use a fashionable phrase) a spirit-stirring lie; and I do pronounce it as my serious and settled opinion, that no man ought to be allowed to talk, or to write, about himself, who has not facts to relate of equal interest with the Baron's fictions. *I have not*: I shall therefore speak of myself as little, and as seldom, as circumstances will permit."* After this, what can you reasonably expect from me in the way of Notes for a Memoir? Were it not, indeed, matter of historical record that the Battle of Trafalgar was won by Lord Nelson; were it not notorious that to Napoleon the world is indebted for the road across the Simplon; or, were it not known to thousands of living witnesses that it was the Duke of Wellington who beat that sublime Mac-adamizer at Waterloo; I might modestly *deny* myself into the reputation of having achieved some one, or all, of those glorious exploits. Or, again; had not Sir Walter Scott (unfortunately for me and for your Memoir) lately acknowledged the authorship of the

* Sketches and Recollections, No. II. N. M. M. Jan. 1830.

Waverley Novels, how easy would it have been for me to *disclaim* the honour of having written them—but, to disclaim it in such a manner as to excite a belief that it was to me alone it legitimately belonged. More than once have I seen such a manœuvre successfully performed.

At the time of the publication of "The Bridal of Triermain," a person, very well known, called upon me with that poem in his hand. "When you have read this," said he, "let me hear your candid opinion of it—I request it, now, as a friend—but you must not ask me who is the author—I have reasons for keeping that a secret:" and, as he said this, he pursed up his mouth into a mock-modesty smile. On reading the work, I recognised certain passages which he had shown me some time before, in his own hand-writing, on the envelope of a letter. (He was in the habit of receiving proofs of most of the Scotch publications from an Edinburgh printer.) When next we met, therefore, (after telling him what I thought of the poem) I said, without hesitation, "It is your's, T——; do you forget your having shown me some of the lines in manuscript?" To this (drawing in his breath, affecting a smile expressive of mingled satisfaction and confusion, and accompanying every two or three words with a significant shake of the head) he replied: "You—be hang'd—you rogue;—I sha'n't—tell you—whose it is;—so just—drop—the subject." He performed this same experiment on many others of his acquaintances; and, for some time, enjoyed a very respectable poetical reputation on the mere strength of *disclaiming* the authorship of one of Scott's popular works.

Seriously speaking, my dear Sir, I don't like this task. Would I were dead! you might then dispose of me, "after what flourish your nature will," in that pleasant corner of your Magazine, the BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED. There I might quietly remain till the eager public should call for the publication of my "Memoirs and Correspondence," or my "Journal and Letters," or my "Secret History," or "Piquant Anecdotes of the late ——;" and, for such a work as the latter, I could, peradventure, furnish you with materials which would raise a laugh—albeit, in some instances, it might be fearfully against me. But to supply you with "Notes" to be thrown into the form of a Memoir by some one who could not, in decency, turn the very weapons with which I had furnished him against me; whilst any thing he should say in my praise—and the circumstances in which he found himself placed would oblige him, *malgré* his own opinion, to be civil,—might, by those not well acquainted with me, be attributed to my own pen——! Mr. Colburn, I will not do it.

* * * * *

And, yet, shall I, who for the last twenty years have stood before the public as a contributor—though a humble one—to its amusements, and have never, in the whole course of that time, *shuffled* into print a paragraph (a *puff* is, in such a case, the fitting term,) in my own praise, nor a line in disparagement of another;—who have never once attempted to suborn the commendation of a critic, nor have used means, direct or indirect, to deprecate his censure (and I fearlessly challenge the whole body of the respectable London Press to im-

peach, by one single instance, the rigid truth of this assertion;)—shall I quail under the apprehension of what might be said were I to furnish you with the list of a few farces (for that is all that you can seriously mean by Notes for a Memoir of *Me*)—? Mr. Colburn, you shall have it. And I am glad at enjoying so good an opportunity as I am thus afforded of making this point-blank declaration; the more so as I have some reason for thinking that a belief exists, in certain quarters, (where, so far, at least, as I am concerned, I would rather it did not,) that it is sometimes the practice to ply the double trade of author and critic. So now to business—but, *sub rosa*,—for, being fairly embarked in it,

“By the rood! Master Tony, we ’ll not be foiled for lack of our own good report.”

Notes (PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL,) for a Memoir.

The first essential point in a biography is one’s age; but what mine may be is a piece of information which I shall take the liberty to refuse you. I have just now said something referring to twenty years ago—that was *entre nous*—please let the compiler of the Memoir say *ten*. Since I *must* figure in the New Monthly, I desire to be placed in as interesting an attitude as possible: you will, therefore, have the goodness to let me be born in the year 1802. A prisoner on trial is humanely warned against saying any thing by which he might criminate himself: why should I make a disclosure by which, haply, I might spoil my fortune? I am unmarried; and it is my intention, should I meet with a lady possessing youth, beauty, virtue, accomplishments, fortune, &c. &c.—[Let this passage be carefully worked out—I presume the Stamp-Office will charge the Advertisement-duty for it—*N’importe*.] On reflection—will 1802 make me young enough? I leave this point to the decision of your better judgment. But be sure you don’t bring me into the world later than 1805—let me see—

From	1831
Take	1805

There remains 26—a very pretty age; but, remember! not later; for my published pieces are *dated*, and we might be *found out*.

I can supply you with no information concerning the first few months of my human existence. The period of infancy is, usually, one of oblivion; but it may be assumed that it was, in my case, as it is with most other gentlemen at that tender age, a pleasing round of measles, pap, whooping-cough, and squalling. I never heard that my entry into the world was announced by any great convulsion of Nature (the omission of which, considering the importance of the event, I have sometimes thought to have been an incivility;) yet it might not be amiss—for the sake of effect—to couple it with a total eclipse! or, what think you of a slight touch of an earthquake? I incline to the latter—but please yourself.

Make me a heavy boy at school: dull children generally turn out clever—besides, again—*effect*. Say, too, that I was by no means a *handsome* child—you may remember the common notion upon that point. Let those passages run something in this way: “We have

heard from those who enjoyed the most favourable opportunities of watching the progress of his youthful mind, that it would have been difficult for the most acute observer to detect in him the slightest promise of that &c. &c. which, in after years, was to astonish, and delight, and captivate"—and so forth. ["Shed lustre" and "blazed forth" are good phrases, and very common on these occasions; they might be introduced.] Then again: "Neither as a child, nor, indeed, as a youth, was he remarkable for personal beauty; but as he ripened in years, &c. &c.—till, at length"—and so on; taking care to close the sentence with a note of admiration! For the reason stated when alluding to my age, I must impress upon you the necessity for extreme delicacy in the handling of this last passage. In describing my personal appearance, as a boy, I don't wish that, *for the sake of effect*, you should make me out an absolute Kangaroo or an Ourang-Outang—don't exaggerate *there*; but, when touching upon the *present* state of the case, I have only to say (in the emphatic words of a certain Secret Despatch) "Go it, Ned!"—On second thoughts, it would be safer that I should write this myself; so, if I can save the post this evening, I will send you the passage, ready cut and dried—but, remember, *private and confidential*. ••

And now you may come, at once, to a period of my life, which, with but an ordinary portion of management, may be rendered truly interesting. At fourteen—don't let the case be insisted on as an uncommon one—at fourteen, I met with a dreadful fall—I fell in love; and, in addition to this accident, composed sundry quires of tender verses.

At fifteen, a similar calamity befel me.

At sixteen, *Ditto*.

At seventeen, *Ditto*.

At ——— Ah! me! And yet this calamitous period is usually the happiest of one's life. Ought not a few love-letters to be introduced somewhere about this place? The deuce of it is I have not a scrap of one remaining. Could you, or any of your friends, lend me half-a-dozen? Love-epistles are usually, as much alike as if they were all made to a pattern. It would only be altering the signature and address, and any would serve our purpose. Or, were it not that time presses, I could make a few. At all events, there *must* be a paragraph commencing thus: "But the state of his feelings at this particular juncture may be best described in his own words. In a letter dated * * * and addressed to * * * we find him thus expressing himself * * *."—Besides, a few asterisks are invaluable: they may mean any thing, every thing, or nothing. Would it not be proper, also—not exactly here, but somewhat later; though I mention it now lest I should forget it—would it not be proper to have an *Epoch*? that is to say, a period at which a total revolution ought to take place in my sentiments, feelings, &c. and the whole future current of my life be influenced by some unforeseen or extraordinary event? For example: "But a circumstance was now about to occur which was destined, deeply and seriously, to affect the whole of his future existence; which was either to gild with its rainbow hues the waves of the ocean of life now broadly spread before him, or to envelope them in the gloom of its shadow. Whether it fluttered above his head on the gay

and glittering wing of the butterfly, or expanded the dark pinion of the raven, the following pages will declare. It happened on the evening of the 31st of December, 1814, that ——." Yet, perhaps, such a formula would hardly be admissible in a memoir of one whose *career* is not yet terminated; therefore, *although I could append a true story to it*, you had better reserve it till I have the honour of figuring in the "pleasant corner" of the New Monthly to which I have once already alluded.

Be a little mysterious, now and then. Give me some deep-rooted sorrow, the source of which I have never disclosed even to my most intimate friends; and, by all means, infuse "a tincture of melancholy into a spirit naturally, &c. &c." As you will, doubtless, place these Notes in the hands of some practised Biographer, he will perfectly well understand what I mean. For the reason I have already given you, there will be no harm in begetting a "tender interest."

Would you desire to have a specimen, or two, of my juvenile productions? It is true that I had just good sense enough to burn them all many years ago, nor, do I think, I could recollect a line of any one of them. I commenced my career, like most other "youthful geniuses," by being woefully tender and elegiac; but I very soon perceived that, of all things, *serious* Poetry was not my vocation. Yet, it is not improbable that some of mine were about equal to the common run of boy-verses, and might, in the good days of the Hayleys and the Pratts, have made a tolerable figure in the Town and Country Magazine—for the art of middling-verse-making is but a mere knack, and an easy one. But to talk of tolerable verses is almost a contradiction in terms; and the great names which have arisen since about the commencement of the present century, have indisposed the Public to endure any thing in poetry short of excellence, or that does not, at least, nearly approach to it. Yet (as I have said) would you like a specimen? for, although I cannot remember one, I can make something to answer the purpose. Pray let me know this by return; and, at the same time, tell me whether you will have a copy of verses of which it shall be said, "We take, at random, from amongst a vast mass of his unpublished poems, the following, by which it will be seen that even at *that* early age"—and so forth; or, would you prefer it the other way? as thus: "We have selected the following as the best of a great number; and, certainly, his warmest admirers will admit that it gives no promise of that excellence which so shortly afterwards, &c. &c." I should prefer the latter, on account of the contrast—the surprise. Effect, effect; I am always for effect.

Bless me! a material point had nearly escaped me! What accomplishments do you wish I should possess? "Sings, plays and dances well," (as Othello has it) will come as mere matters of course. With respect to the first of these endowments, please to let me have but very little voice, but, at the same time, have the kindness to make me sing "with infinite expression." I am sure you will agree with me in the propriety of attributing to me the latter quality—for a reason I have more than once insisted on. I am aware of the consequences of such an announcement:—"Pray *do* favour us—we *know*." I must be hoarse for the remainder of my life. N.B. Let as little as possible be said about my equestrian attainments. They have already been noticed in "A Cockney's Rural Sports," and we ought, as much as

possible, to avoid contradictions. You may, however, just say, "He sits a horse with firmness, ease, and grace;" and so, indeed, I do—till he begins to move.

Shall I swim?—If I do, mightn't I as well leap from the head of Ramsgate Pier—at high water—in a storm—and rescue a female, "young, beautiful, and interesting,"* from the yawning deep? Think of this. Should you decide in the affirmative, be careful *that no date be given*; and, pray, let some other phrase be substituted* for "yawning deep:" not but it is a very good one; but, like "devouring element," "vital spark," "launched into eternity," and some others, it is worn to death by the newspapers.

I don't recollect any other points, of a like nature, upon which it is necessary to furnish you with hints—(for Prudence's sake! destroy this letter the moment you have extracted all that you may think needful to your purpose)—so, at once, to a list of what you are pleased to dignify with the denomination of my "dramatic labours."

Let as little as possible be said about "Hamlet Travestie," and *sink the date*—dating books is a silly practice: why don't you abolish it?—Between ourselves, it was published in 1810; but, lest that fact should be discovered, insinuate that "the author was a mere child at the time." This was the first time I ever saw myself in print; and never shall I forget the proud satisfaction with which I walked from one bookseller's window to another's, for the pleasure of looking at my own book! I never till then entertained due reverence for the memory of Caxton; and had a monument been to be erected in his honour, I would willingly have subscribed the whole profits of the publication towards so laudable an undertaking. To the temporary success of this foolery I may attribute all my subsequent attempts at dramatic composition, since it procured for me an invitation to write for the Theatre.

Amongst the important events of the year 1815, there are two which deserve especial notice: the pacification of Europe was accomplished, and the first farce I ever wrote was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre. This was "Who's Who?" which (although written long before) had been preceded on the stage by "Intrigue," and another thing, the title of which need not be recorded. Of the latter, I shall only say that its merits were not sufficient to secure for it an honest d—nation: after a few nights it died of its own accord. Together with another or two I could name, it is destined to enjoy an immortality of oblivion: let us not profanely disturb their repose. As a useful hint to aspiring dramatists, it may be mentioned that "Who's Who," as originally written, consisted of *ninety pages*! Its unconscionable length drew from the theatrical copyist, who was doomed to the labour of transcribing it, this pathetic appeal: "Oh! Sir!

* These characteristics are indispensable. *Vide* newspapers. One never reads an account of a female in a situation of distress, disgrace, or danger, but, by some unaccountable fatality, she happens to be young, beautiful, and interesting! If this statement be correct, the tread-mill must be the very Temple of Loveliness! Poor, persecuted race! No ugly woman was ever convicted of purloining a watch; no dumpy, dowdy, plain-looking body was ever edified by the virtuous admonition of a police magistrate; no old woman was ever "snatched from the flames," or "rescued from a watery grave:" it is still the young, the beautiful, the interesting! Can there be a special Providence for the protection of the Old and Ugly? I wish you would ask some one of your scientific friends for an explanation of this phenomenon.

your two-act farce is as long as the 'School for Scandal.' If you could but *cut, before-hand*, and spare me a little trouble!" I willingly admitted its similarity in point of length, with that admirable play; but entertaining, perhaps, a private opinion of their equality of merit, I refused to cut a line. To this necessity, however, I was, in the end, reduced: more than *half* the dialogue was expunged: and, if you are acquainted with what was allowed to remain, you may form a tolerably fair estimate of the value of the portion suppressed. That great artist, MUNDEN,—I take pleasure in writing his name—played the principal character (Sam Dabbs;) and having said that MUNDEN acted it, I have said *how* it was acted.

I will here mention a piece of advice I received from that unrivalled actor, John Kemble. Upon more than one occasion have I proved its value; and, well considered, it may be useful to others who would place their happiness upon the unsteady foundation of critics' praise. On the morning following the first performance of my new piece, I was in a bookseller's shop, reading the newspaper-reports of it. Whilst thus engaged, Mr. Kemble entered; and, no doubt, perceiving that I was elated by the favourable notices of my work, he gently drew the paper from my hand, and, patting me on the arm, said: "I am sorry to see you so much delighted with a little newspaper approbation; for, if you continue to write, a reverse must come, some time or other, and then their censure will make you equally unhappy. Now mind what I say to you: don't despise good criticism (and that generally comes in a friendly way;) but, above all, read hard; study the good sterling dramatists; and, when once you have made up your mind as to your course, work it out in your own way, to the best of your ability. That has been my practice in my own profession. Ah! if I had paid much attention to what newspapers might say of me, I should often have been a very miserable man."

But I find my epistle running to greater length than I intended it should; so (as briefly as possible) to a conclusion. Besides those I have mentioned, you will find me answerable for about five-and-twenty pieces, acted with various degrees of success—and *failure*. (Let nothing be said about the latter.) Amongst them may be mentioned—"A Short Reign and a Merry One;" "The Two Pages of Frederick the Great;" (these are but little more than translations from the French.)—By the by, I will mention to you an interesting fact connected with the latter. It was acted in Paris, for the first time, in (I think) 1784. There is a very trifling part in it of an English waiter, consisting of about half-a-dozen lines. Who would you think acted it?—TALMA; who was then patiently *studying* and *working his way* towards the eminence he afterwards attained.—The "Scape-Goat," a farce; and "The Wife's Stratagem," a comedy, altered from Shirley. These were produced at Covent-Garden.

At the Haymarket: "Match-Making;" "Married and Single;" "Tribulation;" "Paul Pry;" (Comedies.) "T'would Puzzle a Conjuror;" "Twixt the Cup and the Lip;" "Gudgeons and Sharks"—(I find, appended to this piece, a note in my own hand-writing, which, as a specimen of brevity, united with extraordinary clearness and precision, I shall take leave to quote: "*Unequivocally damned, and withdrawn.*")—"Iodgings for Single Gentlemen," &c. (Farces.)

At Drury-Lane (in addition to those above-mentioned), "Simpson and Co." and "The Wealthy Widow," (who died of Kenney's excellent "Spring and Autumn,")—(Comedies)—"Past and Present," a drama, which owed even its short-lived success to the masterly acting of Mr. Farren; and "Deaf as a Post," "My Wife! What Wife?" and "Turning the Tables,"* (Farces.)—After this astounding display,

"I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe awhile."

* * * * *

You ask me for "a note or two respecting the origin of the Comedy of 'Paul Pry.'" It has ever appeared to me that the only allowable occasion for an Author to speak of his own productions, is in a preface, or advertisement; to his works, *when printed*; but since—This reminds me of a story.

In a small Dutch town, the inhabitants of which were not remarkable for wisdom, it happened, once upon a time, that they caught a deserter. It was late at night—the event was unexpected and uncommon—it was one of paramount importance—unfortunately, the chief authority of the place was absent,—one false step in the proceedings might involve the well-being of Holland!—what course were they to adopt? At length, it was determined that the Notables of the place should be assembled. After sitting in deliberation throughout the greater part of the night, they resolved that, till the return of the Burgomaster, who alone was competent to deal with him, the deserter should be put into prison. Pity it was that a decree so wise, the result of such long and anxious debate, should have been rendered abortive, and the assembly thrown into fresh perplexity, by a circumstance so trivial as altogether to have escaped their consideration—there was no such thing as a prison in the town!

Now, according to my own theory, the information you desire ought to appear nowhere but in a preface to the printed work; but since the piece in question (as well as some others in the marvellous list I have given you) has not been, nor is it likely to be, printed—since, in short, we have no prison in the town—What are we to do? I will not pretend to be ignorant of your intention: these "Notes" will be handed over, along with the others, to the Compiler of the Memoir, with instructions to speak of me as "unquestionably the first dramatist of the Age." Well; let him; I am to be the hero of the New Monthly for all March; a month's pre-eminence is soon

* To say nothing of the excellent acting, individually, of every performer engaged—from Mrs. Orger, Mr. Liston, and Mr. Cooper, in the principal characters, to Miss Faucit, (a young lady of very considerable promise, in one of minor importance;—the performance of this trifle presents one of the most perfect specimens of what the French term *ensemble*, (a quality which constitutes the principal charm of theatrical representation, but of which we have no word equally expressive,) that has, of late years, been witnessed on the English stage. And I am glad to seize the first opportunity that has been presented to me, to make this acknowledgment.

Perhaps you are not aware that you possess a first cousin to Jack Humphries, (which is, I believe, an original character,) in the person of the witty Jack Richards—["Preparations for Pleasure," N. M. M. Oct. 1829,]—who, although he appeared the first in public, is Mr. Humphries' junior by six years.

over; my reign will terminate on the *First of April!* What a consummation! However, while it lasts let me enjoy it: so, if you sincerely desire that I should hold the station for even one little hour of that little month, let not the slightest allusion be made to Colman, or Morton, or Kenney. Pray insist strongly upon this point, or I won't answer for the consequences. They are my *Masters*, Mr. Colburn: and though this is a fact well known to all the town, perhaps nobody is so thoroughly convinced of it as I am. If you would truly judge of a man's strength; try a fall with him.

And now for the "Notes."—The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested by the following anecdote, related to me several years ago, by a beloved friend. An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she, at length, acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was, for several days, confined to her bed. Unable to observe, in person, what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation: she became careless in her reports—impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. "Betty, what *are* you thinking about! don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?"—"The first-floor lodger, Ma'am."—"Betty!—Betty!—I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54!"—"Why, Lord! Ma'am, it is only the baker, with pies."—"Pies, Betty! what *can* they want with pies at 54? they had pies yesterday!"—Of this very point I have availed myself.—Let me add that Paul Pry was never intended as *the representative of any one individual*, but a class. Like the melancholy of Jaques, he is "compounded of many *Simples*;" and I *could* mention five or six who were unconscious contributors to the character. That it should have been so often, though erroneously, supposed to have been drawn after some particular person, is, perhaps, complimentary to the general truth of the delineation.

With respect to the play, generally, I may say that it is original: it is original in structure, plot, character and dialogue—such as they are. The only imitation I am aware of is to be found in part of the business in which Mrs. Subtle is engaged:—whilst writing those scenes I had strongly in my recollection *Lé Vieux Célibataire*. But even the little I have adopted is considerably altered and modified by the necessity of adapting it to the exigencies of a different plot.

It is not for me (even in this confidential letter) to say to what causes I attribute the popularity of the play; but one of them unquestionably is that it contains a character of which almost every person who has seen it imagines he knows the prototype. Its success, on its first production, was *greatly assisted* by the admirable manner in which its principal parts were played, by Mrs. Glover, Madame Vestris, Mr. Liston, my friend Farren, and that staunch disciple of the good old school, Mr. Pope.

It is time I should conclude. And now, seriously, very seriously—*if you are resolved to praise me, I would rather it should be, not for what I have done, but for what I have abstained from doing.* I have

never, in any of the trifles I have produced, sought for assistance from scenery, dresses, decorations, or music, or any other adventitious aid. My attempts having been chiefly at character and dialogue, I, certainly, have required to be seconded by intelligent actors; and rarely, indeed, in that respect, have I been disappointed. I do not pretend to have rendered the Drama better than I found it, but, I trust, I have not left it worse. Above all—I HAVE NEVER COMMITTED A MELODRAMA.

There; I have done. My Memoirs are to be published! My effigy is to *adorn* the New Monthly! After that, what more can this world afford?—Let me die!

Till then, believe me, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

JOHN POOLE.

Windsor, Feb. 1831.

MAUREEN.

I.

THE cottage is here as of old[!] I remember,
The pathway is worn as it always hath been;
On the turf-piled hearth there still lives a bright ember;—
But where is Maureen?

II.

The same pleasant prospect still lieth before me,—
The river—the mountain—the valley of green,
And Heaven itself (a bright blessing!) is o'er me;—
But where is Maureen!

III.

Lost! Lost!—Like a dream that hath come and departed,
(Ah, why are the loved and the lost ever seen!)
She has fallen—hath flown, with a lover false-hearted;
So, mourn for Maureen!

IV.

And she who so loved her is slain—(the poor mother!)
Struck dead in a day by a shadow unseen,
And the home we once loved is the home of another,
And lost is Maureen!

V.

Sweet Shannon, a moment by thee let me ponder,
A moment look back at the things that have been,
Then, away to the world where the ruin'd ones wander,
To seek for Maureen!

VI.

Pale peasant,—perhaps, 'neath the frown of high Heaven,
She roams the dark deserts of sorrow unseen,
Unpitied,—unknown; but I—I shall know even
The *ghost* of Maureen!

DOCTOR PARR.

Six or seven years ago, the beautiful little town of Shipston-upon-Stour, in the county of Worcester, was plunged into great affliction by the accidental discovery that the bones of a departed apothecary had been removed from the picturesque churchyard one dark November night, by an ignorant resurrectionist. Amidst the general dismay, there were not wanting *some* who considered the probable anatomization of the Doctor as retaliation due for cutting up their grandmothers, uncles, and other respected relatives. The stolen skeleton swings to this day above the head of a distinguished lecturer, and continues to illustrate in death the science which the former owner followed in his life.

A similar event has just taken place in Edinburgh, a city which has acquired an unfortunate celebrity in the doings of death and dissection. No less a person than the late Dr. Parr has been exhumed, and dealt with according to custom, by those celebrated anatomists, Drs. Christopher North and James Hogg. They have delivered a lecture upon him, wherein they have declared his brain to have been little better than *fungus*; his heart not over and above sound; his organs of speech very defective; his eye without a spark of fire; and his whole person without the smallest degree of elegance. Amidst the many who very much disapprove of these things, there are *some* dull people who rejoice that he whom they dreaded before he was buried, he who so often cut up other people and their sayings, should suffer this *post mortem* affliction.

Poor dear Dr. Parr! little did I think, when I sat in "that large square room at Hatton," listening to thy various discourse, that it would ever come to this! Yet, when I try to look back on those days with sentimental reverence, some absurdity or other is sure to intermingle with my recollections of one who resembled no one that ever existed before him, and will be resembled by no one who ever lives after him.

The first time that I ever beheld the Doctor was in the street of the particularly lively town of Warwick. He was on horseback, still the same high prelatical person that he had been at Harrow, though many years older than when he rode on the black saddle; and certainly he made a strange appearance. His wig and hat were "of the olden time;" the plan of his coat designed before the Civil Wars. Before him, at a proper distance, rode a man-servant, as old as the coat. Men, women, and children, gazed and gaped with wonder; and the chance visitors from Leamington Spa opened their eyes to a distressing wideness. Apparently unconscious of all this, (*only* apparently,) on he rode in priestly state, turned the corner of the street, and was lost to the aching sight.

But ten days after that, a blessed opportunity presented itself of making a seventh in a hired barouche, from Copp's, with a party who knew Dr. Parr, and who were going to hear him preach. We arrived at the church at Hatton after the service had commenced, and I was heartily ashamed both of the clangour of our infernal barouche, and of the horrid disturbance we seven made, as we skulked up the middle of the church into a pew close under the very wig which I had seen at Warwick. Dr. Parr cared not for these inter-

ruptions, and was not displeased to see such an influx of friends, nearly all the seven being well known to him. I always make a point of behaving well at church and chapel, but I found it no easy matter at Hatton. During the lessons, I conducted myself respectably; I even managed to stand up and face the congregation at proper times in other parts of the service, though sorely tried by various odd occurrences; but when the village singers began their customary contention with the organ, (for the Doctor's direction, God bless him! was, that they should only sing the works of the best composers,) I must confess that the combination of distracted sounds, and the astonishing muscular exertion of three girls, two boys, two grown men, and one a little older than the rest, in a blue coat and red waistcoat, so far exceeded any thing that I had ever heard, read of, or imagined, that, after a vain struggle, I was fairly compelled to sit down and laugh like an idiot to the very end of the hallelujah. To my dying day shall I remember how benignantly the Doctor, "pleased he knew not why, and cared not wherefore," looked towards the organ-loft, his arm leaning on the reading-desk "thus," and his whole expression saying, as plain as it could say, "Does not this show how village talent may be improved by a fostering hand?"

The Doctor read the lessons with wonderful energy, now and then making the venerable dust fly from out the leaves of the sacred book upon the head of the clerk below, who was not allowed to get much "sweet sleep" in the church at Hatton; for besides this dusting, and the usual duty of saying "Amen," his faculties were continually kept awake by the quick and unexpected calls upon him either to speak or to hold his tongue, in consequence of the service not being read "right on." For instance, when the Doctor had read the first collect for the morning service, he informed the congregation that he had "got a bad cold, and should therefore read the epistle and gospel in that place:" which done, all, the clerk included, seemed to think we should jog smoothly on to the "Creed following," and so finish; but the Doctor flew from the Gospel to the *second* Collect, and the panting clerk toiled after him, almost in vain.

I believe I should have ventured* to laugh at these odd doings, but I observed that the Doctor's eyes were rather too frequently upon me. Whether it was that the circumstance of my being a stranger to him caused it, or that the Doctor, himself addicted to drollery, saw that I was inwardly disposed to be merry, or that there was any thing confoundedly odd in my appearance, I cannot say, but assuredly those keen grey eyes kept me in good order during the greatest part of the prayers and sermon. The anatomists in Blackwood's Magazine are pleased to sneer at my departed friend for believing that his eye was piercing and powerful: they would represent it as dull, lustreless, and not likely to frighten any body. The truth is, it was a keen and penetrating eye enough, and I have seen it awe vulgar and impertinent people very much like schoolboys. They have fallen foul of the features of his face, too, which they denominate coarse and plebeian. Dr. Parr was not a beauty, most assuredly; but why should Mr. North or Mr. Hogg, both of whom are remarkably handsome men, expect that men of learning are to be moulded into the forms of poets, who have nothing to do but to drink inspiration from the sun? Was there ever a good Grecian that was really handsome? Do grammars and lexicons

beautify the outward man? Happy was Dr. Parr; happier than North, happier than Hogg, inasmuch as he had *not* the "fatal gift of beauty," which, by making him run after by fair admirers, would perchance have exaggerated his eccentricities into madness. From that peril of Mr. Hogg's "Three Perils of Man," Dr. Parr was free. But those who have sat in security by the Doctor's side, he the while smoking after dinner, and listening to some after-dinner orator on the west side of the table, what time the evening sun threw its declining rays on the great scholar's countenance, must have remarked the shrewdness, the clearness, the searching sharpness of his profile. Heaven forbid that I should ever laugh at him, now that he is gone! but, talking of the expression of his face, and of his own opinion of it, if I thought proper to tell a good anecdote about it, I could make his critic in the North laugh much more loudly and longly than Dr. Parr ever did at the excellent jokes of Mr. Bobus Smith. But I do not wish to make him merry, and would rather awaken him to a late repentance.

No sooner was the sermon over,—preached with great animation and power, the Doctor sometimes sitting down, sometimes standing up—and whilst I was yet looking about at the painted windows and the people, some one took hold of my hand, and I found the good-natured face of Dr. Parr close to mine. He spoke to me, and to the whole seven of us at once, quickly and kindly, insisting on our going to his house to dinner. In a few minutes the Doctor was on his horse, and we, the said seven, surrounding him like an Irish mob, paraded with him across that open field which leads from the church to what was then his dwelling; he talking away upon his high horse, and laughing like a prince, and still dwelling on the subject of dinner. I pointed to the great size of our party, but all would not do, and that was the first of many pleasant days which I spent at Hatton.

After all that has been said and written about Dr. Parr, I am conceited enough to think that very few people, except myself, really understood him. Little do they know, who dwell so truculently on his foibles, on his lisp, on his dress, on his walk, on the play of his little hands, how kind and simple a heart there was beneath all that. I say this with a full knowledge of his inconsistencies, of his furious words and looks, and all the terrors of his tongue and pen; and more, more than that—but who shall pretend to judge of man, of any man or woman, who cannot make allowance for the boundless range of inconsistency that prevails in many of the wisest and the best? Funeral orations, memoirs, and the common character given by those who loved or hated, present us with all the good or all the bad of those who are lauded or reviled. Those who look into the everlasting varieties of their own breast, must know and feel, that all such things fall far short of being, in any case, a record of the thoughts and feelings of the living and changeful man.

Most people, I apprehend, are dangerous at some period or other of the four-and-twenty hours. Some are very savage before breakfast; others not to be trifled with about the hour of luncheon; many become ferocious when they are disposed to be drowsy; and very few people are amiable half an hour before dinner-time. On the other hand, we have all our softer hours, when those to whom our smiles or frowns are of any consequence, may approach without the fear of being bitten.

I must do Dr. Parr the justice to say, that no man ever exhibited more exemplary patience before dinner than he did. It used to be my delight to go early, that I might see him before the arrival of the rest of the company. He often expressed a wish that I would go in the *morning*, and spend some hours in his library; but I was really rather afraid of that experiment, and somewhat doubted how I might come off if fairly put to my learning; so I generally entered the little gate at Hatton about the hour when the hospitable scholar was dressing for his party, and waited for him in the small room on the left, amidst the portraits of his friends, many of the best and most learned men of a time now passed away. Soon would the Doctor make his appearance, and cordial was the old man's welcome, and magnificent his wig, as he himself indeed would remark, and splendid his velvet coat, and graceful his scarf in the silken loops thereof, and dazzling his canonical apron, and very gorgeous his buckles. It was his good fortune, when I knew him, to have for a wife one of the most amiable and sensible of her sex. How things would have gone on in the house if he had been a bachelor, I cannot well imagine. As it was, we seldom waited long for dinner; and, at all events, the time was always too agreeably spent to seem long.

Of those whom I have seen arranged about his ample table, the number since dead is great indeed. Very few years have elapsed, and of those who talked of the pomp of Johnson, of the good humour of Lord North, of the genius of Burke, of the sternness of Pitt, of the loveable nature of Charles Fox,—not one remains! They were of another age, and their talk was not of this. We sat amidst the books of one who was prepared to leave them; nay, the books were tied up in parcels or lots, as it was understood, for disposal after his death; and his very plate was marked with the names of those for whom the separate articles were intended. Meantime, the business of eating was not neglected. The Doctor's cook had merit, and justice was not withheld from it. Many a joke, too, and many a laugh was there, to facilitate digestion; and the Doctor's deep and prolonged chuckle was heard from time to time in the intervals of his hospitable attentions. Who says that a man has not a right to be whimsical in his own house? Dr. Parr did not sit at the bottom of his table, but took up an excellent position midway between both ends of it, a situation which possesses many advantages. To sit next the lady of the house may be honourable, and to sit at the bottom of the table may ensure the young and diffident for listeners to very old observations; but no point can be selected so perfectly commanding a choice of viands, and a freedom from labour, as that equidistant from both lady and *vice*. The latter office always devolved upon the Doctor's medical friends, if any were at table; not for their particular usefulness there, but by way of distinction: they are all bad carvers, though sometimes pleasant men; but Dr. Parr loved them all, and liked nothing better than to tell them about Aretæus, and Sydenham, and Mead, and Hoffmann, and Dr. Lawrence, with whom, I believe, his medical reading had stopped. He was certainly a little fond of that innocent plugging which shy people detest. Some strange man, perhaps, sat opposite to you—for surely never were such odd people collected as were sometimes brought together in that room. Poor John Bartlam,—who that knew John Bartlam can hear his name without some kind emotion?—

used to call a dinner at the Doctor's, Heaven forgive him! the feast of Pentecost,)—you asked the strange man, who seemed to be deaf and dumb, to drink wine with you; straightway he of the deaf and dumb seized the bottle nearest to him, and the Doctor called to him aloud not to touch or taste it. *That* wine was only for the *ladies*, and for one or two whom he chose to favour, among whom dumbly did not happen to be. Then he would give that particular wine some pet name, tie a ribbon round the neck of the decanter, and so forth. People of indifferent temper used to look very black at this; but such proud spirits should retire to caves and deserts; they are evidently unfit for mixed society.

Then, when the cloth was drawn, and the dessert arranged, and all that “hurly-burly done,” and the diurnal pipe, and the tobacco, and the salt, and the wax taper, placed before the Doctor, it certainly gave him pleasure to select the prettiest, and the shyest, and the youngest lady in the room to *light his pipe*. Many a lady, who would have had a heart to stand, like Darwin's Eliza—

“O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight,”

has trembled in the execution of that office. Bless the Doctor! how good-humouredly cruel he looked on such occasions—surely, his grey eyes did not *then* want expression. When the young lady had, with trembling hand, illumined that pipe, which oft inspired so many eloquent words, how pleasant it was to observe the good man's smile, and to hear him, as he shook hands with the poor frightened thing, assure her that when she wished to be married, if she would only come to his church, he would be her friend. I have heard of ladies refusing to light his pipe—nay, refusing his proffered hand, after he feared he had given them pain. These belonged to an unfortunate class of young ladies, who think what they call *spirit* is becoming to a woman. Few of them, I imagine, were afterwards married at Hatton.

If Dr. Parr *had* a fault—mind, I do not say that he had—it was that of never talking any thing but nonsense when ladies were present. The ladies, with some reason, took this in great dudgeon; and many of them went so far as to hate him with all their hearts and souls. This was a strange mistake of the Doctor's, it must be confessed; and, perhaps, nothing tended so much to limit his influence in society. It was really provoking, after delighting the men for two hours in the dining-room with his rich and varied conversation, with the stores of his capacious memory, and the results of his profound and extensive observation, to hear him, as soon as he reached the drawing-room, *set-to* and talk all manner of frivolous trash to “amuse the ladies,” whom it did not amuse at all. He delighted, too, in hazarding opinions not over favourable to the sex in general, and was not always free from the fault of putting their delicacy to the blush. In their society I have heard him utter some of those humiliating *repartees*, which, as they enforced no particular truth, and gave deep and irremediable offence, would have been thrown away even on the bold and wicked of our own sex, and when mercilessly retorted upon ladies, placed the Doctor in the most unfavourable point of view possible. This habit, which, it is well known, he could exercise in a *beimendous* way on greater occasions, was in him singularly con-

trasted with as much occasional patience as I ever witnessed in any man, when, as sometimes it happened, the pert, the flippant, and the most hopelessly asinine of interlocutors, half "pot-valiant," would hazard an interruption, or a flat contradiction of him. All this seemed to me to be occasioned by some erroneous notions of gallantry and sprightliness acquired in his early youth, when, being neither rich, nor handsome, nor witty, it is probable that he found himself not much courted by the young ladies of Harrow. Certain it is, that thoroughly acquainted as he seemed to be with the character of men, of that of women he had no conception.

Few of those ladies who met him in society, or visited him at Hatton, could be persuaded to believe, that he who indulged *them* only with the most worthless fragments of his mind, could discourse after the manner of the gods among those of his own sex. Being myself of a pleasant temper, and a most excellent listener, I have enjoyed, in my time, no small share of other people's talk; and I can conscientiously say that I never yet met with a man whose words were more appropriate and expressive, or whose conversation was more rich and varied than that of Dr. Parr. The best time to hear it was when he was tranquillized by his pipe. With what charming ease would he draw away his hearers from the things before them to the great things and great men of times past! how felicitous were his transitions "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" how vividly did he bring before the hearer the forms of those with whom his learning and eloquence had made him acquainted in the course of a long life! And all this in language which was not measured and pedantic, but flowing and forcible without effort, and elegant without affectation.

It was on some occasions my good fortune to pass a whole evening alone with the Doctor, when there was no one present whom he wished either to flatter or to frighten, and when he had to light his pipe himself. Great was my delight to see him renew it, showing thereby that he was not tired of his company. Then would he "take his ease" on the sofa, or on two chairs, and with half-closed eyes, utter, from time to time, what were, I feel profoundly convinced, the real sentiments of his inmost soul. Although I cherish the memory of these things, I cannot pretend to convey to others any idea of the fervour with which he spoke on his favourite subject, the boundless benevolence of the Deity; or with what truly Christian liberality he alluded to the dissensions which deform religion; or with what pleasure he contemplated the amazing movement visible in men's minds for some years before his death; or with what unaffected calmness he spoke of his approaching departure from this world—adding, perhaps, in his peculiar way, some strange observation about the order of his funeral, and his desire to be honoured with a dumb peal from the bells of his own church. The last time that I was alone with him was about a month before his death, and I well remember many of his expressions on that day, which showed that age and reflection had softened down all his asperities, and that he strove, at least, to be in peace with all men.

I promised, when his carriage (the very carriage and four in which he loved to ride,) came for him, that I would be at Hatton on his birthday, three weeks from that time; but when the birthday came,

Truth.

he was on his death-bed. The chamber of death is a sacred place ; but I well know that those who were about him in his hours of wandering thoughts and pain were consoled and affected by the words of the dying philosopher,—words which showed that in those awful hours, when the tumult and vanity of the world had passed away, “all within was pure and holy.”

What then shall we say? Had he never been violent, tyrannical, unjust? It cannot be denied. Are these things to be reconciled with the disposition in which I have described him? Let the reader ask his own heart, let him ask his own life, if his actions and his thoughts are not sometimes equally opposed to each other. Parr was observed, conspicuous, a mark for the malice of many whom he had too carelessly offended ; and all his faults, even the faults of his fire-side, were brought out into the glare of day. He wore them “on his sleeve, for daws to peck at.” They were visible to all, and many looked, could look, no deeper. But beneath the oddity of his habits and manners, and beneath the little vanity which, like his other faults, expatiated at large, in consequence of some infirmity of judgment, there was a perpetual aspiration after better things, and a desire to promote the happiness of all mankind.

He is gone to his grave. He is gone to his account, where the records of the will are not forgotten. Let not the rude breath of political enmity disturb his ashes. To rake his honour in the dust can never be the settled wish of such a gifted, and so benign, and so exquisitely moral a person as Christopher North. Rather would that benevolent old critic, at any time save when waiting for dinner or supper, say, as I say, “let his faults be buried with him, and the remembrance of his good qualities alone survive.” C.

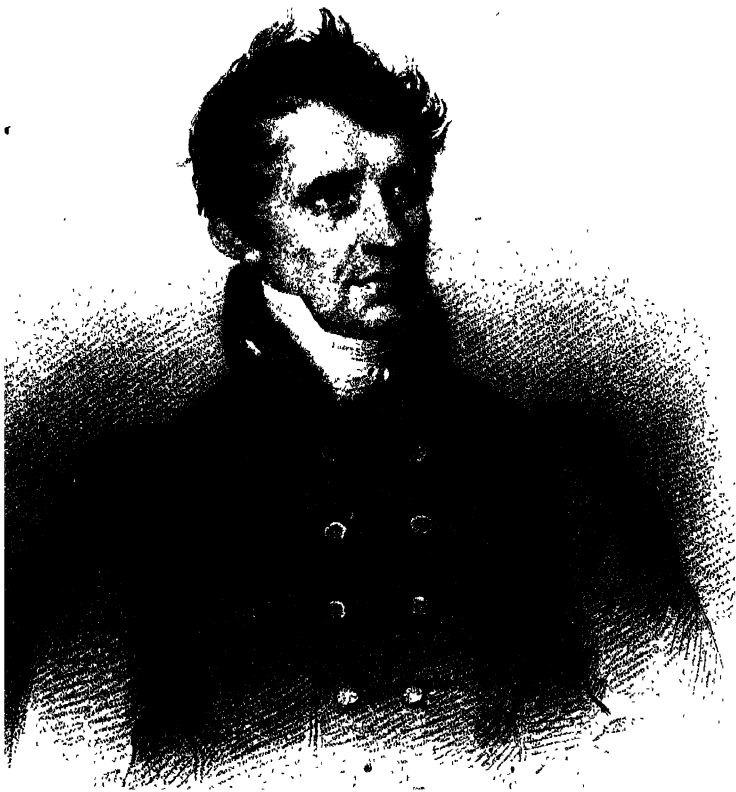
TRUTH.

FRIEND, Truth is best of all. It is the bed
Where Virtue e'er must spring, till blast of doom,
Where every bright and ludding thought is bled,
Where Hope doth gain its strength, and Love its bloom

As white as Chastity is single Truth,
Like Wisdom calm, like Honour without end ;
And Love doth lean on it, in age and youth,
And Courage is twice arm'd with Truth its friend.

Oh ! who would face the blame of just men's eyes,
And bear the fame of falsehood all his days,
And wear out scorned life with useless lies,
Which still the shifting, quivering look betrays ?

What is Hope, if Truth be not its stay ?
And what were Love, if Truth forsook it quite ?
And what were all the Sky,—if Falsehood gray
Behind it like a Dream of Darkness lay,
Ready to quench its stars in endless, endless night ?



THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPY"

Completed by Chapman G.

Wagner

James Fenimore Cooper

London. Published by the New Monthly Mag. by George Colver. 2nd 1841

A LETTER TO DOCTOR SOUTHEY, &c. &c.

POET LAUREATE,

RESPECTING A REMARKABLE POEM BY A MECHANIC.

SIR:—You remember that when Demetrius besieged Rhodes, Protagenes employed himself in the tranquil occupation of finishing a picture. The conquerors expressed their wonder at his indifference. “Demetrius,” said the great artist, in reply, “Demetrius makes war against the Rhodians, not against the Arts.” To you, I need not dwell upon the beauty of that answer, the spirit of which is at once so delicate and so noble; it is in accordance with that spirit that I venture now to address you. I can imagine no codes of political principles more adverse to each other than those which we severally profess; if we met upon the public arena, I should have conceived that no strife could be more deadly, were I not instantly reminded, in recalling your name, of the inequality of the combatants, and therefore of the speedy termination of the combat. But there is one spot in the various and jarring world of opinion upon which all men can meet in brotherhood and peace—the spot which, though with different powers and success, they have mutually cultivated, and “over which (you, above all men, will forgive me for recurring to language unjustly forgotten) there floateth a certain soft and divine tranquillity—an air of stillness and deep love.” In that spot, *verum secretumque mouσιον*, it may be permitted, even to the undistinguished disciple, to hold a short and friendly parley with him

—————“Who framed

Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.”

Happier—nor, surely, less wise, than they who did not forget in Elysium their past contentions in the world—we may lose for a little while, in the remote and golden regions of poesy, the remembrance of the strife, the turmoil, the suspicion, and the rancour, which, in the low-thoughted and angry world, make, from the opinions most susceptible of change, the animosities least capable of conciliation. In this charmed and serene spot, let us imagine with the Carian that war comes not to the Arts; it is an illusion, it is true—for in no direction has human enmity more delighted to extend itself—but it is an illusion that we *can* convert into truth when we will, for the power to do so depends upon our own hearts—“ubi charitas ibi humilitas—ubi humilitas ibi pax.”

I have read, Sir, with great pleasure, the volume you have lately given to the world, “The Lives of Uneducated Poets;” you have therein expressed a doubt, scarce seriously perhaps, whether, indeed, the “March of Intellect,” bannered by tracts on hydrostatics, with steam-carriages for its cavalry, and the Mechanics’ Institute for its camp, will allow persons of lowly rank to cultivate gardens so lovely as those of poetry—but you imagine the Utilitarians will add, also, so needless. Your friends in the Quarterly Review have answered this doubt, not exactly in the manner I should have done, but much the same as to matter. I think, for my own part, that the more the mind of a man, whether prince or peasant, is stored with just and true images, the more likely he is to write well, whether in prose or verse.

To the sound, strong, masculine sense of Burns, the value of knowledge, even as an aid to the poetical powers, seemed inestimable; and

it is no small or transitory honour to the name of that great man, that he was among the first, if not the very first, to set the example of superintending the formation of a parish subscription-library, which, I learn from Mr. Lockhart's Biography of the Poet, is at present almost universal in the rural districts of southern Scotland. And I now presume to call your attention to a poem, that you will allow, I think, to possess merits of a very remarkable order, which has been written in the very focus and hotbed of this formidable March of Intellect—which has been published at Sheffield, by order of the Sheffield Mechanics' Anti-bread-tax Society—which, I believe, was composed by a common mechanic, and which bears a title, I must confess, not a little unpromising and unpoetical—

“ CORN-LAW RHYMES.”

“ THE RANTER : ”

Sheffield : Printed for the Author, by Platt and Todd, Haymarket.

You will allow, Sir, that in prefacing my quotations from the poem by so frank an avowal of its name and bearings, I have avoided all artifice to entrap your admiration. I am quite willing that you should turn to the lines with a feeling of reluctance and distaste. The author of criticisms, which for intuition into real beauty—for grace, strength, and accurate perception, are, perhaps, unequalled in our language, must at heart be a generous and candid man. To be a great critic, it requires even, perhaps, nobler qualities than to be a great poet. If, therefore, you admire the lines, you will not let their beauty be effaced by the principles of the author. Some foolish writer, speaking of Heber's modesty after his success in the prize poem of “ Palestine,” said, “ that in the medalist, he forgot not the man.” I feel that you, in judging of “ The Ranter,” will not, in the Radical, condemn the poet.

The poem is short, and simple of subject ; it begins thus—

“ THE RANTER.

“ Miles Gordon sleeps ; his six days' labour done,
He dreams of Sunday, verdant fields, and prayer :
Oh, rise, blest morn, unclouded ! let thy sun
Shine on the artisan ! thy purest air
Breathe on the bread-tax'd labourer's deep despair !
Poor sons of toil ! I grudge them not the breeze
That plays with Sabbath flowers, the clouds that play
With Sabbath winds, the hum of Sabbath bees,
The Sabbath walk, the skylark's Sabbath lay,
The silent sunshine of the Sabbath-day.”

I beg to call your attention especially to the beautiful repetition of the word Sabbath. I scarcely remember any instance in which that art of reiteration, which you yourself have employed with great effect, has been used with a happier or more appropriate success. In that serene and holy word, so emphatical of rest, there must indeed be an attraction, beyond all other sounds, to those who for six days eat the bread of labour and “ weary care.” How forcibly, in the reiteration of the sound, is expressed the yearning for the quiet and repose that it conveys. What wonder that the mechanic is loth

to dismiss the spell of so many beloved and gentle associations; that he recurs to it again and again; that even the flowers and the clouds, and the winds and the bees, and the field-wanderings, and the song of the lark—even the common sunshine, are all to his mind coupled with the thought of the Sabbath, on which only they are enjoyed—that no other adjective occurs to him—that the one idea cannot come, nor call its brother to come also.

Miles Gordon, the hero of this poem, is supposed to be a field-preacher; he rises betimes on the Sunday-morn to attend his flock; the widow with whom he lodges, and whose “orphaned five” the poor and rugged pastor “helps to feed,” wakes her son Edmund to accompany the preacher to the mountain, the scene around which is minutely and glowingly described. The Discourse is then given, and makes the staple of this bold and singular poem. A yet more sombre and deep effect is given to the words from the physical state of the preacher, in whom, pale and worn, the audience feel they are listening to one “who speaks his last.” The tone of this wild sermon varies perpetually; it is sometimes soft, rich, kindly, but more frequently dark, menacing, and stern; a vein of fierce and coarse, but never vulgar sarcasm, wanders through the whole, and makes, at times, some of the most effective parts of the poem.

I begin with a quotation from the gentler portion—

“ God blames not him who toils six days in seven,
Where smoke and dust bedim the golden day,
If he delight, beneath the dome, of heaven,
To hear the winds, and see the clouds at play,
Or climb his hills, amid their flowers to pray.
Ask ye, if I, of Wesley’s followers one,
Abjure the house where Wesleyans bend the knee?
I do—because the *spirit* thence is gone;
And truth, and faith, and grace, are not, with me,
The Hundred Popes of England’s Jesuitry.
We hate not the religion of bare walls;
We scorn not the *cathedral*’d pomp of prayer;
For sweet are all our Father’s festivals,
If contrite hearts the heavenly banquet share,
In field or temple: God is everywhere!”

The extraordinary energy of the following lines, the beauty and skill visible in the phraseology, debased indeed with one harsh and ungraceful epithet, though it has its strength—“parson-hated,” require no comment.

“ Oh, for a Saint like those who sought and found,
For conscience’ sake, sad homes beyond the main,
The Fathers of New England, who unbound,
In wild Columbia, Europe’s double chain;
The men whose dust cries, ‘Sparta, live again!’
The slander’d Calvinists of Charles’s time
Fought, and they won it, Freedom’s holy fight.
Like prophet-bards, although they hated rhyme,
All incorruptible as heaven’s own light,
Spoke each devoted preacher for the right.

No servile doctrines, such as power approves,
 They to the poor and broken-hearted taught ;
 With truths, that tyrants dread, and conscience loves,
 They wing'd and barb'd the arrows of their thought ;
 Sin in high places was the mark they sought,
 They said not, ' Man, be circumspect, and thrive !
 Be mean, base, slavish, bloody—and prevail !'
 Nor doth the deity they worship'd drive
 His four in hand, applaud a smutty tale,
 Send Members to the House, and us to jail.
 With zeal they preach'd, with reverence they were heard ;
 For in their daring creed, sublime, sincere,
 Danger was found, that parson-hated word ;
 They flattered none—they knew nor hate nor fear,
 But taught the will of God, and *did it* here.
 Even as the fire-wing'd thunder rends the cloud,
 Their spoken lightnings, dazzling all the land,
 Abash'd the foreheads of the great and proud.
 Still'd faction's roar, as by a God's command,
 And meeken'd Cromw. ll of the iron-hand."

We have met, Sir, with many arguments in the course of our lives, for and against free trade ; it is very likely that you may not be able to convince me on this subject, but I think I am about to delight you, and to show you with what eloquence and power poetry can clothe a cause adopted by a mechanic's society, and more than all others the darling and pet object of this wearisome march of intellect.

“ Argument for free Exchange in Trade.

“ Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky !
 Lo, all is interchange and harmony !
 Where is the gorgeous pomp, which, yester morn,
 Curtain'd yon orb, with amber fold on fold ?
 Behold it in the blue of Rivelin, borne
 To feed th' all-feeding seas ! the molten gold
 Is flowing pale in Loxley's crystal cold,
 To kindle into beauty tree and flower,
 And wake to verdant life, hill, vale, and plain ;
 Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power :—
 But should the clouds, the streams, the winds, disdain
 Harmonious intercourse, nor dew, nor rain
 Would forest-crown the mountains : airless day
 Would blast, on Kinderscout, the heathy glow ;
 No purple green would meeken into grey
 O'er Don at eve ; no sound of river's flow
 Disturb the sepulchre of all below.”

Again, hark—

“ The Fruit of Commerce in redeeming the World from War.

“ Sublime events are rushing to their birth ;
 Lo, tyrants by their victims are withstood !
 And Freedom's seed still grows, though steep'd in blood !

When by our Father's voice the skies are riven,
That, like the winnow'd chaff, disease may fly ;
And seas are shaken by the breath of heaven,
Lest in their depths the living spirit die ;
Man views the scene with aw'd but grateful eye,
And trembling feels, could God abuse his power,
Nor man, nor nature, would endure an hour.
But there is mercy in his seeming wrath ;
It smites to save, not, tyrant like, to slay ;
And storms have beauty, as the lily hath :
Grand are the clouds, that, mirror'd on the bay,
Roll like the shadows of lost worlds away,
When bursts through broken gloom the startled light ;
Grand are the waves, that, like that broken gloom,
Are smitten into splendour by his might ;
And glorious is the storm's tremendous boom,
Although it walleth o'er a watery tomb,
And is a dreadful ode on ocean's drown'd.
Despond not, then, ye plunder'd sons of trade !
Hope's wounded wing shall yet disdain the ground,
And Commerce, while the powers of evil fade,
Shout o'er all seas, All lands for me were made :
Her's are the Apostles destined to go forth
Upon the wings of mighty winds, and preach
Christ Crucified ! To her the South and North
Look through their tempests ; and her lore shall reach
Their farthest ice, if life be there to teach.
Yes, world-reforming Commerce ! one by one
Thou vanquishest earth's tyrants ; and the hour
Cometh, when all shall fall before thee—gone
Their splendour, fall'n their trophies, lost their power !
Then o'er th' enfranchis'd nations wilt thou shower
Like dewdrops from the pinions of the dove,
Plenty and peace ; and never more on thee
Shall bondage wait ; but, as the thoughts of love,
Free shalt thou fly, unchainable and free ;
And men, thenceforth, shall call thee Liberty."

The following tender yet august admonition, you, Sir, can feel and echo. The poor field-preacher can enjoin the keeping holy of the seventh day, not with less dignity than the saint in lawn, or the arch-saint in crape ;—no, nor with less depth and earnestness of truth,—in that he has felt (how much more than they !) the necessity and the blessing of that respite from the labour and anxiety of the "working-day world."

" Farewell, my friends !—we part no more to meet
As trampled worms ; but we shall meet again
At God's right hand, and our Redeemer's feet ;
And oft ! and oft ! meantime, your solemn strain
Shall roll from Shirecliffe's side, o'er vale and plain.

Oh, keep the seventh day holy wheresoe'er
 Ye be, poor sons of toil ! sell not to those
 Who sold your freedom, sell not for a sneer
 Your day of rest ; but worship God, where glows
 The flame-tipp'd spire, or blooms the wild wood rose."

My-task is nearly over—I proceed to the last extracts.

" He ceas'd—but still, while young and old retired,
 Beneath the autumnal tree, and concave blue,
 Stood, like the statue of a man inspir'd ;
 And many an eye turn'd fondly back, to view
 His face, more saint-like than e'er pencil drew.
 Then gush'd his tears. He cast a lingering look
 On farthest moors—dear scenes, remember'd well !
 And thought of that lone church, and verdant nook,
 Where sleeps his mother, in the Alpine dell ;
 ' I am alone,' he said—and sigh'd Farewell !

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

But shall they lay thy bones, oh, desert-born,
 Where no wild bird hears infant rivers flow ?
 Oh not beneath that cloud, which night would scorn :
 Not in vile earth where flowers refuse to grow
 And Vanity in sables mimics woe ;
 Not in yon rank churchyard, where buried lie
 Tyrant and slave, polluting still the air ;
 But where the rude heath hears the plover cry,
 And swings the chainless cloud o'er summits bare ;
 There shouldst thou rest, thy heart was ever there !
 There shouldst thou rest, beneath the mountain wind.
 Far from the pauper's grave, the despot's door ;
 Though few would seek thy home, and fewer find
 The brief inscription on the pathless moor :—
 ' Here lies the preacher of the plunder'd poor.' "

And now, I think, you will admit that I am borne out in the praises with which I have prefaced this poem. I do not know whether the author be young or old ; if the former, I must unaffectedly add, that, to my judgment, he has given such a promise as few men, even in this age—an age wronged and unappreciated—would be capable of performing. The poem was shown to me by Dr. Bowring, a man who, whatever be our different opinions of his political creed, has ever taken a deep and lively interest in the lowlier tribes of mankind, and who, in his zeal for their moral amelioration, has given, I opine, a yet happier impetus to that ardour of mind, and that disdain of petty obstacles, which have contributed to render him the most accomplished and remarkable of the " masters of many tongues."

More than I have stated of the author I know not, nor despite my admiration have sought to know ; and my reason is this : it seems to me a grave and serious responsibility that we take upon ourselves whenever we personally cheer on any man, not rich enough to disregard the golden

chances of success, to the vocation of a poet. We are too apt to encourage whatsoever conduces to our pleasure, without a sufficiently accurate foresight of the pain we may entail on our benefactor. From literature, it is true, spring our purest and most lasting enjoyments; but I fear there is little joy in *the life* of a man of letters. Perhaps, Sir, could we profit by your confessions, you who, compared with others, have been eminently fortunate—you who, remote from the *strepitum Romæ*, and not disgusted, like so many of your brethren, of domestic seclusion by household wants, have, in the most beautiful scenes of Nature, cultivated a genius so nobly successful both in verse and prose—who, even from the midst of political enmities and literary jealousy, have gone forth into glory with a character unscathed and a temper unembittered:—even you, were you closely questioned, might admit a doubt whether your honours had not been dearly purchased, and whether the laurel ever fully atones by its chaplets for the poison that is distilled from its leaves. With what heart, then, while the happiness of authorship is at best so doubtful, can we decoy the poor mechanic from the secret and occasional raptures with which his genius consoles his labour, into the anxiety and the care, the precarious fame, and certain distresses of the poet by profession? I dare not do it—I would not attempt it, even if I were well able to advance him on that hazardous career. This pamphlet—the utmost price of which, I suppose (for it is not marked in the page), can scarcely be sixpence—has come before me as a critic, and in that capacity I have ventured to recommend it to you,—you whom, while learning has softened to indulgence, a bright genius has lighted to sound judgment—there ceases my task.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
With great respect,
Your obedient servant,

* * * * *

March 19, 1831.

THE BRIGHT SUMMER-TIME.

WE met in a region of gladness,
We met in the beautiful bowers,
Where the wanderer loses his sadness,
Mid blossoms, and sunbeams, and flowers
Around us, sweet voices were breathing
The songs of a far distant clime;
Above us, in garlands were wreathing
The buds of the bright Summer-time!

That vision of fairy-land never
Can fade from my heart or my sight—
It casts on my pathway for ever
Its sparkles of magical light:
I still hear the harp's joyous measure,
Still scent the faint bloom of the lime;
Oh! years cannot banish one pleasure
I felt in the bright Summer-time!

M. A.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT
IN ILL HEALTH, NO. IV.*

CONVERSATION THE FOURTH.—*Continued.*

“ OH God! what a difference throughout the whole of this various and teeming earth a single DEATH can effect! Sky, sun, air, the eloquent waters, the inspiring mountain-tops, the murmuring and glossy wood, the very

‘ Glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower,’

do these hold over us an eternal spell? Are they as a part and property of an unvarying course of nature? Have they aught which is unfailling, steady—*same* in its effect? Alas! their attraction is the creature of an accident. One gap, invisible to all but ourself in the crowd and turmoil of the world, and every thing is changed. In a single hour, the whole process of thought, the whole ebb and flow of emotion, may be revulsed for the rest of an existence. Nothing can ever seem to us as it did: it is a blow upon the fine mechanism by which we think, and move, and have our being—the pendulum vibrates aright no more—the dial hath no account with time—the process goes on, but it knows no symmetry or order;—it was a single stroke that marred it, but the harmony is gone for ever!

“ And yet I often think that that shock which jarred on the mental, renders yet softer the moral nature. A death that is connected with love unites us by a thousand remembrances to all who have mourned: it builds a bridge between the young and the old; it gives them in common the most touching of human sympathies; it steals from nature its glory and its exhilaration, not its tenderness. And what, perhaps, is better than all, to mourn deeply for the death of another, loosens from ourself the petty desire for, and the animal adherence to, life. We have gained the end of the philosopher, and view, without shrinking, the coffin and the pall.

“ For a year my mind did not return to its former pursuits: my scholastic ambition was checked at once. Hitherto I had said, ‘ If I gain honours, *she* will know it:’ *now*, that object was no more. I could not even bear the sight of books: my thoughts had all curdled into torpor—a melancholy listlessness filled and oppressed me—the *truditor dies die*—the day chasing day without end or profit—the cloud after cloud over the barren plain—the breath after breath across the unmoved mirror—these were the sole types and images of my life. I had been expected by my friends to attain some of the highest of academical rewards; you may imagine that I deceived their expectations. I left the University and hastened to London. I was just of age. I found myself courted, and I plunged eagerly into society. The experiment was perilous; but in my case it answered. I left myself no time for thought: gambling, intrigue, dissipation, these are the occupations of polished society; they are great resources to a wealthy mourner. The ‘man’ stirred again within me; the weakness of my repinings gradually melted away beneath the

* Although this series of papers has been erroneously attributed to two or three known writers, the real author is determined to remain unknown.

daily trifles of life; perpetual footsteps, though the footsteps of idlers, wore the inscription from the stone. I said to my heart, 'Why mourn when mourning is but vanity, and to regret is only to be weak; let me turn to what life has left, let me struggle to enjoy.'

"Whoever long plays a part, ends by making it natural to him. At first I was ill at ease in feigning attention to frivolities; by degrees frivolities grew into importance. Society, like the stage, gives rewards intoxicating in proportion as they are immediate: the man who has but to appear behind the lamps of the orchestra to be applauded, must find all other species of fame distant and insipid; so with society. The wit and the gallant can seldom covet praise, which, if more lasting, is less *present* than that which they command by a word and a glance. And having once tasted the *éclat* of social power, they cannot resist the struggle to preserve it. This, then, grew my case, and it did me good, though it has done others evil. Life again presented to me an object; and, in a little time, I was yet more riveted to the world we live in, by, not a love, but, in the phrase of the day, a *liaison*. I shall pass over this part of my memoirs very briefly; for I wish to come to what, as yet, I have but slightly touched on, my *literary* history. This was the result of circumstance, not design: the lady was a star in the great world, *avante*, handsome, warm-hearted, yet not unselfish. It lasted about six months, and then snapped for ever! And now the London season was over: summer was upon us in all its later prodigality. I was no longer mournful, but I was wearied. Ambition, as I lived with the world, again dawned upon me. I said, when I saw the distinction mediocrity had acquired, 'Why content myself with satirizing the claim?—why not struggle against the claimant?' In a word, I again thirsted for knowledge and coveted its power. Now comes the main history of the *Student*;—but I have fatigued you enough for the present.

CONVERSATION THE FIFTH.

"It was observed by Descartes," said L——, (as we renewed, a day or two after our last conversation, the theme we had then begun,) "that in order to improve the mind, we ought less to learn than to contemplate.' In this sentence lies the use of retirement. There are certain moments when study is peculiarly grateful to us: but in no season are we so likely to profit by it, as when we have taken a breathing-time from the noise and hubbub of the world when the world has wearied us. Behold me, then, within a long day's journey from London, in a beautiful country, an old house, and a library collected with great labour by one of my forefathers, and augmented in more modern works at the easy cost of expense, by myself.

"The first branch of letters to which I directed my application was moral philosophy; and the first book I seized upon was Helvetius. I know no work so fascinating to a young thinker as the 'Discours de l'Esprit': the variety, the anecdote, the illustration, the graceful criticism, the solemn adjuration, the brilliant point that characterise the work, and render it so attractive, not as a treatise only, but a composition, would alone make that writer delightful to many who mistake the end of his system, and are incapable of judging its wis-

dom in parts; and, in spite of one metaphysical error, its admirable utility as a code of morals."

A. You think so highly, then, of Helvetius? His merits are not merely a scholastic question of letters. Though not extensively popular in himself, Helvetius must be considered the great apostle of a philosophy, ably advocated in England, and every day increasing in its disciples.

L. Let us, then, pause a moment upon this writer. His metaphysical error is in supposing all men born with the same capacity; in resolving all effects of character and genius to education. For, in the first place, the weight of proof being thrown upon him, he does not prove the fact; and, secondly, if he did prove it, neither we nor his system would be a whit the better for it: for the utmost human and possible care in education cannot make all men alike;* and whether a care above humanity could do so, is, I apprehend, of very little consequence in the eyes of practical and sensible beings. Yet even this dogma has been beneficial, if not true: for the dispute it occasioned, obliged men to examine, and to allow the wonders that education can effect, and the general features in common which a common mode of education can bestow upon a people;—grand truths, to which the human race will owe all that is feasible in its progress towards amelioration! But, passing from this point, and steering from the metaphysical to the more plainly moral portion of his school, let us see whether he has given to that most mystical word *VIRTUE* its true solution. We all know the poetical and indistinct meanings with which the lofty soul of Plato, and the imitative jargon of his followers, clothed the word—a symmetry, a harmony, a beautiful abstraction, invariable, incomprehensible—-that is the Platonic virtue. Then comes the hard and shrewd refining away of the worldly school. "What is virtue here," say they, "is vice at our antipodes: the laws of morals are arbitrary and uncertain—

‘Imposteur a la Mecque, et prophete à Médine;†

there is no permanent and immutable rule of good; virtue is but a dream." Helvetius is the first who has not invented, but rendered popular, this great, this useful, this all-satisfying interpretation, "Virtue is the habitude of directing our actions to the public good; the love of virtue is but the desire of the general happiness; virtuous actions are those which contribute to that happiness." In this clear and beautiful explanation all contradictions are solved: actions may be approved in one country, condemned in another, yet this interpretation will remain unchanged in its truth. What may be for the public good in China, may not be so in the Hebrides; yet, so long as we consult the public good wheresoever we are thrown, our intentions are virtuous. We have thus, in every clime, one star always before us; and, without recurring to the dreams

* For chance being included in Helvetius's idea of education, and, indeed, according to him (Essay iii. Chap. i.) "making the greatest share of it," it is evident that we must agree in what he himself almost immediately afterwards says, viz.—"That no persons being placed exactly in the same circumstances, no person can receive exactly the same education"—*ad est*, no persons can be exactly the same—the question then is reduced to a mere scholastic dispute. As long as both parties agree that no persons can be made exactly the same, it matters very little from what quarter comes the impossibility.

† Voltaire, Mahomet, Let. i.

of Plato, we are not driven, by apparent inconsistencies, to find virtue itself a dream. "The face of Truth is not less fair and beautiful for all the counterfeit visors which have been put upon her."*

A. And it is from this explanation of the end of virtue that Bentham has deduced his definition of the end of government. Both tend to the public good; or, in yet broader terms, the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It is a matter worthy of much pondering, to think that the end of virtue and the end of good government can only have the same explanation.

L. Yes; and hence a surpassing merit in Helvetius!—more than any reasoner before him: he united public virtues with private. Though so excellent so exemplary himself, in the minor charities and graces of life, he forbore, like egotistical preachers, to dwell upon them: they are less important to mankind than the great principles of public conduct—principles which rule states and enlighten them. It was a noble truth at that time, the father of how much that is inestimable now, to proclaim, "that, in order to perfectionize our moral state, legislators had two methods: the first, to unite private interests to the general interest; the other, to advance the progress and diffusion of intellect." This is a maxim the people should wear in their hearts.

A. Yes; before Helvetius, moralists were in league with the ills that are: they preached to man to amend himself, not to amend his laws, without which all amelioration is partial. To what use would it be, to tell the modern Greeks not to lie? Give them a code, in which to lie would be to sin against self-interest.

L. The form of government gives its tone to popular opinion. It is in proportion as popular opinion honours or neglects a virtue, that that virtue is popularly followed. In commercial countries wealth is respectability; in despotic countries flattery is considered wisdom: the passions lead men to action, and the passions are excited according to the reward proposed to them. These are grave and weighty truths: we are to thank Helvetius if they are now known.

A. And passing from his morals, how fine are his critical remarks—how acute his knowledge of the world—how delicate his appreciation of the noble and the just!

L. For instance, what a perfect example of a refined idea (viz. an idea, the naturalness and beauty of which requires some attention to discover) he selects from Molière. Harpagon suspects his valet of having robbed him, and not finding any thing in his pocket, says, "Give me what thou hast stolen—*without searching!*" (Rends moi, sans te fouiller, ce que tu m'as volé.)

A. And in a previous chapter, how beautiful an illustration has he gleaned from the Oriental fables, in order to show the grace with which the imagination may invest a sentiment. A happy lover, by the following allegory, attributes to his mistress, and to his love for her, the qualities admired in himself:—

"I was one day in the bath; an odoriferous piece of earth passed from the hand of one I loved into my own. 'Art thou,' said I to it, 'art thou musk—art thou amber?' 'Nay,' it replied, 'I am but a

piece of the common earth; but I have come in contact with the rose; her fragrance embued me; without her I should still be but a piece of the common earth!"

L. I wish, indeed, that these sparkling and beautiful ornaments that so thickly, even to redundancy, bestrew his works, would induce readers who shun a dry book on morals, to enter upon his. No work can be more useful* to Englishmen at this moment: no work contains clearer elucidations of those truths for which they are now daily contending: no work would more serve to ennoble our national character—to lift us from the sordid and low desires of our bartering and huckstering spirit of pounds and pence—lift us to a comprehension of the objects of a true glory:—no work, in a word, can more tend to exalt our little, domestic, higgling, narrow virtues, into a lofty and generous code.

A. And yet this writer is supposed by the shallow sentimentalists and canting *Scottists* of the hour, to be of a school that debases and degrades.

L. Because he has taken men from their own delusions, and taught them, that in order to avoid a deluge, it is better to learn honesty than to erect a Babel.

A. But I have diverted you from the thread of your narrative. To what new studies did your regard for Helvetius direct you?

L. It did not immediately lead to new studies, but gave a more solid direction to those I had formerly indulged. I had, as I mentioned, been before addicted to abstract speculation; but it was of a dreamy and wild cast. I now sought to establish philosophy on the basis of common sense. I recommenced, then, a stern and resolute course of metaphysical study, giving, indeed, a slighter attention to the subtleties which usually occupy the student, than to the broader principles on which the spirit of human conduct and our daily actions do secretly depend. Moral philosophy is the grandest of all sciences: metaphysics, abstracted from moral philosophy, is at once the most pedantic and the most frivolous. *Hominem delirum qui verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera.* Slowly and reluctantly did I turn from the consideration of motives to that of actions—from morals to history. Volney has said, in his excellent lectures, that the proper state of mind for the examination of history, is that in which we "hold the judgment in suspense." This truth is evident; yet they who allow the doctrine when couched in the above phrase, might demur if the phrase were a little altered; and, instead of a suspension of judgment, we spoke of a *state of doubt*. It is true! in this state, a state of "investigating doubt," history *should* be studied. In doubt, all the faculties of the mind are aroused—we sift, we weigh, we examine—every page is a trial to the energies of the understanding. But confidence is sleepy and inert. If we make up our minds beforehand to believe all we are about to read, the lecture glides down the memory without awakening one thought by the way. We may be stored with dates and legends; we may be able to conclude our periods by a fable about Rome; but we do not feel that we have reasoned as well

* And this persuasion must be my apology for detailing at such length criticisms which must appear to many readers not a little tedious.

as read. Our minds may be fuller, but our intellects are not sharper than they were before; we have studied, but not investigated:—to what use investigation to those who are already persuaded? There is the same difference between the advantage of history to him who weighs, because he mistrusts, and to him who discriminates nothing, because he believes all, as there is between the value of a commonplace book and a philosophical treatise. The first may be more full of facts than the latter, but the latter is facts turned to use. It is this state of rational doubt which a metaphysical course of study naturally induces. It is, therefore, *after* the investigation of morals, that we should turn to history. Nor is this all the advantage which we derive from the previous study of morals. History were, indeed, an old almanack to him who knows neither what is right, what wrong; where governments have been wise, where erroneous. History, regarded in the light of political utility, is, to quote Volney again, “a vast collection of moral and social experiments, which mankind make involuntarily and very expensively on themselves.” But we must know the principles of the science before we can apply the experiments.

A. And yet, while the real uses of history are philosophical, a mere narrator of facts is often far better than a philosophical historian.

L. Because it is better to reflect ourselves than to suffer others to reflect for us. A philosopher has a system; he views things according to his theory; he is unavoidably partial; and, like Lucian's painter, he paints his one-eyed princes in profile.

A. It is especially in our language that the philosophical historians have been most dangerous. No man can give us history through a falser medium than Hume and Gibbon have done.

L. And this not only from the inaccuracy of their facts, but their general way of viewing facts. Hume tells the history of a faction, and Gibbon the history of oligarchies—the people, the people, are altogether omitted by both. The fact is, neither of them had seen enough of the mass of men to feel that history should be something more than a chronicle of dynasties, however wisely chronicled it be: they are fastidious and graceful scholars; their natural leanings are towards the privileged elegancies of life: eternally sketching human nature, they give us, perhaps, a skeleton tolerably accurate—it is the flesh and blood they are unable to accomplish: their sympathies are for the courtly—their minds were not robust enough to feel sympathies with the undiademmed and unlaurelled tribes: each most pretends to what he most wants—Hume, with his smooth affectation of candour, is never candid—and Gibbon, perpetually philosophizing, is never philosophical.

A. Tacitus and Polybius are not easily equalled.

L. And why? Because both Tacitus and Polybius had seen the world in more turbulent periods than our historians have done; the knowledge of their kind was not lightly printed, but deeply and fearfully furrowed, as it were, upon their hearts; their shrewd, yet dark wisdom, was the fruit of a terrible experience. Gibbon boasts of the benefit he derived for his History from being a captain in the militia: it was from no such holiday service that Polybius acquired *his* method of painting wars. As the Megalopolitan passed through his stormy

and bold career; as he learned rough lessons in the camp, and imbued himself with the cold sagacity which the diplomatic intrigues he shared both required and taught, he was slowly hoarding that mass of observation, that wonderful intuition into the true spirit of facts, that power of seeing at a glance the improbable, and through its clouds and darkness seizing at once upon the truth, which characterise the fragments of his great history, and elevate, what in other hands would have been, but a collection of military bulletins, into so inestimable a manual for the statesman and the civilian. And when we glance over the life of the far greater Roman, we see no less palpably how much the wisdom of the closet was won by the stern nature of those fields of action in which he who had witnessed the reign of a Domitian was cast. When we grow chained to his page by the gloomy intenseness of his colourings—when crime after crime, in all the living blackness of those fearful days, arises before us—when in his grasping apothegms the fierce secrets of kings lie bared before us—when in every sentence we shudder at a record—in every character we mark a portent, yet a mirror of the times, we feel at once how necessary to that force and fidelity must have been the severity and darkness of his experience. Through action, toil, public danger, and public honours, he sought his road to philosophy,* a road beset with rapine and slaughter; every slave that fell grav'd in his heart a warning, every horror he experienced animated and armed his genius. Saturate with the spirit of his age, his page has made it incarnate for posterity—actual, vivified, consummate, and entire. If, indeed, it be dread and ghastly, it is the dread and ghastliness of an unnatural life. Time has not touched it with a charnel touch. The magician has preserved the race in their size and posture, motionless, breathless: in all else, unchanged as in life.

A. It is a great loss to our language that Bolingbroke never fulfilled what seems to have been the intention of his life and the expectation of his friends—viz. the purpose so often alluded to in his Letters, of writing a History.

L. Yes; from all he has left us, he seems to have been pre-eminently qualified for the task: his thoughts so just, yet so noble; his penetration into men so keen; his discernment of true virtue so exact!

A. He gave, certainly, its loftiest shape to the doctrine of Utility, and is the real father of that doctrine in England.†

L. Returning from these criticisms on historians to the effect which History produces, I cannot but think that its general effect tends rather to harden the heart against mankind. Its experience, so long, so consistent, so unvarying, seems a silent and irresistible accuser of the human species. Men have taken the greatest care to preserve their most unanswerable vilifier. All forms of government, however hostile to each other, are alike in one effect—the general baseness of the governed. What differs the boasted Greece from the contemned Persia?—the former produces some hundred names which the latter

* It is a great proof of the wisdom the world had taught him, that though he differed with Pliny on all political and public views, the difference never impaired their private friendship.

† The Utilitarians have quite overlooked their obligations to Lord Bolingbroke:—they do not seem to be aware with what a life and majesty he transferred their doctrine from morals to politics.

cannot equal. True! But what are a few atoms culled from the sea-sands?—what a few great men to the happiness of the herd? Are not the Greek writers, the Greek sages, more than all others, full of contempt for the mass around them?—the fraud, the ingratitude, the violence, the meanness, the misery of their fellow-beings—do not these make the favourite subject of ancient satire and ancient declamation? And even among their great men, how few on whose merits History can at once decide!—how few unsullied, even by the condemnation of their own time. Plutarch says that the good citizens of Athens were the best men the world ever produced; but that her bad citizens were unparalleled for their atrocities, their impiety, their perfidy. Let us look over even the good citizens Plutarch would select, and, judging them by the rules of their age, how much have the charitable still left to forgive! Were I to select a personation of the Genius of Athens, I would choose Themistocles; a great warrior and a wise man, resolute in adversity, accomplished in expedients, consummate in address. Reverse the portrait: he begins his career by the most unbridled excesses; he turns from them, it is said—to what?—to the grossest flattery of the multitude: the people he adulates at first, he continues to rule, by deceiving; he has recourse to the tricks and arts of superstition to serve the designs and frauds of ambition.* He governs professedly as a quack.† He thinks first of destroying his allies, and, baffled in that, contents himself with plundering them. Not naturally covetous, he yet betrays his host (Timocreon, the Rhodian) for money. Vain, as well as rapacious, he lavishes in ostentation what he gains by meanness. Lastly—“linking one virtue with a thousand crimes”—he completes his own character, and consummates the illustration he affords of the spirit of his country, by preserving to the last (in spite of his hollow promises of aid to the Barbarian, in spite of his resentment) his love to his native city—a passion that did not prevent error, nor baseness, nor crime, exerted in her cause—but prevented all hostility against her. The most selfish, the most crafty, the most heartless of men, destroyed himself, rather than injure Greece.

A. Leaving his life a proof that patriotism is a contracted and unphilosophical feeling; it embraces but a segment of morals. Philanthropy is the only consistent species of public love. A patriot may be honest in one thing, yet a knave in all else—a philanthropist sees and seizes the *whole* of virtue.

L. And it is by philanthropy, perhaps, (a modern affection,) that we may yet add a more pleasing supplement to the histories of the past. This hope can alone correct the feeling of despair for human amendment, which history otherwise produces: we can, alas! only counteract the

* When he was chosen admiral by the Athenians, he put off all affairs public and private, to the day that he was about to embark, in order that he might appear, in having a great deal of business to transact, with a greater dignity and importance (Plutarch). It is quite clear that all the business thus deferred, must have been very badly done, and thus a trick to preserve power was nobler and better in his eyes than a care for the public advantage.

† As an evidence how little the wisdom of the chiefs had descended to the deliberations of the people, viz.—how little the majority profited by their form of Government—we find that when an Athenian orator argued a certain point too closely with Themistocles—the people stoned him, and the women stoned his wife. So much for free discussion among the ancients.

influence of past facts by recurring to the dreams of enthusiasts for the future; by clinging to some one or other of those dreams; and by a hope that, if just, is at least unfounded by any example in gone ages: that by the increase of knowledge, men will *approach* to that political perfection, which does not depend alone on the triumphs of art, or the advance of sciences—which does not depend alone on palaces, and streets, and temples, and a few sounding and solemn names, but which shall be felt by the common herd, viz. by the *majority* of the people: felt by them in improved comfort; in enlightened minds; in consistent virtues; in effects; we must add, which no causes have hitherto produced. For why study the mysteries of Legislation and Government? Why ransack the past, and extend our foresight to distant ages? if our skill can only improve, as hitherto it has only improved, the condition of oligarchies; if it can only give the purple and the palace to the few—if it must leave in every state the degraded many to toil, to sweat, to consume the day in a harsh and sterile conflict with circumstance for a bare subsistence; their faculties dormant; their energies stifled in the cradle; strangers to all that ennobles, refines; exalts, if at every effort to rise, they are encountered by a law, and every enterprise darkens with them into a crime; if, when we cast our eyes among the vast plains of life, we see but one universal arena of labour, bounded on all sides by the gibbet, the hulks, the wheel, the prison; all ignorance, prejudice, bloodshed, sin;—if this state is to endure for ever on earth, why struggle for a freedom which a few only can enjoy—for an enlightenment, which can but call forth a few luminous sparks from an atmosphere of gloom: for a political prosperity which props a throne, and gives steeds to a triumphal car, and animates the winged words of eloquence, or the golden tomes of verse, or the lofty speculation of science—and yet leaves these glories and effects but as fractions that weigh not one moment against the incalculable sum of human miseries? Alas! if this be the eternal doom of mortality, let us close our books, let us shut the avenues to our minds and hearts, let us despise benevolence as a vanity, and speculation as a dream. Let us play the Teian with life, think only of the Rose and Vine, and since our most earnest endeavours can effect so little to others, let us not extend our hopes and our enjoyments beyond the small and safe circle of Self! No: man must either believe in the perfectibility of his species, or virtue and the love of others, are but a heated and objectless enthusiasm.

A. And this hope, whether false or true, gains ground daily.

L. I must own that until it broke upon me, I saw nothing in learning but despondency and gloom. As clouds across the Heaven, darkening the light, and fading one after the other into air, seemed the fleeting shadows which Philosophy had called forth between the Earth and Sun. If, day after day, in my solitary retreat, I pondered over the old aspirations of sages, with the various jargon with which, in pursuit of truth, they have disguised error, I felt that it was not to teach myself to be wise, but to learn to despair of wisdom. What a waste of our power—what a mockery of our schemes—seemed the fabrics they had erected—the Pythagorean unity, and the Heraclitan fire, to which that philosopher of woe, reduced the origin of all

things. And the "*Homoomeria*" and primitive "intelligence" of Anaxagoras; and the affinity and discord of Empedocles, and the atoms of Epicurus, and the bipart and pre-existent soul which was evoked by Plato: was there not something mournful in the wanderings and chimeras of these lofty natures?—fed as they were in caves and starry solitudes, and winged by that intense and august contemplation, which they of the antique world were alone able to endure. And when, by a sounder study, or a more fortunate train of conjecture, the erratic enterprise of their knowledge approached the truth—when Democritus, for a moment, and at intervals, eyes by a glimmering light the true courses of the Heavenly Host—or when Aristippus, amid the roseate and sparkling errors of his creed, yet catches a glimpse of the true doctrine of morals and the causes of human happiness,—or when the lofty Zeno and the sounder Epicurus, differing in the path, meet at length at the true goal—and then again start forth into delusion, their very approach to truth so momentary and partial, only mocks the more the nature of human wanderings,—“*caput ac fontem ignorant, divinant, ac delirant omnes.*”* Couple then the records of Philosophy with those of History; couple the fallacies of the wise with the sorrow and the sufferings of the herd, and how dark and mournful is our knowledge of the past, and therefore our prospects of the future! And how selfish does this sentiment render our ambition for the present! How vain seem the mighty struggle and small fruit of those around us! Look at this moment at the agitation and ferment of the world—with what pretence can they who believe that the past is the mirror of the future, lash themselves into interest for any cause or principle, save that immediately profitable to self! To them, if deeply and honestly acquainted with history and the progress of knowledge—to them how vain must seem the struggles and aspirations of the crowd! Why do the people imagine a vain thing? Why the hope and the strife of the rejoicing Gaul; or the slow murmur, that foretells irruption through the bright lands of Italy? Why should there be blood spilt in the Vistula? or why should the armed Belgian dispute for governments and Kings? Why agitate *ourselves* for a name—an ideal good? These orations, and parchments, and meetings, and threats, and prayers—this clamour for “reform,”—how miserable a delusion must it seem to him who believes that the *mass* of men must for ever be “the hewers of wood and diggers of water!” To them no change raises the level of existence; famine still urges on to labour—want still forbids knowledge. What matters whether this law be passed, or that fleet be launched, or that palace built, their condition is the same; the happiest concurrence of accident and wisdom brings *them* but a greater certainty of labour. A free state does not redeem them from toil, nor a despotism increase it. So long as the sun rises and sets, so long must their bread be won with travail, and their life “be rounded” with the temptation to crime. It seems, therefore, to me, impossible for a wise and well-learned man to feel *sincerely*, and without self-interest, for the public good, unless he believe that laws and increased knowledge will at length, however gradually,

* *Erasmi Colloquia; Hedonius et Spudæus.*

devise some method of raising the great multitude to a nearer equality of comfort and intelligence with the few; that human nature is capable of a degree of amelioration that it seems never hitherto to have reached; and that the amelioration will be felt from the surface to the depth of the great social waters, over which the spirit shall move. The Republics of old never effected this object. To expect it, society must be altered as well as legislation. It is for this reason that I feel glad with an ingenious and admirable writer,* that even theory is at work: I am glad that inquiry wanders, even to the fallacies of Owen, or the chimeras of St. Simon. Out of that inquiry good may yet come; and some future Bacon overturn the axioms of an old school, polluted, not redeemed, by every new disciple. To the man who finds it possible to entertain this hope, how different an aspect the world wears! Casting his glance forward, how wondrous a light rests upon the future! the farther he extends his vision, the brighter the light. Animated by a hope more sublime than wishes bounded to earth ever before inspired, he feels armed with the courage to oppose surrounding prejudice, and the warfare of hostile customs. No sectarian advantage, no petty benefit is before him; he sees but the regeneration of mankind. It is with this object that he links his ambition, that he unites his efforts and his name! From the disease, and the famine, and the toil around, his spirit bursts into prophecy, and dwells among future ages; even if in error, he luxuriates through life in the largest benevolence, and dies—if a visionary—the visionary of the grandest dream.†

THE LAMENT FOR SHUIL DONALD'S DAUGHTER.

IN old Shuil Donald's cottage there are many voices weeping,
 And stifled sobs, and murmurings of sorrow wild and vain,
 For the old man's cherish'd blessing on her bed of death lies sleeping,
 The sleep from which no human wish can rouse her soul again.
 Oh, dark are now those gentle eyes which shone beneath their lashes
 So full of laughter and of love—it seems but yesterday—
 Well may Shuil Donald mourn beside his earth's forsaken ashes,
 His lily of the valley is wither'd away!

The spring shall come to *other* hearts with breezes and with showers,
 But lonely winter still shall reign in old Shuil Donald's home;
 Strangers may raise the song of joy, and laugh away the hours,
 But *he*—oh! never more may joy to *his* lone dwelling come.
 Her name shall be an empty sound, in idle converse spoken,
 Forgotten shall she be by those who loudly mourn to-day—
 But there is one amongst them with his Highland spirit broken,
 His lily of the valley is wither'd away!

And *he*—long, long, at even-tide, when sunset rays are gleaming,
 That sad old man shall sit within his lonely cottage door,
 Desolate, desolate shall sit, and muse with idle dreaming
 On days when her returning step came quick across the moor.
 Oh! never more her quiet smile, her cheerful voice of greeting,
 Shall rouse to warmth his aged heart, when darkly sinks the day—
 Never, oh! never more on earth those loved ones may be meeting—
 His lily of the valley is wither'd away!

N.

* The Author of *Essays on the Publication of Opinion*, &c.

† To be continued.

SKETCHES OF THE SCOTTISH BAR, NO. I.

Mr. Jeffrey, Lord Advocate.

Most people have about as correct a notion of Jeffrey as the English had of Napoleon at the commencement of the present century. Not a few associate his name with the wide and somewhat ponderous fame of the Edinburgh Review, and conjure up to themselves the phantasm of a literary Atlas, not merely sustaining the universe, like him of old, but propelling it through time as a boy would chuck a law. Others, again, form their opinion by those sketches which smarting authors have drawn of an incubus who haunts their dreams,—sometimes in the form of a cold and senseless load,—sometimes as a merry, mocking, and malignant imp. Tories regard Jeffrey as nearly allied to him “we daurna name;” Whigs have a sneaking kindness for him, not unmingled with dread; Radicals hate him worse than the most intolerant of Ultras. It is easy to say that all these good people have a totally false idea of Jeffrey’s character; but it is by no means so easy to substitute a true one.

At the period of his starting in life, the Tory party had the ascendancy in Scotland to an extent that our English readers can scarcely conceive. The knot of leaders who managed affairs in Edinburgh have never been backward in wooing talent to their ranks. The legal profession is the only one that there affords scope for advancement, and the number of situations that can only be filled by members of the Bar renders it an easy matter for a dominant faction to reward its supporters. Yet with this prospect before him, and knowing the calumnies to which he exposed himself, he selected his party; and through good report and evil report, in hours of darkness and danger, has he adhered to it, until it has become (mainly through his own exertions) triumphant. Nor has he ever stooped to solicit the applause of the popular party by concealing that his principles did not go the full length of theirs. He has on all occasions avowed his opinions, as freely against the abuses of the Liberals, as the persecutions of the Tories. We do not here stop to inquire whether his principles be right or wrong,—we say he has adhered to them openly and fearlessly.

As a critic we are not inclined to rank Jeffrey very high. He began to write so early in life that great allowances must be made for his first criticisms. A young man, of a volatile and restless energy, trained in the school of a debating society, and unaccustomed to hear the literary dogmas of his professors arraigned, was ill-prepared to sit in judgment upon a nascent literature. He was like a monarch called upon to ascend the throne during the first ferment of a revolution. He had been duly trained in all the formulas of established criticism; still that he, at the period when man is most susceptible of enthusiasm and new impressions, should have ranked himself on the side of form and decorum as opposed to power and feeling, gave cause to suspect that his mind was not of the very highest order.

And so it has proved. He is deficient in originality, intensity, depth, and imagination. After reading all that he has given to the world, we rise with an impression that he has said much that is just, and more that is ingenious, but we do not recollect one new view of

man, art, or nature that he has suggested to us. His dissertations are always lively, his arguments felicitously and beautifully illustrated, but one never finds him fathom the depths of science. We feel that there is a want of power and continuity in his writing,—it is the production of a clever, not of a great man. In return, however, he lays a close and strong grasp upon every thing that bears upon active life. He has feeling enough to receive into his soul the mighty thoughts of loftier intellects. He has a memory that retains every thing, and a readiness and versatility ever prompt and able to make the most of what he has stored up in his mind.

It seems to us that we have been describing a man of talent, not of genius,—to use a distinction introduced by Coleridge; and to appreciate such a man aright we must study him in active life. But before we can pourtray Jeffrey to our readers in this his field of action, we must present to them a sketch of his outer man.

He is of low stature, but his figure is elegant and well-proportioned. This he seems to be aware of by the assiduity with which he takes care that his little personage shall always be set out to the best advantage: The continually varying expression of his countenance renders it impossible to say what his features are. They have baffled our best artists. The face is rather elongated, the chin deficient, the mouth well-formed, with a mingled expression of determination, sentiment, and arch mockery; the nose is slightly curved, the distance from the bridge to the eyebrow being disproportionately long. The brow never presents the same appearance for two moments consecutively; it is now smooth and unfurrowed, lofty and vaulted;—look again, and the skin is contracted upwards into a thousand parallel wrinkles, offering the semblance of a “forehead villainous low.” The eye is the most peculiar feature of the countenance; it is large and sparkling, but with a want of transparency that gives it the appearance of a heartless enigma. He has two tones in his voice; the one harsh and grating, the other rich and clear, though not powerful. His pronunciation is minced,—the naturalized defect of youthful affectation.

It will be farther necessary, before attempting to describe his public appearance, that we introduce our Southern readers to what has hitherto been the great theatre of his display. The Parliament House (the building in which the Supreme Court of Scotland holds its sittings,) must present rather an astonishing spectacle to one who sees it for the first time. You enter a long and lofty hall, dimly lighted by a row of dirty windows stretching along one side, and by one of larger dimensions at the end, the stained glass of which does its best to represent Justice, with her usual accompaniments of the sword and scales, standing upon a chimney-top with volumes of black smoke curling up around her. At the opposite end of the hall stands a colossal statue of white marble, elevated upon a pedestal more than six feet high. The whole area of the room is thronged with human beings, some in gowns and wigs, others in apparel of every cut and colour, tumbling over each other in that dim light, as close and frequent as mites in a cheese. The air is close and loaded with dust. An incessant tread and shuffling of feet is heard, mixed with the loud whispering of a thousand simultaneous voices. At brief intervals a

shrill voice raises itself in a harsh monotonous chaunt above this monotonous din, and then abruptly sinks to silence.

Venturing further, one finds himself absorbed as into a whirlpool, squeezed, elbowed, and driven from side to side after the most unceremonious fashion. Every man is intent upon his own business, and looks neither to the right nor to the left in his eagerness to push after it. By degrees, however, he learns to accommodate himself to the situation—to steady himself, by yielding to the pressure—to retain a fixed place by keeping up a constant wriggling, like a rooted weed stretching its lank length down a stream, quivering and coiling at each fresh gush of water. He is now enabled to remark, that the Judges, clad in robes of red and blue, are placed upon elevated benches in alcoves built into the wall; that behind each stands an attendant with a roll of causes in his hand—the individuals from whom proceed at intervals the shrill notes that astonished him on entering. Before the Judges, and rather lower, clerks are seated at each side of a table, with huge bales of papers between them,—one busily writing, while another, perhaps, sways his chair backwards upon one of its hind legs, and yawns. At the end of this table is a bar, at which the Advocates stand when they address the Bench. How their Lordships manage to hear, or whether they manage to decide without hearing—upon the principle that Justice ought to be deaf, as well as blind—Heaven knows. For the din of which we have already spoken, continues to rise around and above them. On further acquaintance, however, a stranger discovers that the motions, at least, of the Barristers, are more regular than he at first supposed. Two long streams are continually crossing each other, the whole length of the hall—in deep debate. The regularity of their coming and going, is only interrupted when one is summoned to attend to business; or when some busy brother, hopping from bar to bar, darts across them, followed by his breathless agent, pouring the last words of instruction into his listening ear.

This is what is called the Outer House. Here cases are prepared for decision, and first judgments pronounced, which, if not satisfactory to the parties, may be carried before the Judges, who sit in the Inner House, to be re-considered. These sit in two divisions, of equal power, to decide. The Jury has of late years been introduced into Scotland, as a mode of establishing facts, and frequently Jury trials are held on the same days that the Court of Session sits. The same Counsel is uniformly retained throughout all the stages of a case. Our readers, therefore, may form some slight notion of the distraction of a well-employed Scotch Advocate, when he reflects that he may have in one day some twenty causes on hand, at different stages of advancement—that he must be master of all the intricate details, facts, and legal views of each—and that he must occasionally pass from the Inner House to the Jury Court, and from either to the Outer House, threading his way through all its jostling and gabbling.

Here then was the scene of Jeffrey's power and glory. Ever quick, but never boisterous nor pushing, he wound his way like an eel, from one bar to another. If what he had to do was merely a matter of form, it was dispatched in as few words as possible; generally wound up, when circumstances admitted, with some biting jest.

If a cause were to be formally argued, his bundle of papers was unloosed, his glass applied to his eye, and his discourse began, without a moment's pause. He plunged at once into the *mare magnum* of the question, confident that his train of argument would arrange itself in lucid order almost without any exertion on his part. When once he had made himself master of a case and its bearings, he was always ready to debate it, even at a moment's warning, however heterogeneous the subject to which he had been tasking his faculties the moment before. This might be owing to a habit which he had in previous conversations with the party or his agent, to ply them with all the arguments that could be brought against them. Often have we known an honest countryman, perplexed by his objections, remonstrate with his attorney for having encouraged him to proceed with a hopeless case, or for having employed a pleader of so desponding a temperament; and immediately thereafter have we seen his honest face grow momentarily broader and broader, brighter and brighter, as Jeffrey, on stepping to the bar, proceeded to demonstrate his right in a train of the closest and most irrefragable reasoning. One instance of his retentive memory, and power of instantaneously passing from one subject to another, has just occurred to us. He had been addressing a Jury, after a tedious trial, in a long and argumentative speech. As he sat down, an attorney's clerk pulled him by the gown, and whispered in his ear, that a case in which he was retained, had just been called on in the Inner House. "Good God!" said Jeffrey, as they reached the landing-place, and were beginning to descend the stairs, "I have heard nothing of this matter for weeks, and that trial has driven it entirely out of my head;—what is it?" The lad, in no small trepidation, began to recount some of the leading facts, but no sooner had he mentioned the first, than Jeffrey exclaimed—"I know it," and ran over, with the most inconceivable rapidity, all the details, and every leading case that bore upon them. His speech on the occasion was one of the most powerful he ever delivered.

His delivery is not commanding—that his figure forbids—but it is fascinating. He rises, settles his gown about his shoulders, and commences in a low tone of voice. For the first two or three sentences, he seems beating about for ideas—words there are plenty. But he soon comes upon the track. With the side of his face turned towards the person or persons he is addressing, he fixes his serpent eye upon them, and holds them fast. At one time he leans forward and speaks in tones as harsh as the grating of an earthenware plate upon a revolving grindstone: again he stands erect, or even casts himself backward, and without any sensible motion of his lips, emits a continuous stream of most melodious voice. His train of reasoning is throughout close and consecutive, but frequently too fine drawn for vulgar apprehension. He seems not to be aware that the majority are contented to pick their way to a conclusion upon uncemented stepping-stones. Himself capable of seizing the most delicate *nuances* of thought, he forgets, by interposing links, too delicate for vulgar eyes, between the larger ones, he only calls the attention of his hearers to a fact they might otherwise have overlooked—that these grosser masses do not in reality unite. In addition to this, his fancy throws around every step of his ratiocination so many apt and beautiful illus-

trations, that we stop to gaze upon them, forgetting that our object lies before us, and ere we awake to recollection, the Speaker is so far before us, that we lose a portion of his argument. If it be allowable to borrow an illustration from painting, we may say that while one of Jeffrey's pieces is perfect as a whole, he bestows so much labour upon the details, that we are apt to regard it merely as a series of fragments. On the whole, therefore, he is by no means a convincing orator, when speaking at length: he is more apt to bewilder; to disarm opposition, by leaving his auditors in a state of uncertainty.

We have said that his oratory is not commanding. He nevertheless attempts at times to be impressive. We can scarcely conceive more absolute failures. It is the frog striving to swell itself to the size of the ox. Once, indeed, we remember an apostrophe, startling, nay, *commanding*, from its native dignity and moral courage. A Baronet, whose name we conceal—not from fear or any dislike to expose him—had brought an action in one of the Scottish courts, in which he showed in his anxiety to gain his point, the most reckless regard of all honourable or moral restraints. This person had sat in court unblushingly during a long exposure of his nefarious conduct; and Jeffrey, than whom no man has a nicer feeling of honour, had worked himself up to a pitch of towering indignation. He rose, and commenced in his usual subdued manner.—“My Lords. There is no person who entertains a higher respect for the English Aristocracy than I do; or who would feel more loth to say any thing that could hurt the feelings, or injure the reputation of any one individual member of that illustrious body; but after all that we have this day heard, I feel myself warranted in saying (here he turned round, faced the plaintiff, who was seated immediately behind him, and fixing upon him a cold firm look, proceeded in a low determined voice,) that Sir —— has clearly shown himself to be a notorious liar and a common swindler.” The whole audience was startled; but so justly had the rebuke been merited, that not a murmur of remonstrance was heard. The man who had carelessly borne the disclosure of his iniquity, quailed beneath the eye of the speaker, fidgeted in his seat for a few moments, then rose and left the court.

Jeffrey's removal from the bar to the senate has naturally excited considerable anxiety among his friends. It is late in life with him to begin a new career. The augury is, however, favourable on the whole. But he will never be a political leader—his disposition is too undecided. When a way is once chalked out, no difficulties can stop him; but he never can make up his mind upon any line of conduct; he defers to the opinion of others. Yet if he once gain confidence enough to take a share in the business of the House, he will be one of the most able and efficient members in it. Ever collected, and clear-headed, no strokes of policy will take him by surpris, or throw him off his guard. Accustomed to pay attention to forms, the insidious warfare carried on by their aid, will be of no avail against him. The intellect and fancy that shine in every thing that he says, will always secure him a hearing. His principles are liberal, his honour and integrity unquestioned.

THE LEGACY OF A LATE POET, NO. IV.

(Gathered from his Portfolio.)

THE BODY-SNATCHER.

" I look down at his feet—but that's a fable."

Poor Street-roamer ! Is she dead ?

Ay :—She hides her weary head

Safely in the ground at last ;

All her shame and grief are past :

Midnight curses cannot touch

Her whom once they wrung so much.

Let the watchman take his way,

Prisoning all who cannot pay ;

Let the rake and harlot brawl,

She is safe shut out from all,

With a coffin for a home,

No more famine-forced to roam !

Many a morning, many an eve,

Did she wander forth to grieve

In the cold and friendless air,

Leaving in her hut Despair

Couching in the corner bare :

There were—Want, who thins the cheek,

Anguish, who doth never speak,

Ruin, and the Ghosts of friends,

Madness, and——

—The story ends !

Ends ? Alas ! there's too much more

Ere the dark sad story's o'er :

Listen, whilst the tale we tell,

Like an old true chronicle.

. . . 'Twas on a wild, wet, gusty eve,

Whereon the very winds did grieve,

That last she went abroad, *and tried*

Her hunger in despair to hide ;

Slowly she dragged her limbs along,

Muttering a hoarse heart-broken song,

With no sweetness in 't, nor measure,

But telling tales of vanished pleasure,

Till a man (by God forgot !)

Met her in a deadly spot :

'Twas a dark and lonely lane

Where first he smiled upon her pain,

And bade her be of better cheer,

For that help (*his* help !) was near,

And thus he whisper'd in her ear :—

" Come on with me unto my home :

I'll show you where it lies ;

It is a pretty silent spot

All hid from human eyes :

A woman there might tell her pain,

And no one hear a groan again.

" What strange wish were you uttering, when

I broke upon you, there ?

What was 't ?"—Said she, " My soul was touched,

And spoke its grief in prayer ;

I prayed for—*death*, (a wicked word)"—

Quoth he, " Perhaps your prayer was heard :"

“ Nay, heard it *was*, and hoarded too,
For I was close by thee,
And never yet did mortal rue
Who ever trusted *me* ;
A bed, sound sleep, and pain forgot—
These aye have been the mourner's lot.

“ It is my trade—'tis my delight
To watch the weary roam,
And stop them on the stormy night,
And take them to my home ;
Whate'er their sin, whate'er their pain,
My comfort never comes in vain.”

Thus hand in hand they go along
Unto his house,—but hark !
The thunder growls, and spouting rains
Come down the flashing dark :
He cheers her (but he holds her fast)—
“ A little on, and all is past :

“ You need not fear though floods come down,
Nor shrink though thunders roar ;
When once you're safe at home with *me*,
They ne'er can hurt you more ;
I have a little quiet room,
Where you may sleep till crack of doom.”

So pass they o'er the threshold stone,
The bound of life and death ;
A curse—a cry—a muffled groan,
And the victim yields her breath :
Too weak to struggle—all is past ;—
The Roamer is at rest at last !

* . . * * *

Hang him high against the sky,
Lest the North-wind pass him by !
Let all the frosts to winter known
Strip him to the blanched bone,
Scorching suns and chilling rains,
Whilst he rattles in his chains !
Ghosts ! go screaming round his head !
Ghouls ! go watch about his bed ;
Do not let a worm be fed !
Let him *live*,—and writhe and shake,
Like Hell's ever-restless snake,
Through the heart and through the brain
Stung into eternal pain !—
—Yet, not so—not so, my soul !
There is still a goal—
Some calm final resting-place,
Where the *worst* may end his race.
None may do a deed so black
As shall earn the *eternal* rack—
Ceaseless, *never*-ending woe :
Pity, who doth watch below,
(Even below !) will by him pray
Till he cast his chains away,—
Till he lose both vice and pain,
And turn to gentle thoughts again !

THE ADVENTURES OF A REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born of parents in the lower class of life, honest, indeed, but not very well clothed. They lived at Paris, and amused themselves with working for their livelihood. This occupation admitted of a great deal of variety: sometimes it consisted in cleaning the shoes of loungers in the Champs Elysées; sometimes in selling apples on the Pont Neuf; sometimes in plying the journeyman to a barber, or the handmaid to a trafficker in fish; all trades, in short, furnished them with opportunities of displaying their accomplishments and industry. They were of a merry disposition, though increasing years and many eventful circumstances had contributed, at the period of my birth, to soberize with a thoughtful gravity the levities of their early youth. The birth, the unfortunate and stormy life, the melancholy catastrophe of an elder brother of mine, made a principal cause of this change in their natural disposition. Still, however, they were fond, but rationally fond, of pleasure. They went, at the close of their day's work, to the theatres; and, not content with seeing the play, they enjoyed also the pleasure of criticising it. Notwithstanding their ignorance of Greek, they knew something of the unities; and, despite of their humble origin, they were singularly capable of judging in what manner poets should paint kings and Cæsars, and actors should represent them. They loved, too, a dance occasionally; and, though not addicted to drunkenness, were partial to a song. But they varied these lighter pleasures with a taste for reading books of history and philosophy: nay, they were a little given to speculation themselves. They studied politics with an eye towards the future equality of man: though a very irascible couple, they thought nothing more charming than Rousseau's chimera of perpetual peace; a fine sentence touched them to the quick; and an antithetical maxim converted them from one dogma to another. Still they were a fine, reflective, high-spirited, and generous pair; and, perhaps, not to be excelled by any persons whatsoever in their own station of life.

There is an old obsolete law by which a landlord has a great interest in the property of his tenants: if they are unmindful, dull, or imbecile, he is enabled, by this law, to encroach on their little effects; and, if he succeeds in his first attempts, according to this law, it rarely happens that the poor tenants get any redress, unless a son should chance to be born to them during the process. Then, indeed, the son repossesses himself of whatsoever property the landlord may have obtained from his parents, and is very often entitled to considerable damages for the attempt. The name of the law by which the landlord acts, is the "Right of Strength;" that by which the son of the tenant acts, is the "Strength of Right." Now it so happened, that our landlord, Monsieur Charles Capet, had, for some time, looked with an unfavourable eye upon my poor parents: nor can it be denied but that they, in turn, regarded him with a certain suspicion. During the time of one of his predecessors, the two parties had undergone a very severe lawsuit on the grounds I have mentioned. But my elder brother, though not without a few good prin-

ciples, had led so irregular and criminal, and, I may add, foolish a life, that an early and violent death was the consequence of his excesses. This premature event deprived my parents of all the reparation they would otherwise have obtained. Nevertheless, the costs to their landlord had been immense; and the present proprietor looked back both at the principles and the effects of that protracted and calamitous lawsuit, with fear, indignation, and disgust. Yet, though within the bosom both of landlord and tenant, this soreness of reminiscence remained, each with national politeness sometimes forgot, and often concealed it. My father and mother greeted Monsieur Capet with great civility whenever they met him in public; and Monsieur Capet, who, with all his faults, was a remarkably fine gentleman, always returned their salutations with a bow of inimitable grace. There was an agent, an umpire, as it were, employed by my parent and Monsieur Capet, to adjust their respective claims. He was a man of sense and honesty; he gave up the rent which my father paid, and he demanded, in turn, the fulfilment of certain conditions in the lease, which landlords, in the hurry of polite life, are too often accustomed to forget. The name of this umpire was Monsieur Chambre des Députés. Our landlord had been a gay man in his youth; and, among the miscellaneous fruit of his amours, was supposed to be a certain priest, of the name of Polignac. Certainly, considering that Polignac was possessed of very mediocre ability, the power he had obtained over Monsieur Capet was something very remarkable, and tended to confirm the scandal, which made the priest the son of the landlord. Polignac had a great dislike to Chambre des Députés; he hated the whole of that family. We have an instinct by which we know when people dislike us: Chambre des Députés, therefore, perceiving the rancour of Polignac, resented it to the best of his ability. Whenever there is a quarrel (my remark is new and deep) between a man's favourites and his agents of business, his affairs are pretty sure of going to the dogs. Chambre des Députés represented to Monsieur Capet various faults in the conduct of Polignac—Polignac dwelt for ever on the vices of Chambre des Députés: poor Monsieur Capet was very much puzzled between them. Now, according to our lease, it was for my parents to choose their agent; but Polignac represented to Monsieur Capet the extreme impropriety of this condition. Perceiving himself in danger from the enmity of his rival, and thinking that matters would come ultimately to that pass—that one or the other of them must fall—he boldly proposed to old Monsieur Capet to discharge Chambre des Députés at once. "Observe, my master," said he, "that this fellow is becoming very troublesome. Instead of consulting your interests, he minds only those of Monsieur et Madame Le Peuple: by degrees, from insisting so pertinaciously on their rights, real or supposed, he will come to encroach upon yours; if you discharge him now, no one can interfere between you and your tenants; their rents certainly ought to be raised; and the old condition of repairing their houses ought also to be done away with. Both these objects we can effect, if you will take my advice, and get rid of this meddling interloper: nor think it in the least dishonest to break faith with your tenants; God has a particular dislike to tenants; he made the world only for landlords."

"That is very true," quoth Monsieur Capet; "but, supposing Monsieur et Madame Le Peuple have another son, and, while I am pushing the law against them, they should be suddenly enabled to push the law against me? You recollect how much the last lawsuit cost my family?"

"Oh! they are too old to have another child. Besides that, the law they depend upon is very much altered of late years; the 'Right of Strength' is worth fifty of the 'Strength of Right.'" Various other reasons did Polignac adduce, which, not being very wise, it is only tedious to repeat. Suffice it to say, that they were wise enough, at least, to make considerable impression upon this silly old man.

My parents had a mania of their own; they were especially fond of bill-sticking. In the last lease they had made with Monsieur Capet, they had particularly insisted on this right. It did not, they alleged, prevent their doing their business and fulfilling their duty; but they owned, with great candour, that they liked the privilege for this reason, should any dispute arise with the landlord, they could through this channel express their sentiments without going to law; by this expression he might take warning, and they obtain redress; it was a quiet, yet impressive way of preventing a real quarrel; for it explained at once to him how far their sentiments on any particular subject went; and the discussion it generally produced, enabled him to learn the law on the matter from common conversation, without paying a fee for it. Bill-sticking, therefore, was not without its advantages to the landlord as well as the tenant. It was soon known, for rumour, like air, creeps through the smallest crannies, that some designs were entertained by Messrs. Capet and Polignac against poor *Chambre des Députés*. Nothing can exceed the consternation into which this report threw my parents. The idea of so gross an infringement of their lease filled them with dismay; they beheld in it the parent of all other evil; they saw themselves pillaged, plundered; their rents raised; their houses unrepaired; without friend or mediator; left a prey to the caprice, the necessities, and the folly of every succeeding landlord. They lost not a moment in flying to the printer: they covered the walls with hand-bills. In gigantic capitals they expressed their fears—they implored—they threatenéd—they warned. "This will never do," cried Polignac to Capet, as he entered his study, with his pockets full of hand-bills: "we must make a bold stroke—discharge *Chambre des Députés*, and prohibit the licentiousness of hand-bills. Henceforth let hand-bills only publish these two sentences, 'High rents and no repairs,' or 'God bless Monsieur Capet and d——n his opponents!'"

"That last phrase is not religious," said Capet, piously crossing himself.

"I beg your pardon," quoth Polignac; "every thing that is damnable ought to be damned."

CHAPTER II.

THE heroes of our family have always been remarkable for the rapidity of their growth. Upon the eve of this quarrel between my parents and my landlord, I suddenly leaped into day. I was soon able to become disagreeably active to Monsieur Capet. As there

happened to be a contradiction in the two laws I have before mentioned, to which we severally had recourse, Monsieur Capet and Monsieur Polignac felt called upon in a short time—a short time for a lawsuit—to demand the assistance of a very useful man of business—a peremptory man and a sharp; sometimes addicted to blunders, and never much given to deliberate reasoning: nevertheless, he has a peculiar art of cutting short matters, otherwise likely to be tediously prolix; and, in consequence, has often been appealed to in the little quarrels between a landlord and his tenants. His name is Monsieur Le Militaire. Never shall I forget when this fierce fellow called at our house. “Monsieur Le Peuple,” cried he, in a voice of thunder, “I hear you are the most ungrateful of men; you continue to stick bills, in spite of your landlord’s order to the contrary; and, when he takes the law against you, you presume to resist him; you have dared also to think of having a son; your son is a spurious little rascal—a warming-pan trick. I intend to knock him on the head the first opportunity: meanwhile, I am come to teach you how Messieurs, the landlords, ought to go to law with the *canaille*.”

So saying, Monsieur Le Militaire seized my father by the collar, and began laying it on with a heavy bludgeon. My mother rent the air with her shrieks; my blood boiled at this outrage; I started forth from my hiding-place—for hitherto I had lain *perdue*; I caught hold of a poker in one hand, and a frying-pan in the other, and I flung myself, like a little Achilles, on Monsieur Le Militaire. He was startled by my unexpected courage; he struck a few blows at random, but I warded them off with the frying-pan, and thrust, *carte and tierce*, with the poker. My parents rushed to my assistance—the dog barked—the cat spat—the parrot screamed—Monsieur Le Militaire was frightened to death. In fine, we thrashed him to his heart’s content, pinned a dish-clout to his tail, and sent him back to Monsieur Capet.

We were vastly proud of our victory over the bully. “Henceforth,” cried my father, “the aid of Le Militaire shall be of no avail to landlords: in beating him with a frying-pan, we have ruined that part of his profession which depended on authority over us.” We now hastened to send a message to Monsieur Capet, offering a reconciliation if he would revoke his orders. Monsieur Polignac received our messenger, and told him the offer was out of the question; “Then,” quoth the messenger, “you are prepared for the worst!” Monsieur Polignac bowed. Truly, politeness is a great, good quality!

We recurred to the law, and called in a young lawyer, named “*La Raison*,” very little known hitherto, but now rising greatly in the world; we discovered, through his assistance, that when a landlord broke his engagements, ill-used us, and sent bullies to beat us, we had the right to get, not only a new lease, but a new landlord. We hastened to act on so luminous a discovery; we went straight to a good-natured, popular man, Monsieur Philippe; made a hasty engagement with him, seemingly on eligible terms; met Monsieur Le Militaire, gave him another beating, and behold us turned over a new leaf.

Monsieur Capet and Monsieur Le Militaire, finding the day, the laugh, and the law against them, and dreading the punishment due to

their own illegal aggressions, left the country in an imminent hurry. Monsieur Capet hired a house elsewhere, becoming a tenant himself, and London nursed fools enough to propose a subscription for that brave Monsieur Le Militaire, who had been so valiantly beaten at Paris by a frying-pan and a poker!

CHAPTER III.

It is a pleasant thing to be the rage, especially at Paris. I became the rage. The brave little Revolution—the dear little Revolution—the heroic offspring of Monsieur Le Peuple, was the theme of every tongue. Monsieur Philippe spoke of me in the handsomest manner; my picture, in a thousand shapes, filled the windows of the printshops; they put me into a Vaudeville; they put me into a pocket-handkerchief; they laughed at me; they cried at me, and they blew their noses upon me. Never was any Revolution so fashionable before! I must confess, that, dazzled by so much eclat, I did not enough attend to more solid advantages. In the first flush of victory, in the fresh complaisance which existed between us and our new landlord, I might have made peaceable and quiet terms, which, though generally just to both, might have been especially in our favour, and been suited to those changes in the relative situation of landlord and tenant that time had effected. My parents left every thing to me—I should have done more. By foolishly trusting to the generosity of our new friend, I have incurred the risk of permanently quarrelling with him. My father and he have been niggling and higgling ever since, nor is it at all unlikely that I or my son may be called upon again to settle disputes upon a footing, which, if arranged between us at first, would have given peace, security, friendship, and confidence to both. There is an old anecdote of Mr. John Kemble, who, giving a shilling to a beggar, and being rebuked for his profusion, replied, in extemporaneous blank verse—

“It is but seldom that I do these things,
But when I do, I do them handsomely.”

I shall bequeath this sentence, as a golden maxim, to my posterity!

Being of an elastic and volatile disposition, and seeing that my parents could now settle their affairs without my assistance, I resolved to ramble abroad for a short time. My parents gave me their blessing; put a few books in my portmanteau; girded a sword by my side, but forbade me to be quarrelsome—and so I set out for the Netherlands.

What a clean, pretty town Brussels is! I did not wish to make a noise, and arrived there incog. And now, my dear reader, I hope you are young and gallant, for my adventures take an amatory turn. You must know that a certain Dutchman, Mynheer William Von Butter, was married to a Belgian lady, Madame Choux de Bruxelles; the fruit of these nuptials was a young lady, named, if I may Anglicise the name, “Discontent.” Faith! notwithstanding my Gallic origin, I am but little of a coxcomb, and I absolutely blush when I tell you that this young lady fell violently in love with me. I am, as poor dear Lord Byron is reported to have said of himself, rather of an easy than an amorous turn. I do not court ladies myself, but whenever they

condescend to court me, I usually, sooner or later, yield to their solicitations; in short, if I am no Tarquin, I am no Joseph. Miss Discontent, not content with ogling me whenever she saw me, even at a distance—at last, positively wrote to me, and solicited the honour of my acquaintance. We had a few private interviews. Monsieur William Von Butter discovered me secreted in a closet. My God! how he stormed! He threatened to turn me out of the house—he should have turned his daughter out; as long as she was there, I knew well enough that she would not let me be far distant. I hummed an air, and retired for the moment. Now Monsieur William Von Butter led an extremely unhappy life with his lady; it had been a very unsuitable match, and he had behaved to her shamefully since the marriage. I will briefly mention a few instances. Though, according to the marriage-articles, their several fortunes were settled in equal divisions upon each, Mynheer William spent all the poor woman's money—even her pin-money—upon the dykes and canals on his own Dutch farms. He was so jealous that he did not allow her to choose her own lady's-maid; not a servant in the house was at her disposal; she could neither choose one nor discharge one. But what was the most provoking was this—all her friends and relations spoke French—Mynheer William enacted that no one should come into his house who did not speak Dutch. All for whom the good lady felt any attachment were, therefore, driven to learn a new language, even at an advanced period of life, or to renounce the honour and pleasure of her acquaintance: these, and various other annoyances, made Madame Choux de Bruxelles at last, I am sorry to say, positively hate her Dutch partner, so that when her daughter confided to her bosom her attachment to me, the old lady sympathised most heartily in the amour, and united cordially with her daughter against the master of the house. From this time, then, I considered my intrigue safe: a house divided against itself cannot stand—a moral, by the way, applicable to a certain Monsieur John Bull, in whose residence I now scribble these adventures, and an Irish lady, with whom he keeps company, as the phrase is—I wish he would keep the peace with her.

Mynheer, dunderhead as he was, had at least the penetration to perceive that he had not got rid of me; accordingly, one day, he resolved to do so effectually, and hired some braves to put an end to my existence. I am a desperate sort of personage when my blood is once up, and finding myself vigorously attacked, I returned the assault in good earnest. I snatched from my assailants a weapon with which Mynheer William had been accustomed to belabour his wife—a club, called a *mouture*—and by the help of this instrument, I fairly, and without a very hard struggle, routed my antagonists and won the day. No sooner was our engagement over than I dressed myself and hastened to the magistrate. I proved, by a prisoner I had made, the outrage I had received, and traced it home to Mynheer William Von Butter. The magistrate was extremely obliging; he informed me that, for the gross attack and the intended murder, the life of Mynheer was at my disposal; but he hoped that I should be able to accommodate matters to my satisfaction, without scandalising the city by the criminal execution of a principal burghess.

I assured the magistrate that he had done but justice to my humane feelings; that I was quite willing to forgive Mynheer Von Butter on two conditions, first, that he should agree to a separation from his much-injured wife, and, secondly, that he should allow me the disposition of his daughter's hand in marriage. The magistrate smiled at the latter clause, and assured me he would do, *son possible* to adjust so conciliatory an arrangement.

To cut short a long story, Mynheer, after much open grumbling and secret reservation, appeared to agree to a separation with Madame. As to his daughter, he said, she had been the plague of his life, and he should be too happy to get rid of her. I now sought an interview with the young lady; I assured her, in the tenderest manner imaginable, that, though I was sensible of her attractions, I was indisposed at that moment to form any permanent connexion; indeed, I hinted at a previous engagement. She was much hurt at first—but you know how delicate one is in these matters! I learned, at length, that, before she had conceived an attachment to me, she had been secretly enamoured of another gentleman—a gentleman, indeed, of a handsome shape, but, perhaps, too romantic a disposition. I did my best to engage her to listen to his addresses, and when I left Brussels, she seemed in a fair way to yield to my advice. I know that her neighbours do all they can to prevent the connexion; but if, however, it does happen, I make no doubt that it will turn out well on the whole, and that the gentleman in question will kill her with kindness, the only way to get rid of ladies of that peculiar disposition.

Tired of these domestic fracas, I now began to long for the halcyon scenes of peace and enjoyment which my imagination pictured in England. "There," I exclaimed, in a tone of poetical enthusiasm, "there every thing is serene; no quarrels, no coquetries; contented with their roast beef and their coal fire, even the peasants are fat and felicitous. God save the King! resounds night and day through the streets, and Freedom, Commerce, and Happiness—like the three Miss Denbets—have danced their hornpipes on every stage throughout the country—during, at least, the last two centuries," I said, and took my place in a steam-packet. The voyage was dull, and the weather stormy; but I found amusement in reading some old numbers of Cobbett's Register, and whenever I had nothing else to do, I used to talk with a chemist from Normandy, a very intelligent man, who entertained himself with a preparation, for which he had taken out a patent, and by which a fire could be lighted at a minute's notice.

Here, for the present, I suspend my adventures; should they "take with the public," I purpose to continue them, in a more detailed manner—and, being very much charmed with England, I shall animadvert on its customs, character, and prospects, interspersed—since I hear the English are the most charitable of all nations—with several scandalous portraits of living characters.

THE MASTER OF LOGAN.

Even in our ashes live our wonted fires.—GRAY.

ONE summer's eve, as I passed through a burial-ground on the banks of the Nith, I saw an old man resting on a broad flat stone which covered a grave. The church itself was gone and but a matter of memory: yet the church-yard was still reverentially preserved, and several families of name and standing continued to inter in the same place with their fathers. Some one had that day been buried, and less care than is usual had been taken in closing up the grave, for, as I went forward, my foot struck the fragment of a bone. I lifted it hastily, and was about to throw it away, when the old man said, "Stay, thoughtless boy, that which you touch so carelessly was once part of a living creature, born in pain and nursed tenderly, was beloved, and had a body to rot in the grave, and a soul to ascend into heaven—touch not, therefore, the dust of thy brother rudely." So he took the bone, and, lifting a portion of the green sod, which covered the grave, replaced it in the earth. I was very young, and maybe thoughtless, but I was touched with the patriarchal look of the man, and also by his scriptural mode of expressing himself. I remained by him, and was in no haste to be gone.

"My child," he said, "I have a melancholy kind of pleasure in wandering about this old burial-place. In my youth I have sat with hundreds of the old and young in the church to which this ground belonged—they are all lying here save one whom the sea drowned and two who perished in a foreign battle, and I am the last of the congregation who lives to say it. I am grown sapless, and I am become leafless. There is not one hair on a head ninety years old and odd—look, my child, it was once covered with locks as dark as the back of yon hooded-crow." He removed his hat as he spoke, and his bald head shone, in the light of the sun, like that of an apostle in a religious painting. "I love to converse," he said, "with children such as yourself. The young men of this generation mock the words of age; it would be well if they mocked nothing else; but what can we expect of those who doubt all and believe nothing? If you will sit down on this grave-stone and listen patiently, I shall relate a tradition, pertaining to this burial-ground, which has the merit of a beneficial moral:—A tale which you will remember at eighty, as well as I do now, and which will show what befalls those who meddle, unwisely, with the dust of poor mute human nature." I sat down as he desired, and he told me the following story.

"In the summer of the last year of the reign of James Stuart, it happened that John Telfer was making a grave in this burial-ground. The church was standing then, and there were grave-stones in rank succeeding rank—for this is a place of old repute, and Douglasses and Maxwells and Morrisons and Logans lie round ye thick and threefold. John, as I said, was digging a grave, and as he shovelled out the black mould, mixed with bones, he muttered, 'Ay! Ay! It was a sad and an eerie day when the earth was laid over the fair but sinful body which I put here last. The clouds lowered, the thunder-plump fell, and the fire flew, and heaven and earth

seemed ready to come together. It's no' for nought that Nature expresses her wrath—the very gaping ground shuddered as if unwilling to take such sinful dust into its bosom.' I remember the day well, though an old story now. He was a douce man, John Telfer, and had fought in the great battles which the people waged with the nobles, in the days of Montrose and David Lesley. He continued to dig till a skull appeared; he looked at it and said, 'Thou empty tabernacle, sore art thou changed since I saw thee amongst the splendid Madams of thy day! Where are thy bright eyes, thy long tresses, which even monarchs loved, and the lips which spoke so witchingly and sang so sweet? Thou art become hideous to behold!—How art thou fallen since the days of thy youth, and how ghastly thou art in the sunny air, amid the church-yard grass!' And he threw it with his shovel among the grass and daisies growing thick around.

"Now there came to the kirk-yard a young man of an ancient kindred, who had blood in his veins of those who had wrought good deeds of old for Scotland. But he was a wild and a dissolute youth, who loved gay dresses and drunken companions: his blood was hot, his hand often on the sword-hilt, and his chief delight was in chambering and in visits at midnight to the ladies' bower. Your father and your mother have warned you to beware of the folly of the Master of Logan—his name hath become a proverb and a warning in the land. It is of him I speak.

"And he came, as I said, into the kirk-yard, and as he came he whistled. He touched the fleshless skull with the toe of his Turkey shoe till the earth fell out of the eye-holes, and he said, 'John, whose skull is this?'—'A woman's Sir,' said John, and wrought away with his shovel; for he was a good man, and disliked to be questioned by one whom he hated. 'A woman's!' said the Master of Logan, 'some prësser of curd and creamer of milk! yet a dainty one in her day, I'll warrant.'—'Deed, Sir,' answered John, 'the woman was well to look at, and a dainty one was she. I have seen gowd and jewels aboon that brow, and such a pair of een beneath, as would have wiled the bird, from the brier or the lark from the sky.'—'O, I can guess the rest,' said the Master of Logan—'an alluring damsel, with sinful black eyes—who excelled in the dance—could sing a merry ballad—had made no captious vow against the company of men—was sometimes visited by the minister, and came to the kirk when the Sessions sat. Am I right?'

"John looked at him for half-a-minute's space, and then answered, 'Ay! right—wool sellers, ken wool buyers—wha would have thought, now, that the living could look on a sample of gross dust and claim relationship in spirit? It's c'en a true tale, Master of Logan—so go home and repent. Dust is what ye maun come to; some unhalloved foot will yet kick your skull, and cry "Here was a man who had wit in his day, but what is he now?"—'Why, John, ye can preach nearly as well as the parson'—'Preach!' said John; 'I have preached, Sir, in my day—it was during the times of the Godly Covenant, and I behoved to speak; for one of Cromwell's troopers pulled that hen-hearted body, Bryce Bornagain, out of the pulpit, and set up his southern crest. I trow I sobered

him—I trow I sobered him—what I couldna do with the word I accomplished with anither weapon, and John threw the earth into the air, out of the bottom of a ten-foot deep grave, with an energy which those days of double controversy recalled.—‘Ye would like to have those days back again, I think, John?’ inquired the other. ‘Back again! na troth, no,’ said he, ‘I would have nought back again that’s anes awa—the days of Cromwell are weel away, if they bide—and so is Phemie Morison there, whase skull ye’re handling—she’s well awa, too, if she bide.’—‘Bonnie Phemie Morison!’ replied the Master of Logan, ‘and is this her!—she seems fairly enough away. What should bring her back again?’—‘Oh just love of evil,’ said the conqueror of Cromwell’s preaching dragoon,—‘to visit the haunts of early joys, maybe—or of unrepented sins. It’s said her spirit finds a pleasure of its own in coming back to the good green earth. We’re no dead when we are dust, Master of Logan.’ And he laid his hand on the brink of the lowly dwelling he had prepared, and leaped out with an avidity which seemed to arise from an apprehension that the dust on which he rode was ready to be re-animated.

“The Master of Logan placed the skull on the tomb-stone of one of his ancestors, and said, ‘Now, John, between you and me, do you really think that our fair friend, here, takes a walk in the spirit occasionally—saunters, as she did of old, in the cool of the summer twilight—stalks round the grave of some unhappy youth, whom her charms consigned to early rest, and enjoys again, in idea, the love which she inspired?’—‘Ha’ done,’ said John, ‘ha’ done, Master of Logan, now but ye talk fearfully. Look an’ yere wild words be not inspiring that crumbling bone as if with life. I could maist take my oath that it looked at me.’ John’s brow grew moist, and he said, ‘I wish the corpse would come, for this is an unsonsie place.’—‘Particularly,’ said the other, ‘when Phemie Morison, here, walks about and pays visits.’—‘O heart-hardened creature!’ cried John, ‘yere folly will get a sobering.—I have kened as bold lads as your honour made humble enough in spirit about the middle watches of the night. There was Frank Wamfray, a soldier, who neither feared God nor man. A spirit, in likeness of a woman, came to him in the dead hour of the night, and caroused with him out of his canteen, at the gates of Proud Preston—I could go blindfold to the spot—and what came of him? He lived and died demented—he was a humbling spectacle.’ Loud laughed the Master of Logan, and cried ‘Here’s fair Phemie Morison. I wish she would come and sup with me to-night?’ He was observed to change colour, he turned to walk away, and the old man exclaimed, ‘See! there is an unearthly light in the sockets. Sir, repent and pray, else ye will sup with an evil spirit.’

“The Master went away, and as he spurred his horse he could not prevent his thoughts from returning to the scene which he had just witnessed. He imagined that he saw the old man, the open grave, and the mouldering skull placed on the tombstone. He slackened the rein of his horse, and after a fit of unusual moodiness, muttered, ‘I am as mad as Cromwell’s old adversary, John the Bedrell, himself—there can be no life in a rotten bone, nor light in the eyes of an

empty skull—he galloped away, and his mind was soon occupied with gayer subjects, and looks of another kind than those of death and the grave.

“He had a cup of wine to drink with a companion, a fair dame to visit, and when he reached the gate of his own tower the clock was striking ten. He threw his rein to his servant and entered—rang his bell violently, as was his wont when angry, and said, ‘Lockerbie, how is this?—here is a table covered and dishes set for two—fool! I sup alone—how comes this?’—‘Even so as was ordered,’ replied Lockerbie; ‘between light and dark, a messenger rode to the gate, rang the porch bell, and said, “A lady sups with the Master to-night, so let a table be spread for two.” This, as your honour knows, is a message neither sae startling nor uncommon, sae I gied orders, and moreover I said, ladies love music, nor do they hate wine, let both be had, and’——‘Lockerbie,’ said his young master, ‘what manner of person was this messenger?’—‘Oh, a pleasant man, with a red face,’ replied the servant, ‘but he merely delivered the message, and rode. I wish he had stopped, had it only been to eschew the thunder-plump which fell when the loud clap was. And that’s weel minded—there’s Dick Sorbie swears through the castle wa’, and yere honour kens it’s twelve feet thick, that the messenger was a braw bouncing lass, with a scarlet cloak on and een like elf candles—but I say a man, a pleasant man, with a ruddy countenance.’

“The Master, when he heard this, wore a serious brow—he paced up and down the room—looked at the covered table—gazed out into the night—the moon was there with all her stars; the stream was running its course—the owl was hooting on the castle wall, and the relics of the thundercloud were melting slowly away on the hills of Tinwold. ‘A wild delusion!’ he muttered to himself—‘my ear was poisoned by weak old Martha who nursed me. See! nature continues her course—the moon shines—the stars are all abroad—the stream runs—and how can I imagine that a wild word, said in jest, should change the common course of nature. I cannot, shall not believe it!’

“He threw himself on a settee of carved oak, and looked on the walls and on the ceiling of the apartment. On the former hung the arms and the portraits of his ancestors—and grim and stately they looked. On the latter was painted a rude representation of the Day of Judgment—from which this room had, in early days, acquired the name of the Judgment-hall. Graves were opening and giving up their dead, and some were ascending to a sad and some to a saving sentence. He had never looked seriously on this composition before—nor did he desire to peruse it now; but he could not keep his eyes off it. From one of the graves which opened on the left-hand of the Great Judge, he saw a skull ascend—and he thought there was a wild light in its eyeless sockets, resembling what he had seen that afternoon in the burial-ground.

“The Master of Logan went to a cabinet of ebony and took out a Bible with clasps of gold—he touched it now for the second time, and opened it for the first—it had belonged to his mother—but of his mother he seldom thought, and if he remembered his fathers, it was but to recall their deeds in battle and dwell on those actions which had more affinity to violence than to virtue. He opened the Bible, but he did not read:—the sight of his mother’s writing, and the entry of his

own birth and baptism, in her small and elegant hand, made his eyes moist, though no tears fell:—as he sat with it open on his knee, he thought there was more light in the chamber than the candles shed, and lifting his head, he imagined that a female form, shadowy and pure, dissolved away into air as he looked. ‘That was, at least, a real phantom of the imagination,’ he said mentally—‘the remembrance of my mother created her shape—and it is thus that our affections fool us.’ He closed and clasped the Bible, and lifting a small silver bell from the table rang it twice. A venerable and gray-headed man came tottering in, saying, ‘What is your will?’

“‘I rang for you, Rodan, to ask your advice,’ said he,—‘sit down and listen.’—‘Alas! Sir, it’s lang lang now since ony body asked it,’ said the other, with a shake of his silvery hairs, ‘though I have given advice, as your good and gallant father, rest his soul, experienced, both in the house and on the edge of battle.’—‘But this,’ said the Master, ‘is neither matters of worldly wisdom, nor pertaining to battle.’—‘Then,’ said the old man, rising, ‘it’s no’ for me, it’s no’ for me. If it’s a question of folly, ask yere sworn companion, young Darisdeer—if it be a matter of salvation, whilk I rather hope than expect, ask the minister, godly Gabriel Burgess—he’ll make darkness clear t’ ye; he’ll rid up the mystery of death and the grave, and for laying spirits!—but we’re no fashed with spirits, I trow, and am no’ sure that I ever saw ane, unless I might call the corpse light of old Nanse Kennedy a spirit. I would rather trust my cause with Gabriel Burgess than with ony dozen divines of these dancing and fiddling days.’—‘Bid Sorbie saddle a horse, a quiet one and quick-footed,’ said the Master, ‘and lead it over the hill, to Kirk-Logan, and bring the minister to me. He will show this Bible, and say the owner desires to see him as fast as speed can bring him.’ The old man bowed, and retired.

“‘I have often ridden on an errand to a lady,’ said Sorbie, ‘and it seems natural that an errand to the parson should follow—though what my master can want with him is beyond my knowledge—he’s nae of the praying sort—as little is he of the marrying sort—and, I think he wadna send for a good divine, to make fun of him over the bottle with his wild comrades. He mauna try to crack his fun on godly Gabriel Burgess. I wad rather face the Master of Logan himself, when kindled with drink and inflamed with contradiction. The minister’s the man for handling a refractory sinner. I think I see him fit to spring out of the pulpit, like a fiery dragon—his hands held out, his eyes shining, his grey hair rising up like eagles’ wings, and his voice coming down among sinners like a thunder-clap. And then there is a power given him of combathg the spirits of darkness—an open Bible, a drawn sword, a circle of chalk and some wise words—so Gabriel prevails. I wonder what puts spirits in my head in this lonesome place.’ He spurred his horse, and looking right and left, before and behind, like one keeping watch in suspicious places, entered a wild ravine, partly occupied by a brook, and wound his way along the banks chanting the Gallant Graemes, with all the courage he could muster; he pitched the tune low, for he desired to have the entire use of ear and eye in his ride down the Deadman’s Gill, for so the glen was called.

“His horse snorted and snuffed, and Sorbie saw, to his infinite de-

light, that a lady riding on a little palfrey, and attended by a single servant, had entered the gorge of the glen, and was coming towards him. 'Now, in the name of fun, what soft customer can this be?' said he to himself: 'she's mantled and veiled as if afraid of the night air. But what the fiend is the matter with the beasts?—softly, softly, Galloway Tam, else ye'll tumble me and coup the lady—dåmn the horses, that I should say sac, and me in a eerie place and in the way to the minister too—softly, softly." The road luckily widened at the place where he met this wandering dame, else, such was the irritable temper of the horses which he rode and led, that he would have certainly lost his seat. He bowed as she came up, and said, 'Good even, fair Mistress, ye ride late.'—'And good even to thee, good fellow,' said the lady, in a voice of great natural sweetness, 'it is late, but I have not far to go, if the Master of Logan be at home?'—'He 's at home, and alone,' answered Dick, with a low bow, 'and expecting some one, for I saw a table spread for two: I know not who is the invited guest.' The lady laughed, and lifting her veil, showed a youthful and lovely face, with bright eyes and flaxen ringlets—then, dropped the veil and continued her journey. 'It's a face I have never seen before,' said Sorbie to himself, 'but such a face as that will aye be welcome to the Master of Logan. I maun spur on for the minister, since such a sweet dame as yon is on a visit. My master will scarcely wait for his coming to say grace afore meat—she's a shiner.' And away rode the messenger at a round pace.

"Just as he emerged from the glen, he saw a dark figure riding slowly towards him; and it seemed to his sight that horse and rider were one, for both were dark. 'Now,' muttered he, 'the auld saying's come to pass,—"Meet wi' a woman at night and then ye're fit to meet with the Deil"—for here He comes—riding, I dare be sworn, on Andrew Johnston of Ellsfield.' The rider approached, and said, 'Turn—turn—I am on my way to thy master.' 'Be merciful, but this is wondrous!' exclaimed the other, in ecstasy. 'Is this you, Minister? O, but ye are welcome!' and he took off his hat and shook back his hair, more to cool his burning brow, on which drops of terror had gathered, than out of respect to the clergyman. 'Come, turn thy bridle back, Richard Sorbie,' said Gabriel,—'Thou hast seen some thing, such as human sight cannot behold without fear, which hath moved thee thus.

"Sorbie had, however, recovered all his ordinary audacity, and answered very gaily, 'Indeed, Minister, to tell ye the truth, ye were the object of terror yourself; for seeing ye coming, riding along in this haunted place, all dark, horse and man, I e'en set ye down for the Enemy instead of the friend o' mankind, and I'm free to own that I did na like to face ye. Faith, but my horses, poor things, were wiser than me; they took it calmly enough, and ye ken yourself a horse is no' willing to ride up to an emissary of the other world, or emissaries of this world either, Minister, else Galloway Tam wouldna have made sic a work. He nearly laid me on the gowans, when I met a wandering Queen of Sheba, in the Deadman's Gill, some ten minutes since.' 'A wandering lady, at this hour, in this wild glen!' said Gabriel: 'and what manner of woman was she?'—'Oh a lass wi' manners enough, Minister,' said Sorbie; 'and veiled, as ye may guess, with an armful of lint-white locks about her bonnie blue cen. But

ye'll see her, Minister, ye'll see her; she's awa to sup with the Master of Logan, and if ye makena the mair speed, he'll hae commenced the meat. I was sent off with such speed, to bring ye, as I never was sent afore—mair by token, there's a memorial that the Master's in earnest.' And he put the little clasped Bible into his hands. 'Let us ride faster,' said the Minister, 'I may be too late; and they rode onward.'

"'It was here,' said Sorbie, pointing to a wider part of the way, 'that I met the lady with the lint-white locks—and this too is the place, they say, Minister, where the Lords of Logan had a summer-bower of old, and where one of them had for his companion, one of the wanton lasses of Ae, a frail twig o' the auld tree of the Morisons.' 'Hush!' said Gabriel—'give not the thought utterance—such scenes should not be recalled. Bid what is good live again—let the memory of what is evil perish.'—'Awcel,' said Sorbie, 'e'en let it be sae—but such things canna aye be accomplished—an' yonder's the lights of Logan tower, a glad sight in such a lonesome place as this: but will ye tell me, Minister, how ye came to ken that the Master wanted ye?—I was sent to bring ye—and I'm sure the tower sent out no other messenger.'—'A blessed creature warned me,' said Gabriel—'yea, a blessed creature.' And he looked at the Bible as he spoke. 'I would have gone to the uttermost ends of the earth to do her bidding, while she lived, and now shall I refuse her when she is a ministering spirit?'—'He's got into one of his fits of communings with the invisible world,' thought Sorbie, 'and it's wisdom to let him alone, lest he should cause me to see something whilk I have no wish to see. Yet I marvel who this blessed creature could be who told him—he's owre deep for me to deal with, this Minister of ours.'

"While they were on their way down the Deadman's Gill, the Master of Logan heard the neighing of a palfrey at his tower gate, and a bustle amongst his servants. He presently heard the sound of a woman's voice—very low, very soft, and as liquid as music, giving some directions to the attendants; and soon a light foot, accompanied by the rustling of silks, approached his apartment. The door opened, and a young Lady, richly dressed and of great beauty, was ushered in—she lifted her veil from her person, threw it backwards over her shoulders, carrying with it a whole stream of ringlets, and occupying the settee of oak, to which she was conducted, said, 'Master of Logan, I must be your guest for an hour. You have your table ready furnished—your silver censers burning, and the wine ready. Ah, Sir, was this feast spread for a lady?' And she gave her head, with its innumerable curls, a pleasant toss, and threw a comic archness into the glance of her eye, and waited for an answer. 'Truly, Lady Anne,' said he, 'I must not say that it was spread for you, since I did not expect this honour, but it could not be spread for any one more lovely or more welcome.'—'Master,' answered the young lady, with some dignity, 'I am not now as I have been—I am now mistress of my own actions, with no guardian to control me. I go where I wish, and journey as I will—but I am not here altogether of my own choice—for, look out on the night—yon huge black cloud cannot choose but rain by pailfuls, and I would rather throw myself on your hospitality than trust the treacherous storm. It would have no mercy upon our female falders and our round tires like the moon.'

“ ‘Dear Lady Anne,’ replied the Master of Logan, ‘whatever be the cause of your coming, your presence here is most welcome—not the less so since the elements constrained a little that dear quick-silvering disposition of thine—which, now I think on’t, used to wrong me with suspicions and attack me with sarcasms. But all that only renders the present visit more welcome. Lay your veil aside, and allow those fair prisoners, those luxuriant tresses, a little liberty—the cloud, which you dreaded, grows darker and darker; and you may be thankful if you are released till midnight.’ She uncoiled, and removed a broad fillet which enclosed her tresses, allowing them to descend in abundance on her shoulders—then, raising her white arms, caught them up ringlet after ringlet, and confined them around her brows and beneath the fillet, only allowing a tress or two to scatter negligently down her long white neck. He knew enough of human nature to know that all this apparent care was but a stratagem to show her charms to advantage, and he looked at her with much earnestness and an increasing regard, which he did not desire to conceal. It is true that once or twice he said, mentally, ‘What but admiration of me would have possessed this young and modest lady—she who always repelled, with cold tranquillity, the compliments and attentions I paid her,—what has happened to induce her to overstep the limits of maidenly discretion? But nature’s nature, and I have often seen the will that was restrained by parents set itself free with a vengeance, and make ample amends for early constraint. I must comfort her as well as I can; I wish I had not sent for that severe divine—this will furnish a text for another lecture—he will make me the common speech of the pulpit—and, what is worse, this young lady too will be a sufferer.’ The Master seemed to have dismissed from his mind all the fears which lately distressed him; the intoxication of woman’s beauty o’ermastered all other emotions.

“The domestics of the Tower meanwhile indulged in abundance of wild speculations. ‘I marvel what will happen next?’ said the first servant. ‘Our master has sent for a divine; and young Lady Anne Dalzel has come wandering hither under the cloud o’night, like an errant damsel in the auld ballads—it canna be for good that he’s grown godly and she’s grown daft.’—‘I wonder what puts it into your head,’ said the second servant, ‘that this young tramping lass, with the lint-white hair and licentious een, is Lady Anne Dalzel? Do you think that her douce mother’s ae daughter would sae far forget rank and virtue, and e’en prudence, as to come cantering awa here in the dark hour o’the night? Na, na! the dove will never flee into the nest of the gore-falcon.’—‘Ye say true,’ said a third menial; ‘this quean, whoe’er she may be—and for looks, she might be an earl’s daughter—savours nothing of the auld house of Dalzel. Why, man, there’s a saucy sort of grace—a kind of John-come-woo-me-now kind of look about her, which never belonged to the name.’—‘And who, then, can she be?’ inquired a dozen of domestics, gathering round the other speakers in a circle.

“ ‘I ken what I ken,’ said an old woman, who had charge of the poultry; ‘and I know what I know! Ay! ay! they’re well guided whom God guides; and yet all that we see is not of his making. Ah, sirs, there’s mony a queer thing permitted in the earth! and this cummer, for all so young and so rosic as she looks, has nae touch of

natural flesh and blood. Wha has nae heard of fair May Morison, who erred wie one o'the auld Lords of Logan, and was a dweller in the summer bower down in the Deadman's Gill? I mind her weel when I was a gilpin of a lassie, in the year saxteen hundred and fifty and sax—and wha was then like Madam? But she erred sair, and sank far, and died when she was in her prime, in unrepented sin, they say, for it's certain she came back and haunted the Deadman's Gill—and who would come back if they could bide away!—'Hoot! hoot! Dame Clocken,' said several tongues at once; 'this is all wynted milk, woman; ye set your imagination wi' rotten eggs, and canna bring out a wholesome brood.'—'Troth, and it would have been well for me,' said the old woman, 'had the whole been a matter of fancy; but I saw her spirit, ye unbelievers—a sight I thought I sould never hae coost the cauld of. It was eleven at night—the place, the auld Bower—and I was on a tryste with Willie Gowdie of Gulliehill. Awa' I went, light o'heart and quick o'foot, and when I came to the appointed place, wha saw I but cummer! There she sat, wi' her lang links of flaxen hair flowing oure her shoulders like a deluge. I thought it was one of Willie's pranks, and up I went, but through God's strength refrained frae speaking. O, sirs, she looked up!—Its head was a skull, and the lights o'perdition in its eyne-holes! I shrieked, and dropped down; and when I came to myself, I thought there was some ane giving me queer grips. I looked and it was Willie Gowdie.' To this interminable stream of wild story, the clatter of horses' hoofs first in the avenue, and then at the gate, brought a termination. Some hurried out with lights, and presently returned, showing in Gabriel Burgess, with more than a common proportion of solemnity on his brow.

“Old Rodan showed the preacher the way to the Chamber of Judgment; and as he stopped to set his hose and neckcloth in order at one of the mirrors, he heard a soft, mild voice say, ‘You are witty and you are pleasant, Master, and, like some of your ancestors, have little mercy on woman. So this is your kirk-yard legend; it explains why your looks are hollow and your manners austere—how unlike the gayest dancer at the assembly and the rashest rider in the chase. But why should such shallow imaginings disturb a mind so strong as your's?—Can the wisest or the wildest human word raise the dead—clothe their bones with beauty—fill their hollow eyes with the light of heaven, and put the breath o' God between their lips—give them a taste for table dainties, and a turn for conversation?’ He held the wine-glass in his hand, when the steps of the preacher were heard in the passage and the door began to open. ‘Appear, in likeness of a priest!’ exclaimed the young lady, laughing, and Gabriel Burgess entered, and took a seat between her and the Master of Logan.

“‘I am glad to see you, Reverend Sir,’ said the Master. ‘I have sent for you on a matter which moved me much; but I am easier now.’—‘Indeed, my young friend,’ said the divine, ‘no wonder that you wished for me; such a companion suggests thoughts of the altar, doubtless. And is this young lady to get command over the Tower? What fair name will she lose for the sake of the house of Logan?’—‘A name of old repute,’ said the Master, ‘even Anne Dalzel.’—‘Ah! young lady,’ said the Preacher, ‘I reverence thee for

thy mother's sake. But thou art of another Church, and I have not seen thee some years. Dalzel, a bold name and an old name; but I'm the man who changes the fair names of ladies—I hope I shall be permitted to find thee another name before we part?' The young lady looked down, the Master looked at the lady, and the Preacher at both, and then said, 'More of this presently; but I hope Lady Aune will forgive me for appearing before her in these homely garments, unlike the splendid dresses of her favourite Church.' And he sedulously smoothed up his hose, and seemed anxious to appear acceptable in the sight of a fastidious lady.

" 'Truly, Parson,' said the lady, laughing, 'I am afraid you will think me vain and frivolous; these curled locks and jewelled clothes are not according to the precepts of your Church. Will you not hesitate to bind the foolish daughter of a laxer Church to one of the chosen of your own.'—'Ah! Madam,' answered the Preacher, smiling, 'your jewelled robes and curled locks become you; and I might as well quarrel with a rose because it blooms bonnie, or with a lily because it smells sweet, as with a woman because of her loveliness. And as for marriage, some thirty score and three have I wedded in my day, and may do the good office to many yet.'—'A laborious divine,' said the young lady, 'and I dare say one who makes durable work. This Scotland of ours is, indeed, a pleasant land for matrimonial inclinations. The Kirk, with reverence be it said, is at the head of the bridal establishment; but if the parson weds his thousands, the magistrate marries his tens of thousands; and those who are too bashful to reveal their loves to the whole congregation, or too poor to pay the fees of the Justice—why, they make an exchange of matrimonial missives and set up their household. We have no such indulgence in our Episcopal Church.'

" 'Lady,' replied the Preacher, 'ye have laid your delicate hand on one of the sore-places of our Zion. The carnal power of the State measures its strength too much with the spiritual power of the Church; and when we war with those self-seeking people, we are accused of desiring to engross the entire disposal of man's body here and of his soul hereafter. Our Church is poor and humble; the lowliest roof in the land is that which covers the house of God, and the commonest vestments in Scotland are those which cover her clergy. Concerning this, I repine not; for there are powers which even our poverty and humility give us, which exalt and strengthen us. How could I war with the effeminacy of embroidered garments, and the monstrous lavishness of our nobles and our gentry, were I to be rolled up to the controversy in a cushioned coach, attended by footmen in laced jackets?'

" 'That is so well and so wisely said,' answered the young lady, 'that I could wish the etiquette of the table admitted of our tasting of wine together before the bell rings for supper; but the Master is become abstemious of late, he passes the cup, and shuns pleasant converse.'—'Perchance he hath something on his mind, which weighs heavily,' replied the Preacher; 'and wine to the sick of heart is an addition of heaviness. Is there aught in which the wisdom of the devout, or the kindness of the beautiful, can be of advantage unto thee? Here we are both,' he said, smiling,—'what hurteth my son? says the Church of Scotland; and what vexeth my

brother? saith this fair vassal of a laxer kirk.—‘I say,’ answered the lady, ‘that we are two oracles, infallible in our way, and that our son and brother cannot open his heart, or reveal his sorrows, to two more wise and sagacious people. In truth, in some sort, he was about the unburthening of his heart when he heard your footsteps, but he wisely reserved the marrow of his misery for one more ancient in knowledge, and more confirmed in understanding. Something hath happened in the burial-ground of Logan kirk to disquiet his mind.’—‘Speak, my son,’ said the Preacher; ‘there is healing for all sorrows, whether of mind or of body.’ The Master of Logan, in a tone sometimes affectedly pleasant, related what had passed, and spake lightly of the gay invitation given to the dust of Phemie Morison.

‘The Preacher listened attentively, but like one who had heard the tale before. ‘My son,’ said he, ‘the evils which beset thee arise from the living, and not from the dead, and you are more in jeopardy from one ripe and rosy madam in warm flesh and blood, than from all the bones of all the dames that ever graced the courts of the Stuarts. The words which you uttered were indeed unguarded, and must be repented of; but they were uttered in a dull ear—death and the grave listen to no voice, save that of the archangel. No, no, my son, imagine not that rash words can call dust into life; can summon the spirit from the realms of bliss or of woe, or that thou art so supremely blessed, or so splendidly wicked, as to have spirits of good, or of evil, for thy boon companions. In the blinded and melancholy days of Popery, when men made their own gods, then evil spirits were rife in the land; but since the pure light of Presbyterianism arose, they have been chased into their native darkness. Even I, weak and imperfect as I am, and unworthy of being named with some of the chosen sons of the sanctuary, have driven the children of perdition before me. So, my son, clear thy brow, say thy prayers, seek thy pillow, and thy rest shall be sound—I have said it.’

‘‘Holy man,’ said the young lady, ‘how fortunate was I in coming into this tower to-night; how much shall I profit by thy discourse! Ah, the professors of my Church are full fed, and of a slothful nature, and are not rigid in their visitations nor frequent in their admonitions. You have driven, you say, the children of darkness before you—excuse the forwardness of ignorance—may a daughter of a less gifted Church inquire how this miraculous undertaking was accomplished?’—‘Oh, most willingly, Madam,’ answered the Preacher—‘there was no magic in it, all was plain, and easily understood; but here comes supper, sending up a savour such as would waken hunger in an anchorite. I hope, Master, that you have not tempted me, with superstitious meats or drinks—with pudding stuffed with blood, for that is unclean, or porridge made with plums, for that is Episcopalian.’

‘The dishes were arranged on the table while the Preacher was still speaking; he stretched his hands over them, and over the wine, which was sparkling in silver flagons, and said, ‘God be present at this table to-night, and bless the meat and bless the drink, and let every mouthful of the one, and every drop of the other, be to thy glory alone.—Now, my fair foe,’ said the Clergyman, ‘to what shall I help thee? A wing of this fowl, or a slice of this salmon?’—‘Most reverend and learned Sir,’ said she, with a smile, ‘I consider

supper to be an undue indulgence, which inflames the blood, and makes the complexion coarse. As I desire to be loved, I avoid the vulgar practice, and am surprised to see it countenanced by a stickler for all manner of simple and plain things.'—'Madam,' replied the Preacher, 'corrupt and craving nature must be relieved; to fast entirely is Popish, to have a meal of particular and staid dishes is Prælatial, but to take what comes is a trusting in Providence, and is Presbyterian. This wild-fowl, now,' he said, smiling, 'has fattened itself on the heather top, and might supper a prophet; and this sauce is fit for the General Assembly, and ought to be restricted to divines.' He ate away with an excellent appetite, neither looking to the right nor to the left, till he had rendered the bones worthy of admission to a museum of anatomy.

" 'Most holy Preacher,' said the lady, 'there is a fair fish before you and a flagon of wine; as they are both permitted by your Church, they will, no doubt, be agreeable to your stomach. While you are occupied silently and laboriously upon them, allow me, a daughter of self-denial, to touch this little musical instrument, and chaunt you a song; and as I make it while I sing it, it shall be measured by your meal.' The Preacher had helped himself to a weighty slice of salmon; had deluged it in sauce; had filled up his glass to the brim in a challenge from his entertainer—and giving an approving nod, fell anxiously on, lest the poetic resources of the lady should fail early. Thus permitted, she lifted a cittern, touched it with exquisite skill, and began to sing the following ballad, in a voice which could only be matched by the united notes of the blackbird and the thrush.

SANDY HARG.

The night-star shines clearly,
 The tide's in the bay,
 My boat, like the sea-mew,
 Takes wing and away.
 Though the pellock rolls free
 Through the moon-lighted brine,
 The silver-fur'd salmon
 And herling are mine—
 My fair one shall taste them,
 May Morley of Larg,
 I've said and I've sworn it,
 Quoth young Sandy Harg.

He spread his broad net
 Where, 'tis said, in the brine
 The mermaidens sport
 Mid the merry moonshine:
 He drew it and laugh'd,
 For he found 'mongst the meshes
 A fish and a maiden
 With silken eyelashes—
 And she sang with a voice,
 Like May Morley's of Larg,
 "A maid and a salmon
 For young Sandy Harg!"

Oh white were her arms,
 And far whiter her neck—
 Her long locks in armfuls
 Overflow'd all the deck:

One hand on the rudder
She pleasantly laid,
Another on Sandy,
And merrily said—
“Thy halve-net has wrought thee
A gallant day’s darg—
Thou’rt monarch of Solway,
My young Sandy Harg.”

Oh loud laugh’d young Sandy,
And swore by the mass,
“I’ll never reign king,
But mid gowans and grass.”

Oh loud laugh’d young Sandy,
And swore, “By thy hand,
My May Morley, I’m thine,
Both by water and land;
’Twere marvel if mer-woman,
Slimy and slarg,
Could rival the true love
Of young Sandy Harg.”

She knotted one ringlet,
Syne knotted she twain,
And sang—lo! thick darkness
Dropp’d down on the main—
She knotted three ringlets,
Syne knotted she nine,
A tempest stoop’d sudden
And sharp on the bræ,
And away flew the boat—
There’s a damsel in Larg
Will wonder what’s come of thee,
Young Sandy Harg.

“The sky’s spitting fire,”
Cried Sandy—“and see
Green Criffel reels round
And will choke up the sea;
From their bottles of tempest
The fiends draw the corks,
Wide Solway is barmy,
Like ale when it works;
There sits Satan’s daughter,
Who works this dread darg,
To mar my blythe bridal,”
Quoth young Sandy Harg.

From his bosom a spell
To work wonders he took,
Thrice kiss’d it, and smiled,
Then triumphantly shook
The boat by the rudder,
The maid by the hair,
With wailings and shrieks
She bewilder’d the air;
He flung her far seaward—
Then sailed off to Larg
There was mirth at the bridal
Of young Sandy Harg!

“The Master of Logan was unable to resist the influence of this wild ballad, and the sweet and bewitching voice, which embodied

it. The supper table, the wines and fine dishes, were unregarded things: his hands, as the infection stole through him, kept temperate time, and his right foot beat, but not audibly, an accompaniment to the melody. Nor did the lady seem at all unconscious of her delicate witchery; she gradually silenced the cittern as the song proceeded, and before it ended, her voice, and her voice alone, was heard; and filled the chamber, and penetrated to the remotest rooms and galleries. The servants hung listening in a crowd over each other's shoulders at the door of the room. The Preacher alone seemed untouched by the song and the voice; his hand and mouth kept accurate time; with a knowing eye and a careful hand did he minister to his own necessities, giving no other indication of his sense of the accompaniment than an acquiescent nod, as much as to say, 'Good, good!' At length he desisted; leaned back on the chair, and reposed, thankful and appeased. The Master wondered to see a man, accounted austere and abstemious, yield so pleasantly to the temptations of carnal comforts; and the domestic who attended—a faithful follower of the Kirk—shook his head amongst his companions, and said, 'There's an awful meaning in the Minister's way of eating this blessed night.' The young lady seemed to take much pleasure in what she called drawing the black snail out of its shell. No sooner had she finished her song—which concluded with the supper—than she took her seat at the table, and the conversation was resumed.

"It was now nigh twelve o'clock; the night, which had hitherto been wild and gusty, refused to submit to the rule of morning without strife: the wind grew louder; the rain fell faster; the thunder of the augmenting streams increased; and now and then a flash of lightning rushed from a cloud in the east to one in the west, showing, by a momentary flame, the rustling agitation of the pines, and the foaming plunges which the mountain streams made from precipice to precipice. 'The prince and power of the air is at work to-night,' said old Rodan, 'and there will be sad news from the sea.'—'From the sea, said ye?' replied a matron, who presided over the duties of the dairy; 'him whom ye speak of, and I mauna name, is none sae far off as the sea. I wouldna gang down the Deadman's Gill this blessed night for the worth of Scotland's crown.'—'Whisht, for God's sake! whisht,' said the dame who ruled amongst the poultry; 'the fiend has long lugs, and is a sad listener; but, cummers, there's something about to come to pass in this tower to-night, that will be tauld in tale and ballad when the youngest of us is stiff and strecket. But we're safe—the buckler of the Gospel is extended before us, and the thick tempest will fall from us, like rain from a wild swan's wings. Lord send that the auld Tower may haud aboon our heads!'

"Never, from the time the Tower was founded, did it contain a more joyous party: the Master had drowned the memory of his fears in song and wine; the Preacher had, apparently, sweetened down the severity of his manners by converse with the young lady and by the social cup; and the lady herself gave a loose to her mirth and her eyes, and was willing to imagine that she had laid upon both the necks of her companions the pleasing yoke of her bondage. 'Minister,' said she, 'I have long mistaken your character. I thought you a melancholy, morose man, given to long preachments and much

abstinence, and one who thought that a gladsome heart was an offence worthy of punishment hereafter. Come, now, let me ask you a question or two in your own vocation. What manner of woman was the Witch of Endor?' There was a sparkling humour in the lady's eye when she asked this—there was a still slyer humour in the Preacher's when he answered it: 'On her personal looks, scripture is silent; but I conceive her to have been a lovely young widow with a glorious jointure.'—'Well, now, Parson,' she said, 'I like you for this; we must be better acquainted; you must come and visit me; I have heard that you are famous for discomfiting evil spirits, and for warring hand to hand with aerial enemies.'—'Ay, truly, young lady,' answered the Preacher; 'but that was when this land was in the bonds of iniquity: with our Kirk establishment, a new dispensation hath come upon the land. Master, the wine carries with you.'

" 'Well, now,' said the young lady, 'there's our friend of the Tower here—he imagined to-night that something evil would break right through all your new dispensations: he expected a visit from the grave—a social dame, in her winding-sheet, was invited to supper. Parson, are you man enough for her, should she come bounce in upon us? I am alarmed at the very image I have drawn.'—'And let her come,' said the Preacher, pouring out a brimming cup of wine—'e'en, young lady, let her come—I trow I should soon sort her—this wine is exquisite now, and must be as old as the accession of the Stuarts—I trow I should sort her—I know the way, lady, how to send refractory spirits a-trooping—I have learned the art frae a sure hand. It would do your heart good, were a spirit to appear, to see how neatly I would go to work. Ah! the precious art will perish for want of subjects—witchcraft will die a natural death for lack of witches, and my art will perish from the same cause. I hope the art of making wine will be long remembered—for this is worthy of Calvin.'

" 'Minister,' said the young lady, looking slyly while she spoke at the Master, 'let not such gifts perish. Suppose this chair, with the saint carved on the back, to be a spirit, and show us how you would deal with it.'—'Ye are a cunning dame,' said the Preacher; 'd'ye think that I can make a timber utensil dissolve and depart like a spirit? Awa with your Episcopal wit—and if you will grow daft, drink wine.' He took another sip.—'Thou art a most original parson,' said the young lady, laughing; 'but I am desirous of becoming a disciple. Come! this chair is a spirit—take to your tools.'—'Weel, weel, lady,' said the Preacher, impatiently, 'I shall e'en waste so much precious time for your amusement. But ye must not grow feared as I grow bold and serious.'—'Are you sure that you will not be afraid yourself?—such things have happened,' said the young lady. He only answered, 'Verily, I have heard so,' and then began.

" He took a sword from the wall, and described a circle, in the centre of which he stood himself. 'Over a line drawn with an instrument on which the name of God is written, nought unholy can pass. Master, stand beside me, and bear ye the sword.' He next filled a cup with water, and said, 'Emblem of purity, and resembling God, for he is pure, as nought unholy can pass over thee whilst thou runnest in thy native fountain, neither shall aught unholy

abide thy touch, thus consecrated—as thou art the emblem of God, go and do his good work—Amen.’ So saying, he turned suddenly round and dashed the cupful of water in the face and bosom of the young lady—fell on his knees, and bowed his head in prayer. She uttered scream upon scream; her complexion changed; her long-locks twined and writhed like serpents; the flesh seemed to shrivel on her body; and a light shone in her eyes which the Master trembled to look upon. She tried to pass the circle towards him, but could not; a burning flame seemed to encompass and consume her; and as she dissolved away, he heard a voice saying, ‘But for that subtle priest, thou hadst supped with me in hell!’

“‘Young man,’ said the Preacher, rising from his knees, ‘give praise to God, and not to me—we have vanquished, through him, one of the strongest and most subtle of Satan’s emissaries. Thy good angel, thy blessed mother, sent me to thee in thy need, and it behoved me to deal warily with the artificer of falsehood. Aid me in prayer, I beseech thee, for forgiveness for putting on the sinful man to-night—for swilling of wine and wallowing in creature-comforts, and for uttering profane speeches. Ah! the evil one thought he had put on a disguise through which even penetration could not penetrate; but I discerned him from the first, and could scarce forbear assailing him at once, so full was I of loathing. He was witty to his own confusion.’ The Master knelt, and prayed loud and fervently; the domestics were called in, and the worship of God was, from that night, established in his household.

“Look on me, my child,” said the old man, when he had concluded his wild story; “I could have told this tale in a soberer fashion—yea, I could even have told it to thee in a merrier shape—nathless the end and upshot would have been the same. I tell it to thee now, lest its memory should perish on the earth and its moral warning cease. Tell it to thy children, and to thy children’s children, as I have told it, and do not lend an ear to the glozing versions which the witty and profane relate. Harken to them, and you will believe that this fair and evil spirit was a piece of lascivious flesh and blood, and that the power which the Preacher and the Master of Logan laboured to subdue was a batch of old wine, which proved the conqueror, and laid them in joy side by side, while the head domestic, a clever and a sagacious man, invented this wondrous tale to cover their infirmities. Nay, an thou smilest, even relate it as thou wilt. Laughter is happiness, and sorrow is admonition—and why should not a story have its merry side and its sad, as well as human life? Farewell, my son—when thou tellest this story, say it was related to thee by an old man with a grey head, whose left foot was in the grave and the right one breaking the brink—the last of the house of Logan.

THE UNREPORTED MEETING.

[How this Report was obtained it matters not,—its accuracy will be judged of from the matter of the speeches.]

ON the 18th ult. a meeting of the friends of the Constitution was held at the Cumberland Arms, to consider of the best means of resisting the pending revolutionary measure, which threatens destruction to every thing valuable and venerable in the Representative system, under which, and the blessing of Heaven, Great Britain has attained to a glory and prosperity that have made her the wonder and admiration of the world. Sir M—— L—— was called by acclamation to the Chair.

Mr. A. B——g, in a speech distinguished by a depth of feeling that manifested the interest he felt in the object of the meeting, deplored the unfortunate countenance he had given to intellectual improvement, which had had the effect of intoxicating the people with a conceit of their own sufficiency for an exercise of judgment that could never be safely entrusted to them, and caused them to be dissatisfied with a state of things that had conducted to the prosperity of all the great interests by which he then saw himself surrounded. (*Loud cheers.*) Public opinion was becoming unmanageable,—it was public obstinacy, and taking a course which could end only in disaster and disorder. He should like to know why there was such a horror of the Representation of money; why should a Member who purchased his seat be less fit than the Member voted into the House by persons whom, speaking with all respect, he should not be disposed to rate as of better judgment and ability than those whom he saw assembled about him. (*Loud and continued cheering.*) In the army, did it appear that those men of fortune who purchased commissions were less gallant than they who depended on favour, or recommending themselves by merit to promotion? Is the Priest who holds a living by his own presentation less pious? are his sermons less devout? are his exhortations less salutary than those of his brethren, who have owed to patrons what he has obtained by his purse? Is the partner who has bought into the firm of less credit and responsibility than he who has drudged and laboured to a share? He saw no reason for the horror of the Representation of money, and great convenience in the opportunities for it. The Commons House should have modes of access of all shapes and sizes, so that the Representatives of no classes should be excluded from their peculiar figure; least of all should the monied men have the doors of that House shut upon them, for theirs was the respectability to which the people looked up. He had heard it well remarked on the stage, that Bills of Exchange were not to be drawn in Greek and Latin; it was very fine to talk of sense and acquirement, but those who had made money of their sense had given the most solid proof of possessing it. These were acquirements denoting value. The righteous man was never seen begging his bread,—the righteous were sure to prosper; and what, he should like to know, was more prosperous property than a Borough? There was no better property,—no wiser investment of capital. (*Protracted cheers.*) What was then to excuse the clamour

for Reform?—the country was well, he was well, his friends were well, all was well but the spirit of meddling. He should now move the Resolution,

“That the Boroughs commonly called rotten, were the soundest parts of the constitution of the House of Commons.”

Lord C——* observed, that no man could feel more sincerely than he did the truth of the argument and proposition of his Honourable friend, nor more deeply lament the state of the country that had rendered it necessary for them to assemble to save it from self-destruction. As to the outcry against Old Sarum, he despised it; but every thing old was now assailed, for age had lost its respect in the madness of innovation. While Old Sarum had contributed to the Representation, we had been great abroad and flourishing at home; and we should be cautious how we deranged any part of a system that had worked so prosperously and so gloriously. The child examines a watch, and asks “Why this screw?” and displaces it and destroys the whole machinery. Old Sarum was a necessary screw, and it is because it secures the balance-wheel of the crown and the aristocracy that the children of Radicalism desire to pluck it out. He accepted the abuse of Old Sarum as proof of its merit. “Age before honesty” was a reverent maxim. His Lordship was ready to prove that his having the power of nominating two Members to sit in the Commons House, was one of the blessings of the Constitution. This was the bond of brotherhood between the two Houses of Parliament, which might be compared to the Siamese Twins, of two forms but one mind. This it was that rendered it really an United Parliament, and prevented the possibility of discord between the two legislative powers. While Peers sent persons guided by their wishes into the Lower House, it was sure to be in unison with the Upper, and the great instruments of the State performed their functions without a jar. (*Great applause, especially from the Duke of N—— and Lord E——.*)

Sir Robert P—— observed, that when commending the excellencies of the existing system of Representation, they should be much to blame if they lost sight of the Potwallopers, than whom, he would confidently declare, there was no class of the constituency more entitled to the public respect and gratitude. Indeed, he questioned whether there was any denomination of electors who had discharged their functions with such uniform advantage to the Representation. If the distempered spirit of innovation would sweep away every other part of the venerated system under which England had grown to its greatness, yet, if the Potwallopers were left, from them would proceed regeneration,—they would preserve the germ of political life. If, on the other hand, the Potwallopers were disfranchised,—(*Here the Right Honourable Gentleman's voice faltered and he became almost inaudible, but after a pause, during which he appeared intensely moved, he raised his voice to a high pitch and impressively proceeded,*)—if, I say, Potwallopers are disfranchised, though the rest of the system should remain undisturbed, yet would all its virtue inevitably depart. Potwalloping was the Palladium of the Constitution,—like the Palladium, the body might be little, but it was the image of wis-

* The Noble proprietor of Old Sarum.

dom. The advantages of travel, are admitted by all,—all recognize the uses of seeing many scenes, and the Potwallopers were by custom and condition migratory. They were persons not rooted to the soil, and free from local prejudices; (*some disapprobation,*) yet was it proposed to disfranchise these humble pilgrims, by those who so loudly pretended a zeal for the rights of the people, and respect for the voices of the million. When praising Potwalloping he was far from meaning to disparage close Boroughs,—the very phrase denoted the worth; is not *close* synonymous with security, or good council?—we say a close man, for one guarded and circumspect, and so we say a close Borough. He had reason to speak well of Boroughs, for but for Boroughs and his valued friend the Chairman, (Sir M———L———,) he should not have found his way into the House to defend them. The Chairman was not a law-maker himself, though his persuasion no longer excluded him from Parliament, but he was more,—he was a maker of law-makers. He should now detain them no longer, but move

“That the Potwallopers, whom it is proposed to disfranchise, are indispensable to the integrity of the constituent body.”

Lord M——* rose, and remarked, that though they agreed generally, as to the destructive tendency of the revolutionary measure which they were assembled to resist, yet he perceived that some differences of opinion existed even among men for the most part so honest and right-thinking,—and differences that seemed to him most extraordinary. Potwallopers were very likely the best class of electors,—he did not dispute their merits, he believed their superiority; but, after all, they were but the best of the fallible. Say what we may, the men are but men, the best of whom stumbles six times a day. Now bricks or stones never stumble, they are always to be reckoned upon; we know where to have and where to find them, and the ripeness of a borough is the rot of all the people out of it. He had the happiness of possessing a Borough on his lawn—this was a thing as near perfection as it was possible to be.

In the course of improvement, a couple of members might be raised from a flower-pot. What fault was to be found in this? was he likely to make a worse choice than the petty freeholders at his gate, or the labourer on his grounds? Were his pigs, or his poultry, his sheep, or his oxen, his cows, or his horses, inferior to those of people in middling life; and why should his Member be presumed worse? It was nonsense to suppose any virtue in popular election, the choice of the many, forsooth! Does not the proverb say, that too many cooks spoil the broth? and sure he was that too many cooks would spoil the Parliamentary porridge. He had heard a good rule—“One Church, one Physician, and one Cook,” to which he would add, one Nominator at Elections. One man was as likely to be right as a thousand. It was proper that the Aristocracy should choose members for the people. What would become of the sheep, if they chose their own dogs?—no, their Shepherd chooses them. He would not pretend to say, that the Representative system was perfect—it had its faults, and great faults, such as were perhaps common to all human institutions. The population had in some places outgrown the elective organization, and burst

* Proprietor of Gatton.

the just forms. Look at such constituencies as those of Westminster, London, Southwark, Preston, and others he could name, which no one could direct—bodies wanting a head. These places became theatres for demagogues and tumults; he liked the quiet and calmness of his lawn far better, and the wish he would give his country was, that it had three hundred Gattons. Pursuing this sentiment, he must declare himself a Parliamentary Reformer (*disapprobation*)—he felt the necessity of Parliamentary Reform, and he should move the disfranchisement of all boroughs and cities, in which the population pressed upon the patronage, or the means of management. He should also propose that sixty decayed towns be enfranchised. Places having twenty or more than twenty inhabitants, to have the electoral right conveyed to the possession of the nearest ruin. The remains of ancient castles, religious buildings, and Roman camps, might be usefully represented. He should like to see Members for Kenilworth, Glastonbury, St. George's Hill, &c. Thus he would meet the Revolutionary Reform scheme, by a plan of Constitutional Reform.

It was truly said by some writer, who was a Lord, and therefore of some authority, that Time is the great Reformer; and how had Time reformed Boroughs, but by depopulating them,—by thinning away the rank abundance of the electoral bodies? The same Lord, whose name he now remembered to be Bacon, observed that we should imitate Time in our Reforms; and how then could we better do that than by producing rottenness in the constituency? Time has decayed Boroughs, and Reformers should decay Boroughs after its example. He disliked large towns; they were squalid, smoky, unairy, unhealthy. Who would compare Bramber with Brighton? The representation of decay was the representation of the condition of mortality. Out of corruption Nature re-produces life; and the life of the Constitution, in like manner, springs from corruption. But the Radicals would rail against the corruption of nature, and stop by Bill the process of re-creation. From the disgusting worm comes the butterfly, with wings powdered with gold—from the rotten borough comes the Member bright with Parliamentary honours. Like the butterfly, he may be called a pensioner; but such vulgar slang was to be despised. What he takes from the world he renders back in decoration. (*Incessant cheering, and loud cries of hear, hear, hear, from Lord E——.*)

The noble Lord concluded by moving the Resolution, "That decay is the basis of representation, and unity the true principle of constituency."

The Duke of N—— arose, and said, that while the noble Lord was speaking, it had occurred to him, that he had something to say; but it was a singular fact, that whenever he rose to speak, his ideas deserted him—fled from his poll, as it were. This made it very disagreeable to him to speak. His ideas did not use him well. He expected great things from himself, and was disappointed. It was very strange, there was something in his mind five minutes ago, and it was gone now—he could not collect himself, but he would try. And now he remembered what he was going to say. The noble Lord desired nothing but Gattons, and was an enemy to any people in represented places: his noble friend was for doing away with the people altogether. This he (the Duke) thought wrong. He had heard it once observed, and remembered the observation well, because it struck

him as so curious, and having stored it in his mind, he had frequently remarked it to be true, that different persons had different tastes, and that what's one man's meat is another's poison. Lord M—— liked his borough on his lawn with nobody in it to manage. Now he (the Duke) liked something to do—to think about—to manage—to contrive—it gave occupation and interest. He prized a Gatton as little as a poultry-yard—an East Retford, or Newark was like a well-stocked preserve, where you had with the game the pleasure of some pursuit. He liked exercising his influence, and perceiving the force of his will. He liked moving a body of people, willing, or not willing, to his object. He liked hunting with a pack of hounds, though a straggler or a blunderer here and there might need the whip, better than possessing the hare in his larder. It would be a dull game at which one was always sure of winning, at which there were no doubtful cards, and balks of expectation. A rabble constituency he was the last man to approve, but he liked a few hundreds to manage. A borough like Gatton might be resembled to a steam-coach, going straight and certain to its director's destination; a borough like Newark was like driving four-in-hand, with a wild horse or two to keep in order. The anxiety begets interest, which is a thing necessary to the condition of many noblemen, who have nothing to concern themselves about. He was, therefore, no enemy to the people in moderation; on the contrary, he liked to have them to keep in order. He was, therefore, satisfied with the Constitution as it is, and only averse to any wild schemes of improvement. All he wished was a little increase of the Landlord's power over his tenants. Ejectments scarcely went far enough. There was a good old law, an interdict of fire, water, and earth, to the outcast, which might be conveniently revived. It had the sanction of the wisdom of our ancestors, to which it was always good to try back.

His Lordship moved, "That the Representative system is perfect, and incapable of improvement."

The Marquess of E—— concurred with the last noble Speaker as to the agreeableness of having some people to manage, and also as to the insufficiency of the landlord's power. To pursue his noble friend's illustration, he liked to drive, but wanted a sharper curb than the law at present afforded. It was very disagreeable to a person of his rank, to be thwarted, as he had been at Stamford. If people chose to set up for themselves, he thought they should set out for themselves; if they would have a judgment of their own, he thought they should not have a house of his. What said the proverb? "beggars should not be choosers." He accordingly turned them out neck and crop, and what was the consequence? a clamour, as if, as his noble friend of Newcastle justly remarked, he had not a right to do as he liked with his own. He had heard a remark on the stage, that pleased him much. Matthews was the actor, and personating an American, who, on arriving in England, chastises a slave for misconduct; the fellow makes a fuss, and the people of the house interfere in what does not concern them, when the traveller indignantly asks, "Do you call this a land of liberty, when a man can't larrop his own nasty nigger?" The people were bad, and deserved punishment, such as could be given; but he thought punishment should also fall on those who tempt them to unruliness, and he proposed to bring in a bill, placing canvassing under

control. Ungentlemanly candidates should be treated as poachers. He had not framed a Bill, but he had the idea of what was necessary in his mind. The qualification of a candidate should be raised to the possession of landed property rendering two or three thousands a-year, or in lieu of it, the recommendation of the two Peers having interests nearest to the place.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

Lord H—— declared that these palliatives were idle—he cared not a rush who took offence at the term—he had tried more expedients than most men, but ingenuity could not make every thing of insufficient means. Nothing would do but a return to the feudal right of the gallows. When Lords could hang, they were respected. The lenity of certain persons, who should know better, was the great fault. He laughed at such petty doings as those that had caused so much talk at Stamford and Newark. His people had offended him at Grantham, and what did he do?—why, he made a fish-pond in the place of houses, and worried the dogs into meekness. The law had hitherto been their only instrument of power, but that was about to be withdrawn from them; or, at least, it was to be shared with the people, which was as bad. If there was a club for every one's use, so heavy that none but giants could lift it, it was clear that the giants would be able to arm with it, while the people of common stature would only be controlled by it: but reduce the club to a size that may be wielded by the ordinary run of people, and the great lost their peculiar advantage. So it was with the law; by cheapening it, the poor would be enabled to beard the rich in Court, and their insolence would be encouraged. Hitherto, the rich only had had the purchase of the Sword of Justice, but now its handle would be sullied by the poor, to whom it would be rendered accessible. What would be the consequence? Litigation and strife, where there used to be a quiet and orderly submission to authority. He had used the power of the purse on the law, but never abused it; he had used it regularly, but always in moderation. He had given notice to his Attorney that he would never allow himself more than two hundreds a year, in what were called vexatious proceedings, and that if more was charged in his bill it should be disallowed. Such luxuries were to be indulged in temperately. He had compelled obedience to his wishes by various means, but chiefly by nuisances which were of great convenience. He liked the House of Commons, as it could be made a nuisance of, and thus an instrument of coercion. He had employed many expedients in his private way, vicious bulls, indelicate operations before the windows of disagreeable people, and many more than he had patience to recite,—if these things promoted prosecution, why then he had the parties in a Court with a hole in their pockets, and an Attorney's bill on their shoulders. There was an end of them: they ran to seed—ran to costs. He was beaten in a prosecution the other day—what of that?—as the soldiers say, “Bad luck this day, better another time.” Law Reform, as it is called, Law Deform as he would style it, would however take all power out of their hands, and strip them of any authority superior to the vulgar. Unless we have some instrument of force which the people have not, how can we maintain our respect? Wrongs are complained of, but why? Because the resistance of obstinate people to some necessary command, has provoked punishment. If the people were completely submitted

to us, they would be kindly treated. Are we cruel to our cows, and our sheep, our dogs and our horses?—No; because they are our's, and we hurt not our own—they are obedient, and offer no provocation. So it would be with the people, were they what they were in the good old time, and should ever have remained, *adscripti glebæ*, serfs, and villains. But now they must have the protection of law! (His Lordship emphatically added) I wonder they are not ashamed to hold the protection of law in common with the beasts of the field—is it not degrading, that Englishmen will consent to have the same shield over them, which the Legislature has flung over horses, and oxen, and jackasses? (*Hear, hear, hear!*) He had no hesitation in affirming that some of the gentlemen present had themselves to thank for the threatened mischief: to avert which they were assembled. They began with Law Reform, and they have arrived at Parliamentary Reform. So long as it was insisted that every thing was perfect and unalterable, all kept together—the system was compact, and not a hold could be got of it; but a flaw was absurdly admitted—a flaw, which was, in fact, a vein of gold—the unaccommodating points of the law—and all became subject to criticism. Why put it into people's heads that they had a right to justice? They now think they have a right to representation, and protection from a liberal disposal of the public means. Were the laws bad when we gave law to the world, and beat down the power of Napoleon? Were the laws bad which consisted with the meridian glory of Britain? No! the laws were good; good for authority, good for submission, good to make people quiet and docile, to make freeholders touch their hats, and yield their votes; good to make tenants of one mind with their landlords, and little people respectful to great. Now that Reform has been loosed, stop it who can; my bulls (said his Lordship) may go to the butchers; animals of proved and excellent vice are only worth their meat. Folks, forsooth, won't bear nuisances now; they are too fastidious for a Parliament that don't represent them, and turn up their noses at influence. The game was up, and by bad play. The consistency of the system had been disturbed by those interested in preserving it, and now all must go to pieces. The Member for Westbury had much to answer for—he had put in motion a principle that would crush their holds of strength. His Lordship concluded by adding, that he had no resolution to move, in so desperate a state as the Borough interests were reduced to, beset as they were on all sides by the principle of justice.

Mr. P—— could not agree with the last speaker, that it was vain to cast about for safety, in the sad strait to which they had been reduced. He thought prayer could not fail to procure their deliverance. While there was Heaven, there was hope. Many causes had conduced to their present condition of danger. The Devil had not been inactive—when, indeed, was he? The people were too well off; they waxed fat and kicked. Fasts should be frequently enforced to keep down their pride. The visitations which formerly softened men's hearts are now unknown—as if Providence had deserted this guilty world, famines and pestilences have ceased. What was the consequence? the people became stiff-necked, and puffed up with pride, and their hearts rose against their rulers. But this was not all. They were tasting of the fruit of the tree of knowledge in its

accursed ripeness. Man in his innocence was ignorant—he tasted of knowledge and he became a creature of sin. The apples, sweet to the taste and bitter in the belly, were now his daily food; the atrocious newspapers—these deadly poisons to the soul were gathered twice a day. Knowledge had never been designed for man, and yet he saw well-meaning persons engaged in promoting education, which was the ladder to sin. He was rejoiced to see that the Church was setting the example of neglecting learning in its own body. The vanity of acquirements, merely human, was properly renounced by guides to a heavenly destination. In a worldly and politic view, knowledge was an evil. Men who knew nothing beyond their own circumstances, were content and happy—with comparisons came discontent and restlessness, and envy, and misery. Would we give knowledge to dogs and horses? No. Suppose horses could read and reason, what a clamour would be raised at every coach-stand, and what coachman would be able to manage his steeds? They would want Representation, forsooth!—they would want a horse on the box—they would want horses to measure out the corn, and keep the bins! Nothing could be more idle than the demand for Representation. Had there been any virtue in Representation, would it not have been recommended in Scripture? But in the sacred books is there a word of a Representative Government? Providence would have given the Jewish people a Representative Government if it had been an advisable institution. It was, in his mind, a convincing argument against Representation, that it was not spoken of in Scripture. It might be objected that Boroughs were also unnamed; but the payment of taxes was especially recommended, and Boroughs conduced to the exercise of that divinely enjoined duty. Our Constitution was matchless and faultless, and constructed on a model that could not fail. It was of three estates, King, Lords and Commons, and though three, it was one. This perfection was argued to be a fault by the Reformers, who absurdly objected that one power ruled in all these forms. Because they cannot understand this merit, is its being to be denied? But with infidels in religion, or in politics, he would hold no argument. The Honourable Gentleman concluded with a Resolution,

“That a prayer should be composed for the preservation of Boroughs, and that frequent fasting was a discipline of the body and soul, essential to the good conduct of the people.”

Mr. Horace T—— could not join in the sweeping condemnation of the Press, which had its uses. For instance, when a Member had made a brilliant speech in Parliament, it was good that it should go forth to the world, with the cheers, and “*Hear, hear, hear!*” that had accompanied its delivery. He was not for hiding lights under a bushel. He liked the Press so long as it confined itself to the reporting of fine oratory, and the expression of the becoming comment, as did certain prints he could name, the John Bull, the Post, and the Albion. As for the others, they were abusive, low publications, only fit for the middle classes. Nor could he join in what had been said of education. Unless people had learned to read, how could his speeches have had their effect? He was ready to try every thing by the test of utility—of real utility, not of the utility of which a set of crude philosophers prated. He applied this criterion to Boroughs; and found they bore it. He knew Boroughs well. He would speak

well of the bridge that had carried him safe over. He had come into Parliament for Wootton Bassett, a quiet and gentlemanly place, and what was the consequence? Why he became Counsel for the Admiralty, and ultimately Under Secretary for the Colonies. But for Boroughs, the talents, such as they were, with which Providence for all-wise purposes had blessed him, would have been lost to the Nation. Boroughs were the source of many of the amenities in which humanity delights. Members or candidates for Boroughs are very generous in coals and potatoes. He would give a proof of the effect of them, and also of the threat of disfranchising them. The other day he was applied to by the people of Newport for contribution to a charity. The Reform Bill was pending, and he said, No. The thing is precarious, the money might not give back the money's worth. Now, but for the danger of Reform, he should have been charitable; and can that, he would ask, be a wise and politic measure, which closes the hands of gentlemen against appeals to their benevolence? Here the thing might be tried by its fruits. Some honourable and noble persons had argued for confining representation to the representation of close Boroughs, and for making all the Members of the Commons House Members for Gattons and Sarums. God forbid that he should speak disrespectfully of Gattons and Sarums! but he could no more approve of this plan of Reform, than of that under the consideration of Parliament. He liked a mixed and varied representation. If none but Boroughs sent Members to Parliament, what would be the consequence? Why, the same as if you had none but pikes in a fish-pond. He admired the variety, he liked the company of the flat-fish, the eels, ay, and of the carp, and tench, too. Independently of other conveniences, it was necessary to mystify things a little. It would not do to show all legislators of one sort. The monkey, who wanted a hot chestnut from the embers, would not have liked the company of another monkey so well as that of the cat, whose paw he borrowed for the turn. So much for the convenience. Then for the mystifying, it was desirable to mix the assembly, so that one set of motives should not seem to belong to all its members. He saw uses in every thing. Heaven had made nothing in vain, and even Radicals and Patriots, Humes and Parnells, had their uses. They fended off some public odium, that otherwise would fall straight and heavy on the House.

Sir Robert I—— attributed all the mischief to what was called the March of Mind; but which, in fact, was only the race of a petulant conceit. If the intellectual conditions of electors could be brought back to the state of them in the time of Edward the First, the Popery excepted, all would be well. When the franchise was granted to certain citizens and burgesses, was it supposed that it was granted to people who read of the affairs of the day, and studied mathematics and chemistry? No—to square things to constitutional intentions, a freedom from knowledge, which profits none, should be a qualification for the elector. Some of the Peers of the present day were most nearly in the intellectual condition of the citizens and burgesses five centuries ago, and consequently theirs was the capacity now best suited to the discharge of the functions in question, and the nomination of these noble persons accorded with the primitive constitutional intention. Confidence in the representative was necessary, but confidence, the Sciolists of the present day, had in nothing but

their own conceits. A class of persons, who to a man formerly believed in witchcraft, now believe in nothing. It was requisite to withdraw the elective power from such people, and to let it rest as much as possible in the hands of noblemen, whose conditions of luxury have proved a bar to the morbid activity of mind, the pruriency of curiosity, and the lust of acquirement, which are so common, and so pernicious in our age of vain and thriftless accomplishments.

Mr. P—— saw a fatal Revolution in a measure affecting the Representation of Boroughs. The system which it was attempted to improve, was no invention of visionaries, no scheme of dreamers, no project of speculators, no crudity of fantastic philosophy, but the growth of ages, a matured perfection. Persons who called themselves Reformers, objected to its rottenness, but what of that? Would they cut down the British oak, because as it had spread its branches abroad to sun and gale, as it had increased in majesty and in grandeur, hollowness had obtained in its trunk?

Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
 Exuvias veteris populi, sacratæque gestans
 Dœna ducum, nec jam validis radicibus hærens,
 Pondere fixa suo est, nudosque per æra ramos
 Effundens, trunco non frondibus efficit umbram.
 Et quamvis primo nutet casura sub euro,
 Et circum sylvæ firmo suo robore tollant,
 Sola tamen colitur.

Sir Robert P—— rose to move thanks to their public-spirited Chairman, who had graced their meeting with his presidency, and so admirably tempered its discussions with his spirit. It was such men as Sir M——, that were induced to vest their properties in Boroughs, and who were thus bound in the closest intimacy with the interest of that valuable part of our Representative System.

The motion having been carried by acclamation, Sir M—— L—— said he was quite overpowered by the compliment which had just been paid him, and of which he felt himself quite unworthy. It was true that he was connected with the Constitution by the ties of interest, and that he loved Boroughs as his own. He might also lay claim to the honours of martyrdom, having suffered in the cause which they had assembled to defend. He alluded to the time he passed in Exeter jail, for that management which the law was pleased to call bribery and corruption—but what of those terms? What of them, he would say, when but for Westbury, such a statesman as his nominee, Sir Robert P——, could not have found his way into Parliament after his rejection by Oxford? Sir M—— begged to regret ~~fixed~~ conviction, after some experience of the money market, that there was no investment like the purchase of a Borough, and that its interest of capital was the best that could be had. He asked whether he was to be robbed of such a good thing as this, that people individually might be spared some two-penny-halfpenny taxation, which might be drawn from them by means of it. There was no comparison between his threatened loss and their promised gain. He hoped, however, the gentlemen present who so approved of his conduct, and admired the way in which he had laid out his money, would subscribe to indemnify him. (At these words, there was a rush to the door, and in an instant the room was cleared of all but the astonished Chairman.)

SPEAKERS AND SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT, NO. V.

The Great Reform Debate.

It does not fall within the scope of the present article to enter into a minute investigation of the principle or details of the great measure of Reform, which, after a seven nights' debate, was brought before Parliament, on the 14th of last month, by Lord John Russell,—as the organ of a Government determined to take their stand on it as the touchstone of public confidence and support—not to be swerved from but by expulsion from office,—only so far as a reference to them may assist us in estimating the oratorical pretensions of the several speakers. There is one consequence, however, which I confidently look forward to from the workings of the measure, that belongs so exclusively to our subject, as to demand something more than a mere passing notice—the rather as it should seem to have escaped the sagacity of all who, in and out of doors, have written or spoken on the advantages of a reformed Parliament—I mean its tendency to favour the growth of a higher order of eloquence than is characteristic of the British House of Commons.

It has been a frequent subject of complaint and speculation, why it is that we who have equalled and excelled the ancients in poetry and philosophy, should, with our popular constitution and great freedom of speech, have fallen so far below them in eloquence. The usual explanation of the fact is that suggested by national vanity—that the calm deliberative atmosphere of the British Parliament is unfitted for the vehement declamations of Greece and Rome; that our superior and more sterling good sense would reject with disdain any appeal made to our passions by rhetorical artifice; and that with the sober, untinselly matter-of-fact understanding of John Bull, nothing will go down but plain unvarnished argument. But besides that the very success of this artful appeal to national vanity disproves itself; the admiration, the enthusiastic admiration, with which the merest approach to oratory is hailed within the walls of Parliament and cherished *out of doors*, shows that the Angel-visit infrequency of these approaches is not owing to a want of sensibility to the beauties of eloquence on the part of “my public.” Neither can it be alleged that our inferiority is owing to an inferiority of subject; for surely the rights, and liberties, and happiness, and honour of the English people afford occasions, and call for as lofty, and swelling, and burning an eloquence as the rights and liberties of the men of Athens, or the citizens of Rome; and if military aggression was formidable to Greece in the person of Philip of Macedon, and if Rome had her Verres and her Catiline, England had the far other hostility of a Bonaparte, and the still more fatal oppressions of a lawless oligarchy,—to resist and subdue. It would be easy, says Mr. Hume, to find a Philip in modern times, but where shall we find a Demosthenes? Where shall we find that chaste and austere sublimity, that Promethean fire, that “rapid harmony exactly adjusted to the sense; that vehement reasoning without any appearance of art; that disdain, anger, boldness, and freedom involved in a continued stream of argument,” which electrified the Athenians into burning patriotism, and which have challenged for the orations of Demosthenes the enthusiastic admiration of ages? Certainly not in the British House of Commons, which has been in existence to the present time, not even excepting that great exception of modern eloquence, the never-to-be-sufficiently admired Edmund Burke. And for the following reasons, which, if well founded, will justify me in predicting a great improvement in eloquence as one of the beneficial results of a virtually reformed Parliament.

The decisions of the House of Commons are the results of the vote of the majority of its members; and that majority is at present, and has been for too long a time returned—not by the people, but in spite of the people,—by about seventy-one Peers and ninety-one Commoners;—that is, the majority of the House of Commons is not responsible to the people, and, as not responsible, is left to the uncontrolled pursuit of the individual interests of those who nominate them to their seats, which interests, according to the very necessity or theory of repre-

sentation, must infallibly, in the long run, be opposed to the interests of the people at large. The majority, therefore, of the House of Commons, are the representatives of private interests opposed to those of the public—responsible only to the individuals of whom they are the nominees: in other words—for at the risk of being tedious, we, the reader and the writer, cannot too clearly understand each other—the decisions or votes of the British House of Commons are influenced not by regard for the public weal, but by the narrow, selfish views of personal aggrandizement. These, as fortunately sometimes happens, may chime with each other, and the few occasions that they do so, are greedily sought for as God-sends for setting up a character for patriotism that costs nothing, and that varnishes a thousand acts of political impurity; but the coincidence is one of mere chance, wholly unallied to public virtue. This sounds harshly to “ears polite;” but it is as true as that men’s actions are influenced by motives, and these again by regard to self-interest, and that the predominating influence in the House of Commons is essentially aristocratic.

And what is the *sequitur*, as our friend Partridge says? Simply that such a state of things precludes the existence of all motives to the morally grand in eloquence; for what is the great purpose of oratory, but to influence the will (vote) of the auditor? and who so ignorant of the constitution of the House of Commons as not to know that Demosthenes himself, or, as Mr. Tierney once put it, an angel from Heaven, might talk till doomsday in that house without enlisting an additional vote on the side of truth and justice, if they stood opposed to the aristocratic interest of the majority? It is a perfectly understood thing, that no member ever makes a speech with any other view than to either gratify his rhetorical ambition, or, as is often the case with the few patriotic gentlemen that find their way in, to in time influence the House, indirectly and circuitously, through the reflex operation of public opinion out of doors. Hence the cold, rhetorical moonlight-warmth character of the most *set* speeches of the Cannings, and the Windhams, and the Sheridans, and the Plunketts, beautiful as they are as compositions of the brain, uninspired by the *veræ voces ab imo pectore*, the only source of the morally grand—the sublime in oratory. What if these men, and still more Burke or Chatham, had to address themselves to an assembly composed of the freely chosen members of a free people? What motives to oratory—what *ardor animi*—what enlightened appeals to the understanding, aided by all that can captivate the imagination and move the heart! Let us have then such a House of Commons—let us have such motives to sterling eloquence; and so true as day follows night, we shall have orators deserving the name, and, notwithstanding the moral energy-destroying tendency of our commercial mammonism, our rhetoric, like our ethics, shall be no longer gleaned from the pages of Cocker; nor shall we continue to estimate eloquence as we do public honour, by the rule of three. But to return to the Reform Debate.

A remarkable feature—strongly corroborative of the preceding remarks—of the seven nights’ debate was, the almost total absence of every thing like true oratory. There was abundance to overflowing of flippant assertion, of plausible insinuation, and *quasi* demonstration—of well-turned periods—and of apposite quotations. But excepting the admirable essay, but not speech, of Mr. Jeffrey, no overwhelming argument, at once logically consecutive and irresistibly plain; no blending of philosophical acuteness with richness of fancy and mastery of language; no Edmund Burke soarings to heights where lofty principles and great theories are revealed at every step of the ascent; though never surely did a subject present itself to an assembly of educated gentlemen affording an ampler range to every faculty of the human intellect. From the beginning to the end—with the single exception I have mentioned—general principles were not once alluded to; all was assertion *versus* assertion; taunt *versus* taunt; Russell *versus* Peel; and Peel *versus* Russell. The Lord Advocate’s speech was listened to with impatience; while Mr. Croker’s was applauded to the echo, and Mr. O’Connell divided the palm with Sir C. Wetherell for recklessness of assertion and broad farce buffoonery, which the House applauded forsooth as wit and humour! In truth, and it is a humiliating truth, the announcement of which

should not be minced, the success *within doors* was in proportion to the rapid inanity of an assertion, or the blustering impudence with which it was put forth; and sentiment and arguments which have helped to inflame the enthusiasm of the call for Reform *out of doors*, were listened to with a languid silence, that was rendered the more remarkable from the not unfrequent cheer of some personal friend or two of the speaker. What, to again quote Philosopher Partidge, is the *sequitur*? Why, let us have a thoroughly reformed Parliament, a Parliament representing the interests, the wealth, and above all, the intelligence of the people, and not the oppressive interest of an overweening aristocracy. and we shall have a higher order of eloquence. And now for the several performers in the drama.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the noble military deputy organ of the unanimous and consolidated Cabinet for the occasion, as that strange wight Sir Charles Wetherell designated him. Though the noble Lord delivered himself in the lisping, hemming, and effeminate tone which I have on a former occasion noticed as marring the general effect of the matter of his speech; so far does the measure outspeed the most sanguine anticipations of the friends of Reform, and so well was the secret of its provisions kept by the initiated, that it burst on the House like a sudden thunder-clap, and made the boldest friend and opponent equally "hold his breath for a time." I observed, when the noble Lord, without prefatory comment, announced that sixty boroughs, returning one hundred and nineteen members, were to be struck off at one blow, that Sir Robert Peel and Sir C. Wetherell turned round to those near them, and seemingly asked, did their ears deceive them? with an, is it possible? are they mad? expression of countenance ludicrously serious. As I take it for granted that the reader has the substance of the noble Lord's statement engraven in his memory, I will quote only the few last sentences of the speech, as a favourable "taste of the quality" of the whole. I quote the *Times* report as the most faithful, though not given in the first person.

"Whatever might be the result of the propositions he had made to the House, he must say that his Majesty's Ministers would feel that they had thoroughly done their duty in bringing the measure forward. (*Cheers.*) His Majesty's Ministers had pursued the strict line of their duty, and had followed a straightforward course, neither seeking for the support of particular classes, nor the applause of the multitude. When they had felt it to be their duty to resist popular feelings, they had not hesitated to encounter and resist them by a firm and vigorous enforcement of the law, by which many disturbances had been prevented, and many in other parts of England had been suppressed, he trusted permanently. By their vigorously enforcing laws, passed before they had entered into office, agitation had been made to subside, and peace had been re-established. In no case could it be said that Ministers had wavered in their duty by bending to popular clamour, or by seeking to ingratiate themselves in popular and transient favour. He had a right to say, that in submitting the present proposition to the House, they had evinced an interest in the future welfare of the country. They had thought that what they had proposed was the only thing calculated to give permanence to the constitution which had so long been the admiration of foreign nations on account of its free and popular spirit, but which could not exist much longer except by an infusion of a new popular spirit. By these means, the House would show to the world that it was determined no longer to be an assembly of the representatives of small classes and particular interests, but that it was resolved to form a body of men who represented the people—who sprang from the people, who had sympathies with the people, and who could fairly call upon the people to support their burdens in the future struggles and difficulties of the country, on the ground that those who asked them for that support were joining heart and hand with them, and like themselves were seeking only the glory and welfare of England."

SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, MEMBER FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, and EIGHTH CHAMPION OF CHRISTENDOM, was the first to unfurl the standard of opposition to the Bill,—thereby nobly vindicating the choice which that stagnant pool of obsolete prejudices and worn-out corruptions, that rears its monastic exhalations on the banks of Isis, made in selecting him to be its representative in Parliament; a choice in consistent keeping with the spirit which expelled Locke from its walls;—and which, in more modern times, made the

classic and brilliant genius of George Canning bow before the unfledged bigotry of Mr. Peel—who, in his turn, when the experience of years dissolved the film of religious intolerance that obscured the vision of his youth and manhood, had to give way to

“ The Ciberrian forehead and Ciberrian brain”

of the enlightened and eloquent Sir Robert H. Inglis. Yes, the Hon. Baronet has nobly vindicated the choice of the University of Oxford, who, on reading his morphitic lugubrations, may well address him in the words of the poet—

“ Well done, for Nature pleads that he
Should only sit who most resembles me.
Inglis alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years ;
Inglis alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity :
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence.
But Inglis never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval ;
But Inglis' genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his *goodly fabric* fills the eye.
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty.
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign,
Redesdale and Eldon were but types of thee,
'Thou last great prophet of tautology.”

MR. HORACE TWISS was the first convert which the convincing speech of the Hon. Member for Oxford made to the cause of No-Reform ; as

“ ——— Ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twangs of leather, horn, and brass.”

And so this highly-born, highly-gifted original of his own *Carib Chief* must fain sneer at his betters—but it would be weakness to upbraid such out-Heroding-Herod impudence, so let the aristocratic Mr. Twiss sink unpitied into his native insignificance. Before many moons he may resume his ancient employment of Reporter to the *Morning Chronicle*, unembarrassed by any very important senatorial duties. Horace's M. P. occupation's gone, and the glory of Newport is about to pass away for ever !

LORD F. L. GOWER and LORD MORPETH.—I would gladly speak in terms of praise of these two noble “ buds of genius,” could I discover in their speeches or writings the faintest indication of anything more than school-boy mediocrity talent, and did they take less pains to communicate to the world the excellent terms on which they stand with themselves—for it is highly creditable to men of their birth, education, and habits, to have the ambition of a name in literature. But in these “ awful times,” as Sir Joseph Yorke says, the truth must be told even of young Lords, though the one has favoured the world with a milk-and-water version of a most unmilk and unwater drama—Gothe's *Faust* ; and the latter has indited a five-act piece, “ a tympany of sense from beginning to end,” which the title page gravely assures us is a tragedy. Had either of the noble poets a particle of that modesty which sits so gracefully on youthful genius, or even were they less offensively obtrusive of their “ I am Sir oracle” on every occasion, they might have accompanied their productions to the tomb of the Capulets unheralded and unknown, and I should have contented myself with recommending to my friends the perusal of those productions, as an infallible remedy (in doses of from ten lines to a page, according to the violence of the malady) in inducing sleep in cases in which even the strongest soporifics of the Pharmacopeia have failed. As it is, I willingly admit their utility in each being, in the House, the other's counter-parallel in—to use the language of a learned Professor, whom I knew in my younger days, touching the neutralizing effect of two gases in opposite states of electricity—serving to “ mutually devour each

other." The one is a Whig, the other a Tory in politics. Lord Gower strung together the usual common-place against the Reform Bill, as to its tendency being "revolutionary." The noble Member for Yorkshire, on the other hand, repeated the hacknied, parrot phrases of its being a measure that merely went to effect those repairs in the "ancient fabric of the constitution," which time required; but why it should be considered a revolutionary, or why a restaurative measure, neither of their poetical Lordships condescended to explain. It is but fair to add, that both noble orators were loudly cheered by their friends, and that they eminently succeeded in convincing their female relatives, the kindest and most unerring of critics, who witnessed their displays, that the sun of British eloquence has not set with Fox and Canning.

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.—Reader, have you ever seen and heard the honourable and learned Ex-Attorney-General? If not, I despair in making your "mind's eye" familiar with him; for, (with the exception of that eccentric genius the late truly, learned, and honest Christopher Edmund Allen, LL.D. of Trinity College, who never recovered the *ruse* by which he lost his fellowship,) he is unlike any nondescript you or I either heard or read of, being a sort of oratorical ornithorynchus, with all the amphibious attributes of a Tory barrister engrafted on a naturally vigorous and honest understanding. To use his own characteristic phraseology, he is "a conglomeration of heterogeneities;" and his eloquence "a dense cosp of hydra-headed underwood, variegated by parentheses of quaint old English undefiled." Sir Charles is an old peg of mine, he is so vigorous, so original, so above-board and independent—he is, in fact, so unlike the common-place twaddlers who serve to make Toryism contemptuously ridiculous: the only benefit, indeed, within their capacities to confer on their fellow-subjects. But, as I have just observed, I find it no easy task to describe him, for he is a scholar and a man of genius, though bred up from his very childhood in the University of Oxford; he is a fearless and independent Member of Parliament, though the nominee of a boroughmonger—he is a zealous advocate, though an indolent black-letter lawyer—and what is more surprising, he is a furious monastic bigot (owing perhaps to the Isis atmosphere of his youth) though blessed by nature with a vigorous understanding. Then his great, half Dommie Sampson half Friar Tuck, athletic slovenly figure, and the unconscious quaint drollery of his gesticulation and phraseology, and his odd mixture of rich painting eloquence and frothy (literally so from his mouth, forehead, and every pore of his skin) declamation—all baffling a description of this "conglomeration of heterogeneities." As his was by far the best speech uttered on his side of the question, though Sir Robert Peel's told better in consequence of his plausible delivery, I will quote one or two short passages, as a sample of the whole, premising that no report, however faithful, can convey a notion of the drollery of his manner and the effect upon the House.

Sir Charles having designated the measure as a wholesale "corporation robbery," went on—

"Was it less a measure of robbery and pillage, if they took from A.B. and C.D. and gave to E.F., and if the House was to be composed of sixty members less than at present? This cutting off, this amputation of sixty members, was an odd sort of a thing. No Reformer yet, still less a Reforming Cabinet, had ever produced a plan of Reform which began by cutting off. (*Cheers.*) This was a plan for which his Majesty's present Cabinet deserved the credit—the present Cabinet of Althorp and Co. (*Order.*) The present Cabinet of the noble Lord and his associates, then, who seemed to have proceeded upon the precedent in the History of England which had been set by Cromwell, Fairfax, Lilburne, and Co. (*Cheers.*) Those worthy regicides set about reducing the number of members of the House, and this plan of cutting off the boroughs and confining the number of members had not the merit of originality, for it was almost the same in form, in substance, and in principle, as the Radical system of Reform which had been introduced by regicides when they established a Commonwealth in England. Yet it was said that the object of the measure was to preserve our ancient institutions. Conservation was to be the rule of the system.

"I should like to hear how the First Lord of the Admiralty would explain at Cocker-

mouth to his constituents his conduct since he last addressed them. On that occasion, retrenchment unlimited was to be the order of the day, all taxes burdensome to the middle and poorer classes were to be removed, and the constitution was to be restored to its ancient splendour, by a full and satisfactory measure of Reform. Now what answer could the right honourable Baronet make to one of his agricultural constituents, if thus accosted by him : ' Well, Sir James, have you taken off the malt tax ?' (*Laughter.*) ' No,' quoth the right honourable Baronet. ' Have you,' rejoins the farmer, ' at least taken off the assessed taxes, or reduced the civil list ?'—' No,' again quoth the First Lord of the Admiralty, ' the House of Commons and a sense of duty prevented me.' (*Laughter.*) ' Then,' again quoth the farmer, ' since you have neither repealed the malt-tax, nor the assessed taxes, nor reduced the civil list, what the Devil have you done ?' (*Laughter.*) ' Why, we have not, to be sure, retrenched much in the way of taxes, but to make amends, we have made a pretty considerable retrenchment in the House of Commons ; if we have not taken off the malt-tax, we have taken off sixty-two members.' (*Continued Laughter.*)

" There existed in Cromwell's time a purge of the House of Commons. (*Laughter.*) The purge was called Pride's purge. (*Laughter and cheering.*) The gentlemen on the opposite side of the House were close imitators of the Cromwellian system ; they were prepared to expel, by one strong dose, no less than one hundred and sixty-eight members of that House. To the specific which the House has been promised by the noble Lord, as no name had yet been attached, I will attach the name of Russell's purge. (*Roars of laughter and great cheering for some time.*) The principle of the bill was republican. The principle of it was destructive of all property, of all right, of all privilege ; it was the same privilege of arbitrary violence which expelled a majority of the Members from that House in the time of the Commonwealth, which now, after the lapse of a century from the Revolution, during which the population had enjoyed greater happiness than was ever enjoyed by any population under Heaven, the Ministry were desirous of applying to the House of Commons." (*Loud cheering for some minutes.*)

MR. ALEXANDER BARING, proprietor of and member for the borough of Callington.—In the "Morning Chronicle," for January 27, 1814, there appeared an article, ascribed to Mr. Hazlitt, entitled *Dotterel Catching*, which is so graphically descriptive of the Member for Callington's see-sawing, tacking, two-sided, Janus policy, that I cannot better introduce him to the reader than by quoting it as a text, the commentary on which is contained in every sentence of his various speeches.—"The Dotterel is a foolish bird of the crane species, very *self-complacent, perry*, and conceited. The Dotterel-catcher, when he has got near enough, turns his head round sideways, and *makes a leg* towards him ; the bird seeing this returns the civility, and makes the same sidelong movement. These advances are made with mutual satisfaction, till the man approaches near enough, and then *the bird is taken*."

So it is with Mr. Baring's votes and speeches. He is never wholly with the Minister, he is never wholly against him ; he the subject what it may that he speaks upon, no one can guess from his speech on which side his vote will be given, for it tells equally on both sides of the question. If he utters a sentence which a staunch oppositionist might be inclined to cheer, you are sure in the same breath to have a qualifying "but on the other hand," that tells more in favour of the enemy than even a decided opposition ; and if the Members of the Treasury "make a leg" too little towards him, he is almost as sure to exhibit some prudish *tracasserie* that offends Ministers, gratifies his own self-importance, and pleases neither Whig nor Tory. The fact is, Mr. Baring seems to have no principle or pivot of action but his inordinate vanity ; make a leg towards that, and the bird is taken, and you command his vote, no matter how it may contradict his declaration of the last five minutes. In his shuffling, consequential, purse-proud deportment, hemming, lisping, undecided tone of voice, and his flitting restless eye, you see all that doubtful sense of self-importance, and all that peevish irritability of negative success, which contradistinguish a trimmer from want of principle, from the man who halts between two opinions till his vanity is attracted towards either, and who will not do anything himself nor let others do it, if his self-importance be not gratified by the process. Such men are political nui-

sances—are marplots to any measure they may tender their injurious support; for by their half-and-half tamperings between what is right and what is wrong (both of which they see clearly enough)—by their lively sense of contingent difficulties—by their endless see-sawing between “I would, *but* that on the other hand, I fear”—they disgust and sicken the advocates of the one, without making friends of those who batten on the other. And such is the case on every question of great public moment with the Honourable Member for Callington; unless, as I have before observed, he be previously bird-limed by his vanity. As a specimen of the Dotterel-catching character of Mr. Baring’s speech against the Bill I offer the following paragraph, the first that caught my eye.

“He said this, not as an advocate for universal suffrage; *but* he thought that opportunities, such as now existed, should be given to represent bodies of the humbler classes of society. He was waited upon a few days ago by some of the potwallopers, and he told them that there could be no extensive plan of reform which would not sweep away their boroughs. They might be assured that the intelligence of this kind of reform would not give satisfaction amongst the humbler classes. The country shopkeeper might be pleased, *but* his poorer neighbour would be greatly dissatisfied, for it was certain that his interests would be greatly injured by it. To that part of the plan which cut off outlying voters, he had no objection; *but* he thought the proposition of continuing the votes in the boroughs which remained during the lives of the present voters, was inconsistent with the general principle advocated by the bill. He admitted the general principle that *prima facie* every man in the kingdom, being a natural-born subject, had a right to a vote, *unless* it could be shown that its exercise would prove injurious to himself, or to the general interests of the community. If the person having this right, could be convinced that he ought not to be permitted to exercise it, well and good; *but* by what sort of argument could you convince him that he might exercise it without injury to the general welfare for twenty years, but that after that time the exercise of it would be greatly detrimental to the state? The 10*l.* qualification named in the bill was, he took it for granted, the lowest that could be mentioned consistently with safety, for Ministers were bound to go lower if they could do so with safety. Were they then for the next twenty years, during a period which it was probable would be one of no ordinary difficulty, to have the existing voters in boroughs with much lower qualifications,—with qualifications which were declared by the bill itself to be too low for the safety of the state—were they, he asked, to have this lower, and more dangerous because lower, qualification of existing freemen to continue in full operation? He thought it would have been more consistent to say, the political atmosphere looks cloudy at present, let us make the qualification as high as 15*l.* for the next twenty years, and after that we shall see if we can go on with a lower qualification.”

Like all half-informed men—readily caught by a new-fangled hypothesis, Mr. Baring is for ever railing against the “theories of the closet,” and that too while he is himself riding down some darling hobby of his own. He has three pet theories just now afloat, each equally indicative of the one-sided narrowness and short-sightedness of his understanding; but his most cherished favourite, that which he most prides himself upon, and which, like Mr. Wilmot Horton with respect to emigration, he lugs in by the neck and shoulders on all occasions, is his theory of the *double standard*. To those who think for a moment on the meaning of the words they employ, the phrase “double standard” involving a self-evident contradiction, has only to be stated to be refuted. But as these persons are unfortunately a very small minority, and as Mr. Baring is the great wise man of the East on matters of political economy, since the death of Mr. Ricardo, one or two words will not be thrown away in, for the hundredth time, explaining its absurdity.

Mr. Baring’s proposition is, to make silver a legal tender as well as gold, the present standard; though as a practical man, he knows and admits that the relative value of both metals in the market is constantly *fluctuating*. Suppose that a sovereign in gold and twenty silver shillings be made the legal tender of a one pound debt, and that they are both worth in the market just £1. So long as they continue so, it is evident, Mr. Baring might have his double standard with all its blessings. But let us suppose, what is the case every day in the market, that their relative value is fluctuating, and what becomes of your fine “practical” theory? Suppose, for example, that, either from a falling off in the supply of gold,

or an increase of the supply of silver from the mines, the quantity of gold in a sovereign becomes worth twenty-one shillings in silver, or that the quantity of silver in twenty shillings becomes only worth nineteen shillings in gold, what are the consequences? Why, evidently, that in the first instance, the speculator procures a sovereign with twenty shillings, melts it, and sells it for twenty-one shillings; in the other, with his nineteen shillings in gold, he buys silver bullion, and has it coined into twenty shillings at the mint; and by thus adding to the amount of currency, raises the price of gold bullion to twenty-one shillings, and when that takes place he buys a sovereign for twenty shillings, the legal silver tender, melts it, and sells it at the bullion price, twenty-one shillings, and so on, in a circle of endless fluctuation. And this is the perfect theory of the double standard!

MR. STANLEY and MR. HOBBHOUSE both made excellent speeches. I, however, shall hear them once more, and on a less *set* occasion, before I pronounce a confident opinion on their pretensions. I have "auld lang syne" kindly recollections associated with the name of the Honourable Member for Westminster, which perhaps make me too partial an admirer of his talents and political conduct. I do not think him by any means a man of high genius; but I know him to be a man of no every-day endowments, fearless and independent, and therefore would back him against the best of them at odds.

Mr. Stanley is, with a long interval, the cleverest speaker and most rising young man now in Parliament. I consider him too, the possessor of talents of a high order—indeed, I feel inclined to say genius, but that first appearances make me wary of expressing a decided opinion. I will keep an eye on him; for I am greatly deceived if he prove not an eagle in his flight.

MR. PERCEVAL amused the House with another Mawworm sermon. The text was taken from Ivanhoe, and was rather happy in its personal application. The first part was part of a speech of Wamba, the son of Witless, in which that eminent advocate of close boroughs and unearned pensions, and mortal foe of the press, says: "I wore russet before I wore motley, and was bred to be a friar, until a brain fever came upon me, and left me just wit enough to be a fool." The other was more lyrical:

* The hottest ass will oft be cool,
The dullest will show fire,
The friar will often play the fool,
The fool will play the friar."

MR. JEFFREY and MR. CROKER—The Edinburgh versus The Quarterly; the great Aristarchus of the Whigs versus the great cackling defender of

———"The monarchy of all the Tories."

I am not a skullologist of the Spurzheim school, nor a disciple of Lavater, but still believe there is an art "to read the mind's construction in the face." I moreover profess myself somewhat of a proficient in this art, having from my childhood been an attentive reader of the "human face divine," and on the presumption of my physiognomical skill, declare that Mr. Jeffrey is the exact personification of the ideal genius of the Edinburgh Review. The first moment I saw him I knew him, recognizing in his pale and rather pensive cast of countenance,—deep-meaning, but inscrutable bluish-grey eyes,—bold brow,—forehead high and smooth,—and above all, in the Academic sneer of sceptical indifference of his trembling fleshy lip,—the scrutinizing, logical, vigorous, but stern and cold, to a degree verging on actual indifference,—philosophy which has periodically electrified the reading, and still more the writing public, since the commencement of the present century. His voice too, in its owl-note harshness, and his figure and gesture in their restlessness and want of Corinthian dignity, betray the unremitting energy of an intellect conscious of power and regardless of the when and where it is manifested, but deriving little aid from the inspirations of that highest philosophy, the wisdom of the heart.

Mr. Croker, though also a remarkable man, is by no means so curious a study as the Lord Advocate; for besides that his intellect is far less powerful and subtle, he is not so faithful a physical representative of the celebrated journal to

which he has been for years an efficient contributor. It is the fashion of the political adversaries of the Right Honourable ex-Secretary to decry his literary merits, and to ascribe to him much more of the insolent assumption of the great organ of Tory prejudices, and for so many years of Tory power, which issues forth quarterly from Albemarle-street, than of its one-sided ability and classical skill in composition. But this is an error to which the highly unpopular deportment of the Right Honourable Gentleman has given a too ready reception. Mr. Croker is an elegant scholar, an elegant writer, a man of acute talents, and a wit; and has only to blame his own base sycophancy to power, and his tortuous and unerect, prying, and intriguing means of attaining it, for not being now the moral no less than the intellectual leader of his party. It is to a biting consciousness of this fact, and to a constitutional irritability of frame, and not to the mere proud-flesh insolence of office, that I would ascribe that peevish petulance and insolent assumption of manner which have won for him a more undivided unpopularity than is bestowed on any other individual (that mass of overbearing effrontery—Mr. Horace Twiss, alone excepted) in either House of Parliament. Never was he more petulantly insolent than in his reply to the Lord Advocate, who in his own cold way is contemptuous enough towards his opponents; and never did he more completely mar a clever speech by the anger which the offensive tone of its delivery naturally generated not only among the friends but the enemies of the measure. The speech was in the true spirit of a Quarterly Reviewer, full of assumptions and denunciations, making flippant assertions stand in place of all argument, save what Mr. Mill has ingeniously named the *argumentum impertosum*, but clothed in the most choice and flowing phraseology.

Mr. Jeffrey, practised as he is at the bar, will never be an imposing or very efficient speaker in Parliament. His elocution is by no means distinct; his voice inharmonious; he is by much too rapid; and what still more, I should say, mars the effect of the glancing brilliancy and epigrammatic point of his sentences, he has acquired the incurable colloquial habits of those leading lawyers who usually practise within the bar. But, abating these external defects, it would not be easy to overpraise the inexhaustible fertility of resources, and the dazzling rapidity of argument, which constitute the stream of his eloquence; a rapidity which in its effect on the mental vision I can only compare to that which whirling a luminous body in quickly succeeding circles produces on the bodily eye, all appears to be but one undefined and undistinguishable mass of brightness. There is no pause, no blank, no stopping for breath,—all is a torrent flow of polished, transparent, and epigrammatic sentences, logically consecutive, and springing from and leading to great general principles. His was the only philosophical speech on the subject,—the only one which took its stand on general principles,—the only one indicative of a mind acquainted not only with the “closet theories of speculative men” or the springs of human action,—but with the “practical” workings of the actual circumstances and prevailing opinions of society.

MR. O'CONNELL and SIR E. SUGDEN both made good one-sided address-to-evidence speeches, in both of which, advocate tact, and *nisi prius* astuteness, told better than perhaps eloquence or argument deserving the name, could have done with such an audience. The *Times* praised the former, and the *Standard* the latter, with equal justice and sincerity.

SIR R. VYVYAN, SIR FRANCIS BURDITT, MR. MACAULEY, MR. PRAED, MR. SHIEL, MR. NORTH, MR. WYSE, and a batch of other Irish orators in our next.

Since the above notices were written, the Bill has been read a second time by a majority of *one*, in the fullest House ever assembled in St. Stephen's; and Lord Grey in the one House, and Lord Althorp in the other, have expressed their determination not to abate one jot of the principle on which it is based, and to have recourse to a dissolution, should it appear necessary. It will be necessary; and it is by no means impracticable that our next Speakers and Speeches article will commence with a new Parliament. Ministers, however, mean to test the inveteracy of the opposition of the Boroughmongers in a Committee. I think they had better dissolve at once.

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. IV.

*James Fenimore Cooper.**(With an engraved Likeness.)*

AMONG the frequenters of circulating libraries, and indeed in literary coteries of all kinds, Mr. Cooper is generally designated "the great American Novelist." When the name of a writer becomes in this manner identified with that of his country, he may feel sufficiently assured of the permanency of his reputation. He may, with perfect safety, leave his fame to take care of itself. His is no fleeting or narrow renown; it is associated with his "land's language."

We are not hazarding much in saying, that no writer ever possessed the advantages enjoyed by the author of "The Spy," on his first outset in literary life. The very peculiarity of his situation rendered it next to impossible for him to fail in charming that large portion of the English people denominated the novel-readers. We were, indeed, at that time, as we have continued ever since, a nation of novel-readers. Scott had set his seal upon us. The author of "Waverley,"—the great Napoleon of novelists,—had conquered the country, from one end of it to the other. Nothing, then, could be more fortunate as regards time; and as to place, what region could be so pregnant with interest, or what subject so calculated to gratify the cravings of an excited curiosity as America?—a country which had hitherto been considered alike destitute of writers and readers,—whose soil had been pronounced, by the learned in these matters, to be essentially unfavourable to the growth of genius,—and in which one would no more think of looking for the golden graces of literature, than for dancers among the Dutch. An Esquimaux poet, brought over by Captain Parry, could hardly have excited more wonder than the "great American Novelist," when he made his first appearance in Europe. The world fell into a fit of admiration at the first sign of a genius on the barren waste of America, and stared at it, as the bewildered Crusoe did at Friday's footmark on the sand.

But in addition to these lesser advantages, the Novelist enjoyed the grand and all-sufficing one that arises from an entire originality of subject. The field that lay open before him was not merely of immeasurable extent, but he had the felicity of having it all to himself. Like the ancient Mariner,

"He was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

He suddenly found himself recognised as the Sir Walter* of the New World,—one who was to do for his country what Scott had done for his; to delineate the character of its people; to describe its customs, and celebrate its achievements; to show what art had already done for it, and how Nature had clothed it with beauty and

* An example of Mr. Cooper's appreciation of his illustrious rival occurred while he was sitting for the portrait that accompanies our sketch. The artist, Madame Mirbel, requested him, as is usual in such cases, to fix his eye upon a particular point. "Look at that picture," said she, pointing to one of a distinguished statesman. "No," said Cooper, "if I must look at any, it shall be at my master," directing his glance a little higher, to a portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

sublimity; to paint its scenery; to exult in its acquirements and prospects; but, above all, to assert its glory and independence. He thus stood, like another Columbus, on the ground he had discovered, and perceived that it was untrampled. He saw, also, the fertility of the paths upon which he entered, the inexhaustible variety of the materials that presented themselves to him upon every side. Every thing was novel and picturesque. What other histories enjoyed in antiquity, that of America had in modern interest. If the register of its triumphs was but of recent date, it was prolific in adventures. Every page of the volume was full of matter, and all that was required was to select with taste and discrimination.

With the freshness of character which thus appertained to his subjects generally, and with powers of mind that would have given interest to subjects of a far less original description, it was almost a matter of course that Mr. Cooper should have succeeded in at once rising into estimation among his own countrymen, and scarcely more surprising that his first works should have been received and read in England as the productions of a man of very remarkable genius. There are some points of fiction that the most prejudiced eyes cannot resist, however they may persevere in keeping themselves closed to the truth; and though the aristocratic might not relish the scene the better for being laid within the territory of the United States, or lament with any immoderate degree of emphasis over sorrows that had been suffered on the other side of the Atlantic; yet few found it politic to deny, what was indeed palpable to all, that Mr. Cooper was gifted with talents that would contribute to strengthen and extend the independence of his country; to give it what it required, a literary independence, and add intellectual freedom to the religious and political liberty which it enjoyed. Few could command the tide of sympathy to roll back and retire, or check the course of emotions that a delineation of Nature had inspired; and it was therefore not thought advisable, even among those who looked lamentingly upon the cessation of hostilities and the growing good understanding between the two countries, to extend the ridicule with which the laws and institutions of America had been frequently visited to these specimens of her literary advancement, or to dispute her claim to the possession of Goldsmiths and Fieldings of her own.

If some portion of the success of our Trans-Atlantic Novelist was referable to circumstances, and to the peculiar attractiveness of his subjects, a still greater portion was attributable to himself, and to the energy and enthusiasm which he brought to his labours. No writer of the times has taken a wider range in his view of human nature, or looked more deeply into the heart. Few know better how to seize the strongest point of interest, and no one can work it out more judiciously. If his plots fail in carrying you irresistibly along "on the wings of the wind," his skill in the delineation of character is sure to work its charm and fascination about you; or, if even that should fail, the mere description of some unromantic settlement in the woods, a desert solitude, or the hull of a vessel floating

"Far out amid the melancholy main;"

nay, of things less picturesque than these, would prevent you from closing the book until you had read to the last line of the last page.

We never met with novels—(and we have read all that were ever written since the creation of the world,)—of a more absorbing character, or more fatal to the female propensity of skipping the digressive portions. Every word of Mr. Cooper's narratives is effective, or appears so while you read: and yet he does not scruple to describe an object, in the most elaborate and uncompromising terms, three or four times over in the same work, if it be necessary that the reader should have an accurate outline of it before his eyes. There is a profusion, but no waste of words, in his style, which is, "without o'erflowing, full." It is clear, varied, and distinct. He paints the wild waste, "the sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses," the verdureless prairie, and the mighty shadows of the forest, with a power that increases in fervour and swells into enthusiasm when he launches upon the element of which he has given such fearful yet such faithful pictures. His sea-scenes are unique. He does not give you "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." All is action, character, and poetry. You see, in the images which he conjures up, every accessory of the scene, however insignificant; you hear, in the terms in which he describes them, the roaring of the surge, the voices of the seamen, and the flapping of the sails. Amidst such scenes as these, where

"His march is o'er the mountain-waves,
His home is on the deep,"

we lose sight of land altogether; and are startled, a few chapters farther on, at finding ourselves in a wild, barren, wintry region, the antipodes of that we had left.

His characters are of all classes, and if not equally well drawn, impress us, at the first glance, with a conviction that they are drawn by an acute observer of life, and a lover of the kindlier sympathies that adorn and ennoble it. There are many touches in Mr. Cooper's books that have been put in with a liberal hand, denoting a warmth and generosity of spirit towards his species, a desire to encourage and not to depress human nature, to exhibit but not to exult in its vices, and to inculcate a better and brighter philosophy than that which never looks for light out of its own circle, and keeps its charity perpetually at home. These indications of good feeling, wherever we meet them, besides making the portrait more perfect, make us love and remember it for ever. His characters, whether modern or old-fashioned, savage or civilized, moving on the quarter-deck or the wilderness, are all picturesque persons, that have some mark and likelihood about them. There is a mixture of the poetic and the plausible in them, that renders it difficult to determine whether they are to be taken as inventions or realities, or compounds, as most of them are, of both. This may be said of them in general, that if they are sometimes grotesque when they ought to be graceful, and extravagant where simplicity was most needed, they are seldom or never insipid. They preserve their glow and bloom to the last; and when they seem to be wandering farthest from the point of Nature, to which we would bind them, come back to us with one of those touches that "makes the whole world kin," and reveal to us the truth and beauty which had been previously hidden by the very excess of our sympathy. There is scarcely one character of any rank or importance that does not present some indication of this

deep knowledge of our nature, in the finest of its forms; and there are many, in the range of his productions, that are conceived in the very spirit of that knowledge. And as it is difficult to select instances from the cloud of creatures,—composed alike of the high and the humble, the stern-featured and the humorous,—that comes floating upon our recollection, we would instance a whole class, and refer to the refined power and delicacy which he has displayed in his delineation of the female character. There is at times (let it be said with reverence) an almost Shaksperian subtlety of perception in his female pictures—a majesty, and yet a gentleness, not unworthy of the highest mind, while contemplating the holiest objects that Nature has fashioned. They are not beings of the imagination, but children of Nature—not creatures “playing in the plighted clouds,” but scattering light and comfort upon the earth to the uttermost ends of it, and showing that there is no situation of life into which beauty and gladness will not penetrate at last. All Mr. Cooper’s feminine creations may not have been to Court; but they have not the less lustre and dignity on that account; nor does he agree with Touchstone, that they will be condemned for the omission. They are enveloped in graces that are seldom dreamed of in drawing-rooms. We could count up a dozen of these spiritualities at least. Content Heathcote’s wife—we forget the name—in “The Borderers,” though with little outward brilliancy or gaudiness of colouring, is a fine conception, wonderfully wrought out. It brings to mind—and this is the highest eulogy we can pass upon it—that “phantom of delight” of Wordsworth—a being that, however beautiful, is

————— “Not too good
For human nature’s daily food;—”

Or to complete the comparison, and to give our meaning its proper music,

“A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still—and bright
With something of an angel light.”

We had just finished our quotation, when a friend entered, whose opinions are worth seeking, and to whom we occasionally refer. We told him our views upon the subject—and asked him his opinion of our novelist. “I will tell you,” he said, “if you will be bold enough to write what I say.” Here are his words, at variance, in places, with what we had previously written, but given without change.

“Of all the novels of Cooper, that which pleases me most is ‘The Last of the Mohicans.’ In his other works there are many fine passages, and indeed whole chapters full of beauty and character, and life. But then these seem off-sets from the great British family—the stamp of an original spirit is not upon them, and we compare them with Smollet and Fielding, and Scott, and lean to the authors of Old England. In ‘The Last of the Mohicans’ the original spirit of the man shines out—the march of the great American wilderness is upon it—the full and distinct image of the desert-born is there, and we confess at once the presence of something which stands aloof and alone—and resembles nothing which any other genius has done. I say not this for the purpose of depreciating the other works of the

author, which I have read, and read with attention, but because there was a spell upon me during the perusal of that romantic legend of the wilderness, which I was not under in reading any of his other books—and this arose entirely from the freshness of character diffused over the whole narrative. If you ask me what I chiefly dislike in these his other productions, my answer is, he is much too minute in his details, and is never content unless he accounts for every thing. If a man pulls a rope, he tells you first how it was manufactured; if another heaves the lead, he reads you a treatise on navigation. He has yet another fault; he shuts his eyes on the virtues of other nations, and thinks that whatever on earth is excellent is found exclusively in his native land. Now I love him for loving his native land; but when he tells me that Waterloo was but a cock fight compared to Bunker's Hill, I pity the man who fails to see that the genius which plans and combines the movements of an hundred thousand men, has necessarily a far grander task than he who rules the advance and attack of a few thousands. I have done with my censure, but not with my praise.

“The story of ‘The Last of the Mohicans,’ moving as it is, is still less interesting than the characters of this fine drama of the desert. The old Indian chief and his son, with their half Indian and half European friend, Le Longue Carabine, are drawn to the life. Yet all is touched with a delicate and discriminating hand—the grossness of the savage is only indicated—his heroism is brought out in a full and natural light. All who admire perfect originality of character, united at the same time to bravery and honour, will confess their favourite to be Le Longue Carabine. He is the best fellow in the whole race of originals from Smollet to Cooper. But I have no time to tell you all I have to say concerning him; nor to point out the almost innumerable passages in this splendid work, where the hand of a master is impressed.”

A large proportion of the critics have decided in favour of “The Prairie,” as the finest of all the American novels. It is a point which we cannot determine, for we have many favourites. Early associations lead us to estimate “The Spy” very highly, and incline us to cherish the remembrance of Harvey Birch with feelings as profound as any that have been excited by more recent adventurers. Washington also is a richly-coloured portrait, touched with the hand of an enthusiast. But “The Prairie” is certainly, in some of its scenes, unsurpassed, in a particular kind of power, by any thing we ever read, whether in prose or poetry. In point of character, it ranks with the most striking and original of the author's works; and contains one or two persons whose impressions are so vividly stamped upon the imagination, that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we have not met them under some extraordinary but forgotten circumstances—that we have not wandered over that prairie, and communed with the very spirit of the scene. In “The Borderers,” which we have already referred to—the interest is skilfully sustained, though the details are a little tedious now and then. “The Red Rover” and “The Pilot” have become, perhaps, still more popular, and are unquestionably not less peculiar in character, than some of those that we have named. As ocean-tales, they are full of startling effects and strange surprises; and they are scarcely less

valuable, we think, as pictures of life and manners. Long Tom Coffin can hardly be an invention—a seaman of the mind—an imaginary mariner. No, he is a thorough-bred sea-king, preferring the other side of the Atlantic to this, and the ocean to either; he is the noblest of nauticals—an American Admiral of low degree. “The Water Witch,” which has recently been added to this series, has several sea-scenes, not inferior to any that preceded them. It is more wild and experimental in parts, but it lacks nothing in point of freshness and energy; and its marvellous incidents find a becomingly picturesque termination, as the Mariner of the India Shawl bears off the lady that loved him, and is never heard of afterwards.

From all that we can learn of this gifted American, from those who have had the best and most recent opportunities of personal observation, we should judge that his general bearing indicates a man of strong natural powers, great decision of character, and observant habits—more, perhaps, of things than men. He is rather above than under the middle height, his figure well and firmly set, and his movements rather rapid than graceful. All his gestures are those of promptness and energy. His high expansive forehead is a phrenological curiosity; a deep indenture across its open surface, throws the lower organs of eventuality, locality, and individuality, into fine effect; while those immediately above—comparison, causality, and gaiety—are equally remarkable. His eyes, which are deeply set, have a wild, stormy, and restless expression, as if they scorned sleep, and were perpetually in search of something. A female friend describes them as the most *vigilant* eyes ever encountered—yet their flashing is not continual, but softens, at times, into milder and gentler feeling. But it is his mouth that has the strongest pretensions to singularity of character. An inflexible firmness forms its expression when silent, but when he speaks, it seems as though he held all the passions and feelings of the heart under his command, and could summon them to his lip at pleasure. It is then that he rivets the attention more than any living writer—not excepting Wordsworth. David, the French sculptor, in his fine bust of the novelist, has given this character admirably. His head altogether is strikingly intellectual; its severity is relieved by simplicity. Nature moulded it in majesty, yet denied it not the gentler graces that should ever adorn greatness.

His manners are a pleasant mixture of the mariner and the gentleman. The austerity, observable in them at first, wears off after a few minutes, and you feel that you are conversing with a man who has seen and understands the world, and who listens with calmness, almost with indifference, to its good and evil report. Years have brought to him “the philosophic mind.” He is an *American*, even in our English sense of the term; the *amor patrie* is in him a passion that never subsides; he is devotedly attached to his country, to its institutions, and (as is apparent from his works) to its rugged but magnificent scenery. His republicanism he does not attempt to conceal; he conceives that Kings are very expensive superfluities, and that a lord is a luxury which no sensible government ought to sanction. However repugnant these views may be to us, we must at least allow him to be a candid and unselfish reasoner. He has preferred the loss of popularity in certain circles of English society to

disguising his principles, and his indifference to men's opinions has added to the sacrifice. It is not very easy to say whether this indifference arises from a consciousness of his own value, or a national notion of equality—but it may at least be regarded as sincere. Of some of his reviewers, as we gather from one or two of his prefaces, he holds no very elevated opinion; though in a recent conversation, he professed himself entirely ignorant of what the English critics had said of his works—delicately accounting for it, by intimating, that his wandering life had afforded him but few opportunities of ascertaining their opinions. If he is neglectful, however, of these criticisms, he is also neglectful of the subjects of them; for he declares, that he never once looked into any of his works after they had been printed. He casts them upon the world, and from that moment they are sealed books to him.

The family of Mr. Cooper was originally from Buckingham in England, settled in America in 1679, and about a century afterwards became established in the State of New York. He was born at Burlington; on the Delaware, in 1789, and was removed at an early age to Cooper's Town—a place, of which he has given an interesting account in "The Pioneers." At thirteen, he was admitted to Yale College, New Haven, and three years afterwards went to sea—an event that gave a character and a colour to his after-life, and produced impressions, of which the world has already reaped the rich result. On his marriage with a daughter of John Peter De Lancey, of West Chester County, New York, he quitted the navy, and devoted himself to composition. Mr. Cooper's first work was published in 1821, and every year since that period has brought its new novel. He has already printed and become popular in many cities—in London, Paris, Florence, and Dresden. In 1826, his health having suffered considerably from a fever that attacked him two years before, he was induced to visit Europe; this has restored him, and he now thinks of returning to a home which his heart has never abandoned. We had omitted to mention, that Mr. Cooper was appointed, chiefly to protect his papers, to the Consulship at Lyons—a nominal post, which he resigned about three years ago.

In Paris, where Mr. Cooper at present resides, no man is more sought after, and few so much respected. Under the *old regime* it might have been different. The whisperings of prejudice, jealousy, and national dislike that were occasionally audible here, do not reach him there. He appears to be perfectly at his ease—sensible of the estimation, but not over-estimation, in which he is held by all sects and parties. Yet he seems to claim little consideration on the score of intellectual greatness; he is evidently prouder of his birth than of his genius; and looks, speaks, and walks as if he exulted more in being recognized as an American citizen, than as the author of "The Pilot" and the "Prairie."*

* We may avail ourselves of this opportunity to state, that Cooper's novels will become known in England even more extensively than they have been. They are now publishing by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley—each work in one small and cheap, but clear and beautifully printed volume—and form parts of a series of "Standard Novels," that will, in time, contain all the best productions from those of Smollet and Fielding, to those of our own day—the most valuable of which it is intended to include.

AFTER-DINNER CHAT, NO. II.

“A thing of shreds and patches.”—SHAKESPEARE.

N.—How do you like Deshayes' new Ballet, K——?

K.—I have not seen it.

N.—Why, surely, I saw you at the Opera, on Saturday, during the whole time of its performance.

K.—I was there, but I saw nothing of the Ballet.

N.—You must have been asleep, then, for you had one of the best places in the pit.

K.—True, I occupied one of the best places in the pit; but, unfortunately, a short lady was seated before me, so that I could see nothing of the performance.

N.—You are jesting; it was better for you that a short lady should have been placed between you and the stage, than a tall gentleman.

K.—Not so, I assure you; gallantry apart, I would rather it had been the Irish Giant: I might then have accomplished an occasional peep at the stage, either over his right shoulder or his left. Had there been nothing in my way but the short lady's head, indeed, there would have been not the least ground for complaint; but only conceive, N——! On the top of her head there was a huge pile of hair, and on the top of her hair there was a huge pile of flowers, and on the top of her flowers there was a huge comb! Now, as, unluckily, I was unprovided with any sort of instrument used for determining the altitude of mountains, I could not exactly compute the elevation of these Cordilleras of the toilet; but, by dint of climbing with my eye from range to range, I should pronounce the *apex* of this monstrous structure to have been about twenty-six inches above the level of her shoulders; or, in other terms, nearly half the height of her entire figure. To say, literally, that I saw *nothing*, would be untrue; for the comb being pierced full of little holes, like the pan of a fire-shovel, (which, in shape, it somewhat resembled,) I could, now and then, catch glimpses of little bits of what, taken altogether, must, I conceive, have been Montessu, or Brocard, or Paul: for whenever those fragments passed before the gilt-brass grating, (as they did, frequently and rapidly,) I heard shouts of “Bravo!” and a loud clapping of hands. I was greatly disappointed, for I had never seen Madame Montessu, who, I am told, is *petite*, even when seen all at once.

N.—For the mere purpose of enjoying the performance, my situation was scarcely preferable to yours. I was in Lady ——'s box, her restless plume of white feathers before me: it was like looking at the stage through a heavy fall of snow.

S.—If heads are so much in your way, why not take one of the front stalls?—always avoiding the heads of Spagnoletti and the big basses.

K.—I hate the stalls for their name's sake; there is something abundantly silly in the idea of being led to one's stall. One isn't a horse.

S.—In some cases, perhaps,—I don't allude to you, K——, *cribs* would be the more appropriate name for them.

K.—Ahem! “The ox knoweth its owner,” *et cætera*.

N.—What a pity it is that our fair countrywomen should be at so much pains to undo what Nature has done for them! They seem not to consider that the preposterous mode of head-dress, of which K——

has given no very exaggerated description, throws not only the features, but the entire figure out of proportion. Where there is no symmetry there can be no grace, and grace being essential to beauty—

K.—In a word, they make positive frights of themselves.

N.—'Tis well there are no ladies present, for the expression is not the most civil; but, certainly, we may say that this Pelion-on-Ossa fashion is of no assistance to their natural attractions.

R.—You surely would not object to the introduction of *flowers* as an ornament to female head-dress?

N.—By no means; for when judiciously selected,—I mean, chiefly with respect to colour, so that they may harmonize with the complexion, and the colour of the hair,—I say, when judiciously selected and tastefully arranged, nothing is more ornamental. But to see a lady with a flower-garden on her head—!

K.—~~There~~ There was one in a box near you—! I should exaggerate, perhaps, were I to say she carried *quite* a quarter of an acre laid out *en parterre*.

S.—If a woman have received from Nature a beautiful head of hair, she need desire no other ornament, nor can she invent any better.

B.—I suspect *N.*— has been attending a course of man-millinery. Will he tell us who is his Professor?

N.—No one of your acquaintance,—Taste. But if, as it would appear, you are of opinion that female dress is a subject too trivial for men's discussion, I cannot agree with you. Women don't take pains in their dress simply to please each other: independently of more powerful motives, they know that, on that subject, men are your only critics. Remember, too, that no less a man than Addison,—not to mention many other eminent names,—thought it not beneath his dignity to criticise the female fashions of his day; and were a censorship of the kind established now, I really think an improvement in some of those of our own might result from it. To say nothing of the extraordinary ugliness of the mode *K.*— has complained of, (which, after all, may be a point depending on particular opinion,) it deserves to be reprehended on the ground of its extraordinary impropriety.

H.—Extraordinary *impropriety!* Is not the phrase too severe for the occasion?

N.—I think not, when one considers the inconvenience and disappointment it occasions to so many. Then, again, the enormous bonnets and caps,—*Parascenas*, as they have, not inaptly, been called,—worn by ladies at places of public amusement! Will you complain of the expression, as being too severe, *H.*—, if I say that the practice is, at least, *inconsiderate?* O that Addison were alive to address to our good countrywomen one paper on the subject,—only one! First of all, in a vein of what quiet, yet forcible, humour would he expose to them the unseemliness of their dress!—denouncing it for its own intrinsic ugliness, as well as for its insidious detraction from the native loveliness of the wearer. Then, gradually rising in his theme, how seriously, yet with what urbanity!—in that tone of mingled power and gentleness so peculiarly his own,—would he remonstrate with them against persisting in what *he* would consider an unkindness, at the least, if even he did not deal with it as one of the mortal offences, of the lesser order, against society. Yes; himself a fond frequenter of places of elegant recreation, as we know him to have

been, I am well persuaded that, in a case of this nature, he would assume the severer strain, and ask his fair readers upon what grounds they could justify their carrying about with them a screen so contrived as absolutely to intercept the view of all those who might be in its immediate neighbourhood, and utterly to deprive them of their share in an amusement which they had taken some pains, and incurred some expense, to enjoy. I will conceive that the appeal, or remonstrance, should be published on Tuesday; and certain am I, (such is my reliance on the good sense, the fine taste, and the right, kind feeling of Englishwomen,) that, on the very next Opera-night, not one amongst them would be seen with a covering on her head larger than the bell of a cowslip.

R.—A nuisance of a similar kind——

K.—Have a care you are not called to order by N—— for using an uncivil expression.

R.—It is not so: I use it in its *legal* sense; and, so taken, it is the most gentle of all imaginable expressions: meaning no more than something that *inconmodes the neighbourhood*. To characterize the subject of your own complaint as something that merely “inconmodes” the neighbourhood, appears to me a refinement in the choice of terms, in comparison with which the most cautious of any employed by N—— must sink into coarse invective. I will repeat, therefore, that a nuisance of a similar kind existed, for a short time, a few years ago, in Paris. I, myself, was in the *Balcon* of the *Théâtre Français* one evening, seated behind a lady who wore an exceedingly large bonnet, much smaller than those now in use; and I speak with strict regard to truth when I say that, for the greater part of the performance, I could see nothing but the extreme sides of the stage, and, what are technically called, the borders. The house was crowded; so that I had no alternative but to content myself with seeing nothing of the actors where I was, or to stroll to the remotest end of the town, where I might have seen just as much of them.

H.—The French, the politest people on earth, bore this little inconvenience, no doubt, with edifying patience.

R.—*Tout au contraire*. A Frenchman loves a play, and has not the slightest idea of paying his money at a theatre for the sole pleasure of looking at a pretty *chapeau*, although it should be *fait comme un Ange*, when he might see a *dôzen*, in any milliner's shop, any day in the week, *gratis*. The course adopted to remedy the evil was simple and effective. “*Madame, il m'est impossible de voir,*” addressed in a tone of paramount courtesy to the lady, and with a pathetic emphasis on the “*impossible*” calculated to touch the heart of the most obdurate, was the usual form of appeal; and it seldom failed of inducing *Madame* to defer to some more convenient occasion the exhibition of her *joli chapeau*. But if (as was not often the case) *Madame* did not think it proper to attend to the hint,—the words and the manner in which it was conveyed were so general, that I have no doubt they had been pre-concerted by the regular play-goers—the next appeal, but in a tone less pacific, was to any gentleman who might have the honour to be in her company: “*Monsieur*, I supplicate you to explain to *Madame* that her bonnet absolutely prevents my seeing.” (If a lady happened to be in company with the complainant, he would strengthen his application by making it in her behalf.) Now as it

did sometimes occur that gentlemen were not in a humour to request of *Madame* to do any thing in the remotest degree disagreeable to her—or, that they had their own private and potent reasons for not interfering with her supreme will—it will not be wondered at that sundry duels were the consequence of these interferences. Large bonnets, however, were not much longer carried into places of public amusement; or, when they were, the amiable wearers removed them immediately on taking their places.

N.—Apropos of duelling. I hear that General F—rn—r^{*} is dead. He was the most celebrated, or, I ought to say, the most notorious duellist in France, at a time, too, when duelling was most the rage. He had been a great favourite of Napoleon's. Having the command of a regiment, upon—I forget what occasion—he led it with such extraordinary bravery to the attack, yet, at the same time, conducted its movements with so total a want of skill and discretion, that, without attaining any good result, his men were nearly all cut to pieces, and he himself narrowly escaped with his life. As a reward for his gallantry his Imperial master promoted him to the rank of General; but, to mark his sense of F—rn—r's total want of, "the better part of valour," he never after entrusted him with a command. So fatal was his skill in duelling that, when I knew him in Paris, he was under an interdiction of the Police ever to fight again. The terms of one of the duels in which he had been engaged were that the parties should fire at eight paces, and that they should alternately advance two paces till the fire of one or both of them should take deadly effect. According to this arrangement, the last advance brought the muzzle of his pistol close to his adversary's breast—he had twice already wounded him slightly, and received one shot himself—he fired, and his adversary fell dead at his feet! This piece of butchery—for as such it must be stigmatised—having been perpetrated under sanction of the articles of the meeting, passed over without receiving any severe notice. No wonder he was an unhappy man. I met him one day at dinner. On that occasion he was boisterous in his mirth without appearing to be gay. Suddenly he rose and left the room. Half an hour afterwards, we found him in a small *london* at the farther end of the apartment, stretched on a sofa—writhing, groaning, and gnashing his teeth:—I thought of Richard in the tent-scene. I once heard him say—(I must give part of his expression in his own words, for terrible as they are, they are, at the same time, so simple that they would lose their force in translation)—"*J'ai le bras fatal!* if I fire at a mark ten to one I miss it: I never miss a man."—His look and tone, as he uttered this, were as of one who should speak of an attendant Demon from whose dominion he had no power of escape.

R.—I once was witness to an instance of apathy on the part of a father—your talking of duelling reminds me of it—which is perhaps without a parallel. Walking one day beyond the *Barrière de Clichy*, I saw several persons assembled at a little distance from the roadside. Two gentlemen had just taken their ground—you know that these affairs are not always conducted with the same privacy on the Continent as in England—and received their pistols from the hands of their seconds. They fired at the same instant. One of the combatants, a fine young man of about five-and-twenty, received his adversary's shot in his forehead. It pierced his brain. He sprang

nearly his own height from the ground, and fell dead. He was immediately carried home to his father's house, which was at no great distance from the spot, and I went along with the crowd. He was an only son, mind you, but (so it was said) a *mauvais sujet* of the last degree—indeed the very quarrel which led to the duel had occurred in a gaming-house of which he was a regular frequenter. The body, which I followed into the court-yard of his father's house, was placed on the stones; the father was sent for; a *scene* was naturally to be expected; and a scene to be remembered there was. The old gentleman came out; looked calmly upon the dead body of his son; deliberately took a pinch of snuff; tapped down the lid of his box; and, saying nothing in the world more than—*Enfin!*—walked in again.

S.—*Père Sensible!*

* * * * *

N.—You spoke of the French, just now, as of the politest people on earth? Do you really think they deserve that distinction?

H.—No; I applied it as one that is generally, though, in my opinion, unadvisedly conceded to them. The lower classes of the French are, beyond comparison, *better manner'd* than the same classes of the English; and it might, perhaps, be admitted, that their *lowest* class is also more polite than ours; but—

N.—I don't clearly perceive a distinction between good manners and politeness.

H.—Why, I think it possible that good manners—which, as the term imports, are but a thing of manner, considered good by a sort of general convention—may exist independently of politeness, a quality which I take to have its source in good sense and kind feeling. I know that the terms are often indifferently used, though the qualities they imply are distinct: and I am of opinion that true politeness is a compound of all those qualities. It is seldom that an ill-natured man or a fool is a polite man—considering politeness in its highest sense: and, taken in that sense, I would say—and with particular reference to the superior classes,—that our neighbours have no advantage over us, if even, indeed, they equal us in that respect. I will give you two instances which may serve to illustrate my notion: one of which I conceive to have been a failure in politeness by a lady who, according to the common acceptance of the term, was unquestionably a polite woman—the once-celebrated Madame Recamier; the other a *trait* of politeness of the highest order, in a man of the lowest class. Some years ago I had the pleasure of handing the lady I have mentioned to her carriage, from an apartment four stories high—I need scarcely add that this occurred in Paris. On reaching the bottom of the stairs she complained of the immoderate height of our friends' lodgings. I replied that, for my own part, I rejoiced in the circumstance; for that, *upon the present occasion*, my pleasure would have been considerably diminished had they lived on the first-floor. (I am not telling you this as a brilliant thing; but you know a Frenchwoman is better pleased that you should talk nonsense to her than be silent.) She made a profound courtsey, held out her hand for me to kiss—Alas! for me! she was then older than when she visited England twenty years before—and said, “Now, really, that is so gallant, so witty—a Frenchman might have said it.”

K.—A compliment with which you might have been very well

content. You must be ingenious, indeed, in the detection of an impoliteness, to discover it there.

H.—Her opinion of the superiority of her own countrymen to us poor English—or, to put it more pointedly, of our inferiority to them—implied by the conclusion of what she intended to be complimentary, was calculated to give pain; and inasmuch as it was so—though certainly not to the extent of breaking the heart of an Englishman with a moderate share of philosophy—I contend that the lady's reply was not polite. By the way, equivocal compliments of this nature, from Frenchmen to foreigners, are not uncommon; and I think their frequency may be ascribed to that uncontrollable vanity, between which, and a good-natured desire to be civil, there is a constant struggle.

K.—But what was that *trait* of true politeness in a fellow of the lowest class?

H.—I accompanied two ladies to the *Champs Elysées*, to see the sports upon the occasion of the *Fête St. Louis*. From various booths, they were distributing, as is customary, bread, sausages, and wine, to the populace. A *Charbonnier*—one of the lowest of the low—who had been unsuccessful in getting his little barrel filled at one of the booths, was hastening to another. His clothes were begrimed; and from head to foot was he discoloured by the wine which had been spilt over him. He looked like the Red Demon in *Der Freyschutz*. As his path lay immediately in the direction where we were standing, and I had a lady on each arm, it was impossible for him to pass, on either side, without leaving, on the dress of one of them, a disagreeable recollection of his transit. Now, I have no hesitation in saying, that not an individual of the whole body of English coal-heavers—for whom I entertain, in all other respects, profound veneration—but would have made his way, (especially if it had led to a pot of porter,) without consideration of consequences to silk or muslin: nor am I quite certain but that he would have derived a savage pleasure from the mischief he might have committed. Not so *Monsieur le Charbonnier*. On approaching us he stopped; and gently touching my elbow with a tip of a finger, at the same time taking off his hat and making a bow to the ladies, he said—“*Pardon, Monsieur; c'est pour ne pas salir ces dames.*” We drew aside, in order that he might pass. He took the opportunity as gingerly as possible; and honouring us with another bow, and a “*Merci, Monsieur et Mesdames,*” away he scampered. Now I think it may safely be said, that the finest courtier in Europe—though his bow might have been more graceful, and his manner altogether more refined—could not have done the thing in better taste or with better feeling. It was a specimen of the truest politeness—the politeness of the heart.

N.—It was on a similar occasion I once witnessed a specimen of the French love of glory—the pure, unadulterated love of it for its own sake. After numerous aspirants had, with infinite labour, succeeded in climbing up a high pole (well greased to increase the difficulty of the exploit,) and had dismantled it of all the prizes,—hats, watches, and so forth, suspended at the top—a little ragged boy made the attempt. Several times did he fail; but, at length, by dint of laborious perseverance, he succeeded in gaining—all, indeed, that remained for him to gain—the bare point of the pole. Having

achieved this, he re-descended amidst the acclamations of the mob. As he strutted by me, I said to him, "Pray, now, what have you gained by all this labour?" He made a sudden stop, eyed me with a look of astonishment, and, drawing up his trousers, striking his hat firmly down upon his head, and sticking his arms a-kimbo, exclaimed, in a tone which Talma might have envied—" *Comment, Monsieur ! et la gloire ?*"

H.—I once heard Talma, in a moment of anger and indignation—I mean in real life—utter three words, which, if so given on the stage, would have electrified the audience; for, as it was, they shook the nerves of a *gens-d'arme*. I was going with him to the *Théâtre Français* to see him act Falkland (Sir Edward Mortimer.) The shortest cut into the theatre was by the public entrance; so he made his way through the crowd (I following him) till he reached the door. As the doors were not yet open to the public, the sentinel on duty, not knowing the tragedian, advanced with the usual word of order, "*Ne passe pas !*" at the same time barring the way with his carbine. Talma, indignant at the interruption, fell back one step, drew himself up to his extremest height, struck his breast (his own) six or seven times in rapid succession, and, his eyes flashing fire, he thundered out—" *Je suis Talma !*"—with a long-continued emphasis on the last syllable. The sentinel literally let his piece fall from his hands, drew back to the very wall, and we passed on.

R.—Talma used to instance this line of Corneille—I forget in which of his tragedies it occurs—as the finest in the whole body of French verse: it certainly is full, compact, and (referring to the exact point of time between the overthrow of an ancient dynasty and the erection of a new one) marvellously grand:

"Un grand destin s'achève, un grand destin commence!"

The force of the line is, I think, in the comprehensive grandeur of the word *destin*, which, as there used, is inadequately, if at all, rendered by the English, *destiny* or *fate*.

H.—How completely a fine poetical thought may be destroyed by the alteration of a single word! I recollect a ludicrous instance of this. I was quoting to M—d—y, who is rather deaf, a line of Campbell's, as being, in my opinion, equal to any that ever was produced:

"And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell."

"I dare say you are right," replied M—d—y; "but it does not quite please me: I must think of it." And he repeated,

"And Freedom squak'd—as Kosciusko fell."

L.—L—m—y of the —th Dragoons, was, as you may remember, a great admirer of the "Hohenlinden" of the same poet, and used frequently to recite it; but instead of

"Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!

And charge with all thy *chivalry*,"—

fancying, no doubt, that the poet, from ignorance of military terms, had committed a blunder, he used invariably to say,

"And charge with all thy *cavalry*."

K.—I once heard two whimsical blunders made in the course of a performance of Macbeth, at a poor little country theatre. The Lady Macbeth who, not unlikely, had been a laundress, instead of saying merely

"A little water clears us of this deed,"

chose to "make assurance double sure," and said—"A little soap-and-water." And, presently after, for

"We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it,—

the Thane, looking with an air of profound mystery at his tender mate, whispered her,

"We have *catch* a snake and *killed* it!"

B.—I have seldom been more amused by blunders on the stage than by the *mis*-representations, at the French Theatres, of English manners. In a scene of serious interest, a Countess of Athol addresses her interlocutor as "Tom;" and, in another piece, they talk of the *county* of Ireland, and the heroine—a serious, *bonâ-fide* heroine—is addressed by her lover as "adorable Miss Polly." Indeed, Tom, Jack, Betty, and Polly are almost the only names given to English characters, whether serious or comic—historical characters, of course, excepted.

R.—What say they of our blunders concerning them? I don't think we have the laugh all on our own side.

B.—Certainly not; for at least as often as I have laughed at their ignorance, have I blushed for our own. I must say, though, that there was a time, and that but a few years ago, when many of their *mis*-representations of English characters and manners, not only on their stage, but elsewhere, were wilful. To so pitiable an extent was this carried, that even a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, given as a frontispiece to a book of travels in England, was falsified. It was a head, professedly engraved after the picture of her, as the Tragic Muse, by Sir Joshua; but a little simpering mouth, and a *pug nose!* were substituted for those features which are so remarkably fine in the original. And this was exhibited, and commented on, as what even the English themselves considered the perfection of a tragic countenance.

N.—O, that must have been the work of some obscure pamphleteer.

B.—No; it was the work of a man who, at that time, enjoyed considerable celebrity; and it was as universally read, and as generally credited, as the work of his predecessor, of mendacious notoriety, General Pillet.

H.—I should be sorry to doubt that the French hold Truth in the same veneration that we do; but, certainly, to give the lie,—although it is not considered as in the highest degree complimentary,—is not the same deadly offence with them as it is with us. I have more than once been complimented on being found out in a truth, as if truth-telling were a rare accomplishment. "Really, you are not a liar!" said a French lady to me; and, upon another occasion, I was honoured with the exclamation of "*C'est singulier! toujours vous me dites la vérité!*"

N.—Well,—France, "with all thy faults I love thee still!" No man should travel from his cradle to his grave without paying thee a visit by the way: with a disposition prone to enjoyment it lightens the journey amazingly. The French are a kind people, and it must be his fault who cannot live happily with them. Pity it is, possessing, as they do, whatever can contribute to the felicity of a people in a state of peace, that war should be indispensable in order to render their idea of happiness complete. *La gloire* and *la guerre* form the

eternal burden of their song; as if the chief business of life were to destroy life. They would fight to-morrow with any nation on earth, for no better an object than the chance of achieving a victory. Laugh at me, if you please, for uttering what you may consider a foolish opinion, but I look upon it as a serious misfortune to them that the two words *Gloire* and *Victoire* rhyme together: they so constantly occur in that portion of their poetry which is the most popular, and the best calculated to excite them in a high degree,—their *vaudeville* songs,—that the two ideas they express have become identical in their minds; and he will deserve well of his country who shall discover the means of making *glory* rhyme to *peace*.

K.—What will he deserve who shall discover the means of rendering, in English, the line of Corneille's you quoted?—by a single line, I mean. I have been hammering at it this quarter of an hour without success.

H.—You will find it no easy task. Condensation is a difficult operation. Wasn't it Pascal who apologized to a correspondent for sending him a long letter, on the plea that he had not time to write him a shorter?

K.—In an epigram, now,—brevity is indispensable there. For my part, I would not own an epigram that consisted of more than two lines.

H.—I think I can please you in *that* respect. Here is one on the application of the epithet *le Désiré* to Louis the Eighteenth:—

The object of each Frenchman's wish, you say:
'Tis true, for heartily, he 's wish'd—away.

Again; on being shown the busts of Molière and Voltaire, with that of Charles-Dix between them: . . .

These, men of wit! why, all who've seen 'em
Declare they've not a grain *between* 'em.

Here's another, a parallel between General — and Julius Cæsar:—the very pith of the General's dispatches to Government, conveying an account of his disgraceful retreat:

Cæsar came, saw, and conquer'd!—To the fray
I came, I saw, and then—I ran away.

One more—

K.—Stop him! stop him! I can beat you for brevity if for nothing more. Epitaph on Old Parr who died at the age of 160:
(DEATH *loquitur*.)

'Od rot him!
At last I've got him!

S.—I recollect something like that, at *Père la Chaise*, on a Physician, who, it was said, had for seventy years busied himself in depriving death of his prey; but it was intended in a complimentary sense.

K.—I could wish when I die to be buried at that place, in a little flower-garden, as is the custom, and with an iron railing about me.

S.—You need not be uneasy as to the latter point: die when you will, there will be plenty of *railing* about you.

K.—*Ironically* speaking, of course; so I take it in good part.

N.—Parr was a mischievous old fellow: he has left a pernicious example of longevity behind him. At sixty-nine a man will look with

complacency to the approaching termination of his career, as an event to be expected in the ordinary course of Nature. Once allow him to turn seventy, he has then escaped the fatal three-score-and-ten, and would consider himself an ill-used person should he receive notice of ejection a day short of ninety. Ninety comes and he grows insolent. Death, he thinks, has passed on and overlooked him. He asks why Nature so long has delayed to claim her debt. She has suffered thrice seven years to elapse beyond the period usually assigned for payment, and he indulges in wild fancies of a Statute of Limitations. In his most rational moments he talks of nothing but Old Parr. He burns his will, marries his housemaid, hectors his son and heir who is seventy, and canes his grand-child (a lad of fifty) for keeping late hours. I called on old S—g a morning or two ago. He is ninety-three. I found him reading his newspaper, and inveighing against the outcry for Reform and short Parliaments—declaring that, rather than be forced down into Cheshire to vote oftener than once in every six or seven years, he, for his part, would sell his franchise for a straw. 'Twas clear he had outlived the recollection of the probability of a visit from one who might deprive him of his franchise upon terms even less advantageous. I took occasion to compliment him upon his fine old age. His reply was an angry growl. "Ugh! do you want me gone? I'm only ninety-three. Ugh! Mr. Parr wouldn't die till he was one-hundred-and-sixty!"

R.—Paying a visit to old P—ke, I found him walking up and down the drawing-room, stamping and raving, and holding a handkerchief to his mouth. I inquired what ailed him. To my astonishment he complained of *tooth-ache*!—a strange complaint, thought I, for a man of seventy-eight, whom one would hardly expect to find with a single implement of that kind in his head. But, in fact, he was in possession of the whole set, *except two*! His lamentation, which he continued at intervals, ran in this strain:—"Seventy-eight!—only seventy-eight, and two teeth gone already!—lost one of them sixty years ago, and, as if that were not enough, four years ago I must lose a second—and now—ah! I suppose I must part with another. And then my eyes! one of my eyes is beginning to fail. Lord help me! for, should it go on at this rate, I shall be in a sad condition before many more years are over my head!"

S.—The unconscionable old rogue! At seventy-eight how many more could he expect?

N.—Rely on it I am right, and that Parr was to blame for this. At seventy, P—ke would have died with grateful thanksgivings on his Kps for the blessings of his past life. As it was, had he been allowed to live on till he should have parted with the remainder of his teeth, at the rate of one a-year, he would have attempted, when it came to the last, to smuggle a false tooth or two into his jaws.

R.—I think I understand the gist of your complaint: the longer you allow folks to live, the more they won't die. Fie upon them!

S.—I shudder at the contemplation of the consequences of Parr's abominable example. Well had it been for posterity if some one had killed the cent-sexagenarian at the outset of his wicked career.

K.—Horrible! that would have been *Parr-icide*!

P*

CAPTAIN BEECHY'S NARRATIVE.*

THERE is nothing of which Great Britain is more justly proud than the great and successful efforts which she has made to enlarge the boundaries of geographical knowledge. With enlightened policy she has pursued her object, as a means of promoting science, as an assistance to her extensive commerce, and as adding another wreath to those already won by her intrepid seamen. As mistress of the ocean, she has felt it a duty to eclipse all other nations by the magnitude of her operations, and from the time of Cook we find a continued series of discoveries and scientific voyages, forming altogether one of the most instructive and amusing walks in modern literature. Other nations have from time to time contributed their mite, according to the means they possessed; to the French we are particularly indebted. The names of Bougainville, La Perouse, and more recently, of D'Urville, adorn the annals of discovery. The Russians have also added to the general stock, and Keuttern and Kotzebue's voyages contain much information and interest. None, however, have at all equalled this country in vastness and continuity of enterprise, or in brilliancy of success, and the enlightened intentions of our Government have been ably seconded by the spirit of its officers and men. The character of the British seaman adapts him to such pursuits. Patient under the greatest privation, with a hardihood of body capable of supporting fatigue in all climates, he is possessed of a certain enthusiasm of character and energy which has borne him onwards, triumphantly, through all emergencies. The voyages to which we have alluded bear evident marks of these distinguishing characteristics; and the manliness and straightforward simplicity of their narratives are not the least pleasing traits of the British tar.

To the work upon our table these observations are remarkably applicable, and we can fearlessly say that the name of Beechey will go down to future ages inferior in estimation to none of his predecessors.

The attention of the world has long been occupied with the attempts of Great Britain to discover a North passage to the Pacific round the continent of America, detailed in the successive voyages of Ross, Parry, Lyon, and Franklin, who commanded the several expeditions. In the farther pursuit of this object, in the year 1824, it was determined, at the same time that Parry attempted to discover a passage Westward through Prince Regent's Inlet, that Captain Franklin should proceed overland to the M'Kenzie River, and descend it with a view to meeting Parry, continue his discoveries along the shores of the Polar Seas, and, if possible, attain to Behring's Strait. Now as both expeditions would require a ship to meet them with supplies at that place, Captain Beechey was selected as a proper person to command her; but, besides bringing Captain Franklin and his companions home, if successful, there were other objects connected with our knowledge of the Pacific, to which our Government thought it advisable to direct the commander's attention. The execution of these various duties formed the object of the present voyage. In January 1825, Captain Beechey was, in consequence, appointed to H. M. S. Blossom, bearing a complement of one hundred and ten persons in all. His instructions, in full, are given in the introduction, and Captain Beechey takes the opportunity of bearing testimony to the zeal and ability evinced by his officers throughout the many arduous duties of the campaign.

Captain Beechey makes no mention of his ship's company, but from the narrative we may infer, that their conduct throughout was satisfactory to him. It is worthy of remark, how great an advantage our officers have in this respect. A contemporary French voyager, M. D'Urville, in a description of the Loyalty Islands, which he visited in June 1827, in the *Astrolabe*, complains, after his ship had experienced a series of bad weather, and lost her anchors and cables, that the "morale" of his crew, "étoit singulièrement ébranlé;" and it has just been announced that the crew of a discovery ship, fitted out by the American Govern-

* Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Strait, to co-operate with the Polar Expeditions. Performed by his Majesty's ship Blossom, under the command of Captain F. W. Beechey, R. N. in the years 1825, 26, 27, 28. In two parts, 4to.

ment, has actually mutinied and landed their officers, "bag and baggage," on the coast of Peru.

On the 19th of May the Blossom left England, and on the voyage to Valparaiso touched at the usual places; leaving that place on the 29th of October, Captain Beechey launched fairly into the Pacific, and on the 17th of November touched at Easter Island, where the treachery of the natives caused an attack upon the boats, by which a chief, who had headed the people, fell. In alluding to former visitors, Captain Beechey takes occasion to speak in the highest terms of our immortal countryman Cook, and, as the humanity of his character has been lately assailed by a Committee of the Geographical Society of Paris, we shall extract the passage. After mentioning that the "much lamented" La Perouse had introduced many useful fruit-trees into the island, of which apparently no traces remained, he says:—

"Cook had no opportunity of benefiting the islanders in this way, but he planted in them a warm and friendly feeling towards strangers; and his usual rectitude and generous treatment taught them a lesson of which La Perouse felt the good effects, and which, possibly, might have existed until now, but for the interference of a few unprincipled masters of vessels, who have, unfortunately, found their way to the island; and, I fear, these communications are more frequent than is generally supposed."

Passing through the Dangerous Archipelago, the Blossom, in compliance with her orders, proceeded to Pitcairn's Island, the spot, now well known to the world as the last refuge of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. It will be recollected that some years ago, an American captain, of the name of Folger, discovered their retreat. He wrote to the Admiralty, to say under what circumstances he had fallen in with these people, and stated some other particulars. This account was generally disbelieved, but he mentioned two facts which gave the Secretary of the Admiralty an opportunity of proving his veracity; the first was that they possessed an old chronometer, made by Kendall; secondly, that although the old man, the only surviving mutineer, went by the name of Adams, he affirmed that his real appellation was Alexander Smith. Mr. Barrow, immediately wrote to the Navy Office, to know who was the person that made the *Bounty* chronometer, without referring to the statement, and if A. Smith's name was on the books. The reply, after searching their archives, was, first, that she had a time-piece made by Kendall; secondly, that there was a seaman on board, by name A. Smith, a native of Shoreditch.

H. M. S. Briton visited the island in 1814, but for a few hours only. It was reserved for Captain Beechey to give us the full details of this interesting history of the career of the mutineers in crime and bloodshed, contrasted as it is with their subsequent suffering and repentance; and the present prosperity and comparative civilization of their guiltless offspring.

"The interest which was excited by the announcement of Pitcairn's Island from the mast-head brought every person on deck, and produced a train of reflections that momentarily increased our anxiety to communicate with its inhabitants, to see and partake of the pleasures of their little domestic circle, and to learn from them the particulars of every transaction connected with the fate of the *Bounty*; but in consequence of the approach of night, this gratification was deferred until the next morning, when, as we were steering for the side of the island on which Captain Carteret has marked soundings, in the hope of being able to anchor the ship, we had the pleasure to see a boat under sail hastening toward us. At first, the complete equipment of this boat raised a doubt as to its being the property of the islanders; for we expected to see only a well-provided canoe in their possession, and we therefore concluded that the boat must belong to some whale-ship on the opposite side; but we were soon agreeably undeceived by the singular appearance of her crew, which consisted of old Adams and all the young men of the island.

"Before they ventured to take hold of the ship, they inquired if they might come on board, and upon permission being granted, they sprang up the side, and shook every officer by the hand with undisguised feelings of gratification. The activity of the young men outstripped that of old Adams, who was, consequently, almost the last to greet us. He was in his sixty-fifth year, and was unusually strong and active for his age, notwithstanding the inconvenience of considerable corpulence. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers and a low-crowned hat, which he instinctively held in his hand until desired to put it on. He still retained his sailor's gait, doffing his hat and smoothing down his bald forehead, whenever he was addressed by the officers. It was the first

time he had been on board a ship of war since the mutiny, and his mind naturally reverted to scenes that could not fail to produce a temporary embarrassment, heightened, perhaps, by the familiarity with which he found himself addressed by persons of a class with those whom he had been accustomed to obey. Apprehension for his safety formed no part of his thoughts; he had received too many demonstrations of the good feeling that existed toward him, both on the part of the British Government and of individuals, to entertain any alarm on that head; and as every person endeavoured to set his mind at rest, he very soon made himself at home.

"The young men, ten in number, were tall, robust, and healthy, with good-natured countenances, which would any where have procured them a friendly reception; and with a simplicity of manner and a fear of doing wrong which at once prevented the possibility of giving offence. Unacquainted with the world, they asked a number of questions, which would have applied better to persons with whom they had been intimate, and who had left them but a short time before, than to perfect strangers, and inquired after ships and people we had never heard of. Their dress, made up of the presents which had been given them by the masters and seamen of merchant ships, was a perfect caricature. Some had on long black coats, without any other article of dress, except trousers; some shirts without coats, and others waistcoats without either; none had shoes or stockings, and only two possessed hats, neither of which seemed likely to hang long together."

Captain Beechey then goes on to detail the history of the *Bounty*, as given by Adams. Murder and wretchedness followed the commission of their crime, and horror succeeding horror stained the first annals of their.

"Sea-green isle—their guilt-won Paradise."

A sincere repentance then took place in the mind of Adams, the last survivor of the mutineers, who seems, from the beginning, to have been an unwilling instrument, and he determined to reform the wives and descendants of his companions, and to propagate amongst them, by his precepts and example, the blessings of Christianity. How well he succeeded, is fully proved by the book before us; a more primitive, innocent, or happy state of society than that of the Pitcairn's Islanders can hardly be imagined.

One new and curious fact, connected with the history of the mutineers, particularly demands our attention. It appears that Christian was not the author of the plot to seize the vessel, but that he was instigated by some other individual, whose name is not given. The character and conduct of Christian has long attracted the curiosity of the world. For a man of education and a gentleman to throw aside his allegiance to his country, to set his chief adrift in an open boat, and then vanish with his adherents, in an impenetrable concealment somewhere in the solitude of the great Pacific, were circumstances so romantic as to have filled our minds with wonder, and even to have called forth the poetic strains of one of our most illustrious poets. Every thing then tending to throw a light on the history of this extraordinary being, we anxiously looked for, and we have been proportionally disappointed at this unexpected omission. Adams's relation, rendered matter of history by his recent death, was intended for the public; and as nearly half a century has elapsed since the events took place, the feelings of individuals cannot be expected to suffer. Who, then, was this master-spirit who controlled the dark intriguer, and who brought about a mutiny, which, both in its history and results, has riveted the attention of the world?

A school is established in the island for the young people: the elder class employ their time in the cultivation of the ground, in repairing their houses and boats, and in making fishing-lines. Occasionally, when the weather is fine, after their noon-tide meal, they take short trips to sea, in their canoes, fishing. In short, diligence and regularity distinguish all their movements, and the Evening Hymn invariably closes their peaceful day. Like the inhabitants of the happy valley of Rasselas, they rise in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves. Such is the rational and simple existence of these unsophisticated islanders, the even tenor of whose existence seems only to blend the pleasing vicissitudes of labour and repose.

"When we were about to take our leave, our friends assembled to express their regret at our departure: all brought some little present for our acceptance, which they wished us to keep in remembrance of them; after which, they accompanied us to the

beach, where we took our leave of the female part of the inhabitants. Adams and the young men pushed off in their own boat to the ship, determined to accompany us to sea as far as they could with safety. They continued on board, unwilling to leave us, until we were a considerable distance from land, when they shook each of us feelingly by the hand, and, amidst expressions of the deepest concern at our departure, wished us a prosperous voyage, and hoped that we might one day meet again. As soon as they were clear of the ship, they all stood up in their boat, and gave us three hearty cheers, which were heartily returned. As the weather became foggy, the barge towed them towards the shore, and we took a final leave of them, unconscious, until the moment of separation, of the warm interest their situation and good conduct had created in us."

The recent death of Adams has, we fear, left these people in the hands of two or three seamen, who have established themselves amongst them. As discussions may arise, we think that our Government would act humanely, by directing that one of the ships stationed on the coast of the Pacific, be sent occasionally to visit this interesting community, for the purpose of giving them advice and protection.

Leaving this singular island, the Blossom threaded again the studded Archipelago of the Pacific,

"O'er whose blue bosom rise the starry isles;"

and she visits next in her way Gambier's Group, an extensive cluster, principally of coral formation, with some few volcanic islands in the centre. The natives of this place had seldom before been visited by Europeans, and proved themselves treacherous and fierce. Captain Beechey describes the manner in which he kept his ship clear as follows:—

"I determined, since the main-deck was cleared, that it should be kept so, and placed a marine at each of the ladders; but, as the natives tried every method to elude their vigilance, the sentinels had an arduous task to perform; and disturbances must inevitably have arisen in the execution of their orders, had it not been for our Newfoundland dog. It fortunately happened that this animal had taken a dislike to our visitors; and the deck being cleared, he instinctively placed himself at the foot of the ladder, and, in conjunction with the little terrier, who did not forget his perilous hug of the day before, most effectually accomplished our wishes. The natives, who had never seen a dog before, were in the greatest terror of them; and Neptune's bark was soon found to be far more efficacious than the point of a sentry's bayonet, and much less likely to lead to serious disturbances. Besides, his activity cleared the whole of the main-deck at once, and supplied the place of *all* the sentinels."

Captain Beechey complains of the propensity of these people to theft. He here again takes occasion to speak in the highest terms of approbation of the system pursued by Cook; a system, in case of these depredations, of severe retribution: he says, that, in the end, it was better calculated to preserve peace and friendship than the opposite plan, which was adopted by Prouse at Easter Island. As Captain Beechey's object, however, was a specific one, that of procuring water, and not intending to remain longer than absolutely necessary, he humanely preferred ceasing all communication with the natives, to an intercourse which promised to be attended with the loss of human life.

On landing at Mount Duff, however, on an invitation of the chiefs, Captain Beechey, in the hopes of obtaining some supplies of fruit and vegetables, was induced to visit a village a short distance inland: here, they were treacherously robbed; when they remonstrated, attacked; and it was only by resorting to the melancholy necessity of using fire-arms, that their lives were saved. Fortunately, only one man appeared to be wounded. Captain Beechey observes them, in stature, to be a fine race, with an insatiable desire to appropriate to themselves the property of their neighbours. Like all savages, they are, he says, "good-natured when pleased, and harmless when irritated, obsequious when inferior in force, and overbearing when otherwise. They carry about them the peculiarities of many of the most remarkable of the Pacific Islands, and are doubtless composed, strange as it may appear, of the descendants of those who have emigrated from these remote places."

The way in which Polynesia has been peopled is a question which has perplexed philosophers, and has given rise to many ingenious theories. It was

easy enough to suppose, that in many cases the natives might have been driven by the trade-wind to the islands to leeward; but whence came the inhabitants of those spots which are situated at the windward extreme, and between which and the continent of South America two thousand miles intervene? So difficult did the solution of this problem appear, that many, till this moment, have gone the length of asserting, that the first people of the Pacific Islands must have migrated from the shores of Chili or Peru. Captain Beechey, in the course of his voyage, has cleared up this difficulty, and in a manner so satisfactory, and, from circumstances, so intensely interesting, that we must refer our readers to the volume itself for its complete perusal. In a few words, on visiting Barrow Island, traces of its having been recently visited appeared; even part of a ship's scraper had been left there. Proceeding thence to Byam Martin's Island, the migratory party was discovered. It consisted of forty persons, who proved to be Chistiaus. The history of these people was this:—they had embarked from Chan Island, their native place, about three years before, under favourable auspices, for the purpose of paying homage to the new King of Otaheite. Shortly afterwards, they encountered an adverse gale, which, after a tale of suffering, to which our author has done ample justice, is succeeded by a calm.

“ A long calm, and, what was to them even worse, hot dry weather, succeeded the tempest, and drove them to a state of despair. From the description, we may imagine their canoe alone, and becalmed on the ocean; the crew, perishing with thirst, beneath the fierce glare of a tropical sun, hanging exhausted over their paddles; children looking to their parents for support, and mothers deploring their inability to afford them assistance. Every means of quenching their thirst were resorted to; and some drank the sea-water, and others bathed in it, or poured it over their heads: but the absence of fresh water, in the torrid zone, cannot be compensated by such substitutes. Day after day, those who were able extended their gounds to heaven in supplication for rain, and repeated their prayers—but in vain. The fleecy cloud floating high in the air indicated only an extension of their suffering: distress, in its most aggravated form, had at length reached its height, and seventeen persons fell victims to its horrors.”

They were at last thrown upon Barrow Island, where they remained eighteen months, when, in hopes of reaching home, they re-embarked, and got as far as Byam Martin's Island, the spot where the Blossom fell in with them. They mentioned, moreover, that they had left part of a scraper on the island which they first reached, which enabled Captain Beechey to ascertain its identity. The reader will appreciate the importance of this fact towards the solution of the difficulty above-mentioned, when we state, that Barrow Island, the point first reached, is four hundred and twenty miles dead to windward of their native place.

On the 15th January, off the Island of Clermont Tonnerre, a water-spout approached very near the ship, of which three drawings were made. Captain Beechey does not give any theory of his own upon the formation of this phenomenon. From an attentive consideration, and from actual observation, we are inclined to think, that the idea of the water ascending from the sea, so generally entertained by seamen, and remarked, on this occasion, by Mr. Belcher, is erroneous. We believe that the sea is merely agitated and whisked upwards to a small height by the whirlwind, and that the column, always shaped like an inverted trumpet, is only the moisture of the surrounding atmosphere drawn into the focus of the whirlwind, ascending in condensed vapour to the clouds. The water-spout is invariably first formed in the air, high above the sea, its point gradually descending until it reaches the surface of the water; but no alteration has ever been observed to take place in the appearance of the column after such contact. Captain Biden of the East India Company's service, has stated a remarkable fact in his recently published volume. He says, “ Half an hour after, another waterspout descended in like manner * * * * *: this spout did *not* come in contact with the sea. We have invariably observed what Captain Beechey mentions, that the whirlwind first ceases at the surface of the sea, and then that, which forms the spout is gradually drawn up into the clouds. An idea is prevalent amongst seamen, that, by firing a shot at a waterspout, the column may be broken in time to avoid the danger of its passing too near the ship, and, by coming in contact with her, deluging the vessel with its fragments. In 1814, his Majesty's

ship *Erne* fired nine shot into one, which passed within two hundred yards of her, without producing any such effect.

The subject of the formation of the Coral Islands is one which has particularly attracted Captain Beechey's attention; and he has given us, together with his voluminous data, the various hypotheses offered by philosophers to account for the peculiarity of this phenomenon. With the peculiar modesty which characterises the whole book, our author has contented himself with going thus far; not introducing any theory of his own, but leaving it to the world to decide upon the comparative merits of the different facts and views which he has brought forward. One law which the coral insects invariably follow, seems to be that of confining their operations to the vicinity of the tropics; thus all their labours are executed in regions blown over by the trade-winds. Moreover, it seems equally invariable that they work always round some particular object, adapting their operations to its shape, whether it be an island or a submarine mountain. This last fact involves a question of considerable interest; and it has been suggested, that as their labour, in this case, is always annular, the superstructure must have taken its form from the craters of submarine volcanoes. This supposition, however, we must consider untenable, as it takes for granted either that all submarine mountains have volcanic craters, which we cannot suppose to be the case, or that the insect only attaches itself to those submerged elevations which happen to be volcanic. This we also can disprove; the instances of these lithopolytes having fixed themselves to formations, which are not volcanic, being of frequent occurrence. We may mention the example of Loo Choo, which is surrounded with coral reefs, and is formed partly of grey stratified limestone. We must conclude, then, that the instinct alone of these creatures, happily for navigators in the Pacific Ocean, directs them to work in this circular form, whatever may be the shape of the object which they have selected for a foundation. By the operation of this instinct, they provide those capacious and sheltered lagoons so admirably described in the text; and the same benign law of Nature impels them, as Captain Beechey observes, so to raise their structure, as to elevate that side which is opposed to the trade-wind, and to leave the opposite side comparatively low; thereby affording an effectual protection to the "tempest-tossed" vessel, which has sought a refuge in their port, and forming an entrance of which she may avail herself. We rise from the contemplation of such works of Nature, accomplished through such means, with a sense of amazement and gratitude at the power and bounty of that all-wise Providence which extends its beneficence for the benefit of man, even to the instinct of the unconscious zoophyte.

Having completed an extensive survey of the Dangerous Archipelago, the *Blossom* arrives at Otaheite, and Captain Beechey gives us a long account of the state of society in that delightful island.

Less progress appears to have been made towards civilization than is generally supposed. Having no wants, and many pleasures, they have shown indifference to any change. Indeed, indolence and self-indulgence are the chief failings of this people.

A far different account is given by a whaler, which anchors at Otaheite, of the people of New Zealand; and, if we might be allowed to jest on such a serious subject, we should say, what a caricature is the account given of the advantages of education, as applied to social intercourse and to the furtherance of commerce, as in the export of natural productions. Captain Beechey says:—

"We learned from the whaler, that Shonghi, the New Zealand Chief, who was educated in England, was availing himself of the superiority he had acquired, and was making terrible ravages among his countrymen, whose heads, *when dried*, furnished him with a lucrative trade."

We should be curious to know at what boarding-school this "gentleman" received his education. He seems, at least, to have studied craniology to some effect!

Leaving Otaheite, on the 19th of May 1826, our voyagers arrived at Hono-ruru, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, and on this occasion, as well as at his

subsequent visit, Capt. Beechey gives us a curious account of these islanders. We refer our readers to the volume, with the confident assurance that they will rise from its perusal with lively satisfaction; indeed, Captain Beechey's description of the state of society in the Pacific Islands, is in the highest degree instructive and entertaining, and speaks volumes for the good sense and good feeling of the writer.

One word about the Missionaries. Captain Beechey seems to be of opinion, that by controlling the amusements of the islanders, they have thrown a damp over their spirits, and consequently in a great measure defeated the high objects which they have in view. The difficulties to combat, and the success which has in most cases attended their exertions, incline us to look favourably on their conduct. Keeping themselves uninvolved in the native politics, except as advisers, unsupported by intrigue or faction, with truly apostolic zeal we have seen them overcoming a barbarous and deep-rooted idolatry, and in the course of only a few years, generally dispensing the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. Imperfection is the lot of humanity, and if instances of exaggerated doctrine occur, let us look charitably on them. The man who will quit his fire-side, and will, without any ostensible benefit to himself, exile himself to a sequestered island for the sole purpose of instructing the heathen, is possessed of no ordinary enthusiasm, and may be forgiven if his views for the benefit of mankind are a little eccentric. Let the reader compare the effects of the different system which Captain Beechey describes, as pursued by the Spanish missions at St. Francisco, on the Western Coast of Mexico, and he will see how great an advantage the inhabitant of Polynesia, instructed by our benevolent countrymen, has over the cruelly-treated and enslaved Indian of the American shore.

Pursuing her voyage, the Blossom next touched at Petrapaulski, where she arrived on the 27th June. On this visit, and afterwards in 1827, Captain Beechey gives an account of the Ramschatkan capital. Our readers will recollect, that it was here that Captain Clarke was interred. When Cook was killed, this officer succeeded him in the command of the expedition, and, in strict obedience of his orders to explore Behring's Strait, fell a sacrifice to the severity of the climate.

“By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd,”

a monument having been erected to the memory of Clarke, by the Russians.

Captain Beechey now proceeded to accomplish the great object of his voyage. On the 20th of July he entered Behring's Strait, and proceeded to explore the Eastern coast of America, as far as the ice “packed” across the entrance of the Polar sea, would permit him, after leaving directions for Franklin at Chamisso Island, in Kotzebue Sound, in the event of his reaching that place during his absence. His instructions limited him to this, nor did they permit him to visit the Western shore, and thus allow him to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the navigation and currents of these seas. As if to discourage all spirit of enterprise, the document says that he is not to “risk the chance of being obliged to winter on account of the ice.” Thanks to the ardour, however, of the Commander, he did “incur some risk,” and to his courage we are indebted for many interesting details and discoveries. In spite of the danger of being beset, he proceeded sixty miles to the Eastward of Icy Cape, the farthest point which had hitherto been reached by navigators, which he named Cape Franklin, when he felt it his duty to put back. He says:—

“There was at this time no ice in sight from the ship, except a berg that was aground in-shore of her; and though a blink round the northern horizon indicated ice in that direction, yet the prospect was so flattering that a general regret was entertained that an attempt to effect the North-eastern passage did not form the object of the expedition. We all felt the greatest desire to advance, but considering what would be the consequences of any accident befalling the ship, which might either oblige her to quit the seas at once, or prevent her returning to them a second year, it was evident that her being kept in open water was paramount to every other consideration, particularly as she had

been furnished with a deck-launch, well adapted by her size to prosecute a service of this nature."

Accordingly the barge was directed to proceed, commanded by Mr. Elson the Master, notwithstanding the "urgent applications" of the senior officers of the ship, who one and all volunteered their services.

"My instructions to Mr. Elson were, to trace the shore to the north-eastward, as far as it was possible for a boat to navigate, with a view to render the earliest possible assistance to Captain Franklin; and to obtain what information he could of the trending of the coast, and of the position of the ice. He was also directed to possess himself of facts, which, in the event of the failure of the other expedition, would enable us to form a judgment of the probable success which might attend an attempt to effect a North-eastern passage in this quarter; and farther, he was to avoid being beset on the ice, by returning immediately the wind should get to the north-west or westward, and not to prolong his absence from the ship beyond the first week in September. He was, at the same time, ordered to place landmarks and directions in conspicuous places for Captain Franklin's guidance; and if possible, on the return, to examine the shoals off Icy Cape."

The natural consequence of these limited instructions, and the lateness of the season, was, that the boat did not proceed very far, and Mr. Smyth, one of the officers, in his journal, says:—

"Wednesday, 23rd August, 1826.—Arriving about two A.M. off the low point, we found it much encumbered with ice, and the current setting N. W. (magnetic, which is north true nearly) between three and four miles an hour. Opening the prospect on its eastern side, the view was obstructed by a barrier of ice, which appeared to join with the land. This barrier seemed high; but as there was much refraction, in this we might possibly have been deceived. The weather assuming a very unsettled appearance in the offing (and the S. E. breeze dying away), we had every reason to expect the wind from the westward, and knowing the ice to extend as far south as 71°, the consequences that would attend such a shift were so evident, that we judged it prudent not to attempt penetrating any farther, especially in this advanced state of the season."

This was on the 23rd; on the 18th, Captain Franklin, only one hundred and forty-six miles distant from the spot, retraced his steps homewards unconscious of their proximity. Captain Beechey, after detailing the difficulties and dangers which attended the return of the barge to Kotzebue Sound, says:—

"The farthest point of land which they reached is conspicuous, as being the most northerly point yet discovered on the continent of America: and I named Point Barrow, to mark the progress of northern discovery on each side the American continent, which has been so perseveringly advocated by that distinguished member of our naval administration. It lies 126 miles to the north-east of Icy Cape, and is only 146 miles from the extreme of Captain Franklin's discoveries in his progress westward from the Mackenzie River. The bay, which appeared to be formed to the eastward of this point, I named Elson's Bay, in compliment to the officer in command of the barge; and the extreme point of our discoveries after Captain Franklin, the commander of the land expedition."

With regard to these one hundred and forty-six unfortunately unexplored miles, we shall give the parallel passages of the two journals which relate to it. Franklin says:—

"I knew from the descriptions of Cook and Burney that the shore about Icy Cape resembled that we had already passed, in being flat and difficult of approach; while the general trending of the coast from the Mackenzie to the west-north-west, nearly in the direction of Icy Cape, combined with the information we had collected from the Esquimaux, led me to conclude that no material change would be found in the intermediate portion."

We shall now show how far Beechey confirms this opinion.

"The actual distance left unexplored is thus reduced to 146 miles, and there is much reason to believe, from the state of the sea about Point Barrow and along that part of the coast which was explored by Captain Franklin, that the navigation of the remaining portion of unknown coast in boats is by no means a hopeless project.

We cannot, then, but too much regret that Captain Beechey's instructions were so precise upon the point of not prosecuting the voyage Eastward, and endeavouring to return to England by the arctic shores of America. He evidently

inclines to think, that by taking the first of the season, he might have passed Point Barrow; and Captain Franklin affirms, that at Point Beechey, where he turned back, also according to his instructions, he saw an open sea to the Northward. As far, then, as Point Turnagain, the furthest Cape discovered in Franklin's first voyage, he may have been assured of success; and it is probable, that being once there, he would have forced a passage to Melville Island, three hundred and sixty miles distant, through Prince Regent's Inlet, or Hecla and Fury's Strait, each about four hundred and fifty miles from him. The latter, it is probable, may be nearly approached in this direction. By wintering in the vicinity of either of these places, he would, in the summer, have recommenced his operations, having a length of voyage before him of certainly not more than two hundred miles, to reach the open waters of the Atlantic inlets. Incited to exertion by the recollection of every foot gained being in the direction of home, and with the good fortune of a favourable season, we do not see any reason why the voyage might not be easily accomplished. The advantages afforded at present by steam navigation render all that has been said doubly important; and the stores of driftwood deposited in profusion on the American shores, as if on purpose, offer the greatest facilities. A steam-vessel would be ready to take advantage of every opportunity, uninfluenced by wind, and little diverted from her course by the sinuosities of the channels amongst the ice. The labour of the men would be next to nothing, and her shallow draught of water would enable her to take shelter in ports or creeks, to which it would be impossible for a ship to approach. In a steam-ship, then, coming from the direction of Behring's Strait,—amply provided with fuel from the shore,—with no harassing duties for the men to perform,—enabled thus, in three weeks, to reach a well-known established point, from which to known navigable seas is only four hundred and fifty miles, or three days' sail, and this difficulty, if it exist, the sole impediment to a straight course home,—with all these advantages, then, we repeat, supported by the dauntless and enterprising character and hardihood of our seamen, we really do not see why, at this, the eleventh hour of our splendid discoveries, the grand desideratum should be relinquished. We have every reason to hope, that those who direct the energies of this mighty empire will not allow the paltry considerations of misplaced economy to stand in the way of the progress of science and the interests of humanity; and we trust that the present Administration will not prove themselves less ardent than their predecessors in a desire to maintain the enlightened policy of this country, in advancing the great objects of geography.

Leaving the "frozen bosom of the north," the Blossom proceeded to the Port of San Francisco, on the West coast of Mexico. Captain Beechey has given a long and curious account of this portion of the North American coast, hitherto undescribed by any traveller. The abundance and capabilities of this luxurious land, seem only equalled by the laziness, ignorance, and neglect of its Republican inhabitants. With China on the one hand, and the American continent on the other, the trade of the North Pacific, with the smallest spirit of enterprise on the part of those who inhabit its shores, might be carried to any extent. Here he had hoped to procure ample supplies; but, being disappointed in this, he was obliged, on the 5th of January 1827, to proceed across the Pacific to Macao, near Canton, in China. On the 10th of April they made the island, and, as it was evening, and no pilot offered, Captain Beechey, relying on the accuracy of Ross's chart, which proved quite correct, very wisely stood in, and, at ten o'clock at night, brought up in the Lantao passage, and, at nine the next morning, anchored in the Typa, or inner harbour of Macao. This decision and prompt execution on the part of Captain Beechey, proved very unsatisfactory to the Chinese authorities, and elicited from Wan, Commissioner for Foreign Duties, cavalry officer, &c., a letter to the Hong merchants, which we transcribe as a rich sample of the characteristic folly of Canton legislation, and of the whimsical bombast of Chinese phrasology. After detailing the fact, Wan proceeds to say:—

"Coming before me the Hoppo, I have inquired into the case, and, since the said vessel is not a merchant-ship, nor convoy to merchantmen, it is inexpedient to allow prettexts to be made for her anchoring, and creating a disturbance. I therefore order

her to be driven out of the port; and on the receipt of this order, let the merchants, in obedience thereto, enjoin the said nation, foreigners, to force her away. They will not be allowed to make glossing pretexts for her lingering about, and *creating a disturbance which will implicate them in crime*. Let the day of her departure be reported. Haste! haste! a special order!—IRON KWANG. 7th year, 3rd month, 24th day."

As Captain Beechey's intentions were farthest from "creating a disturbance" and "implicating himself in crime," he took no notice whatever of thisrodomontade, nor of two war-junks, which had dropped down and anchored near him; but having quietly completed his provisions and water, on the 30th of April, the Blossom sailed for the Island of Loo Choo.

The account given by the author of this place is curious and satisfactory, and we find the people not so privileged but that they are liable to the same errors, the same vices, as the rest of humanity.

From Loo Choo, the Blossom again repaired to Behring's Strait; and although the object of her visit, meeting Franklin and Parry, was unluckily not accomplished, still the officers were enabled to gain much curious and valuable information.

On the 6th of October, 1827, the Blossom passed Behring's Strait, on her return to England, where she arrived, and was paid off on the same month of the following year.

It now remains for us to say how inadequately we feel to have done justice to Captain Beechey, and how strongly we recommend to our readers a volume which we consider scarcely inferior in interest to the voyages of Cook. Geography has received large additions to its stores; but at the same time that we congratulate the world upon what has been so ably accomplished, we must add that much remains yet to be done. It is to be sincerely regretted that many parts of the Pacific are still unknown, and many of the Polynesian Islands have only been seen at a distance by early navigators. The archipelago of the Ladrões, the Caroline Islands, and the scattered groups which intervene between them and the Feejee Islands, the navigation of which is attended with risk—in short, the greater part of the West Pacific ought to be surveyed and described. The desideratum of making pendulum experiments round the globe, in two parallels equidistant from the equator, which would determine the shape of the earth, might be obtained. Besides them, the exploration of the North-east passage, we should recommend that a voyage to the Pacific be undertaken—not to make new discoveries, as most of the navigable parts of the earth have been at different times passed over; but with a view to employ our improved means and increased knowledge to correct and unite the labours of former voyagers, with a view to render navigation safe from unknown or hidden dangers; with a view, in short, of affording facilities to commerce, and to the improvement of scientific knowledge.

So popular is geographical research in this country, that no objection has ever been made to it even on the score of economy: but the plan which we contemplate would be attended with no additional expense; all we suggest is, that instead of being confined to particular stations and inactively laying in known harbours, let one, or even two, of our men-of-war in employment be constantly circumnavigating the globe, under the orders of the Admiralty; their roving nature and uncertainty of movement would add to their effect. Instead of being the carriers of bullion for the merchants, or lying, like drones, in harbours, as well known as Spithead, let them be made available, under efficient officers, to combine scientific purposes with the protection of our trade. We conceive that this plan would be beneficial to the general service, and that many young officers, by this means, would best become acquainted with the dangers and privations, as well as the more agreeable parts of their profession. They would learn the paramount importance of studying the health and comfort of their ship's company. They would be incited to make themselves acquainted with the higher branches of nautical science, to study the use of chronometers, and to bring to a practical application the various instruments, which art, aided by science, has in this country raised to such perfection.

PROSPECTUS OF "THE HELP-YOURSELF SOCIETY."

THE CUSTOM OF HELPING ONESELF has its sanction in the remotest antiquity, and has been continued down to the present day in the highest places, and by those whom it especially behoves to set example to the world. It was clearly never designed that man should regulate his conduct for the good of others, for the first lesson taught to the first of men, was to take care of himself: had it been intended that men should study the good of each other, a number would surely have been simultaneously created for the exercise of the principle, instead of one who being alone was essentially selfish. Adam was all the world to himself. With the addition of Eve, human society commenced, and the fault of our first mother furnishes a grand and terrible example of the mischief of thinking of the benefit of another. Satan suggested to her that Adam should partake of the fruit—an idea, having in it the taint of benevolence, so generally mistaken—whence sin and death came into the world. Had Eve been strictly selfish, she would wisely have kept the apples to herself, and the evil would have been avoided. Had Adam helped himself, he would have had no stomach for the helping of another, and so, on his part, the evil temptation had been obviated.

The HELP-YOURSELF principle has at no time been extinct in society, while it is seen to be a universal law of Nature. The wolf *helps himself* to the lamb—and the lamb to the grass. No animal assists another, excepting when in the relation of parent to young, when Nature could not dispense with the caprice of benevolence, which in this instance, be it observed, distresses the parties susceptible of the sentiment; for suckling creatures are always in poor condition. Appropriation is the great business of the universe. The institution of property is, on the other hand, artificial.

Penetrated with these truths, individuals above the narrow prejudices and the cant of benevolence, have acted strictly and exclusively upon the HELP-YOURSELF principle on the largest scale in Parliament, which offers the widest sphere for its operation, opening, as it does, the unfathomable depths of the public purse. The opportunity for this practice, however, would have been wanting if the operators had not had the power of helping themselves to seats, by means of the conveniences of Boroughs. Not perceiving the divine ordination and origin of the *Help-yourself* principle, and feeling some small degree of inconvenience from it, the people have made an attempt to abolish the instrument of appropriation, and to put a stop to the natural liberty of gratifying desires as it has been indulged in without violence to life or limbs.

In this case, the HELP-YOURSELF Society find it necessary to combine for their common protection, obeying in this instance, as in all their conduct, the law of Nature, which in extraordinary emergencies collects rapacious and customarily solitary creatures into bodies, in which they aid each other, just so far as it may be necessary to the carrying of their object.

A Society is therefore instituted for the promotion of the return of Members to Parliament, independent of the people. "Each for him-

self, and God for us all," is the maxim acknowledged by the true Representatives of the Borough system. It is not, however, thought expedient that these principles should be declared to a world not sufficiently enlightened for their reception. The **HELP-YOURSELF** practice must at present be defended on the ground of custom, where its basis is co-extensive with the history of mankind, as no custom is more ancient than that of taking from others to enrich oneself. The **HELP-YOURSELF** Society rely confidently on the support of all persons interested in that system of Government which has no regard to the good of the many,—an obviously visionary fancy, for how can the wit of man accomplish so large an object as that proposed? Moderate designs are easiest of accomplishment; and assured that the benefit of the few only can be attained by any, the most perfect system of policy, the Society of confederated Boroughmongers propose as their State principle, not the fantastical notion (impossible of realization) the greatest good of the greatest number, but the more feasible object, the greatest good of the fewest number.

The Society are of opinion, that the best way of making the people abate their concern for their pockets, is to alarm them for their throats; and to this end, at the approaching election, they design to revive the horrors of the French Revolution of the last century, and to show, from that single instance, that whenever men have thought of taking measures for the security of their purses, the consequence has been confusion, anarchy, and the effusion of oceans of blood. With this view, the Society will collect and place at the disposal of Help-yourself Members all the figures of horror on the French Revolution which they can find, and new paint blood-red for the present occasion.

They have on hand a large supply of sentiments of loyalty to the Crown, and propose to invent some new and curious alarms for its safety.

They will also fill their candidates with apprehensions for the Church, and the Religion it conserves.

The Society undertake to supply advertisements, principles, and speeches to their subscribers, and to support them with testimonials of worth according to the rate of their subscriptions.

The Committee of the Society sit daily at the Turpin Arms, where applications addressed to the Secretary, Sir M*n*ss*h L*p*z, will be duly attended to.

To conclude, they beg most earnestly to recommend to their friends and allies the motto,

“**HELP YOURSELF, AND THE D.L. WILL HELP YOU!**”



THE AUTHOR OF "PELHAM".

Engraved by Thomas from an original Drawing by G. S.

W. S.

A WORD OR TWO WITH THE PUBLIC

(From the Managers' Room.)

We propose commencing a more liberal intercourse with the public. Instead of carrying on our communications through a telegraph, the mouthing of a rhetorician, or the mutimery of a party,—we shall gossip freely with our twelve millions of friends, and do our best to interest them in our behalf. We love the public;—as, indeed, we are bound to do. So sincere is our affection for that august body, that we have pretty considerable doubts whether we should have the soul to refuse them any thing, short of a cheque upon our banker, or the key of our best bin of Oporto. All below is theirs. Our heart—*les petoncles du coeur*—as our invaluable, *ci-devant, soi-disant* little friend, * * * * used to say—our heart is their's, down to the right ventricle,—their's without evasion, equivocation, or reserve. We do not care to have any secrets from them; and we probably shall not have any, which deserve mention. If we should forbear to trouble them with our *smaller* domestic doings, (after the fashion of modern periodicals,) it will be simply because we imagine that such things may not excite the most intense interest. There are events, like ailments, of so inconsiderable a character that the less that is said about them the better. Whether we take a new book-binder, or porter, on our establishment—or eject one, for returning too redolent of Meux or Barclay, is, we apprehend, a matter of infinitely small importance, both to our Magazine and the public. Should we ship off a lazy official, or other person paid for doing nothing, we take for granted that no comet with a fiery tail would set fire to the Thames or to our establishment, or perform any other supernatural antic, to indicate a change in the popular opinion. Not but that we may talk of 'our whereabouts' sometimes, even when the subject is unimportant; but then it shall be merely for the purpose of laughing over it with our friend the reader; or in order to show him how agreeably a trifle may be dished up with a little sauce piquante, which in itself has little or nothing to recommend it. "How do you like my last pair of gloves?" said the Marquis de Chevreuil to his friend, Monsieur de T. "I have never seen them," returned the other. "Pardon me, Chevalier," replied the Marquis; "you have banqueted at great length upon them, this morning. There is nothing else in that sauce an Chevreuil. You are, in fact, now in the middle of the forefinger." The superiority of manner over matter was never, perhaps, so completely shown.

We shall, therefore, on important, and sometimes on unimportant occasions, talk over our affairs with our friend the reader. We desire his better acquaintance; and shall come more into *personal* contact with him, endeavour to gain his regard, and for the future consult his taste, and the taste of the age in general.

Until lately, we have been kept aloof—no matter by what precise cause—by trifles, which we have now dissipated into air—“thin air.” We have now abandoned Ætolia for England—Witikind for William the Fourth; and in the room of Ileyne and Hesiod, we shall talk of ourselves and our brother men. It is the duty of a journalist to adapt himself, in no inconsiderable degree, to the exigencies of the times. We do not mean that he should pander to its vices, but that he should administer to its wants. If it be bad—and it *is* bad—to assist in extending any reigning evil, so is it foolish to hug up any little pet peculiarity of one’s own, in direct defiance of public taste. The Press is, or ought to be, the *ECHO of Public Opinion*;—not of the clamorous, but of the honest and intelligent portion of the people, whose objects are Truth and the Common Good. When an editor speaks of ‘leading public opinion,’ he means merely that he *represents* the intelligent Spirits of the time; and not that he, singly, soars beyond the speculations of every other man. The sentiments of an individual, when they differ from all others, are always dangerous, and as invariably wrong. For Truth has never a mysterious aspect. She requires only to be known, to be at once both understood and admired by those who are, in the truest sense, philosophers. If any one, be he Editor or not, attach himself to opinions, which after due consideration, are rejected by all other men, there is no doubt but he must be in error. Pythagoras projected truths, and Newton made discoveries in science: but these were immediately adopted by contemporary sages. And this adoption or rejection of opinions by intelligent men, (for we do not speak of the mass of men,) may be referred to as the almost certain test of truth. Great men—by chance or perseverance—penetrate farther than others, but not farther than they can enable others to go.

The observations touching the solitary opinions of men, apply also to their tastes, which are, in fact, part of their opinions. When Wortley Montague mounted a long beard and Turk’s trowsers, he proclaimed himself a simpleton. Were a man to shut himself up in his study and gabble of nothing but the Greeks, we should be sure that he was no better than a magpie,—unless, indeed, he turned out to be a goose. These “Exclusives” in literature, are but small persons. To sit, polishing sentences—or nibbling at little morsels of prose or verse—or diluting weak Latin into weaker English;—to look back over our left shoulder and drivel a considerable quantity of nothing about our grandfathers and grandmothers, whilst the world is busied about science, or stirred and staggered to its centre by the agitation of some great principle, is to prove that we are not fit for the age we live in. We would not have the past lost to us, nor the good men of former times forgotten; but we would place them in the secondary rank, (in point of interest,) and look at the spirits about us. We would not despise even the *shape* of things, when our leisure yielded us nothing better for notice, but we would bestow our *chief* care on their substance.

If we have not acted quite up to these opinions previously to the present year, it has either been the fault of circumstances which exist no longer, or a narrow view of things on our parts, which we trust has now expanded. We have arrived at the conclusion, that the tastes and opinions of one person should *never* form the limit of a periodical work. That a work of this kind may be entrusted to the discretion of an individual, to judge of what is dangerous or safe for publication—what is popular or offensive, is well enough. But that every thing is to be squared and clipped away to suit the diminutive notions of any one dis-

sender from the reigning taste, is absurd upon the very face of the matter. It is our opinion that a Miscellany, like the *New Monthly Magazine*, should be in the true sense a Miscellany;—that (whilst it lays claim to a decided character by the maintenance of liberal opinions) it should reflect the *free* thoughts of its contributors. And, in fact, these *will not*, for the future, be controlled by the caprice or unsupported notions of any one individual thinker. In short, we have been *Reforming* our system—reinvigorating ourselves with new supplies of strength, and admitting every one whose talents entitled him to our consideration, whatever his views (not being offensive to public taste) might be. It is only by the conflict and collision of opinions, on some subjects, that truth can be struck out. We shall therefore, and for various other good reasons “too numerous to mention,” open our gates at all times to all intelligent travellers and traders. We will have no *mare clausum*, or privileged commerce,—no eternal dealing and dabbling with one set of small thoughts, to the exclusion of all others. Freedom shall be our motto, and Impartiality our practice. We shall no longer affect the classical Aristarch or atomic philosopher. Instead of fatiguing the reader with matter which is at once solemn and insignificant, we shall go up to him at once, touch him familiarly with the tip of our goose-quill, and tell him all manner of sensible and agreeable things.

It is astonishing what wonders may be produced by a little active intercourse between intelligent minds. Even the brace of stupid-looking pebbles that one often sees, sleeping side by side in the highway, are not absolutely useless nor unproductive. Let but a friendly hand knock the two clowns together, and lo! sparks as bright as lightning are struck out by the collision, sufficient, in the dearth of other fire, to blaze a city, or illuminate the dullest fragment of foolscap that was ever spoiled in degenerate Grub-street. What, then, may not be expected from an alliance, and exchange of intellectual commodities, between ourselves and the reader!

Philosophically speaking——

But we are interrupted. A clerk on our establishment casts open our private door and enters. With a look as ominous as an ancient Aruspex, when a double liver was disclosed, he lays by our right hand a couple of new works. One is—let us assume our spectacles—“*The Mirror of Mediocrity*.” It seems innocent of mischief and meaning, and looks already drooping. We shall write its epitaph.—The other is called “*The Englishman*,” and wears the brave head of Daniel Defoe on its cover. Let us inspect—Ha! Very well! Very good! We recognize the pen of Mr. Leitch Ritchie, a clever and agreeable writer. We have a respect for him, as he does not seem likely to be an unfair foe. His story of “*The Rock of the Fort*,” in the last series of the *Romance of History* (France), is worth the whole of the two preceding series thrice over. *They are, sooth* to say, mighty indifferent things. But, to resume:—

Philosophically speaking——

Another interruption! An offer from Madame Eugenie Rosa Slipshod St. Clair—her “new work in fourteen volumes octavo, to be called *Calais in 1832*.” We are afraid we must not venture on this agreeable miscellany. We value Time, but we dare not take him by the forelock. What! more letters? more magazines? Scotland again, too!—We must retire, and examine these formidable packets. We will finish our gossip with the reader in the next number of our Magazine.

Postscript. We are not quite sure that we should have printed the foregoing fragment this month, had not our second batch of letters contained some that required immediate notice. One was from a dear old friend of ours, Mrs. Mac Nibbleit of Glasgow, (her son is one of the University students there,) requesting in very peremptory terms to know why we had not printed any of her "bairn's" college exercises in our Magazine since last November. There was a sort of menace in the large letters composing the word "MARGARET M'NIBBLEIT," that compelled a reply. We had scarcely blown the snuff from our friend's letter,—for the postman had faithfully brought the rappee with the remonstrance,—when our eye fell upon a second missive from a haberdasher at Highgate, announcing his eternal indignation, because we had lately banished a friend of his from our establishment. A third letter (from Scotland also) required us to set forth, in succinct terms, the particulars of our moral, political, and philosophical opinions. A fourth offered us a translation of Milton into Latin Hexameters, and requested that the amount (£—) might be remitted without delay, as "peculiar circumstances," &c. A fifth demanded to know if we were Radicals. A sixth charged us with having a taint of the Tory. A seventh said that we had long been suspected of harbouring a superannuated Whig or two, who were full of the discontent of that ancient race, without any of the liberality of the modern members. In short, we were so fiercely besieged by our correspondents, that we resolved to reply to them one and all, by proclaiming, as we now proclaim, our resolution to follow *our own will* for the future. It will speedily be seen whether our will be not as rational as that of other men, our taste as good, and our strength sufficient to induce respect. Our power, unlike Samson's, never, we think, consisted in a superfluous *whig*.

Apropos of Whigs:—The prospectus of a new Magazine has been put into our hands. We were delighted with the dignity of its address. There was a little insipidity, indeed,—but, what! one cannot have all things to one's wish; and accordingly we were, as we have said, infinitely delighted. We like to see a bold big fellow—like the greater Ajax—come into the field and threaten to kill and eat us all, without more words. He is sure to be satisfied with a very moderate meal. The new Journal announces the most "perfect freedom," and the most "unbiassed and impartial critical notices. The plain English of this, we apprehend, is, that the Editor will have all the criticisms his own way. If so, we do not very readily understand how the work can be to the last degree "impartial," and "unbiassed." Is the mind of the Editor free from all "partiality"—free from all littleness and prejudice, and undue critical pretensions? Are the opinions of the contributors never to *succumb* to those of the Editor? Are they never, in case of difference, *to be excluded*? We pause for a reply.

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM. BY AN OLD REFORMER.

THE French Revolution in 1789, which, like a political earthquake, shook the kingdoms of all the European continent, extended its agitations to the shores of Britain. A series of incidents had prepared the way for their transmission. The rights of royal prerogative, and the rights of the people, had been themes of keen discussion from the commencement of the American war, in the year 1775; and towards the close of that disastrous and expensive war, which roused a very energetic opposition to the Government that carried it on, the favourite object of the leaders of the people was, to restrain the influence of the Crown, to which its continuance as well as origin was ascribed, by effecting retrenchment in the salaries of courtiers, and Reform in the Commons House of Parliament. With this view, among the other measures they adopted, Associations were formed by men of rank in the popular party, who acted as delegates from districts in the country; at the head of these Associations were the Duke of Richmond, Sir George Saville, and other long-trying political characters, (among whom Mr. Horne Tooke must not be unnoticed,) who were afterwards joined by Mr. William Pitt, and other younger politicians.

After the conclusion of the war, in 1783 the English Reformers were diverted from the objects of their former pursuit, by the exciting contests between the heads of parties for the assumption of Ministerial power. Except on occasion of some motions made by Mr. Pitt, with a view to redeem the pledge he had given to support the cause "as a man and as a Minister," Parliamentary Reform did not again become a subject of public interest until the time of the French Revolution.

It may, however, be proper here to notice, on account, not of its intrinsic importance, but of the consequences afterwards attached to it, an anniversary meeting which used to afford occasion if not for diffusing, at least for cherishing, in a limited but respectable circle, a lively and correct regard for the interests of Civil and Religious Liberty. This meeting was held on the birth-day of William III. in celebration of the English Revolution in 1688; and being chiefly composed of Dissenters, whose privileges had been secured by that event, a sermon suitable to the occasion was delivered in some Dissenting place of worship, which was, as usual in London, followed by a public dinner, at which patriotic and liberal sentiments were the order of the day. On these occasions the character of William, as drawn by Bishop Burnet, was regularly read; but the political feeling of the meeting was not confined to the historical period or its particular objects. As a sample of the feeling that prevailed, may be quoted a Chaplain's grace, when asked to return thanks after one of the dinners, as the grace is brief and pointed, rather than of puritanical length:—"We thank the giver of all good for the great political mercy we have this day met to commemorate. May the blessings we derive from this event be extended to all our brethren of mankind. And may all the people say, Amen."

Having had from early life a bias towards political observation, and

the support of popular rights, I attended at the meeting which was held in Nov. 1788, to commemorate the Centenary of the Revolution. It was the first political meeting at which I had ever been present, and it was calculated to afford a mind like mine peculiar gratification. Dr. Kippis preached the sermon at the Meeting-house in the Old Jewry, and the Earl Stanhope presided at the dinner at the London Tavern. The company was more than commonly numerous and brilliant, and the Stewards of a higher rank; and to give effect to the scene, the leading personages, preceded by a band of music, marched into the assembly-room under the identical stand of colours (lent for the occasion) with which William had landed at Torbay. Among the Stewards were Lord Hood, Mr. Beaufoy, and other Members of the House of Commons; and partisans of Mr. Pitt were mingled in concord with partisans of Mr. Fox. No factious feeling interfered in the celebration of the great common good. The noble Chairman filled his office with all his usual zeal and animation, and the meeting was harmonious, joyous, and innoxious. It was not till after this time that these anniversary assemblages gave umbrage to Government.

In the year 1789, Dr. Price preached the Anniversary Sermon previous to the Dinner. On this occasion the Doctor, whose writings in support of Civil Liberty during the American war had raised him to distinction, gave vent to the sympathy he felt in the cause of the French Revolutionists, and drew some interesting inferences from the principles developed by the English Revolution in 1688. It was soon after the publication of this Sermon that Mr. Burke published his "Reflections," in which he treated Dr. Price and his tenets with unmeasured severity. Of this well-known work of Mr. Burke it would be unnecessary to say more in this place, were it not for the effect it produced on public opinion at the period referred to. Until this time, the French Revolution, which had not run into those excesses by which it was afterwards disgraced, had been viewed with complacency by the body of the people, and with hope by many enlightened friends of humanity. By the upper classes it had, indeed, during its progress, been looked upon with jealousy or alarm, and Burke's "Reflections" confirmed their apprehensions, and armed them with weapons of defence. Besides the arguments it furnished directly with this view, it afforded encouragement for measures more forcible than arguments. The French Revolution ceased to be viewed with popular favour, and those who ventured to hope for good from its results, became subject to odium.

In November 1790, Dr. Price, as some compensation for the mortification he had received from Mr. Burke, was called upon to preside at the Anniversary Dinner. On this occasion nothing occurred worthy of notice, except the passing a resolution to form a society to cherish the principles of the Revolution in 1688, as developed by Dr. Price.

In 1791, the character of this meeting was in many points different from that of its predecessors. Its scope was much wider, and its objects appeared of a more general class. The reading of the character of William III., which had hitherto been a steady part of the entertainment, was dispensed with. Petion, who had been Mayor of Paris, and Thomas Paine, who had previously published the first part of his

“Rights of Man,” were among the guests. Paine, when called upon for a toast, proposed “The Revolution of the World.” Among the Stewards on this occasion was one of my neighbours and acquaintance, Captain Broome, the Author of “Simkin’s Letters,” and subsequently of a reply to “Paine’s Decline and Fall of the British System of Finance.” Broome, who had been in the East India Company’s Service, and was a friend of Warren Hastings, had a bitter hatred against Burke, and composed a song in ridicule of his friend’s chief prosecutor, which in the course of the evening was sung to the tune of “The Vicar of Bray.” The Captain, however, did not prove a good lyric poet. Satire was his delight and his forte; and this he dressed to most advantage in the namby-pamby verse of his “Simkin’s Letters.” He being a Member of the Revolution Society, (and, as I have said, a neighbour and acquaintance of mine,) I was prevailed upon by him to enter my name in it. It was the only public association to which, at that period, I belonged; and I attended only one of its quarterly meetings, and then but accidentally, in consequence of being that evening, for another purpose, in company with Broome. The object of these meetings, which seemed to be the publication of small translated pieces relative to the progress of the Revolution in France, appeared to me very uninteresting. The meeting at which I was present was not attended by above half a dozen persons, and was not, I believe, followed by many successors. Even the Anniversaries of the Society, which had been kept up time immemorially, having now got into bad odour, were allowed to drop.

At this period I was a member of a private club, which though instituted among village neighbours in the vicinity of London, for the purposes of intellectual exercise and discussion on general subjects, soon assumed, from the spirit of the times, a political character, and in the sequel became of unexpected importance by furnishing the first occasion for one of its orators to distinguish himself as a public leader in the politics of the day. The gentleman alluded to was Mr. John Bowles, who, with other persons, had previously formed a book-club, out of which had arisen that, referred to, which was called the Conversation Society. The number of members amounted to about a dozen, among whom, besides Mr. Bowles, the chief speakers were Mr. Barbauld, the Dissenting Minister; Mr. Elmslie, afterwards Chief Justice of Canada; Mr. Toulmin, an Attorney and Common-Councilman; Captain Broome, already mentioned; Mr. Bliss, a Surgeon, now Physician at Bath; Mr. Barton, then Assistant at an Academy; Mr. Dillon, an Exchange-Broker, father of the present Sir John Dillon; Mr. Pope, a Stock-Broker, and a French Gentleman, named Caze, who, during “The Hundred Days,” was *Sous-prefect of Bordeaux*. Visitors being admitted, the Society was sometimes favoured with the display of the talents of others, as well as of its own members. Of these strangers the most frequent attendant was Mr. Alderson, then a Barrister, now Steward, or Recorder, of Norwich.

The most prominent orators of the Society were Messrs. Bowles and Barbauld, who, being opposed to each other in politics, and nearly matched in point of talent, occasioned at times much interest in their collisions. The character of their eloquence was different; Bowles being fluent and shrewd, Barbauld precise and acute; the

former most diffuse in his expressions, the latter in the development of his sentiments. Barbauld unfolded his ideas, as he would have unfolded the leaves of a plant, with a view to convince the understanding; Bowles, less nice in the management of his means so that he attained his end, was content with producing a vague but strong impression.

Broome, of all the members who had pretensions to intellectual character, was the least effective as a speaker. As a writer his style was plain, clear, and forcible; but, like his manners, coarse. His "Simkin's Letters" had been serviceable to his friend Warren Hastings, under whose government he had acquired a fortune as interpreter and engineer. These letters, before they were collected in a volume, had been published in certain newspapers the day after that on which the proceedings noticed had taken place before the House of Lords; but Broome's pen was employed in a more serious manner in his friend's behalf. He told me that the greater part of the first defence which Hastings made on his impeachment, was his composition. The part he showed me as such, extended, I think, from the beginning to the forty-fifth page, and was completed, he said, in less than twenty-four hours. On another occasion, some years afterwards, he wrote a pamphlet on a different subject, at the desire, as he informed me, of his friend Warren Hastings. It was a reply to Paine's "Decline and Fall of the British System of Finance." This work, however, did not reflect much credit on its author, though Broome was an able calculator. It may not be improper to add to this sketch of his character, that he appeared to have as much facility in the acquisition of languages as of mathematics.

The only man who profited by the institution of the Conversation Society was Mr. Bowles. He was a barrister of some standing, but of scarcely any practice, when an incident occurred which he adroitly turned to his advantage. One of the questions mooted in our club related to the law of libels. Mr. Bowles supported the doctrine of Lord Mansfield, and made a speech which took up an hour and fifty minutes in the delivery. To hear this speech he had introduced, as a visitor, a friend of Lord Mansfield; and he subsequently published the substance of his harangue in the shape of a pamphlet, which he dedicated to Lord Mansfield. The consequence was that, in a short time afterwards, Mr. Bowles, from being a briefless barrister, was made a Commissioner of Bankrupts. This was the first step to that promotion which arose from his connexion with our club, but not the last nor most profitable. At one of the meetings of our book-club, the second part of Paine's Rights of Man had been voted. When in the course of circulation it came into the hands of Mr. Bowles, he stopped it, and wrote a long protest against it, which he required to be circulated along with the work. This requisition was not complied with by the Club; but a suggestion was thrown out by one of the members of which Mr. Bowles was not backward in availing himself: he was told he might publish his Protest, and then the Club would circulate it. He published the Protest, and dedicated it to the Book Society. The dedication was a libel on the loyalty of the Society; and, to complete the offence, he distributed some copies with the blank filled up, and signed with his own writing. He sent me

one of these copies, but next day reflecting on his error, requested to have it returned. I did not withhold it, because I did not desire to aggravate the controversy, notwithstanding the odium to which he had exposed his political opponents, and from which I was made to suffer in a high degree. The Protest was written without much force of argument, or point or energy of expression; but it suited the season, and recommended its author to the patronage of the great.

After this attack, the Conversation Society could not be safely carried on; for Bowles maintained his right to expose all opinions of what he deemed seditious tendency; and the Book Society was dissolved, and a new one formed immediately, for the purpose of getting rid of an illiberal member in an unexceptionable way.

Mr. Bowles, however, was at that time little liable to mortification from such trivial sources; he had been adopted by the Crown and Anchor Association for the suppression of Republicans and Levellers, and was, with Mr. John Reeves, the most active member of that society, of which Mr. Windham was supposed the chief. His Protest was republished at the expense of the Association, and circulated in thousands all over the country. From this time, Mr. Bowles became a regular pamphleteer of the High Church and Ultra Tory party, denouncing all who differed from him with unscrupulous severity. This tone was the more remarkable as he had been brought up a Dissenter, and was educated at the academy, or college, of Daventry, of which Dr. Doddridge had been the head. Whatever had been the moving causes of his change of sentiment, the effect to him was highly advantageous. On the rupture with Holland, Mr. Bowles was made one of the commissioners of Dutch property, and he who without the intervention of our village societies would probably have continued an obscure non-practitioner of the law, was raised to eminence and endowed with wealth.

Notwithstanding the obloquy to which independent men were at this period exposed from the efforts of such persons as Bowles, it did not prevent their public assembly on fair occasions. A series of anniversary dinners was commenced at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the 14th of July, to commemorate the destruction of the Bastille. The first of these dinners took place in 1790, when the stewards and some of the guests wore the tri-coloured ribbon on their breasts; and a stone from the Bastille was exhibited on the table. At that anniversary I was not present, but on the next, which was very numerous and respectable, I attended with a French friend, who entered with much animation into the spirit of the meeting. Mr. —, a distinguished barrister, who had written an able answer to Burke, was in the chair. Macintosh, who had some time before published his "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," sat modestly opposite my friend and me about the middle of one of the long tables, and did not appear to obtain the notice he deserved. The meeting passed off with much satisfaction, and without exciting much obloquy. As much cannot be said of that which followed. By the time this took place (in 1792) great animosity had been raised against the advocates of the French Revolution, and the friends of Civil and Religious Liberty in general. Government had begun to counteract their influence with "a vigour beyond the law." A system of espionage was organized to entrap unwary

liberals in their expressions; prize-fighters, and other ruffians, were hired to promote loyalty among the populace, by parading the streets with the words "King and Constitution" chalked on their hats; and women of the lowest order were engaged in scores to bawl about their publications in the avenues to the Royal Exchange. Every means was employed to intimidate and expose to odium all who had had the courage to breathe a wish for political reform; and the effect was such that they could scarcely venture, except within their own circles, to hold up their heads or to open their mouths. The reign of terror was triumphant; and it cannot now be conceived what many of the most enlighten'd, accomplish'd, and best-intentioned minds were then compelled to suffer. It was under these circumstances that the third and last anniversary of the French Revolution was attempted. The company that attended it were more numerous than might have been expected; but as danger was apprehended in the evening, they did not long remain assembled after dinner. This precaution was prudent. Soon after sunset, a formidable band, composed, apparently, of clerks in public offices, and such like persons, paraded the Strand, and assaulted the tavern in which the meeting had been held with hisses and menacing tones; but the doors being closed, no mischief followed. It was not so, however, at Birmingham. It was on the same evening that the houses of Dr. Priestley, and other friends of Civil and Religious Liberty of that town, were destroyed.

These barbarous measures had derived countenance from a proclamation that had been issued against the publication of seditious writings. To prevent all freedom of discussion from being overwhelmed under the sweeping charge of sedition, and to stem the torrent of persecution then prevailing, one or two societies were started under the auspices of leading characters in the political world. The first of them, designed to resist the operations of the association of Messrs. Windham, Reeves, and Bowles, which had become audacious in its vexations, was chiefly under the direction of Mr. Erskine, and was called "The Friends of the Liberty of the Press." It held a few public meetings, at one of which it may be mentioned as a matter worth remembering, that the Hon. Thomas Maitland (alluding to what had taken place in Scotland) strongly inveighed against the rigour with which Government prosecutions for libel had been carried on, and against the artful policy of exercising it at the extremity of the empire, where its severity could not excite that sensation and reprobation which it would have produced if exercised in the heart of the kingdom. In remote parts, he remarked, despotic rule might with more impunity be carried on; and from thence, after the public mind had been made familiar with the experiment, it might be the more easily transferred to the metropolis. The other Society referred to as having been formed at this period, was that known by the name of "The Friends of the People." The object of this Society was to revive attention to the cause of Parliamentary Reform; and with this view it published a valuable report on the state of popular representation in the House of Commons, which became the basis of its petition to Parliament, and a frequent subject of reference. Mr. Charles (now Lord) Grey was at the head of this Society, and was ably assisted by Mr. Tierney and other eminent men.

About the same period was formed another political society, of very

humble origin, and consisting chiefly of persons in the operative classes; yet calculated, from its construction, to rise to importance, and excite the apprehensions of Government. This association was termed "The Corresponding Society," and was constituted somewhat after the model of the affiliated societies of France, by uniting different branch-meetings in connection with, and under the direction of a head, which was composed of delegates from the several separate bodies. The name by which this Society became known, bearing no apparent relation to its objects, it may be proper to give here an explanation of it, as I received it, some years afterwards, from its founder. That founder was Thomas Hardy, a shoemaker, residing in Piccadilly. In his house lodged a negro, of some education and talent, called Ignatius Sancho, who was engaged in promoting the establishment of committees, in different parts of the kingdom, for the abolition of the Slave-trade. Hardy was an ardent advocate for Parliamentary Reform; and, thinking that Sancho might find, in country towns, a sufficient number of friends to political reformation among the liberal persons who were anxious for the abolition of the Slave-trade; he proposed, that they should form themselves into committees, and correspond, when there was occasion, with a Society which he should endeavour to establish in London. As the nucleus of this London Society, Hardy and his brother-in-law, who kept the Bell public-house, in Beater-street, in the Strand, agreed to bring thither, on a certain evening, one friend each, who was like-minded with themselves, to discuss the subject in view. These four met accordingly; and, having concurred in the project, agreed to bring, on the next night of meeting, other four, who should be disposed to join them. These having assembled, and resolved to continue the same method of augmenting their numbers, the parent Society soon filled the original place of meeting, as well as many others, in different parts of the metropolis. From this small source sprang that Association, which, in a short time, became so formidable as to occasion much public alarm. Their public meetings were held in the fields, at Chalk Farm; Copenhagen House, and Bethnal Green Road, and attended by thousands of people. At those meetings, the audience were addressed on the Reform of Parliament, and other political subjects, by such members as possessed the talent of public speaking. Among the most distinguished of these were Margarot, who was generally Chairman of the Society, Thelwall, a lecturer on political and other subjects, and R. C. Fergusson, then a young barrister, now Member for the Kircudbright district of Burghs. Margarot, who was afterwards sent to Edinburgh, as a delegate to a Convention there, was the forty-fifth member enrolled in the Society. Hardy, the founder, acted as Secretary.

In connection with this Association, it is proper to notice another, which, though originally composed of a superior and more cultivated class of persons, did not disdain to co-operate with the Corresponding Society, in promoting political amelioration and the extension of liberal sentiments. This Society had been established so far back as 1778 or 1779, when reform in the representative body had been so ardently pursued by the leading characters of the political world; and the Duke of Richmond, Horne Tooke, and others of that grade and stamp, had been among its members. The name by which this

Society was known, was, "The Society for Constitutional Information," its object being to publish or republish, occasionally, such tracts as appeared calculated to diffuse correct opinions upon important points in politics. Though many of its original members had ceased to belong to it, Horne Tooke and Dr. Towers, a Dissenting Minister, had continued to attend its meetings; and they had been joined, among others, by Jeremiah Joyce, then tutor to the sons of the Earl Stanhope, Sharpe, the celebrated engraver, and a clerk in one of the public offices in Somerset House, who acted as Secretary to the Society.

In the year 1793, a sort of fraternal union was formed between this Society and the Corresponding Society, by means of what was termed a Committee of Conference; and, to celebrate this union, a public dinner, at which I was present, and which was respectably attended, was held at the Craven hotel, in the Strand.

At this meeting, where nothing was introduced at which the ruling powers had reason to take umbrage, (except the music of the *Marsellois Hymn*, and some other French popular airs,) the vigilance of Government spies was specially employed. For some time, the Crown lawyers had been active in prosecuting what they deemed seditious. Their rigour commenced, as was observed by Major Maitland, at a distance from the capital; and one of their earliest victims, in England, was a Baptist preacher, of Plymouth, named Winterbottom. He was convicted chiefly upon the evidence of a warrant officer of a man-of-war, (a witness unlikely to be either an unprejudiced, or an accurate reporter, of the sermons of a Dissenter,) of having uttered two seditious sentiments in discourses delivered on a 5th of November, in commemoration of the deliverance of the nation from Popery and arbitrary power. Winterbottom declared to his private friends, what he asserted in defence on his trial, that he had not uttered the sentiments ascribed to him, and that the words he used had received a false construction. The judgment pronounced upon him was not, however, mitigated on that account. He was condemned to be imprisoned two years, and to pay a fine. His fate excited the sympathy of a few friends of freedom in London, in which he was a stranger, and to the prisons of which he was consigned. He was first committed to the New Prison, Clerkenwell, and afterwards transferred to Newgate. While incarcerated in the former place, I accompanied an acquaintance to visit him, and found him a young man, of apparent frankness and sincerity, but not of much education, nor possessed of talents dangerous to society.

It was in Scotland, however, that the state prosecutions were the most distinguished for their rigour. In that country, the people had, during the American war, been remarkable for their blind acquiescence in all the Government measures: but, about this period, their attention had been awakened to political and other subjects, by meetings and discussions that had taken place, with a view to the correction of local abuses. Soon after the commencement of the French Revolution, a new weekly journal had been started at Edinburgh, by a young English retired military officer, named Johnson, who had married into a fashionable family, and had settled there: and this paper having published what was deemed a libel, Johnson fell the

first victim, in that country, to the Crown-lawyers, and was sentenced to imprisonment in one of the vile gaols of that city.

The next case of libel tried in Scotland, was that of Fish Palmer. Palmer was an Englishman, of good family, and a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge; but having imbibed, with equal zeal, the principles of Unitarianism and respect for "the rights of man," had become a resident in Dundee, where, with little pecuniary or other encouragement, he was not backward in propagating his favourite doctrines. His religious and political opinions being, like himself, strangers in that neighbourhood, he became obnoxious, notwithstanding his benevolence, in the exercise of which he was not sparing, within the limits of his means. He was convicted of publishing a political pamphlet, composed by an uneducated man, of the name of Mealmaker, and was sentenced, by the Court of Justiciary, to be banished for seven years to Botany Bay.

If the fate of Fish Palmer was harsh, the doom to which Thomas Muir was consigned, was cruel. Muir was a young advocate, of Glasgow, of respectable talent, and held in so much esteem by his fellow citizens, as to be appointed to conduct a Bill through Parliament, for the regulation of their police. Like many young men of that period, who were endowed with warm minds and liberal education, he viewed the French Revolution as an era of promise to the people of all nations; and, at an early stage of that Revolution, paid a visit of some duration to Paris, and became acquainted with several leading personages in that capital. On his return home, he did not remain an idle spectator of the progress of events; but, under the countenance of men of higher rank, in his native country, promoted the establishment of political clubs, which assumed the same name as that of which Messrs. Grey and Tierney were members, "The Friends of the People." These clubs were numerous, and their meetings frequent. Muir attended many of them, and sometimes was their President. He and they, of course, became obnoxious to the ruling powers in Scotland, which, at that season, were not indisposed to suppress the rising spirit of democracy by the most severe and arbitrary means. Muir, like Palmer, was prosecuted before the Court of Justiciary, and, as a criminal, charged with sedition. The counts in his indictment compensated in number what they wanted in weight. Their whole weight was, that he had presided at public meetings, where language had been used, which was alleged, but not proved, to have been of seditious tendency; that he had lent to a neighbour a copy of Paine's "Rights of Man;" and that he had ordered an itinerant organist, in Glasgow, to play the French Revolutionary tune of "ça ira." To establish some of these charges, the public prosecutor had recourse to the evidence of a scullion, in the service of the defendant's father; and Muir, having been convicted, notwithstanding his very able and eloquent defence, was adjudged to no less a punishment than fourteen years' transportation to Botany Bay.

These prosecutions were soon followed by others, in Scotland, productive of equally heavy penalties to the accused. The Reformers, who had acted hitherto in detached bodies, resolved to associate their delegates at Edinburgh; and there they appointed their general

meeting, under the name of a Convention, in silly imitation of the French, whose forms and terms, in other respects, they attempted servilely to copy. To this Convention, the London Corresponding Society sent two of their leading members as representatives, Margarot, the frequent Chairman of their meetings, and Gerald, their most accomplished orator. The Convention was, at an early stage of its proceedings, suppressed by the magistracy; and Margarot, who had sitten as President, and Skirving, who acted as Secretary, were immediately indicted for sedition. They were both allowed to be at large, on bail, till the time of trial; and, the popular excitement being high in their favour, Margarot, who was the first tried, attempted to proceed from his inn to the Justiciary Court in a triumphal chair, carried on men's shoulders. His *cortège* was, however, met and checked by the magistrates, accompanied by a numerous posse of special constables; and, contrary to apprehension, he suffered himself to be quietly conducted to the bar.

Neither Margarot nor Skirving availed themselves, on trial, of the service of professional advocates. Margarot's defence was bold, and in no wise calculated to conciliate the Court; Skirving's was feeble and inoffensive. But neither talent nor address could have procured for them any clemency. They, like Muir, were sentenced to be banished for fourteen years to Botany Bay. Gerald, whose trial did not take place till some time afterwards, made a masterly defence, without avail. He was visited with the like sentence as his companions.

For the purpose of carrying these prosecutions into effect, a system of espionage, as is frequent on state occasions, was not sparingly employed. Among these spies was a man named Watt, who, having failed to keep in favour with his employers, resolved to recommend himself to them afresh, by hatching a plot, through which some heedless dupes might be ensnared. The project he suggested was so extravagant and impracticable, as would have betrayed his sinister design to any but the wildest or the simplest minds. The local authorities received some intimation of his artifices; and, knowing from experience his nefarious disposition, and conceiving that he was labouring to avenge himself of them, and not to serve their purposes, laid hold of their traitorous agent, with proofs of treason in his possession. It happened, however, that he was not apprehended until he had collected three persons to listen to his pretended project. Two of these were silly old men, tradesmen of Edinburgh; the other was a young Englishman, who had just before taken his degree at the University. The latter was endowed with talents above the common standard, but was, in an inverse proportion, defective in prudence and consistency. After quitting a private seminary, he had commenced his public education in a Dissenting College, then established at Hackney, where democracy being the prevailing politics among the students, he chose to distinguish himself as an advocate of aristocracy. From Hackney, he proceeded to the University of Oxford, where the advocacy of aristocracy being too general to obtain distinction, he rendered himself singular by professing to be a democrat. Under that profession he had gone to Edinburgh, to pursue his medical studies, when, finding willing hearers among the people, he occupied his leisure by making songs and harangues, marked with reckless

indiscretion. Being at large, on bail, after he had been apprehended, and dreading the fate that awaited him, if he stood trial at Edinburgh, he forfeited his recognizances, and made his escape to New York. The other two dupes were tried along with Watt, and sentenced to death; but the ruling powers, being convinced that they were of inoffensive character, and had been ensnared, allowed them, after a course of imprisonment, to banish themselves to the United States, where they rejoined the young physician, to his great surprise. Watt alone was left to suffer for his perfidy and treason.

It was not without great risk and great mental suffering, that (as I some years afterwards heard his original preceptor relate) the young physician was able to escape to America. His friends had procured for him in Wales an obscure retreat, in which he had resided for some months, under a feigned name, and with disguised hair: but his asylum was suspected; a King's messenger was dispatched to reconnoitre the neighbourhood, and the doctor was compelled to make a sudden start. He bent his steps towards an outport which had frequent intercourse with the United States, and where he knew his friends were prepared to promote his ulterior views; but his confidence in their fidelity was not sufficient to support him. So great, it appears, was the distress he suffered, that (he afterwards declared to the gentleman who made the statement) he felt often inclined to surrender himself to his fate, rather than remain under the torture of apprehension. His friends, however, were incessant, and uncommonly ingenious, in providing for his safety. One of these, the proprietor of an Asylum for the Insane, in the neighbourhood of the port alluded to, proposed to receive him secretly as a deranged patient: but the offer of another medical gentleman, in the same vicinity, was preferred. The young physician was received at night into that gentleman's house, as a stranger, who had suffered injury by a fall from his horse. He kept his bed; a nurse was procured to attend him; and he was supplied with gruel and panada, and pretended boluses and draughts, *secundum artem*; while, in the absence of the nurse, the surgeon watched his patient, and furnished the young Doctor with more substantial provision. After continuing a fortnight in this situation, the patient was pronounced convalescent, and he proceeded towards the port at which he was to embark. It was the latter end of August, and a party of his friends, prepared with shooting-jackets and fowling-pieces, as if intending to make a sporting excursion to Wales, received him in the midst of them, and conveyed him in a boat they had provided, on board a ship, in which they had taken a passage for him, and which was then getting under weigh for New York. As a sequel to this sketch, it may be added, that the young man did not feel himself at home in America. An attachment stronger than a political bias, made him anxious to obtain his pardon from Government, and return to England; and at length, an arrangement was satisfactorily made, the King's pardon was procured, and the young physician proceeded to practise his profession with high respect in the place at which he had made his adventurous embarkation.*

TWENTY YEARS! BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THEY tell me twenty years are past
 Since I have look'd upon thee last,
 And thought thee fairest of the fair,
 With thy sylph-like form and light-brown hair!
 I can remember every word
 That from those smiling lips I heard:
 Oh! how little it appears
 Like the lapse of twenty years!

Thou art changed! in thee I find
 Beauty of another kind;
 Those rich curls lie on thy brow
 In a darker cluster now;
 And the sylph hath given place
 To the matron's form of grace:—
 Yet how little it appears
 Like the lapse of twenty years!

Still thy cheek is round and fair;
 'Mid thy curls not one grey hair;
 Not one lurking sorrow lies
 In the lustre of those eyes:
 Thou hast felt, since last we met,
 No affliction, no regret!
 Wonderful! to shed no tears
 In the lapse of twenty years!

But what means that changing brow?
 Tears are in those dark eyes now!
 Have my rash, incautious words
 Waken'd Feeling's slumbering chords?
 Wherefore dost thou bid me look
 At yon dark-bound journal-book?—
There the register appears
 Of the lapse of twenty years!

Thou hast been a happy bride,
 Kneeling by a lover's side;
 And unclouded was thy life,
 As his loved and loving wife:
 Thou hast worn the garb of gloom,
 Kneeling by that husband's tomb;
 Thou hast wept a widow's tears
 In the lapse of twenty years!

Oh! I see my error now,
 To suppose, in cheek and brow,
 Strangers may presume to find
 Treasured secrets of the mind:
There fond Memory still will keep
 Her vigil, when she *seems* to sleep;
 Though composure re-appears
 In the lapse of twenty years!

Where 's the hope that can abate
 The grief of hearts thus desolate?
 That can Youth's keenest pangs assuage,
 And mitigate the gloom of Age?
 Religion bids the tempest cease,
 And leads her to a port of peace;
 And on, the lonely pilot steers
 Through the lapse of future years!

A COMPLAINT OF STREET-MINSTRELS!E!

“ Most musical? Most MELANCHOLY ! ”—New reading of MILTON.

“ The screams, the howls, and the infernal din. ”—ANON.

GRANT me patience, Heaven! Let me not do a deed which the cold, the dull, the senseless, the heavy, drowsy, spiritless, apathetic sons and daughters of earth might stigmatize with the foul name of murder! There! there!—I am calm—I will endure it! Look upon me!—do I wince? There, you hear it!—“ Cherry Ripe!” Let him play on till the very barrels of his organ are worn to powder by their unceasing convolutions—not a groan shall escape my lips!—Well again! “ The Huntsmen’s Chorus,” from “ Der Freyschutz,” by two cracked fiddles and a drum. Exquisite! Ha! ha! ha! Do I complain?—And now—“ something more exquisite still”—a hag, in the attire of woman—a fiend, in the semblance of a man, and two ruffianly little brats, howling, bawling, screaming—Hold! Shame on me!—do I quail? Let me moderate my expressions, and, by a delicate choice of terms, give proof manifest of my heroic endurance. I would say, ’tis a gentle pair, with their interesting offspring, who, in sweet accord, are warbling “ Home! Sweet Home!” Heavenly strains! Go on, go on!—do I not bear it bravely? Not a nerve in my frame but is quivering as at the touch of a searing-iron, yet I cry not mercy!—And now, ’tis the dancing dogs exhibiting their antics, accompanied by the monotonous thumpings of a tambourine, made musical by the yelpings and barkings of a dozen canine visitors, who thus testify their admiration of their talented fellow-creatures.—Better and better! They have ceased, and given place to Punch and Judy and another organ, with drum, trumpet, fiddle, fife—each striving, in noble rivalry, to out-noise the other. I endure it! I live! and henceforth shall I exist invulnerable to all mortal suffering.—Ha! my pistols!—quick! my pistols!—two blind Scotchmen, with their drowsy bagpipes and drawling clarionet! It is not in human nature to bear *this*. Under my very window! The fellow with the clarionet is a certain mark—pronounce him dead: or shall I rid the tormented world of both? Ay, the deed were the more meritorious. ’Twill cost my life, but I shall die a glorious martyr. No, were a Jefferies on the bench, the provocation would plead in my behalf, and move even his stern heart to mercy. They die! Pop!—a miss—pop!—again—I have missed the man; but the inflated reservoir which gave their droning, drawling life and being to those villainous sounds is rent into ribbons, and “ Roy’s Wife” cut off in mid career. See! they go, and smile in mockery of my awkwardness. They turn towards each other, and then towards me, and grin a threat of horrible revenge; whilst he of the bagpipes, in keen derision, waves aloft the shattered remnants of his instrument. I understand him—this is not the last of the bagpipes: there are more pipes—ay, and pipers too! beyond the Tweed; and as long as England lies south of it, so long shall she endure their irruptions—and pay for their piping into the bargain. Yet I am not sorry they have escaped. Had the whole fraternity of street-minstrels but one neck, indeed, I could twist—twist—twist it, without the slightest feeling of compunction: this

could I do, even on a fine May morning, whilst the little birds were carolling above me, the trees putting forth their young blossoms around, and the soft breeze was pregnant with the tender perfume of the early flowers; even whilst all Nature conspired to attune the heart to gentleness and love, *this* would I do! and afterwards proceed, with undiminished appetite, to my breakfast. But to fritter away one's time in destroying a couple, or a dozen, or a score of them, would be an ignoble employment—it would be chopping off, not a head, but a mere hair of the hydra.

How, Sir! is it my wish that a great capital like London should be as silent as a country churchyard? or do I expect that all manner of sounds should be prohibited, because, forsooth! my nerves are as sensitive as Mandeville's? (in the novel) which were affected by the noise of the unloading of a timber-ship, at some ten miles distant!

No, Sir, I desire nothing so unreasonable. I do not, like Lear in his ravings, desire to "shoe a troop of horse," or Meux's dray-horses, "with felt;" nor do I wish to see Piccadilly or Oxford-street paved with eider-down cushions. I do not expect that a cart-load of iron-bars, consigned from Thames-street to Tottenham-court-road, should be made to take a somewhat circuitous route by Hackney and Highgate, in order that I might walk westward from the City unaccompanied by their jingling for any part of my way; nor that the "Sweet Evening Bells" of the postman, and the morning larum of his dingy precursor, should be silenced. These are amongst the many annoyances which a resident in your great capital must endure; although with respect to the two personages I have last mentioned, I could wish that some more agreeable mode of notifying their arrival might be invented. These annoyances, however, at the expense of some time and trouble, and the exercise of a certain degree of ingenuity, one may avoid: it is but darting off in an opposite direction to the point whither you were bound, at the sound of each approaching bell, regardless of all inconveniences—the loss of your appointment, or, haply, your dinner—regardless of every thing, in short, save the preservation of your *tympanum*. But by what contrivance can you evade the heartless villain, who, with deliberate malice, takes his station under your window; unfeelingly assumes an attitude which he may maintain for the longest period with the least possible fatigue to himself; swings his instrument (of torture) round from his shoulder down upon his knee; looks with no eye of pity upon you, but, on the contrary, gives indulgence to a smile of demoniac exultation at the thought of the misery he is preparing for you; then seizes the handle of his "infernal machine," and grinds, and grinds, till he has inflicted upon you the agony of the last expiring wheeze of the last tune he has it in his power to perpetrate? And as if this were not enough, with what refinement of cruelty does he grin—Oh! that devilish grin, I see it now!—and show his ghastly white teeth; at the same time holding up his hat, in bitter mockery of you, for reward, for payment. Payment! Let me rush to the roof-top, and hurl down myriads of chimney-pots upon him, beneath a mountain of whose shattered fragments he may be for ever hidden from mortal view!

I am *not* mad, though the tormentors have oftentimes driven me, like the persecuted innocence in a melo-drama, to the very verge of madness. No, Madam, I am not mad! though, by that pitying smile, and

that half-audible whisper to your equally compassionate neighbour, I must understand you think me so. You ask me why—if the atmosphere of the metropolis, because of its “teeming with sweet sounds,” be unpleasant to me—*Unpleasant!* the word is of the gentlest—you ask me why I do not seek another place of dwelling? Whither should I fly?—where go, to escape the tormentors? “Build me a hovel in the desert plains of Salisbury?”—I have met them *there!*—“Abide in a Newcastle coal-pit?”—O, Madam, you know little of the ubiquitous powers of the fiends. I have explored the tin-mines of Cornwall; I was lowered down to the lowest depth of the deepest—and there, at many a fathom beneath the level of the sea, which was rumbling above our heads, even *there* I encountered a Scotch bagpiper—the identical offender whose life I spared!—there he was, squeezing out, “In these shady, blest retreats,” to the miners! Had there been a refuge beneath—could I have dived down to the very centre—certain I am, I should have found the Gnomes dancing jigs to the scraping of some London itinerant fiddler!—“Or take refuge amidst the wilds of Savoy?”—I am poisoned by the smoke of London, and you advise me to try Birmingham. Alas! you forget that Savoy is the land fertile in Savoyards, and that Savoyards are the most numerous of the *sects* I am complaining of. I should fly from thousands, and rush to encounter millions. Savoy is the great emporium, the fabric that supplies the world. ’Twas there the *calamity* was invented. There, like the teeth of Cadmus, the nuisances spring up in countless numbers, perfect, and ready-armed for annoyance—each olive-coloured urchin leaping into life with a grin on his cheeks, a serinette at his back, and a marmot on his shoulders; and thence, like the Egyptian locusts, are they scattered abroad to plague this beautiful earth of our’s. Escape them! the universe is impregnate with them: as well might we attempt to escape the air that surrounds us. Street-minstrels are the only nuisance you *cannot* avoid, for they follow you. If you happen to dislike the clattering of a coppersmith’s, as some people do, you may retire to some part of the town, or of the world, where coppersmiths do not abound. A “compound of vile smells” assails you from some neighbouring manufactory—you have nothing to do but withdraw yourself from its vicinity. A crying child is (without intending a pun) a crying evil, yet it is one which may be subdued: if the brat be your own, you may flog it into silence; if it be the property of some more favoured individual, a monitory look, illustrated by a sly pinch or two, will be found an effectual remedy. But there is neither cure for, nor escape from, a barrel-organ. This I pronounce as the settled conviction of my mind, derived from long and trying experience. I could adduce numerous facts in support of my assertion. I shall content myself with stating (in addition to the indisputable case of the tin-mines, already noticed) only one.

Having been detained in town throughout the greater part of the summer of 1826, and undergone, in consequence of imprudently taking up my abode in a promising, quiet-looking street, which held out, besides, the strong temptation of having no thoroughfare—(never reflecting, dolt that I was! that it is exactly in such places the destroyers of our peace congregate, as the precious creatures are, there, out of the way of the coaches)—and having undergone, I say, in consequence of that mistake, a more than usually severe course of organs; I

was peremptorily ordered by my physician to quit London for a few weeks, and pass the time in a state of the utmost tranquillity and repose, as the only means of restoring to their proper tone my nerves, which he declared were sadly *dis-organised*:—the technical term, no doubt, for what non-professional people would express by an awkward periphrasis—over-acted upon, or over-excited by, organs. The advice was easy to give, but whither should I go? To some secluded village? There is scarcely a pretty, retired village in England which I have not visited, and those are the very worst places you could select for your purpose; for the place being small, and its inhabitants few, it is clear that if there be only one fiddler in it (and there cannot well be fewer), each individual suffers an exorbitant share of his screeching crotchets and quavers. This assertion may be mathematically proved.

To Ramsgate? Ramsgate and retirement are so sweetly alliterative that the sounds are inseparable. But I have tried it, and well know the quality of its “retirement.” Its population consists principally of seven thousand nursery-maids, and twenty-eight thousand children;* and any schoolboy who has just got through his Rule of Three will tell you what proportion of Punch and Judys, dancing-dogs, organs, bagpipes, &c. &c. there must of necessity be to satisfy the “elegant desires” of so large a number of the blessed rising generation, and those who are entrusted with the interesting charge of them. You attempt to walk to the end of the magnificent, melancholy pier, and back again; you climb up East Cliff, and endeavour to make your way along South Crescent; when you clamber up North Cliff, and, if you can, get to the end of West Crescent; and so on of another cliff and another crescent, and cliffs and crescents again above those; and if, by dint of great care and caution, you reach your own home without having elbowed a nursery-maid or two over into the sea, or trodden out a child, you are grateful for a narrow escape, and pray you may be equally fortunate on the day to come. And this is retirement!

Cheltenham? Harrowgate? Tunbridge? Hastings?—I have tried them all: organs! organs! organs!

Or Brighton? A delightful place for those who love the enjoyment of London and sea-bathing, at the same time; *but*—! besides which, *there* they have two established parties of Pandæans—a compound infliction of jingle, rumble, and squeak, from which the Metropolis has, for some time, been humanely respited.

“Ha! Try Worthing.”—It was a matter of absolute necessity that I should try something. I had done all that lay within human power to rid me of my persecutors, and—without proceeding quite so far as to have recourse to the black art—had even attempted a little beyond its limits: for, finding that persuasion, entreaty, threat, nay, bribery, were alike unavailing, I used every known form and mode of exorcism

* Are these children blessed with ostensible mammas and papas? or is all Ramsgate a Foundling Hospital? It is a singular fact, and it has been noticed by many curious observers, that you seldom meet them in company with any who might seem to be their parents. The phenomenon was thus explained to me by one of the town's-folk:—“There are plenty of great-grown visitors at Ramsgate, but, as they are all Aristogogues, it would not be the thing for them to show themselves out of doors.”

in the hope of driving them away; and, regularly, morning and night, bestowed upon them with unfeigned devotion, the entire of Doctor Slop's catalogue of curses—not omitting that particular one for the suppression of which Uncle Toby pleaded with so much feeling. Even Rossini, Bishop, Weber, Mozart, the unconscious contributors to my sufferings, received a share of my benedictions; and often have I wished them where (had my wishes taken effect) they might have found hints for improving certain portions of Don Juan and Der Freyschutz. Well; being assured that Worthing was, beyond all comparison, the quietest place in the empire, Worthing was the retreat, or, more properly speaking, the refuge, determined on.

The most impeturbable of my tormentors was a little imp of a Savoyard, whose weapon was a small, shrill organ, capable of but one tune—*Partant pour la Syrie*. I cannot but admit he was an industrious youth. He invariably, and punctually, commenced his day's business in my unfortunate street, at seven in the morning; and there did he remain till about nine, when he was driven from the spot—for there was one particular stone "which he did much affect"—by his more powerful rivals. No sooner, however, had they abandoned the field than there he was again; and ten times in the day was *Partant pour la Syrie* ten hundred times repeated. He was the first to come, the last to leave me. The Sea-Captain who murdered Bill Jones, saw, whichever way he turned, the spectre of his victim: the punishment was as awful as it was well-merited: but, Heaven knows I had never "disposed of" a Savoyard.

On the morning of my departure I rose earlier than usual. There it was again! My toilet—my breakfast—the writing of half a dozen notes—all went to the accompaniment of *Partant pour la Syrie*. As I advanced to step into the chaise, there it stood! It stood in my very path—and grinned and asked for charity—*of me*—even while it was in the very act of perpetrating *Partant pour la Syrie*! This was too much. Its throat was bare. By a fearful impulse my open hand was directed towards it. 'Twas but to clench my fingers firmly and but for a minute, and the world would be rid of the thing for ever. I hesitated. In that brief interval the Spirit of Mercy took possession of my heart. Forbearance super-human! I harmed it not—passed by it—leaped into the chaise and bade the driver forward. There was a stoppage in the streets, and we proceeded at a slow, walking-pace for the distance of nearly half a mile. The reptile followed me, still pouring into my ears the hateful sounds. Who shall wonder that I did repent me of my clemency? At length we dashed forward and escaped it. But it had infected the very sources of imagination, and till we reached Horsham the tune was ringing in my ears.

At Horsham I dined and slept. It was late when I awoke the next morning. Methought I heard—no—it could not be. And yet those sounds, those living sounds, becoming fainter and fainter, and seeming gradually to recede! They ceased. Psha! They had not in reality existed: they were but the feverish offspring of an unremembered dream.

I proceeded on my journey. To beguile the time, I took with me the last new pamphlet on the Currency Question, and fell sound asleep. I had a terrific dream. I stood in the midst of the Pyramids. Instead of bricks, they were built up of barrel-organs, drums, trumpets

fiddles, marrowbones and cleavers, and other musical instruments, all together sounding in dire confusion. On the topmost point of the highest pyramid there sat my own Savoyard, and his *Partant pour la Syrie* was distinctly audible through the astounding chaos of sounds. He fixed his large, laughing, black eyes upon me; his teeth shone white through his dingy lips; and, as he slowly descended towards me, I was drawn forward, by some irresistible power, in the direction in which he was approaching, and——! A jolt of the chaise aroused me; but such was the effect of this dream on my imagination, that, as I took a hasty glance out at the window, as we passed rapidly onward, I would have sworn I saw the identical little urchin slowly pacing along the road side.

As we drove through Worthing I observed a notice in every window of—"This house to let," or, "Apartments to let;" and could not help thinking how much trouble would have been saved had they posted one notice at the entrance to the town, of—"Worthing to let." "Mr. Parsons," said I, as I entered the Sca-house Hotel, "is Worthing full?"—"The fullest season we have had for years, Sir." This information was perfectly true; for, on after-inquiry, I found there were nine families who had actually taken houses for a month—to say nothing of two others who were there, for the night (on their way to other places), and eleven, or, according to another report, fourteen single gentlemen.—"Can I have a *quiet* room here?" "Quiet as a mouse, Sir."—"Is Worthing much infested by ——," But I had not courage to utter the word. "Not in the least, Sir," was mine host's reply; fancying, no doubt, that I intended to add "robbers." However, I chose to avail myself of the benefit of the consequence of my own hesitation, and was happy.

It is notorious that Worthing is the stupidest place that ever had the assurance to call itself a town. Its lady patronesses are Dulness and Ennui; and I was satisfied, by my first Evening's inspection, that no organ-grinder, who exercised his art with a view to patronage and profit, would ever set foot in it. Its public promenades are of no earthly use, except as places where you may practise archery, or pistol-firing, without fear of hurting any one; and for its places of *amusement*——! I entered one of the libraries, where four elderly ladies had been for two hours waiting in hopes of a fifth, to complete a five-shilling loo for a nine-penny needle-case; and, at the other, there were three old gentlemen who had, for two hours and a half, been eagerly watching for an opportunity to seize hold of the Morning Post, which a fourth had all that time been poring over. The "greatest house" of the season was expected at the Theatre, for an eminent London actor was to perform. His terms were (as usual) that he should take as much as he pleased of the whole receipts, and, afterwards, share equally with the manager whatever might remain *over and above that*. Expectation was not disappointed, and the manager could not but have been satisfied: it *was* the fullest house of the season, and the gross receipt was 2*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*—If you possess one spark of feeling, or fancy, or imagination, or intellect, and desire that it should be extinguished, pass a week at Worthing. Such, altogether, is the place, that certain I am that if ever, by some wonderful revolution, Botany Bay should become the Capital of the British

Empire, Worthing is the spot to which its convicts will be transported.

My bed-room was a Paradise—it was as quiet as the cell of a Trappist. Save the low murmuring of the sea, not a sound was to be heard. Beneath my window was a spacious lawn, enclosed within an iron fence, which seemed to promise protection from all manner of noise. Not even the rattling of a wheel-barrow could assail me. In the proud consciousness of security I composed myself to sleep. No dread of the morrow embittered my midnight hour, for, at length, a morning was to dawn for me, in whose ineffable soundlessness I might lose all memory of the agonies of the time past.

'Twas eleven o'clock when I awoke. The sun was pouring his glorious rays full into my room. I arose. I approached the window. There was a palpable—I would say a *living* quiet in the air—it was exquisite. Not a human being was within sight. I looked again—yes—there was ONE! O Jupiter! 'Twas he!—the thing!—the fiend! There he was, with organ at his back and marmot on his shoulder, clambering over the fence. He observed me and approached—and grinned—and took his station immediately beneath my window—and slowly, slowly drew his organ round to his side—and placed his hand on the winder—and paused—yes, for a moment the Demon *paused*, and grinned again—O, that moment!—the power of respiration forsook me—the blood stood still in my veins—his hand began to move—it was inevitable—it came—the same, indubitable, incontrovertible, undeniable *Partant pour la Syrie*. The window was small, and would not allow the passage of a chest of drawers which I would have hurled down upon his head;—tables—chairs—all were too large. I fled the house—the town. I went to Lancing—to Little Hampton—to the most sequestered places in the neighbourhood, but in vain. Wherever I went, thither did he follow me, never allowing me four-and-twenty hours the start of him. Five years have passed away since then, and—Ha! here he is!

Is it to be endured? You, Sir, are a painter; you are engaged on a study for your picture of Orpheus and Eurydice. A blind fiddler takes possession of your ears, and scatters your ideas to the winds. An hour must elapse before you can re-collect them.

You, Sir, are a poet. Your Ode to St. Cecilia must be thrown aside till it shall please a Scotch bag-piper to allow you the exercise of your imagination.

You are a musician. The tinkling of that ill-tuned harp has put to flight a series of newly-imagined harmonies which you will never recover.

You are a Chancery-lawyer. You are considering a complicated question of tenure. Throw aside your parchments: you will make nothing of it whilst that sweet minstrel is croaking forth "The Devil loves a lawyer."

Is it not abominable that so much of your valuable time should absolutely be at the mercy of ———. How! They must live? Away with mis-placed humanity! "I must live," was the apology offered to Cardinal Mazarin by a miscreant who lived by writing libels. I answer, (in this case,) with the Cardinal, "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*"

SPEAKERS AND SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT, NO. VI.

APRIL 19th.—**LORD JOHN RUSSELL.**—CHANGES IN THE BILL. In common with the friends, of all shades and temperatures, of the great measure of prevention of the worst evils, of the fiercest extremes of despotism and brute force, I have viewed the vacillating conduct of Ministers since their accession to office, more particularly with reference to the Reform Bill, with mingled sentiments of regret and indignation; of regret that a measure of such all-importance to the best interests, nay, to the very existence of the country, should be endangered by a want of fixedness of purpose on the part of men whose previous attempts at legislation were but a series of doublings and silly blunders; and of indignation that the country should have been placed in such a situation by the blind folly of our Tory misrulers, that we have no alternative between our present imbecile Whig governors, and the lawless anarchy and mob tyranny of the Hunts and O'Connells. The truth is, and it is important that it should be told without mincing,—Earl Grey and his colleagues are scared and alarmed by the very number and zeal of their allies. They looked to Reform as the means, the certain means, of retaining power; but were little prepared for the thunder of the acclaim with which their plan was received with enthusiastic unanimity by the British people; and like the magician in the tale, or rather like children frightened by their own attempts at fee-faw-funnism, are seized with trembling and cataleptic alarm at the tempest which they have themselves evoked, and know not how to allay. Hence their alternate doublings and yieldings, and “stand or fall by the Bill” boastings, just as their fears now of their old Tory antagonists, or anon of the “revolutionary tendency of the age” predominated; and hence the deplorable absence of all that energy of will which betokens the earnest conviction of right and confidence in their own strength and integrity—of men who feel that they have the King and the people on their side, and that with such aid, they mean to *command* the suffrages of the doubting, instead of winning their sympathy by concessions and seeming candour; all serving unfortunately to elate the foes, while it depressed the friends of social improvement. A greater misfortune to themselves, and what is of far greater consequence, to the country at large, cannot be well imagined, than the majority of one in favour of the Bill on the second reading. Had the unit been on the other side, they would have been forced into a dissolution, and the country would have had the opportunity of placing the settlement of the question beyond the reach of Whig imbecility no less than Tory malevolence.

It is true, that the alterations in the Bill are comparatively unimportant— that the great disfranchising schedule, and the franchise-extending provisions are retained; but the very admission of the principle of alteration, to such adversaries as beset its progress in every bush and thicket and boudoir in the empire, is at this moment, and after their “the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill” pledge, actually suicidal. As has been well observed in a weekly contemporary,—a “phrase often stands for a hundred reasons,” it becomes a by-word, and a short expression meaning nothing and everything as it suits the prejudice and ignorance of the party using it. The friends of the measure have lost their badge word, “the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill;” while its numerous and unscrupulous opponents have a new and formidable weapon in the phrase “alterations,” and “new Bill.” What then is the remedy? Simply, that at the approaching election, England expects every honest man “will do his duty.” And now for the performance and performers.

Lord John Russell's speech on moving the order of the day for the House resolving itself into a committee on the Bill, was by far the best he has uttered since the commencement of the discussion, not only in the elaborate simplicity and transparent beauty of its matter, but in the buoyant energy of his manner. The noble Lord is evidently, as I have observed on a former occasion, a man of very common-place capacity; but makes amends by his laborious industry and high-mindedness of purpose, and total freedom from all theatrical attempts at oratorical display. Notwithstanding his mincing tone, and an air of fastidious self-assumption, it is impossible to hear him speak at any length without being convinced you are listening to a well-informed nobleman, whose defects are those

of his "order," and whose merits are honourably his own. His explanation of the grounds on which he proposed to effect some alterations, (briefly, five boroughs originally marked down in schedule *A* for total disfranchisement to be transferred to schedule *B*, the one member schedule; and eight originally set down in *B*, are to retain their present amount of two members. Eight counties and seven large towns in addition to those already designated for an increase of representation, are to receive one member each,) was so satisfactory, so demonstrative of the population principle of the Bill not being departed from but strictly adhered to, that perhaps in no place but the House of Commons would it have challenged a single dissentient remark.

GENERAL GASCOYNE.*

MR. SADLER delivered a speech of great length and various pretensions against the Bill, distinguished no less by the defects than the excellencies of that class of men of talent of which the Honourable Member may be received as a very favourable specimen,—namely, the *self and late in life* educated men of letters. The very expression of self-educated, in the sense at least in which I am at present using it, implies a native vigour of understanding, as it also implies knowledge not the result of a regular academical education. From a mind so instructed, therefore, we expect an intrepidity of opinion, a novelty of thought, and an unflinching confidence of assertion, which we in vain seek in the productions of less vigorous but more regularly disciplined intellects; while we are also more liable to be occasionally offended by a want of logical lucidness of statement, by an intolerant fierceness of tone, and by an ostentatious display of puerile ornament and the mere pedantry of learning, than we should be from those whose requirements have been procured through the regular forms of what is called a liberal education. There is a mystical crudeness, a fitful irregularity, a bright obscurity, a presumptuous Icarian soaring and verbose grandiloquence of tone, alternating, it is true, with flashes of the inspiration and rainbow freshness and elicited diction of genius, in the essays of self-educated men of talent, which in their effects upon the mental visions of the spectator, remind one of the vague and undefined mixed feelings of wonder and nervous anxiety, amounting almost to pain, with which we gaze on the savage beauties of Nature. We have a vague sense of insecurity; the dream is mixed up with nightmare, the vision is beautiful but incoherent and shadowy, and though we feel that it

"Is ne'er so sure our ardour to create
As when it treads the brink of all we hate;"

yet it wants a something tangible, a something of the familiar and pleasing fix- edness of our vernacular existence to recommend it to our permanent sym- pathies. Conversation with such men has its charms, but they are the charms, if I may so express myself, of chaotic immensity and fatigue. You feel delighted with the healthy fresh air and the green unbroken turf of the forest in which you are rambling; but you feel wearied and annoyed by the number of briars and impassable thickets that momentarily obstruct your path. You are now perhaps puzzled by the earnestness with which your companion would urge you to adopt his opinions on grounds quite foreign to the purpose; while arguments essential to their elucidation, and evident to the sight of a more disciplined intellect, are wholly overlooked; and you are now struck with wonder at the boldness and novelty of his views, and at the high philosophy which strangely mixes itself with his most visionary speculations. You feel yourself in the presence of genius, but not the genius of your early worship on the Isis or the Cam; and though you part amply furnished with new thoughts, with much of the raw mate- rial of thinking, and on the whole, braced and muscular, you are yet somewhat dissatisfied, and you exclaim with regret and admiration,—What if this man's intellect had run less wild from the richness of the soil, if the shoots had been strengthened by early lopping off the luxuriance!

These observations will, perhaps, serve better to explain the discrepancy of

* Just as this sheet was going to press reports were received of the sudden death of the late Member for Liverpool. We prefer risking the danger of acting upon erroneous statements to warring with the dead. The observations upon the speech of General Gascoyne have therefore been omitted.

opinions respecting Mr. Sadler's unquestionable merits, than any more minute analysis of their peculiar character. Even his high Tory principles, and the fact of his being the Duke of Newcastle's nominee for Newark, have not wholly deprived him of the Blue and Yellow's reluctant admission of his talents and information; and to say nothing of the partisan praise of the Quarterly Review and Standard, the veriest professor of the population doctrines of Mr. Malthus cannot deny that Mr. Sadler has contributed more toward the solution of the, perhaps, most difficult problem in moral and political philosophy of modern times, than any other writer on the subject in our language. On the other hand, his most ardent admirer cannot but admit that much of the excellence of Mr. Sadler's matter is marred by a want of logical consecutiveness of statement, and by a too ambitious—indeed puerile and inflated—style of oratory. In eloquence, more than any other production of intellect, the transition of the sublime to the ridiculous is so delicate, that no rules can serve as landmarks; and to attempt to make every sentence of an oration equally eloquent is the surest mode of making the impression of the whole—particularly if the speech be of any length—bombastically monotonous.

It is to this restless anxiety to shine, to take the admiration of his hearers and readers by storm, and not by any means to a want of ability to rouse and fix the attention of his auditory, that I am inclined to attribute much (not all, much is ascribable to those defects consequent upon a late-in-life education which I have endeavoured to indicate) of the comparative *unimpressiveness*—in proportion to his reputation—of the Hon. Member for Newark's *set* speeches in the House of Commons. He is too diffuse, too lengthy, too monotonously serious, and too ex-cathedra-ish to command attention, while he is too dogmatical, and too unconciliating in his deportment to excite among his auditory a personal interest in his favour. There is, perhaps, no assembly in the world so aristocratically sensitive to all attempts to "birch" it into attention as the House of Commons—as there is certainly no assembly more exquisitely alive to the ridiculous. A man may misstate facts as much as he pleases, may expectorate sophistry and nonsense by the hour; but, if he peradventure commit himself by any pedantry of tone, or still more by any Doric *gaucherie* of manner, there is an end to his career of senatorial distinction for ever. Nor is this surprising when we take into consideration the aristocratic constitution of the British legislature, and what it is that constitutes the great distinction of the manners of "high life." In those classes, whose wealth or hereditary dignity impart a self-confidence which is the secret of ease of manners, the art of pleasing or displeasing is the great concern of life, and, as a consequence, the perception of the positive and negative points of the smaller moralities becomes a sort of instinct. Such pursuits are beneath the consideration of those occupied in the more important transactions of our social condition. They are the frivolous occupation of polished idleness, and their great redeeming benefit is the war they wage against every species of affectation—not, it is true, as a silly departure from the simplicity of nature, but as a ludicrous phase of vulgarity. Hence it is that notwithstanding the research and occasional bursts of splendid declamation exhibited in Mr. Sadler's speech last night, it did not *tell* even with his own party, and was at times actually laughed at by his political opponents.

I have thought it but justice to the Hon. Member for Newark—though holding opinions on most of the great questions that have of late years agitated the political world, as opposite to his as the poles—to offer this fair explanation of the causes of the discrepancy of opinion which prevails respecting his talents and acquirements. "Fair play is a jewel," even in politics; and all that Mr. Sadler wants is fair play, to prove himself a man of no ordinary ability. And now a word or two with reference to his arguments against the measure.

Mr. SADLER objects to the bill, 1st, because he says virtual representation and the close-borough system, which it would destroy, were the "ancient practice and principle of the constitution;" and 2nd, because it would be "only a stepping-stone to still more extensive changes." As this most probably will be the last opportunity which can present itself in the present parliament of exposing these two great errors in fact and principle, I will devote a page or two to the exposition.

1st. *Facts* of the case.—The reader of our constitutional history need not be reminded that the English House of Commons owes its existence to a bold usurper, Simon de Montfort, who, with a sagacity far beyond his age, sought for aid in his contest with the aristocracy in that part of society then growing in strength, and wealth, and political importance—the inhabitants of the towns and boroughs. The writs for the Parliament which he summoned for this purpose, and which met in London on the 22nd of January 1265, direct “the sheriffs to elect and return two knights for each county, two citizens for each city, and two burgesses for every burgh in the county.” The question then simply resolves itself into this: who were the persons entitled to vote for these citizens and burgesses, that is, in what portion of the inhabitants was, of the towns and boroughs, the right of franchise vested? The answer, says Sir C. Wetherell and the other expounders of Dr. Brady’s (*Treatise on Boroughs*, avowedly written to suit the despotic views of James II.) doctrine is, *it was a chartered right*. Now, without stopping to prove that the basis of representation in the reign of Edward I. was a common-law right, and, to quote the words of Mr. Hallam, “founded upon the maxim that all who possessed landed or moveable property, ought, as freemen, to be bound by no laws, and especially by no taxation, to which they had not consented through their representatives;” and that, in the thirteenth century, the distinction between freeman and trader was hardly known, both being acted upon as synonymous, that all who contributed towards the taxation levied by Parliament, had a voice in its election; and that those who had not that voice declared themselves, and were admitted to be exempt from its influence,—it will be enough to settle the question, to state, 1st, that *upwards of one hundred boroughs* returned members in the reign of Edward I., and yet there were not more than *thirty corporations* in the entire kingdom; and, secondly and conclusively, that the first *charter* which expressly gave a right of returning members to Parliament, was that granted to the borough of Wenlock in the reign of Edward IV. “Who then,” asks a writer of great research and ability on this subject, Mr. Luder’s Reports of Election Cases—“elected the members of boroughs *not* incorporated? Plainly the inhabitants or burghers, (according to their tenure or situation, words not in the original text, but inserted in the Inner Temple library copy, by Mr. Luder himself,) for at that time *every inhabitant of a borough was called a burgess*.” So much for a fact, which, strange to say, has escaped the notice of all who have spoken on the Reform Bill since its first announcement.

2. The *Principle* of the argument may be disposed of in a few words, for it is involved in a truism, that the rights and liberties of a people can only be permanently secured to them by a representative form of government, and that it would be a mockery of words to call any set of gentlemen the representatives of the people, if the people had no choice in their election, and therefore could not hold them responsible for their conduct. Admitting for a moment that the nominees of borough proprietors *virtually* represent the interests and wishes of the several classes of the community, where lies the objection to their becoming their *actual* representatives? Is there any charm or honour in being the mere tool of a “thing” with a title like his Grace of Newcastle? Is not the dignity of the human character more sustained by being the trustee of an independent and enlightened community, than by acting as the M. P. menial of some—

“Tenth transmitter of a foolish face,”

be he a Plantagenet or a Tomkins? It certainly is: but the cause of corruption is not so certain of promotion; the traffic of the few in the rights and property of the many is rather endangered by it; the quartering of whole regiments of titled paupers on the industry of the people is likely to be checked by it; and hence the cry of rape, fire, massacre, the constitution and the church is in danger! the Bill is revolutionary, and a besom of destruction to the “established institutions of the country under which it has so long flourished!”

3. That the Bill is *but a step to a sweeping revolution*—that is, that if you grant it, you *must, per consequence*, yield to the unjust demands of the lawless traffickers in public disorder—the blustering mushrooms of the Augean dunghill

of corruption—the Hunts, and the O'Connells, and the Attwoods, and all that crew of self-aggrandizing one-idea'd demagogues, upon whom the Bill, aided by the spread of knowledge, would ere long act as an Alpheic torrent of purification, sweeping them away wholesale to their native insignificance, to be the brawling legislators of some village ale-house. This notable "argument," upon which so many changes have been rung by the Right Hon. and noble enemies of all social improvement in both Houses, has only to be distinctly stated to stand self-refuted. Knowledge is power, and wealth is power; and the people have of late years made immense strides in both; and what is still more important, they *know* it. They know also, and if they had any doubts on the matter, they have been removed by the Three Glorious Days of July, that the force of arms and of law against the exercise of popular rights cannot be carried much farther; that no penalty can be annexed to political offences; no restriction against freedom of discussion, has been left untried by the several tory administrations with which it has pleased Heaven to visit this great nation for so many years. The people *feel*, in fact, that they are the holders of irresistible power. In such a state of things—to doubt which would prove the doubter a fool or a knave—is it not madness to attempt to longer exclude those from the legal title to a possession which they hold in reality in spite of you, and to which they are entitled by every principle of law and justice? Democratical ascendancy is dangerous, is deplorable. No doubt it is; but what makes it so is, by forcing it to place itself in physical array against the legislative and executive authorities, as they, the enemies of Reform do, who see great bodies of the people in possession of great strength, from circumstances which they cannot control, while they would still deny them a share of the political power to which they are entitled under the constitution. What is the best security for good government? Is it the beloved rotten borough system? Is it not that every man should have an interest, personal and national, in its preservation? And is not the elective franchise chitfly valuable because it imparts to its holder this personal and national interest? The holder of the franchise necessarily becomes attached to the institutions under which he exercises his right—and as necessarily the enemy of those who for their own dishonest purposes would destroy those institutions; while the man who derives importance from his wealth, intelligence, or general character, without the franchise, feels he has waxed strong in spite of bad laws and bad institutions, and as necessarily becomes the enemy of the system under which he is unjustly deprived of political distinction. In a great *represented* town (as all would be under the Reform Bill) every honest and industrious man may reasonably expect to be an elector, and to pursue every legitimate object of his political ambition. In a great *unrepresented* town, on the contrary, there being no constitutional safety-valve for the vent of the popular will, disorder and violence, and alienation from the laws and institutions of the country are fostered to a degree which he only can appreciate who contrasts the habit of thought and expression of a Birmingham, or Leeds, or Manchester "operative" with those of a small tradesman or mechanic in South-wark or Bristol, or other similar represented boroughs. Give all, then, the franchise who are entitled to it, and you draw a line between the mere turbulent enemy of all social order, who now swells the national acclaim for Reform, and those whose only demand is equality of civil rights, that is, an equal interest in the integrity of the constitution.

4. *Moderate Reform.*—But says Sir Robert Peel and the other covert enemies of the great measure of constitutional redress, "we are friendly to the principle of Reform, *but* we cannot *conscientiously go so far* as your Ministers ask us. Propose a *moderate plan*—such as the transfer to the large unrepresented towns of the franchise of such boroughs as we may convict of corruption, and we will not oppose you." I need not stop to expose the flimsy hypocrisy of this proposition, coming as it does from men who have all their lives been the sworn foes of Reform, and who, not two sessions back, would not permit Birmingham to be franchised at the expense of East Retford, and shall merely quote the argument of Mr. Canning, the great "arch-angel ruined" defender of the rotten borough system. If I do not greatly err, it will be read as

a clincher to the "moderate" imposture. The motion was for the disfranchisement of Penryn.

"I will," said Mr. Canning, "vote for the Honourable Member's (Mr. L. Keck's) motion. I think there is sufficient evidence before the House to justify the bringing in the bill for the disfranchisement of Penryn: and I agree to this course with the more readiness, because I think the true way to avoid that which I should consider as one of the greatest evils that could happen to the country—a sweeping and overwhelming Reform—is carefully to cure those blots (like the present) which it is impossible for the House to pass by without seeming to shut its eyes wilfully to the defects of the present system." Is it possible to cite a stronger argument in favour of the Reform Bill? Reader, answer the question.

I will finish my say for the present month—and I strongly believe for the present Parliament—on the main argument of the measure, by extracting a passage from Mr. Locke's Second Essay on Government, which Lord Durham in the one House quoted in favour of the Bill, and which, and which, strange to say, Mr. Sadler in the other cited as an argument against it. Though rather long, its perusal will amply reward the reader's trouble.

"Things of this world," writes this illustrious philosopher and patriot, "are in so constant a flux, that nothing remains long in the same state. Thus people, riches, trade, power, change their stations; flourishing mighty cities come to ruin, and form in time neglected desolate corners, whilst other unfrequented places grow into populous countries, filled with wealth and inhabitants. But things not always changing equally, and private interest often keeping up customs and privileges, when the reasons of them are ceased, it often comes to pass, that in governments, where part of the legislature consists of representatives chosen by the people, in tract of time this representation becomes very unequal and disproportionate to the reasons it was first established upon. To what gross absurdities the following of custom, when reason has left it, we may be satisfied when we see the bare name of a town, of which there remains not so much as the ruins, where scarce so much housing as a sheep-cote, or more inhabitants than a shepherd is to be found, sends as many representatives to the grand assembly of law-makers, as a whole county numerous in people and powerful in riches." (Was ever language so prophetically applicable to the present system!) "This strangers stand amazed at, and every one must confess needs a remedy; though most think it hard to find one, because the constitution of the legislature being the original and supreme act of the society, antecedent to all positive laws in it, and depending wholly on the people, no inferior power can alter it. And therefore the people, when the legislature is once constituted, having in such a government as we have been speaking of, no power to act as long as the government stands; this inconvenience is thought incapable of a remedy."

This was the passage which Mr. Sadler quoted as triumphantly opposed to the whole, but Mr. Locke's sentiments are to be judged by the whole text, and not an isolated sentence.

"*Salus populi suprema lex*—(continues Mr. Locke)—is certainly so just and fundamental a rule, that he who sincerely follows it cannot dangerously err. If therefore the executive, who has the power of convoking the legislature, observing rather the true proportion, than fashion of representation, regulates, not by old custom but true reason, the number of members, in all places that have a right to be distinctly represented, which no part of the people, however incorporated, can pretend to, but in proportion to the assistance which it affords to the public, it cannot be judged to have set up a new legislative, but to have restored the old and true one, and to have rectified the disorders which succession of time had insensibly, as well as inevitably introduced: for it being the interest as well as intention of the people to have a fair and equal representation; whoever brings it nearest to that is an undoubted friend to, and establisher of the government, and cannot miss the consent and approbation of the community; prerogative being nothing but the power in the hands of a prince to provide for the public good in such cases, which depending upon unforeseen and uncertain occurrences, certain and unalterable laws could not safely direct; whatsoever shall be done manifestly for the good of the people, and the establishing the government upon its true foundation is, and always will be, just prerogative. The power of erecting new corporations, and therewith new representatives, carries with it a supposition, that in time the measures of representation might vary, and these places have a just right to be represented which before had none; and by the same reason, those cease to have a right, and be too inconsiderable for such a privilege, which before had it. 'Tis not a change from the present state, which perhaps corruption or decay had produced, that makes an inroad upon the government, but the

tendency of it to injure or oppress the people, and to set up one part or party with a distinction from, and an unequal subjection from the rest. Whatsoever cannot but be acknowledged to be of advantage to the society and people in general, upon just and lasting measures, will always, when done, justify itself; and, whenever the people shall choose their representatives, upon just and undeniably equal measures, suitable to the original frame of the government, it cannot be doubted to be the will and act of the society, whoever permitted or caused them so to do."

The more I read this extract, the more I am struck by its felicitous application to present circumstances, so characteristic of the prescient sagacity of the highest order of uninspired genius.

April 22.—Ministers have been (as every body, except perhaps themselves, clearly foresaw) fortunately for themselves and the country defeated, and an immediate dissolution becomes an act of necessary self-defence. But for this truly fortunate circumstance, I would extend the article to a notice of other "speakers and speeches" during the last two momentous nights—being anxious to say a few words in commendation of Mr. Hawkins's maiden speech of great promise, to "show up" the modesty and consistency of that political charlatan Sir Robert Wilson—as well as the retiring diffidence and great statesmanlike talents of a gentleman whose oratory is a union of all the defects, without any redeeming alloy of the beauties of his country's eloquence, Mr. North—and the insidious but most flimsy Joseph-Surface sentimentalisms of Sir Robert Peel—and the true demagogue doings of the Right Hon. Baronet's new ally Mr. Hunt—and the self-sufficient, half-brained Mr. Baring, *et hoc genus omne*, upon whom Reform will act as pure air and the light of heaven does upon toads and all other bloated vermin, drive them to their native dens of darkness and loathsomeness, or extinguish them for ever. I am rejoiced, however, to be spared the ungracious task, and that the question does not now depend upon the votes of the nominees of seventy-one peers and ninety-one commoners, but on the spirit and intelligence and, I trust, honesty of the people of England.

April 23rd.—The dissolution so unexpected by the boroughcracy, has, thank heaven, at length taken place and the country is saved from the endless ills of intestine commotions, perhaps, convulsion and ruin. For this wisest of acts, thanks, unmeasured thanks to Lord Grey and his colleagues, and the most heartfelt gratitude to our glorious Sovereign. I began this article in fear and trembling mixed with anger, towards the administration which has thus so nobly redeemed themselves for a thousand acts of indecision of purpose. I was afraid they wanted that energy of will and self-possession and inflexible confidence in the success of the great measure, which perhaps only long habits of power, and experience of the attachment of the King could bestow; as I also feared that they had not read the signs of the times with that correctness of comment befitting statesmen, in a great natural crisis. Of its honesty, it would be impossible to entertain a suspicion; and though I still entertain the opinions which I have so freely expressed of the capacity of some of its members, it would not be possible to feel otherwise than respect for a Government embracing the high-motived integrity of Lord Althorp, the master-mind of Lord Brougham, the lofty principles of Earl Grey, and the profound practical knowledge of finance of Sir Henry Parnell. I am heartily rejoiced I did them injustice, and that the gloom with which I had regarded their conduct has had no other origin than my own anxiety for the success of a measure which alone can save the country from all the horrors that its interested opponents would prognosticate of it, as well as those blessings of good government of which we its friends maintain it to be the essential condition.

I will not attempt to describe the Babel confusion of the last efforts of corruption; the yells, the shouts, the maniac gestures, the indecent buffooneries, the pot-house turbulence, which even the presence of ladies failed to moderate, and which the presence of the Sovereign hardly restrained, of the Londonderrys, the Mansfields, the Wynfords, the Ellenboroughs, and the Newcastles, *et hoc genus omne* in the one chamber; and of the modest, candid, moderate Sir Robert Peels, the Vyvyans, and the Hunts, and the Sibthorpes in the other: they have been elsewhere recorded, and are not likely to be soon forgotten.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT
IN ILL HEALTH, NO. V.

CONVERSATION THE SIXTH.

IT is a singularly pretty spot in which L—— resides. Perhaps some of the most picturesque scenery in England is in the neighbourhood of London, and as I rode the other day, in the early April, along the quiet lane, which branches from the main road to L's house—Spring never seemed to me to smile upon a lovelier prospect. The year had broken into its youth as with a sudden and hilarious bound. A few days before, I had passed along the same road—all was sullen and wintry—the March wind had swept along dry hedges and leafless trees—the only birds I had encountered were two melancholy sparrows in the middle of the road—too dejected even to chirp; but now a glory had passed over the earth—the trees were dight in that delicate and lively verdure, which we cannot look upon without feeling a certain freshness creep over the heart. Here and there thick blossoms burst in clusters from the fragrant hedge, and (as a schoolboy pranked out in the hoops and ruffles of his grandfire) the white thorn seemed to mock at the past winter by assuming its garb. Above, about, around—all was in motion, in progress, in joy—the birds, which have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to Heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of Nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission;—the birds were upon every spray, their music upon every breath of air. Just where the hedge opened to the left, I saw the monarch of English rivers, glide on his serene and silver course—and in the valley on either side of his waters, village, spire, cottage, and at rarer yet thick intervals, the abodes of opulence, looked out among the luxuriant blossoms, and the vivid green by which they were encircled. It was a thoroughly English scene. For I have always thought that the peculiar characteristic of English scenery, is a certain air of content. There is a more serene and happy smile on the face of an English landscape than is found in any which, far more rich and voluptuous in its features, I have admired in other countries.

Presently I came to the turn of the lane which led at once to L's house—in a few minutes I was at the gate. Within, the grounds, though not extensive, have the appearance of being so—the trees are of great size, and the turf is broken into many a dell and hollow, which gives the ground a park-like appearance. The house is quaint and old-fashioned (not Gothic or Elizabethan) in its architecture; it seems to have been begun at the latter period of the reign of James the First, and to have undergone sundry alterations, the latest of which might have occurred at the time of Anne. The old brown bricks are covered with jessamine and ivy, and the room in which L—— generally passes his day, looks out upon a grove of trees; among which, at every opening, are little clusters and parterres of flowers. And in this spot, half wood half garden, I found my friend, seduced from his books by the warmth and beauty of the day, seated on a rustic bench, and surrounded by the numerous dogs, which of all species and all sizes, he maintains in general idleness and favour.

"I love," said L——, speaking of these retainers, "like old Montaigne, to have animal life around me. The mere consciousness and sensation of existence is so much stronger in brutes than in ourselves, their joy in the common air and sun is so vivid and buoyant, that I (who think we should sympathise with all things if we would but condescend to remark all things) feel a contagious exhilaration of spirits, in their openness to pleasurable perceptions. And how happy, in reality, the sentiment of life is!—how glorious a calm we inhale in the warm sun!—how rapturous a gladness in the fresh winds!—how profound a meditation, a delight in the stillness of 'the starry time!'—how sufficient alone to make us happy is external nature, were it not for these eternal cares that we create for ourselves. Man would be happy but that he is forbidden to be so by men. The most solitary persons have always been the least repining.

A. But then their complacency arises from the stagnation of the intellect—it is indifference, not happiness.

L. Pardon me, I cannot think so. How many have found solitude not only, as Cicero calls it, the pabulum of the mind, but the nurse of their genius! How many of the world's most sacred oracles have been uttered like those of Dodona, from the silence of deep woods! Look over the lives of men of genius,—how far the larger proportion of them have been passed in loneliness. No, for my part I think solitude has its reward both for the dull and the wise;—the former are therein more sensible to the mere animal enjoyment which is *their* only source of happiness; the latter are not (by the irritation, the jealousy, the weariness, the round of small cares, which the crowd produces) distracted from that contemplation, and those pursuits, which constitute the chief luxury of their life and the *το καλον* of their desires. There is a feeling of escape, when a man who has cultivated his faculties rather in thought than action, finds himself, after a long absence in cities, returned to the *spissa nemora domusque Nympharum*, which none but himself can comprehend. With what a deep and earnest dilation, Cowley luxuriates in that, the most eloquent essay perhaps in the language!—although, as a poet, the author of the Davideis was idolised far beyond his merits by a courtly audience, and therefore was not susceptible, like most of his brethren, of that neglect of the crowd which disgusts our hearts by mortifying our vanity. How calm, how august, and yet how profoundly joyful is the vein with which he dwells on the contrast of the town and the country! "We are here among the vast and noble scenes of Nature. We are there among the pitiful shifts of policy. We walk here in the light and open ways of Divine bounty. We grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice!"

A. There is a zest even in turning from the harsher subjects, not only of life, but of literature, to passages like these! How these green spots of the poetry of sentiment soften and regenerate the heart!

L. And so, after wading through the long and dry details, which constitute the greater part of history, you may conceive the pleasure with which I next turned to that more grateful way of noting the progress of nations,—the history of their literature.

A. I thank you for renewing the thread broken off in our last conversation. We had been speaking of the reflections which history

awakened in your mind. That necessary (and yet how seldom an useful) study, was followed then by the relaxation of more graceful literature.

L. Yes, and in the course of this change, a singular effect was produced in my habits of mind. Hitherto I had read without much emulation. Philosophy, while it soothes the reason, damps the ambition. And so few among historians awaken our more lively feelings, and so little in history encourages us to pass the freshness of our years in commemorating details at once frivolous to relate and laborious to collect, that I did not find myself tempted by either study to compose a treatise, or a record. But Fiction now opened to me her rich and wonderful world—I was brought back to early (and early are always aspiring) feelings—by those magical fascinations, which had been so dear to my boyhood. The sparkling stores of wit and fancy, the deep and various mines of poesy, stretched before me, and I was covetous! I desired to possess, and to reproduce. There is a German legend of a man who had resisted all the temptations the earth could offer. The demon opened to his gaze the marvels beneath the earth. Trees effulgent with diamonds, fruits, pillars of gold, and precious stones. Fountains with waters of a million hues, and over all a floating and delicious music instead of air. The tempter succeeded:—envy and desire were created in the breast that had been calm till then. This weakness was a type of mine!—I was not only charmed with the works around me, but I became envious of the rapture which they who created them, must, I fancied, have enjoyed. I recalled that intense and all-glowing description which De Staël has given in her Essay on Enthusiasm, of the ecstasy which an author enjoys, not in the publication, but the production of his work. Could Shakspeare, I exclaimed, have composed his mighty Temple to Fame, without feeling, himself, the inspiration which consecrated the fame? Must he not have enjoyed, above all the rest of mankind, every laugh that rang from Falstaff, or every moral that came from the melancholy Jacques? Must he not have felt the strange and airy rapture of a preternatural being, when his soul conjured up the Desert Island, the Caliban, and the Ariel? Must he not have been intoxicated with a gladness, lighter and more delicate, yet, oh, more exquisite and rich, than any which they have merriment of earth can father, when his fancy dwelt in the summer noon under the green boughs with Titania, and looked on the ringlets of the fairies, dewy with the kisses of the flowers? And was there no delight in the dark and weird terror with which he invoked the grisly Three, “so withered and so wild in their attire,” who, in foretelling, themselves, created the bloody destinies of Macbeth?—So far from believing, as some have done, that the feelings of genius are inclined to sadness and dejection—it seemed to me *vitally necessary* to genius to be vividly susceptible to enjoyment. The poet in prose or verse—the Creator—can only stamp his images forcibly on the page in proportion as he has forcibly felt, ardently nursed, and long brooded over them. And how few among the mass of writings that float down to posterity are not far more impregnated with the bright colourings of the mind, than its gloomier hues. Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, Voltaire, Goëthe, Scott—and, perhaps, a lower grade—Cervantes, Fielding, Le Sage, Molière. What a serene and healthful cheerfulness! nay,

what a quick and vigorous zest for life, are glowingly visible in all!—It is with a very perverted judgment that some have fastened on the few exceptions to the rule, and have asserted that the gloom of Byron or the morbidity of Rousseau, characterize not the individual, but the tribe. Nay, even in these exceptions, I imagine that, could we accurately examine, we should find, that the capacity to enjoy, strongly pervaded their temperament, and made out of their griefs a luxury!—Who shall say whether Rousseau breathing forth his Reveries, or Byron tracing the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, did not more powerfully feel the glory of the task, than the sorrow it was to immortalize. Must they not have been exalted with an almost divine gladness, by the beauty of their own ideas, the melody of their own murmurs, the wonders of their own art? Perhaps we should find that Rousseau did not experience a deeper pleasure, though it might be of a livelier hue, when he dwelt on his racy enjoyment of his young and pedestrian excursion, than when in his old age, and his benighted, but haunted mood, he filled the solitude with imaginary enemies, and bade his beloved lake echo to self-nursed woes. You see then that I was impressed, erroneously or truly, with the belief, that in cultivating the imagination I should cultivate my happiness. I was envious, not so much of the fame of the ornaments of letters, as of the enjoyment they must have experienced in acquiring it. I shut myself in a closer seclusion, not to study the thoughts of others, but to embody my own. I had been long ambitious of the deepest hoards of learning. I now became ambitious of adding to the stores of a lighter knowledge.

A. And did you find that luxury in ideal creation which you expected?—

L. I might have done so, but I stopped short in my apprenticeship.—

A. And the cause?—

L. Why, one bright day in June, as I was sitting alone in my room, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie, by a sharp and sudden pain, that shot through my breast, and when it left me I fainted away. I was a little alarmed by this circumstance, but thought the air might relieve me. I walked out, and ascended a hill at the back of the house. My attention being now aroused and directed towards myself, I was startled to find my breath so short that I was forced several times to stop in the ascent. A low, short cough, which I had not heeded before, now struck me as a warning, which I ought to prepare myself to obey. That evening as I looked in the glass, for the first time for several weeks with any care in the survey, I perceived that my apprehensions were corroborated by the change in my appearance. My cheeks were fallen, and I detected in their natural paleness, that hectic which never betrays its augury. I saw that my days were numbered, and I lay down to my pillow that night with the resolve to prepare for death. The next day when I looked over my scattered papers; when I saw the mighty schemes I had commenced, and recalled the long and earnest absorption of all my faculties, which even that commencement had required,—I was seized with a sort of despair. It was evident that I could now perform nothing great, and as for trifles, ought they to occupy the mind of one whose eye was on the grave?—There was but one answer to

this question. I committed my fragments to the flames; and now there came, indeed, upon me a despondency I had not felt before. I saw myself in the condition of one, who, after much travail in the world, has found a retreat, and built himself a home, and who in the moment he says to his heart "Now thou shalt have rest!" beholds himself summoned away. I had found an object—it was torn from me—my staff was broken, and it was only left to me to creep to the tomb, without easing by any support the labour of the way. I had coveted no petty aim—I had not bowed my desires to the dust and mire of men's common wishes—I had bade my ambition single out a lofty end and pursue it by generous means. In the dreams of my spirit, I had bound the joys of my existence to this one aspiring hope, nor had I built that hope on the slender foundations of a young inexperience—I had learned, I had thought, I had toiled, before I ventured in my turn to produce. And now, between myself and the fulfilment of schemes, that I had wrought with travail, and to which I looked for no undue reward—there yawned the eternal gulf. It seemed to me as if I was condemned to leave life, at the moment I had given to life an object. There was a bitterness in these thoughts which it was not easy to counteract. In vain, I said to my soul, "Why grieve?—Death itself does not appal thee.—And after all, what can life's proudest objects bring thee better than rest?"—But we learn at last to conquer our destiny, by surveying it; there is no regret which is not to be vanquished by resolve. And now, when I saw myself declining day by day, I turned to those more elevating and less earthly meditations, which supply us, as it were, with wings, when the feet fail. They have become to me dearer than the dreams which they succeeded, and they whisper to me of a brighter immortality than that of Fame.*

 THE MONTHS.

JANUARY.

SHAKSPEARE declares that there are, books in brooks,
 Sermons in stones; and good in every thing;
 Which is to say, that he who wisely looks
 At Nature, will find pegs whereon to string
 Maxims and thoughts, and make each scene prolific
 Of useful instruction,
 Or moral deduction,
 Reading a landscape like a Hieroglyphic.—
 Friends!—shall we take a walk upon this basis,
 Resolving to be wise,—(*cæla va sans dire,*)
 But nathless setting our didactic faces,
 Inclining rather to a smile than tear,
 'Gainst gloomy severity,
 Morbid austerity,
 And all those solemn rules in which concur
 The starch "budge Doctors of the Stoic fur?"
 You like the notion hugely—you're in raptures!
 Let us then start, and that our chosen
 Subjects may be just à dozen,
 We'll take the months as patrons of our chapters.

 *To be continued.

Could Janus, January's Sponsor, speak,
 As once he did to Roman and to Greek,
 His spouting statue might impress on
 His auditors a very pretty lesson,
 Supposing it were thus imparted.—
 "Mortals! like me be single-hearted,
 Although you look two different ways,
 Not in a double-faced deceit,
 But turning with a vigilance discreet
 Upon the past and coming year your gaze,
 Obtaining forethought from reflection,
 And render'd provid. ' by retrospection."

Thou'rt right, old Janus! but I will not gable
 Thy two-mouth'd speech, which none can give entire,
 So turn we, since the weather's cold, from marble,
 To yonder log of wood upon the fire,
 Which bickering and flickering,
 Whizzing, hissing, and fizzing,
 Chattering, bespattering, dirt-spitting near and far,
 Like any other Orator that's brought up to the Bar,—
 Thus in the thoughts that breathe and words that burn,
 Addressed those who wish to live and learn —
 "Beneath my spreading branches once was found
 For man and beast a wide and cool retreat,
 While now in winter I diffuse around
 A cheerful light, and acceptable heat;—
 Learn hence in every season how to give
 Pleasure and aid to all within your sphere,
 Dispensing happiness while yet you live,
 Bequeathing solace even from your bier."

Oh! had the fabled royal Log
 That Jove deputed to the croaking nation,
 Been eloquent as thus, each loyal frog
 Had hail'd him, not with croaks, but acclamation!—
 For lessons such as these no careful sutors
 Need seek in vain, where'er their looks may centre,
 When sticks, and stocks, and stones become our tutors,
 And every reptile is a sort of Mentor.
 The Ant, whose wants her winter stores supply,
 Teaches us forethought and economy,
 While universal Nature, which beneath
 External coldness and apparent death,
 Is warm at heart, preparing summer shoots,
 And all her garniture of flowers and fruits,
 Preaches from every source, to every sense,
 Unostentation and beneficence.
 Even the voiceless birds may teach our reason,
 That silence has its season,
 A hint that may afford me good occasion
 For coming to a peroration.

Nature is never harsh, for love and grace
 Hallow each change of her maternal face.
 Thou art not, January! cheerless, dull,
 Unprofitable, cold;—but rightly view'd,
 Thou'rt quicken'd with a genial warmth, and full
 Of moral fruits, in all directions strew'd,
 For those who trudging through thy frost and snow,
 Wish to pick pleasant wisdom as they go.

ITALY IN FEBRUARY 1831.

Naples, Feb. 20, 1831.

I WROTE to you from Paris an account of the extraordinary state of that city, and I now find that every other capital, from thence to the utter extremity of Italy and Sicily, is nearly in a similar state of ferment. A detail of some of the prominent facts which I witnessed *en passant*, will convey to you some idea of what is to be shortly expected in this fair portion of Europe.

As we passed through France, the whole population seemed a moving military mass; every commune was turning out its contingent of conscripts, and everywhere on the road we met crowds of young soldiers, not marching "à la gloire pour le grand Monarque," as in the days of the old regime, but shouting "Vive la liberté! à bas les tyrans!" As in the first burst of the French Republic, they were uncommonly fine young men, with ruddy cheeks and vigorous limbs, not in the least resembling the *soup maigre* recruits we have been in the habit of representing them since the days of Hogarth. If they pour down another revolutionary inundation on Europe, it will be still more resistless than the last, and sweep away all that remains of the feeble barriers of despotism.

The alarm which this state of France has excited was visible the moment we crossed the frontiers. The doganiers of the Sardinian Government are everywhere on the alert, examining with the greatest rigour, not only the persons and passports of travellers, but ransacking their luggage—not so much for prohibited merchandise as for that which is now the more immediate object of their concern, prohibited opinions. Woe be to the careless man who wraps up a pair of shoes in a sheet of a French or English newspaper! One of our companions had been so incautious as to use an old "Moniteur" and a "Constitutionnel" for that purpose; all his books were immediately seized and, strictly searched, and though they were found to be nothing more than common Itineraries of France and Italy, they were not restored till after a severe reprimand for his past, and a caution for his future conduct. As we entered the mountains, they were in several places choked up with artillery, which even in the midst of winter, and through roads nearly impassable by any carriage from the depth of snow, were hurried on to the fortresses on the French frontier, as if they thought they had not a moment to lose. On the summit of Mount Cenis, we left behind us several pieces buried in the drift, which the exhausted artillerymen found it impossible to move on.

On our arrival at Turin, every thing wore the appearance of some apprehended calamity; all the people were silent and looked suspicious, and severe precautionary measures were already taken: among others, the college was closed and the students dismissed. It seems that here, and in several other towns in the Sardinian territories, the young men of the Universities had shown too great a degree of sympathy with their brethren in France, and the lads of the schools of Turin and Genoa had expressed a high degree of admiration at the conduct of the élèves of the Ecoles du Droit and Medicine at Paris; the Police, therefore, came one morning while they were attending their respective classes, and without ceremony turned them out and locked the doors. The old *custode* led us silently through the empty rooms, shrugged up his shoulders and expanded the palms of his hands, but would not commit himself by uttering a word. The streets and squares were filled with soldiers and drilled recruits, and the whole had the aspect of a place where one part of the people kept down the other with the point of the bayonet.

When we entered the territories of Modena, we were soon convinced that it was not without reason the Sardinian Government adopted precautions on the principle of Horace—"Nam tua res agitur dum paries proximus ardet." The Revolution had here already commenced, and the fire was now blazing on both sides of the partition walls of its neighbour. Matters had been for some time in a state of preparation for such an event, when a slight incident accelerated it. A young man of Reggio was arrested for some incautiously expressed political opi-

nions; he was popular with his companions, and they assembled tumultuously and demanded his release: the troops were ordered under arms, but by a sudden movement the people came on them before they had formed, and they passively suffered themselves to be disarmed. The inhabitants then sent a deputation to the Duke, that if he attempted to make any farther arrests, his soldiers would be put to death with their own weapons. The Austrian Gazette at Milan immediately published a proclamation that the Modenese Government had completely detected and defeated the conspiracy, by the arrest of thirty revolutionists taken *flagrante delitto*, at the house of Menotti, a rich merchant, where their meetings were held, and that they were immediately to meet with condign punishment. The Duke, however, thought it more prudent to abandon his capital, leaving behind him a Regency to manage matters for him; this council also deemed it right to follow their master the next day, and the Revolution was completed, and a Provisional Government established, without farther opposition. Notwithstanding the state of excitement and alarm which pervaded every place where we passed, the roads were perfectly safe; all the respectable people seemed to have concurred in the measure; they expressed but one feeling of apprehension, and that was the approach of the Austrians.

It is impossible to describe the horror and detestation with which these people are regarded in Italy. Reports were everywhere spread by the agents of the late Government that they were at once to pass the Po in large force under General Frimont. If all the brigands and banditti of Italy had been about to be turned loose on the unarmed citizens, they could not have excited a greater feeling of horror, than was freely expressed to us. They were, however, consoled by the hope that the French would not suffer such a movement; and some of them declared that all the troops from Algiers were then riding in transports in the bay of Genoa, ready to land the moment an Austrian entered the Modenese territory. One of our companions was a Venetian gentleman; he was a tall, intelligent man, and spoke English. I asked him if he was not an Austrian subject. He replied, "I am, for my misfortune and that of my countrymen, but, please God, we won't be long so." I expressed my surprise at his speaking so freely, but he said he knew he might do so to an Englishman, and no one else understood the language he spoke. He then entered into a detail of suffering under their galling yoke, and uttered a bitter philippic against the Holy Alliance, who had hauded over the free states of Venice and Genoa to create a naval power for the two most despotic and detestable Governments in Europe.

Included in their hatred of the Austrians is the Duchess of Parma, of whom they express the most undisguised contempt. As consort first, and then as widow of Napoleon, she excited the highest regard and sympathy among the subjects of the little territory allotted to her, and all the prejudices against her own country were lost in their respect and veneration for the great man with whom she had been connected; but when, forgetting her former husband, she made herself the instrument of Austrian intrigue, and married a German of the most disgusting aspect, and who to his other forbidding qualities added that of being blind of an eye, they could not conceal their dislike, and only waited an opportunity to show it. This now occurred: the moment a revolutionary movement began in Modena it was immediately followed up at Parma; the first act of the people was to seize on the person of the Duchess, and keep her as a hostage against the resentment of her father, and this our Veturino, himself a subject of Parma, declared to be a just and necessary measure.

When we entered the Papal States, we were stopped, at every mile, by soldiers, who came to search our luggage. On leaving a small town where we had slept the night before, we took the precaution of obtaining permission from the chief of the customs to be allowed to pass out of the gates at four in the morning, as in usual cases they are not open till six. When we arrived we were made to descend; our Veturino went on, but when we attempted to follow, the gate was shut in our faces, and we were given to understand that we must remain behind: for this vexatious and absurd proceeding they would give no reason, but that the order to pass was for the carriage only, and not the passengers which it might

contain. After two hours' delay we were at length released, and found our Veturino outside the gate in the hands of the soldiers, who had just commenced overhauling our luggage; one of them, however, hinted to me, that for a reasonable consideration we might go on without farther delay; this was paid, and we proceeded. In about an hour we met another party, who stopped us, made us get out, and proceeded also to search us; apprising us at the same time, like their predecessors, that for a reasonable consideration we might pass on. Again we paid it; but we had hardly proceeded a mile when a third party stopped us. It was in vain that we said we had already been twice searched, and offered the usual bribe; the corporal who commanded the party affected a rigid integrity, had the trunks all opened, and having turned out their contents on the road, left us to gather them up as we could, and went back to share with his companions what we had given them. Our Veturino, who was a Roman, could not contain himself; when they were gone, he burst out into abuse of the Government and the present order of things; and when he got into his seat, he turned to me and said, "Pazienza, Signore, when you come this way again, you won't be annoyed by *birbanti soldati*."

We arrived at Rome in the midst of the Carnival. Whatever suspicion or anxiety was visible in other parts of Italy, here at least all was secure and festive. The new Pope had been crowned on the Sunday before, and illuminations, masquerading, and horse-racing, seemed to occupy the entire and undivided attention of every individual in the city. The morning after my arrival, I went to the post-office to inquire for letters. It is usually open at nine in the morning, but instead of this a notification was affixed to the window, that the letters would not be delivered till *nineteen* o'clock, that is, one in the afternoon. In the mean time groups were collecting in the Piazza Colonna, where the office is situated; among these cocked-hats seemed to form the majority; it appeared as if all the ecclesiastics in Rome, who are always distinguished in Italy by this form of hat, were collected there. In a short time the square was quite full of people, wondering and whispering, till at length the office opened and the mystery was explained. An express had arrived at full speed in the morning with despatches from Bologna, announcing that the flame of Revolution had spread from Modena into the Papal States; the issue of letters was therefore delayed till they were opened and examined, in order that Government might thus obtain a clue to any connexion between the insurgents and the people of the city.

When we were at Paris, a paragraph had appeared in all the French papers, that a revolution had been effected at Rome. This, however, was afterwards contradicted, and was soon supposed to be a fabricated rumour. It originated in the following incident:—It is always usual on the demise of a Pope for the people to consider themselves as enjoying a kind of saturnalia till a new one is elected, as if they were during that interval their own governors, and amenable to no other authorities; and they indulge themselves by dispersing satirical remarks on the Government. On this occasion, however, the squibs and pasquinades were more marked and licentious than usual, and the statue of Pasquin was covered with them.*

At the moment when this excited the uneasiness of Government, they received secret intelligence that a conspiracy was formed to seize on the castle of Saint Angelo, and that the conspirators would be found there, sitting, at a place which was pointed out. A detachment of soldiers was immediately sent off to the

* I had great curiosity to see this celebrated person, and found him out in his obscure piazza. He is a mutilated marble figure, with a cap over a curly head, sitting on a tall pedestal, with two stumps for arms. The sides of the pedestal were covered with fragments of paper, but the writings were illegible, as they had all been torn. I found his respondent, Marforio, was no longer a public character; he is the recumbent statue of a river god, who had suffered no mutilation; and to preserve him, he had been some years ago removed to the Museum of the Capitol, in the Campidoglio, where I afterwards saw him. Pasquinading had fallen into disuse, till it was thus revived on this occasion.

house directed, who met there the persons designated, arrested them, and marched them off as prisoners to the castle which they had intended to seize. In a short time, another detachment of soldiers arrived with more prisoners, and were proceeding into the gateway to deposit them with the former, when some suspicion was excited that all was not right. A strict examination was now made, and it was found that this second party were not soldiers, but conspirators in uniform; they expected to be admitted without inquiry, and then, by the aid of their associates, the prisoners they conducted, and those already in the castle, easily to seize on the fortress. This scheme, which was ingeniously contrived, was said to be formed by a young man of the name of Lupè, the son of an eminent physician, and two sons of Jerome Buonaparte, who reside at Rome. It seemed, however, so inefficient, even had it succeeded, and the castle so untenable by the small party concerned in it, that it was treated rather as the rash and impracticable scheme of a few excited boys than as a dangerous conspiracy: so one of the Buonapartes was sent out of the city; the other, who was younger, was put under the surveillance of the police, and a security taken for his good behaviour: the matter died away, the Pope was quietly elected, and the thing was no more talked of, except as a subject of derision. It now, however, appeared to have been of a different character.

A plan had been at that time formed for a simultaneous rising in several parts of the Papal States, for which the capital was to give the first signal, and that was the seizure of the Castle of St. Angelo. It was expected that the measure, though of no great importance in itself, would have a most imposing effect on the minds of the people if this fortress were in the hands of the Revolutionists, and at once decide the timid or indifferent. When it failed, no farther movement was attempted in the capital, but the cities of the provinces determined to act without it, and so the insurrection commenced at Bologna. This town, one of the largest and most opulent in Italy, contains 80,000 inhabitants, who are distinguished for their spirit and activity. They have a public library consisting of 150,000 volumes, and all the other accessories of an enlightened and intelligent people. From its vicinity to Modena, it immediately caught the revolutionary spark that had lighted there, and the whole population, led on by the most respectable inhabitants, at once declared for a new government; so that, in fact, there was no kind of opposition. A deputation waited on the Pope's Legate; informed him respectfully that they still did and would acknowledge his Holiness as their spiritual sovereign, and show that respect and submission they had always evinced in every matter connected with the Catholic Church, but that they thought it absolutely expedient to take their temporal concerns into their own hands, as they found them very badly managed by those who now had the direction of them, and who had full enough to do in attending to their eternal welfare. The Legate saw it useless to remonstrate; so he prudently withdrew from the city under an honourable escort granted him. The people lost no time in forming a Provisional Government; established an independent newspaper, called "*Il Precorsore*," and published their first act, which forms a new and extraordinary era in the annals of the hereditary states of the Church. It is as follows:—"*Il poter temporale, che il Pontefice Romano esercitava sopra questa città e provincia, è cessato di fatto, ed è sciolto per sempre. Si convocheranno le generali assemblee del popolo, per eleggere deputati, che dovranno costituire il nuovo Governo. Con questa mira si pubblicheranno istruzioni al più presto possibile, ad oggetto di effettuare l'unione delle suddette città, che debbono eleggere deputati affinché la rappresentanza nazionale incominci ad esistere legalmente. Dato nel Palazzo Pubblico, Bologna, 8 Feb.*" This example was immediately followed by the people of Ferrara, Ancona, and other places; so that the whole of the country lying between the Apennines and the Adriatic had, by a simultaneous movement, thrown off their temporal allegiance to the See of Rome, and declared themselves independent. It was farther added, that a large body was advancing across the mountains, to aid their friends in the capital, and revolutionise the Campagna, and all the country on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Immediately on the receipt of this news, the Conclave assembled; and, on

my return from the post-office, I saw all the streets placarded with a proclamation of the new Pope, Gregorio XVI. "Ai suoi dilettissimi sudditi." It stated, that he was called by Divine Providence to be, not only their Prince, but their *padre amorosissimo*; and, with all the bowels of a father for beloved children, he was proceeding to devise the best means for their happiness and welfare; but, just as he was engaged in those deliberations, most sad news had arrived of some events in the provinces; that perhaps it was intended by Divine Providence to humble him, that the first days in which he had attained the august dignity should be clouded with so much misery; that, having now recourse only to peaceful wishes, and seeking only the good of his children, he still opened to them the bowels of his love and indulgence, hoping that he would not be reduced to the bitter necessity of having recourse to measures of rigour. I was curious to ascertain the effect of this affectionate appeal on the people to whom it was addressed, and I stopped at every group that had collected to read it. I am sorry to say, the *dilettissimi sudditi* did not evince a reciprocal feeling: they generally laughed and sneered, and went off, repeating in tones of ridicule all the tender expressions. To show his confidence, however, in the people, the Pope suffered the amusements of the Carnival still to go on as usual; and, as the conclusion of it approached, great preparations were made, and a more than ordinary number of masques and masqueraders were seen parading the town, in all directions, even before the hour of the Corso commenced.

Saturday, the 14th of February, was intended as a day of grand display: the windows and balconies were hung with a profusion of bright drapery, and new seats and platforms were erected; confectionary, of all colours, was piled up in immense reservoirs, preparing for the contest of comfits, and the whole long street, for more than a mile, with all the piazzas, was filled with scarlet velvet and blue and white confectionary. I had just hired seats for myself and a friend, in a balcony, and was returning home to prepare for the festivity, when I saw bill-stickers, with great trepidation and haste, pasting up proclamations in all directions. The first was, that every well-regulated government required that they should be acquainted with all persons resident in their cities; that therefore, all strangers in Rome were required immediately to repair to the police, to state their name, condition, and country, and the cause which induced them to come to, and remain in the capital. This was followed, in an hour after, by another, stating, that as some evil-intentioned persons threatened to disturb the peace of the city, the troops of the line were not deemed sufficient for its protection; and it was therefore required, that every parish should immediately furnish one hundred armed men, to repair to their posts, to defend their properties and families. It was now near four o'clock, when the amusements of the Corso commence; and, notwithstanding the aspect of things, every one was repairing thither to enjoy the sport, when another proclamation appeared, declaring, that grave circumstances required that the Carnival should immediately cease, the horse-racing be suspended, the theatres closed, and that no person should, under any pretext whatever, appear in the streets in a masque; that whoever did so, should be immediately arrested, and punished with the utmost rigour of the law. The cause of these precautions, and the suspension of the Corso, were as follows.

On the morning of Saturday, Government had received information of the rapid progress of the revolution in the Tramontane provinces, where every town of note had joined it, and that those of the Campagna only waited for Rome to give the signal; which was to be attempted on this day, in the following manner. The leaders were to be disguised in masques, with arms under their cloaks, and to mix indiscriminately with the crowd, pelting comfits at their friends, and joining in the usual frivolous festivities of the occasion. Immediately before the horse-racing begins, petards are exploded in different places, contiguous to the street, to notify that all carriages should depart from it, and leave it free for the horses. This was to be the signal for them to commence operations. There are guards, both horse and foot, stationed in different parts of the street, but merely to keep order: they are few, and their arms not loaded,

so that it would be easy to master them, even if they were bolder men than modern Roman soldiers are. In the confusion and crowd which generally follow the retirement of carriages from the street, it was determined that two conspirators should seize every soldier; and, before it could be discovered to be anything more than a Carnival frolic, the whole of the military would be deprived of their arms, which were to be transferred to the associates of the conspirators, who were then to proceed to the Vatican, seize upon the person of the Pope, and as many Cardinals as they could find, and then proclaim the new Government. On the road between the capital and Terracina, through the Pontine Marshes, they had found it necessary to erect small guard-houses, at the interval of every two or three miles, where sentinels were placed as a protection to travellers against the numerous brigands which infest the way. When the first alarm arrived at Rome, it was found necessary to call in all these soldiers, to reinforce the scanty garrison of the capital, which, after all, scarcely amounted to one thousand men. The moment they were removed, the brigands took up their arms, and began to interrupt the communication with the city. The night before, they attacked the courier, and killed one of the dragoons that accompanied him, lodging seven balls in his body; and immediately after, wounded another courier, who, however, escaped with his dispatches, which had communicated important information. The brigands were now left unmolested; and the whole of the disposable force was drawn out, and placed in the most commanding posts in the different streets and piazzas of the city.

The Council had been sitting for some time, and deliberating on what was to be done, in so critical a state of affairs. The Pope, who is a very worthy man, and who, it is said, really feels the sentiments of affection and benevolence for his subjects, which he expressed in his proclamation, proposed conciliatory measures, and that a deputation should be named to confer with the disaffected, to inquire into their wants and wishes, and promise to satisfy them, as far as was possible. In this pacific proposition, he was supported but by one other member; all the rest, and particularly Cardinal Bernetti, his Secretary of State, were decidedly against any compromise, and declared for the severest measures. This they were now inclined to do in consequence of the following circumstance. It is justly supposed that the ecclesiastical influence exercised over the minds of the people of Rome, particularly the middle classes, is greater than in any other part of the Papal dominions. A number of persons, therefore, connected with the conspiracy, and among them many soldiers, who had been engaged to join in it, were now influenced, by their confessors, to make a full disclosure of all they knew: a clue was thus obtained to the leaders, some of whom were immediately arrested. Another proclamation, the fourth since morning, was at once issued, in which the style of gentleness and conciliation was altogether changed. It no longer called the revolutionists "*diletissimi sudditi*," but "*una turba di scelerati*." It stated, that the Government knew their machinations, were not ignorant of the means they intended to adopt, and would counteract them; that the project of the "*ribaldi*" was the plunder, not only of public, but private property, but that, by the interference of Divine Providence, many of the seduced had come, with minds torn by remorse, to confess their error and expose the plot; that, notwithstanding this, if the "*facinososi*" should make any new attempt in their "*infame intraprese*," every loyal subject was called on, when he heard the first stroke with a hammer, on the great bell of St. Angelo, to run, with a prompt and generous ardour, to the defence of religion, the country, and the throne. Among the houses which Government reported were to be plundered, was that of the banker Torlonia, a very opulent man, residing in the Corso. I had a letter of credit on him, which I had delivered the day before. He was a short, fat man, with a soft, full face, and spoke broken English. The inner room of his bank was a kind of reading-room, where all the English newspapers and periodicals were received, and those who brought him letters were admitted. As I passed by, I went in to hear the news. There was nobody in the room but himself; and, when he saw a stranger walking towards him in the twilight, he was greatly alarmed: he

started up, in trepidation, and demanded what I wanted? When he recognized me, he began a string of exclamations, in Italian and English:—"Des is fine affair, zar; what rascal!—scelerati! You read papers—excuse—sit down—I have many ting;" and he went off. I followed, and found him locating soldiers in his hall, which were introduced for the protection of his house and property.

It was nearly dark when I again went into the street, and I found numerous groups reading the last proclamation, with wax tapers, which they held up to the paper. When they came to the passage which required them to repair to their posts at the sound of the hammer striking the bell, there seemed to be a general dissent. I asked one person, whom I slightly knew, if he would go; and he said abruptly, "Non è possibile." Indeed, the general expression in the street was one of great indifference and disaffection. The state of the city was most serious, and even awful, ready to burst into a convulsion, of which no one could calculate the calamities; yet no one seemed alarmed about it. The better classes walked along, chatting and laughing as usual; and the lower shouted and joked with each other, as if they enjoyed the prospect. Affairs, however, seemed now coming to a crisis, that rendered it prudent for every man not concerned in them to go home. I had just passed the Piazza Colonna, where a large body of soldiers was bivouacked, when a young man came off from a coffee-house, in an excited state. He seized the arm of a person passing, and asked him, whom he declared for? The man said, he did not know. "Then cry out for the Constitution," said the other, and he immediately drew a pistol, and fired it in the air. The soldiers in the piazza, supposing this to be the commencement of an attack on them, were immediately ordered by the officer who commanded, to fire: they did so, in the direction of the shot, and among a crowd of people who were collected, reading a proclamation, at the corner of the piazza, and wounded several of them. One unfortunate man was killed in a melancholy manner. The Palazzo Mombino was close by, in which there was a grand fête. The Prince had that day married one of his family, and several Cardinals were among the company who partook of the wedding feast. They were sitting at table when the firing began just against the house: the Cardinals, in particular, were seized with the greatest trepidation. They ran about in distraction, and some were preparing to rush into the streets, and so encounter the great danger they dreaded. The porter immediately hastened to shut the hall gate, to keep them in; and just as he was in the act of doing so, a ball passed through the door and his body. After this, I thought it right to go home by the shortest way; and I remained all night in the belief that some important change would take place before morning.

The next day we learned that several persons, found with pistols, and others, were apprehended in the night, and lodged in the Castle of St. Angelo; and, among the rest, young Lupè, who was spoken of as the principal conspirator. He had been wounded, with several of his associates, and it was rumoured, that four, including himself, were executed in a summary manner, on the ramparts. Many considered this as a report thrown out *in terrorem*: but it was generally believed, that they were removed to a part of the Castle, whence those who enter, like as into the Tower of Oblivion, on the Bosphorus, are never again seen to come out. To confirm this report by a seeming sense of security, the soldiers were generally withdrawn from the piazzas, where they had bivouacked, and other safe-guards, of a very extraordinary and characteristic kind, were substituted; these were, the prodigious image of the Virgin, and the wonder-working chain of St. Peter!

On Sunday morning a proclamation appeared in the form of an "Invito sagro." It was stated, that the melancholy circumstances under which the city was placed, exacted that a faithful people should redouble their prayers; that the protection afforded to her beloved city by the Madre di Dio, was well-known; and that it moreover enjoyed the special safe-guard of the glorious Apostles S. Pietro e S. Paolo, who, times without number, were found standing in its defence; that, therefore, the *prodigious imagine* of Maria Santissima would be

exposed to public veneration in the churches of Campatelle and Del Popolo, and the *taumaturghe catene* of the Prince of Apostles, in the church called In Vinculis; and, finally, that though his Holiness knew that the faithful people of Rome required no excitement to their devotion, yet he would grant seven years' indulgence to all those who visited these churches on this occasion. Induced by this offer, as well as by curiosity, I repaired next day to the exhibition of the chains: they consisted of several links of a very coarse and common chain, which was said to be that which had bound St. Peter in prison. It had been sacrilegiously divided, and one half carried off to Antioch; but the abstracted portion was brought back, and the moment it approached its other half, it immediately sprung from the hand of the person who held it, and was found to be firmly united to it, by a new link. This miraculous link was once carefully pointed out to all strangers; but the curators of the chain have lately differed in opinion as to its identity. I found a crowd of women ascending the steps of the church. At a side altar was a priest, with a chain in his hand, having at one end an iron collar. The people approached in succession, knelt down, and the priest put the collar about their necks, and repeated a benediction; they then kissed the chain, and retired. And this, they were told by authority and public proclamation, was to be their effectual protection against their spiritual and temporal enemies. Did I not witness this myself, I could hardly believe it possible that such a thing could exist in Europe at the present day; that any Government could be so absurd, as seriously to propose such a thing, or any people so weak as to adopt it. But the former were, by far, the greater fools. The proclamation was universally laughed at, and the *taumaturghe catene* was a subject of derision to the common fellows in the streets. A state is in a desperate condition when the governed are growing wiser than the governors.

The next day was not disturbed by any new commotion; and, when the Pope appeared, the populace unyoked his horses, and harnessed themselves to his carriage. He was proceeding to a particular church; but his new cattle drew him to the front of a prison, where many of their friends were confined, and kept him there for some time. The day following, a proclamation appeared, thanking the people for their conduct, but requesting that they would not again display such a mark of their affection.

All the foreigners in the city now became very anxious to leave it, particularly those who had families; as it seemed certain, that the explosion, though deferred, was inevitable. The common people were especially dreaded, as likely to be under no control, and disposed to plunder, particularly the heretic strangers. It was expected, too, that the brigands would immediately rise, and that the roads about the city would soon be impassable. I therefore proceeded immediately to have my passports signed, and found that I was one of fifteen who had done so that morning. The road to Naples was so crowded with fugitives, that no post horses could be had for half of us; and the rest remained scattered in the miserable inns on the way, waiting for their turn, and dreading the approach of the brigands from the neighbouring mountains. Their mode of proceeding is really frightful. Twenty or thirty fellows line the road, and the first indication of their presence, is a volley, which kills or wounds the greater number of persons in the carriage. All the property, with the survivors, are then carried up into the mountains, where the latter remain, exposed to the greatest suffering, till they are redeemed at an exorbitant ransom. This is not an imaginary picture; it is what formerly occurred, and is now beginning again to occur, every day. A short time ago, the daughters of a Consul, at Naples, and the week before, a whole Neapolitan family, were treated in this manner. All, therefore, on this dangerous road, particularly those who had females under their care, were greatly and justly alarmed; as the empty guard-houses, by the road side, showed us we were without any protection, and the brigands about us were actually invited, by impunity, to attack us. Our party, however, arrived safe at Naples, and suffered nothing, except from apprehension, which was increased by seeing the blood of the persons shot a few nights before, still staining the road.

At Naples, we found a considerable apprehension prevailed also. The miserable gazettes of the town had detailed all the pomp and circumstance of the Pope's coronation, with all the festivals of the carnival; but were profoundly silent on the events which occurred at the same time; and no one that I conversed with knew even of the proclamations published by the Government till I produced some of them, which I had in my pocket. They, therefore, all looked for some undefined calamity, which was travelling on to visit them in its way, and which the fugitives taught them to expect immediately. This was greatly heightened by the events which had occurred in Naples. A short time before, placards of the most violent and seditious character, were pasted up through the city, and news had arrived, that a conspiracy, of a most serious nature, had been discovered in Sicily, in consequence of which General Lecki had been dispatched thither with three thousand men. On his arrival at Reggio, he thought it right to pass over first himself, and ascertain something of the nature and extent of what was apprehended. Among others, he had information that the Archbishop and his brother, together with the British Consul, were deeply concerned, and that they had forwarded arms and ammunition every night from the island to the insurgents in Italy. On farther inquiry, he found that this plot was a fabrication of the Luogo Tenente, or Viceroy, to forward one of his own. His plan was to alarm the Neapolitan Government so much, that they would call in the assistance of the Austrians, who were only waiting for an invitation to take the island under their protection. Having clearly ascertained this to be the fact, he returned with his men to Naples: the Viceroy was deposed and banished, and the King sent his own brother to conciliate the Sicilians. Notwithstanding this, the Sicilians are very discontented. They had been long promised, by the late King, a remission of taxes; and the promise has been renewed by the son, but it is not yet fulfilled; and they have now a proverb, in every one's mouth, that the son is as bad as the father.

Such, then, is the actual political situation of Italy, in February 1831. The States of the centre in complete revolution, and those at the extremities expecting every day to become so. The Austrians, like crouching tigers, ready to spring on the first weak state which they can make their prey; and the French, like lions, watching them; while the English, who crowd all the cities, are escaping in every direction, and ships of war are hastening from Malta to different sea-ports to afford them protection.

THE DUET.

COME, sing those tender words again,
 Sing them, I pray, with me,
 'Tis sweet, though but in Music's strain,
 To hear of love from thee;
 My watchful friends may stand around,
 Nor think of harm or wrong,
 While in a trembling gush of sound,
 We breathe our faith in song!

Oh! when we meet in yonder grove,
 How do we shrink and start,
 Lest *one* should hear our murmur'd love,
 Our language of the heart!
 But now, we dare the tale to tell
 Before a listening throng,
 And safe in Music's mighty spell,
 Exchange our vows in song!

M. A.

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BAR, NO. IV.

Sir James Scarlett.

SIR James Scarlett is a man of matchless adroitness in the practice of his profession; the very head and front of his ability hath this extent, no more. He has never done any single act which would stamp him as a man of lofty talent or profound sagacity; he has made no speech that the world remembers; written no book that the world quotes; taken the lead in no matter of public interest; and yet, singular to relate, the world at large is tolerably familiar with his name: nor is the old adage, that "familiarity breeds contempt," at all contradicted in this particular instance. The career of Sir James, as a public man, has been rather unfortunate for himself, and not particularly satisfactory to the community: he began as a Whig, the advocate of liberal principles, and of the free promulgation of opinions, however inimical to the powers that were; and, therefore, he spoke and voted against the "Six Acts," which Lord Castlereagh introduced to the House of Commons for the restraint of a certain portion of the press, which was running riot in blasphemy and sedition. When Mr. Canning was made Prime Minister, he went over, with other Whigs, to the Treasury side of the House, and opposed Mr. Hume's proposition to have one of those acts repealed. When the Duke of Wellington came into power, Sir James went out of office; but, when the Duke became an Emancipator, and honest Charley Wetherell proclaimed his determination to act as the "independent Member for Plympton," Sir James took office again, and, forgetting his accustomed prudence, attempted to wage war with the press. He was not, however, a man of weight or mettle fit to bear him through such an enterprize, even had he been right in the particular case where he made the attack; and his partial success was followed by such a pelting of the pitiless storm of wrath, from review, magazine, and newspaper, as sorely damaged him with the public. When the Duke's Government fell, and the Whigs came into plenitude of power, Sir James had the mortification to find himself thrust out of office by those to whom his early vows of political adoration had been paid: he was laid upon the shelf, while the man who had for years sat behind him, in a stuff gown, was elevated to the woolsack, and his own office given to another, whom he must have considered as far behind him in the race towards professional dignity and emolument. Without any honour reflected from the past, with greatly diminished hope for the future, he became not even the independent Member for Malton, but was obliged to resign that too, on the first occasion of voting against the Ministry which had used him so scurvily. He is now nothing but plain Sir James Scarlett, the cleverest practitioner in the Court of King's Bench. Had it been our lot to sketch Sir James this time twelvemonths, when he enjoyed the possession of official power, and the prospect of high promotion, and when the recollection of his bitter, and, in some respects, paltry persecution of the newspapers was strongly in our mind, we should have been inclined to write in a strain of severity that now we are willing to soften. Sir

James sinned against the public, and circumstances have so fallen out as to punish him : he has ceased, for the present, at all events, to be a public man, and our task will be to paint him as accurately as we can, merely as the leading barrister of the Court of King's Bench.

Those who have been accustomed to associate the idea of a lawyer in great business, with a spare body, lank jaws, and a complexion of parchment hue, look with an incredulous smile upon their guide, who first points out to them the portly form and full rosy features of Sir James : his business is prodigious, but it seems never to have entailed upon him that much study which is a weariness of the flesh. He seems insensible to passion, or anxiety, or distress, but goes on from cause to cause, and brief to brief, with as much facility and dispatch, and apparently with as little elevation of sentiment about the matter, as a clever auctioneer, when he turns from one article to another, in proceeding through his catalogue. Sir James looks as if he ate well, and slept o' nights, and lacked not of wine, that maketh glad the heart of man, nor oil, which causeth his face to shine ; yet he leads no life of indolent luxury. No one is earlier at his post in court, and few more regular in their attendance at chambers in the evening, during Term ; but he has the happy art of seeing, with great quickness, what is to be done, and managing it with such smartness, as to dispatch his business without fretting himself. Sir James being generally the senior counsel, who has "any thing to move" at the sitting of the Court, whoever goes to the King's Bench early, will be apt to find addressing the Court, a portly, handsome, rosy gentleman, with an unpowdered wig, his hands behind his back, and beneath his silk gown, while he talks to the Judges with manner so colloquial, and voice so little above the ordinary pitch of conversation, that you cannot hear more than one word in six of what he lets fall ; yet the Judges seem to hear, and to understand him perfectly : they ask him questions, which, by the readiness of his answers, he seems to have anticipated ; but still, it is no more than readiness, and without any character of sharpness, or force, or decision. The matter ends generally by a decision in favour of Sir James's application, and he proceeds to something else. Thus the live-long day is passed ; brief after brief is opened, and the matter disposed of ; settlements of lands and corporate rights ; questions of insurance and defamation, and bills of exchange, writs of *mandamus*, and *quare impedit*, and rules to show cause innumerable, are all mentioned in the same unvarying, easy tone and manner ; insomuch, that the mere spectator grows wearied, and almost disgusted, with what seems to him so careless and so passionless a method of advocating causes. Not so the attorneys ; their souls, or what should be their souls, rejoice within them, as they see some case in which great difficulty was anticipated, put in such an easy way, that it seems nothing but a matter of course ; the motion, for the fate of which they trembled, is not only granted, but granted with costs ; they swear that Sir James is the cleverest of mortal men, and they hie homeward to prepare more briefs, and more fees, to be sent to his chambers.

The quantity of his business, and his success with juries is not less than with the Judges. It is even more remarkable ; he knows the law

well, the practice of the law much better ; but he knows mankind and the world best of all, and manages a jury with such amazing tact, such nice discrimination, and such perfect self-possession when difficulties arise, that, though altogether destitute of energy, force, earnestness, passion, or pathos, he can get a verdict from them when no one else could. Those who recollect the men who have been leaders in the Court of King's Bench, would expect something like eloquence, something like the power of a great speaker, from any man who has risen to that situation ; but in Scarlett they will find no such thing ;

“ For he has neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood.”

He can neither rouse their passions, nor touch their sympathies : he can no more cause their hearts to beat, nor move their eyes to tears, than he could shake the Monument by the straining of his arms. Yet still he may well say,

“ Jus anceps novi : causas defendere possum.”

He can flatter their prejudices, level his argument to their understanding, and refrain from giving offence. It was remarked long ago, we believe in the “ Tatler,” that the height of good breeding is shown rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things ; and thus he who never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The same rule seems to hold with regard to the manner of conciliating the favour of English juries : many barristers can interest and entertain them more than Sir James Scarlett, but few can treat them with the uniform respect and attention which he is accustomed to show. Few can receive from a juryman remarks, even the most pointedly adverse to their cause, with the deferential courtesy of Sir James ; who, instead of endeavouring to show the stupidity or error of the observations, takes them in good part, and twists them round so as to make them appear to favour his side of the question, and the juryman is allowed to remain pleased with his own sagacity, while he is befooled by the adroitness of the advocate.

It may be said, that all this is merely evidence of great dexterity, of skill and facility in the lower branches of an advocate's art ; and, so far from showing that the subject of our sketch is a great man, rather proves the contrary, as it is very improbable, if not altogether impossible, that a man with a great mind could condescend to that kind of cleverness which we have endeavoured to describe. To this conclusion we do not demur : it is quite true, that Sir James Scarlett is not, was not, never will be, a great man, even in the profession to which he belongs. He possesses unrivalled skill to gain causes, but he does not gain them by lofty means : he will never take the hearts of men captive by winning eloquence, like Erskine, nor bear them along in a torrent of argument and passion, and sarcasm, like Brougham. When he meddles with matters of high import, of great, extensive, and enduring interest, he fails ; but, in the ordinary busi-

ness of his Court, he is *par negotiis nec supra*; and, if he never carries his cause by the application to it of loftier faculties than the circumstances of the case would seem to call forth in any ordinary man, he, on the other hand, never blunders by attempting too much, nor seeks to place the claims of his client upon ground so high, that he is forced afterwards to recede from it.

“—— ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.”

Great man he will not be, except in the eyes of attorneys, and of that extensive class who measure the greatness of man by the power which he possesses of amassing a fortune. Sir James will bequeath no name to posterity, even in the law; but he will bequeath a great fortune, earned by persevering diligence and singular skill, which were so constantly employed in serving himself, that he had no time left to do any thing for mankind.

It is the peculiar good fortune of Sir James Scarlett, as an advocate, that the easiness and tranquillity, and absence of deep anxiety, which keep him so hale, and rosy, and comely a personage, absolutely contribute very much to his success in the management of causes: the adverse point of law started, which would confound a man of inferior skill, or the unfortunate piece of evidence brought out, which would upset an anxious man, by filling him with despair, are received by Sir James with the most admirable self-possession, as though they were but mere matters of course: he is no whit disturbed, but with the readiest tact, alters the whole bearing and direction of his case, so as to get out of the way of what seemed about to overwhelm him, and in the end he will often obtain a verdict where other men, and men of much loftier capabilities, would have been unable to avoid a nonsuit.

The faculty of extremely nice discrimination is that in which the superiority of Sir James Scarlett over other barristers is most manifest. He does not appear to have gone as far and as laboriously into the profound depths of the law as other practising lawyers have done, but he is never at a loss for what will bear upon the particular points of the case at issue; and it is astonishing with what dexterity he will evade an objection, or satisfy a scruple of Lord Tenterden, whose clearness of intellect, profound knowledge, and unflinching honesty in the discharge of his duty, make it impossible to believe that he yields without his understanding being convinced. But in the examination of witnesses, and in commenting upon evidence to juries, this power is yet more evident and effectual. Every one knows that there are various ways of telling the same story, so as materially to alter its complexion, and Sir James always contrives to make his witness tell the story in the way which makes the most for the point he wishes to establish; and, above all, he prevents him from telling more than enough. Again, when he comes to comment upon the evidence to the jury, he seems as if he took the measure of the character, and mode of judging of the men whom he addresses; and though, as has been before observed, he can neither rouse their passions nor move their feelings, yet he adapts himself to what appears to be their views, and dwells upon nothing but what is calculated to make them pleased

with themselves, and to influence their judgment in his favour. It is not probable that he is himself aware of all this artifice in the daily practice of his profession; at first it may have proceeded from deliberate attention, and may have cost him great pains, but now it seems to be exercised with all the ease of a natural gift—and if it be art, it may be said to have become naturalised by habit. It is not therefore to be inferred from what has been stated, that his manner is that of a cautious, pains-taking man—it is quite the reverse; his business seems to be no trouble to him, and at the end of the day he appears almost as fresh, and as well able to go on, as when he commenced in the morning.

Sir James can make himself at home with all sorts of juries, and apply appropriate language to each; but his tastes are evidently aristocratical, and when a special jury is in the box, and more especially if a lord or two be on the bench with the judge, the smiling courtesy of his manner is visibly heightened, and he seems to feel himself in an element more adapted to the full exertion of his powers. To the mere tradesmen, he talks of their honesty and sound sense, and knowledge of business; but to Bankers, Merchants, and Esquires, he recommends himself by strains of more elegant compliment, and with the careless ease of a man uttering something upon which no shadow of a doubt could rest: he speaks of the high honour, and independence, and intelligence of the gentlemen whom he has the pleasure to address, and of his conviction, that as men of property themselves, and connected with weighty interests, they will at once appreciate the importance of the cause in which he appears, and which he trusts he shall distinctly prove to the satisfaction of their understanding should be decided in favour of his client. Although ungifted with that order of mind which elevates professional exertion into something noble and commanding, Sir James is not to be confounded with the mere journeymen of the law—those who live, and move, and have their being in nothing else but matters of plaintiff and defendant, and whose minds never wander beyond the books of Reports; such men, for example, as the late Mr. Marryatt and (with all respect be it spoken) the living Mr. Gurney. Sir James is, by education, habits, and associations a gentleman; and though possessing a full share of the petty vices which attend upon that order, and exhibiting whatever of good belongs to it more in manner and deportment, than in delicacy of feeling or elevation of character, he is unquestionably superior to others, who, with no slight ability, seem to have learned their law in the narrow spirit of a solicitor's clerk, and to have acquired their manners in the servants' hall of a great house. To his knowledge of the world and of society, may be attributed the popular style in which he writes his opinions upon cases which lords and gentlemen frequently direct to be submitted to him. In these, the hand of a lawyer is scarcely to be recognised: he gives his advice as one gentleman might to another in a letter; and instead of stating merely what the law is, he states what would be the probable result of going to law, and glances at all the collateral circumstances which it would involve. In consultations with principals, his manner is similar; he speaks and advises generally, as one to whom a knowledge of the law was merely

a branch of the experience which he brings to bear upon the question, and he is, consequently, of all lawyers at the Bar, the most agreeable to be consulted by an unprofessional man.

With respect to his persecution of the newspaper press for its attacks upon the Duke of Wellington's government, it was in spirit and in manner totally unworthy, even of such a man as we have described; and were we to sketch him in this point alone of his professional career, we should have been unable to give him credit for many things which a more general view renders it incumbent, upon us, in a spirit of fairness, to bring forward. His conduct, in the outset of the prosecution against the "Morning Journal," appeared to be double-handed and equivocal; and afterwards, when irritated by the attacks upon himself which appeared in the paper, he took the opportunity of venting his personal bitterness upon the writer, when he stood before him as a defendant in a prosecution by the Crown. This was conduct unworthy of his station, and his manner was even more so; his indignation seemed incapable of raising him to any thing like elevation of passion or sentiment; he merely scolded with an appearance of spiteful bitterness, and while he affected contempt and indifference, he showed plainly that he had been stung, and panted for revenge. As to the political or constitutional character of his proceedings upon that occasion, it is an abstract question, into the examination of which we shall not enter in a personal sketch—but to have come voluntarily forward as a champion in such a cause, showed a despotic spirit and hostility to public sentiment, which gives reason to suspect that the liberality which he had formerly professed in politics, was more in accordance with the tactics of his party, than with the dictates of his conscience.

And here we leave the clever, cause-gaining, money-making Sir James Scarlett, whom we have so praised and so dispraised, that we fear we shall not have pleased either his friends or his enemies; but we write for the world at large, who are neither, and we have endeavoured, for their information and entertainment, to paint a faithful likeness. Good and evil are mixed in the characters of most men, and in the subject of our sketch the distinction between them is, perhaps, less marked than it generally is in those whose lives are passed in the public eye; for this reason, our censure and our praise have been more blended together than if it had been our task to describe a man of qualities more clearly marked and more strongly defined. It is, however, agreeable to end with something kind, and the rather if it be true; we think it right, therefore, to state, that though Sir James appears but little as a public patron of literature, or art, or education, yet we have heard that, privately, he is the patron of learning and genius, and has frequently given a helping hand to those whom the hard fortune which often attends on literary pursuits had reduced to too much need of such assistance.

THE LATE MR. FUSELI.*

IF Art could be made out, like science, by a series of experiments, or built up in regular elevation by the intellect or experience of men, we might reasonably hope to see in this country painters and sculptors, whose works should dwarf and set at nought all the creations of ancient times. But Art is capricious and fantastic; depending not on intellect only, on judicious rules, or faultless proportions; not even on enthusiasm, or industry, or ambition; but on a peculiar temperament,—a peculiar aptness and apprehension for what is graceful, sublime, and *true*, in shape and colour, in sentiment and general expression; and a power of making these manifest. Taste, which directs this power, is only a subtle judgment, operating doubtless by rules and causes, difficult, perhaps, if not impossible to define, but as surely existing as the foundations of mechanics, or any of the axioms by which mathematical problems can be traced and laid bare to the perception of every observer. Without this taste, this subtle judgment (which implies a power of feeling what is grand, and beautiful, and true) there can be no good artist. Not that it is in itself sufficient to consummate a first-rate painter. Enthusiasm, intellect, ambition, *Imagination* must combine—(they are the stimulants, the executives) to generate and call into life and action the higher wonders of art. It is taste which afterwards fashions, moderates, adorns them; and this, which, in other words, is good judgment, has been but too much neglected. We hear of “a wild genius,”—“an eccentric genius,”—“an irregular genius,”—and such like; yet we doubt prodigiously whether genius *ever* existed without its concomitant, judgment. It seems almost as necessary to it, as justice is to generosity, without which, in fact, the latter cannot be. Were Homer, or Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Chaucer, Raffaele, Leonardo, Titian, Corregio, Rembrandt, Claude, or even Michael Angelo “irregular” geniuses? By no means. Some of them had their singularities, perhaps, or a peculiar character, the fault of their age or country. But such things did not form their *distinction*. They were excrescences—follies, from which they strove to emancipate themselves. They shook off, as much as was in their power, the barbarism and ignorance of their times, and went forward steadily on their way to fame; endeavouring, not to be different from others, but to excel them. In art, the attempt to achieve a renown for singularity, neglecting for it grace and beauty in general, must necessarily be fatal to an artist's fame. An “irregular” genius is a *limited* genius. He strives to do what none else have attempted, simply because he dares not venture into a fair field, and strike blow for blow with his brother men. He is like Don Quixote with the sheep, except that cunning and impudence supply the place of madness, and enable him sometimes to delude others into an idea that he has obtained a mighty victory, when, in fact, he has had no competitor. The “Cat Raffaele” excelled all others, it is said, in his portraits of cats;—but he could do nothing else. If he could have done other things, *he would*. He was an “eccentric genius,” and, in our opinion, precisely of the same order as those geniuses who cut out grotesque heads on the tops of sticks, or illuminate snuff-boxes with distorted visages, in which the want of anatomy and doubtful wit are the only things to be remembered.

Let us not be misunderstood. Originality is not incompatible with the general excellencies which a painter should endeavour to attain. To draw well, to colour well, to group and compose well, to understand the powers of light and shade, and the infinite powers of the human face, and to manage and marshal all these, and make each give value to each,—to match them “in mouth, like bells”—need not interfere with original design. Such things do not clog invention, but assist it. At first glance, indeed, seeing that all is so beautiful and *true*, we wonder less, although we are pleased the more. Where there is one thing only good, and the rest below the achievements of the village sign-painter, our attention is *forced* upon the one solitary object of merit, (an accident, probably,) and we celebrate with our brazen trumpets and the wonder of a day, the “eccentric genius that has accomplished it. But such small things are not for im-

* The Life and Writings of Henry Fuseli. By J. Knowles, Esq. London.

mortality. Time, that contemptuous critic, winnows and sifts all the produce of human minds : and if one grain only be found amongst the chaff, it is odds but he may cast it away altogether. Yet it is to this very Time that the true painter must look for his reward. Some may be content with traversing an eccentric circle, exhibiting grotesque images and preposterous fancies, and thus blinding the judgment of a few tyros of the palette; but such are only mountebanks in art. Others may labour for gold alone,—but these are manufacturers : others, of a confined ambition, (“liminary cherubs,”)—may, like the “Cat Raffaele,” or the fellow who spoils panels of boxwood with a burning poker, labour hard for a minimum of perishable notoriety : others, again, may heed nothing but colour, or nothing but composition, or nothing but an exhibition of their anatomical skill ; but all these are persons who must quietly submit to be forgotten, with the thousand and one other things and persons, whose small merits and huge pretensions we have not now leisure to dispose of.

We have been led into these few remarks by seeing upon our table the “Life and Writings” of the late Mr. Fuseli. We are far from wishing, however, to apply all these remarks to him, or to derogate from his just fame. His Lectures are most valuable things, full of learning and enthusiasm ; and, notwithstanding some occasional deductions on the score of style, remarkable for their racy and original criticisms, and the vigorous passages with which they abound. His “Aphorisms on Art,” indeed, appear to us to be inferior to the “Lectures :” and in regard to his own works in art, (his pictures,) they unquestionably contain more of the absolutely *good* and *bad* than the performances of any preceding painter.

Fuseli was assuredly a man of talent, and a critic, not only acute, but of the most exclusive taste. He loved the old masters, and celebrated them worthily ; but his opinions of his contemporaries were, as is well known, of the most uncompromising order. “Spare the rod,” &c. was his maxim ; and so sincere was he in this, that we are quite sure he would have been better pleased, if living, by our impartial estimate of his character, than by any false and tawdry eulogy. Justice to the just is the true measure ; honourable to the giver, and grateful to him who receives it. Besides, a veteran of ninety years’ standing *deserves* this. His reputation, built up by the exertions of almost a century, demands truth, which is permanent ; not fulsome and indiscriminate praise, which, in its effects, is transient only ; or if otherwise, is destructive to the fame of him on whom it is lavished. Let us, therefore, look at the works of Fuseli as they really exist, and admire them honestly. And first, let us consider him briefly as an artist.

He was a disciple of Michael Angelo ; whom it is the fashion to admire, even beyond his deserts, which were, nevertheless, great. Fuseli raised him above all others. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence concurred in this opinion, so far as theory went ; but they dissented from it in practice. Nothing could be so unlike the works of their idol as the labours of the two Presidents. Sir Joshua, who mingled something of the colour of Titian, with the child-beauty of Raffaele, and the (exaggerated) breadth of Corregio, had little claims to be held an admirer of Michael Angelo, beyond the closing sentence in his Lectures. And Lawrence was his antithesis ; resembling him in no respect, excepting, perhaps, in his picture of Satan, a work which may be forgotten, we think, without much injury to his fame. We have our doubts as to the intensity of the admiration which possessed our two celebrated portrait-painters on this subject : but there can be none as to the sincere enthusiasm of Mr. Fuseli. In the region of his imagination, Michael Angelo sat enthroned, the sole presiding deity of his worship. In theory and practice, at home and abroad, he was his “all in all”—his public idol, his household god. Fuseli referred to him as the standard of excellence on all occasions, in his conversation, in his lectures ; and in his own pictures he mingled, with something of the grotesqueness of the German masters, much of the ostentatious anatomy of the great Florentine. How far he was wise in this, we shall not now inquire : but it is certain that it marred his temporary interests, whatever may be its effect on his

permanent fame. Not but that Michael Angelo is, and is admitted to be, a lofty model for historical design. His grand sweeping outlines, his superhuman prophets, and dreaming sibyls—his giants, and demons, and angels, are worthy the contemplation of a soaring student. They surpass, in mere sublimity, the creations of Raffaello himself: but they are surely not well adapted to subjects referring to common life; nor can a map of the muscles and veins of man, however admirably executed, or the profoundest exhibition of osteology, add much to the grace, or even to the merit of a picture. In art, as in other things, it is for the most part, desirable to conceal the scaffolding—the minute evidences of our labours, in order that the general effect may be more complete. We lose one of the main objects of art when we cease to give pleasure to others. To accumulate learning is sufficiently easy, perhaps, (it requires industry and a tolerable memory;) but to make knowledge lovely, so that others may covet it—to give it a new and graceful stamp, is a more difficult, and, beyond question, a far more important thing.

To be sincere, we cannot think that Mr. Fuseli accomplished this desirable object. He had great learning, great manual skill, and incomparably more sentiment than is usually ascribed to him. But he marred all,—over and over again he marred all, by the most unseasonable exhibitions of mere skill. Whatever may be thought of some of his groups in the aggregate, his figures individually wanted the one great charm—simplicity. The attention is perpetually distracted by some unnecessary development of the muscles, some almost impossible instance of foreshortening, some perverse contempt of colour, each in their turns fatally injurious to a picture. Yet Fuseli knew well (no one better) what was good and ludicrous in works of art. Others may have written as judiciously, in many respects, on the subject of painting as Fuseli; but there is no one, if we except Mr. Hazlitt, who has said such fine enthusiastic things of the ancient masters, or touched their comparative merits with so discriminating a hand. There is no one who valued their higher qualities more than he: passing by, as worthy of small consideration, those inferior points of pictures, which are little more than academical accomplishments, and resting on the loftiest point of all,—*expression*, which is the *SOUL* of a picture!

Our living painters are but too often content with portraying the *body* only. The question is not now—how to crown the most characteristic figures with the truest and finest expressions, but how to build up your groups—to make your colours tell—to manage your lights—your effects;—necessary matters, indeed, but inferior, and almost worthless in comparison with the great object of a picture, which is to tell a good story well, and to render it impressive on the mind of the spectator. At present, we do not, in grave subjects, carry away the features of the dramatic personæ once in a thousand times. Unlike the heads of Raffaello, which *live* in our minds for ever, we forget the vapid imitations of humanity, for which our painters now-a-days insist on our applause. They have no meaning in them,—“no speculation;” or if there be expression, it is the false expression of the theatre. Generally speaking, however, our modern canvasses are free even from this. We are not now alluding to works of humour, some of which have considerable merit; nor to those debateable subjects, affecting history as well as common life, in which a story is not unfrequently agreeably, and sometimes even gracefully told; but to high historic composition, of which we have not half a dozen examples in this country, to which we can point with pride, and say, “*We too are Arcadians!*” Let us hope that this is not to last always. Fuseli taught a loftier lesson. Let us hope that our rising artists will do their best to follow it, and become good artists in the proper sense; that they will aim at originality, but not eccentricity; at the highest objects rather than the lowest; at lasting, and not temporary honour;—in which case, they will shine out eventually, like stars in their region, and be known for ever: whilst the mere mountebanks and manufacturers will be thrust into oblivion, even before their indifferent labours have mouldered away, in the broker’s shop or the lumber-room.—But let us return to our subject.

Mr. Fuseli was not free from eccentricity in his art; but he had, at the same time, mingled with it, talent (whatever precise rank it may hold,—and this rank

we do not profess to determine) of no common sort. That he was less popular than many other painters, his contemporaries, was the natural consequence of the subjects which he chose. He had little in common with the earth. His domain was in air and hell,—the clouds and the grave. It was he who made real and visible to us the vague and unsubstantial phantoms which haunt, like dim dreams, the oppressed imagination. The Ghost of Hamlet, revisiting “the glimpses of the moon;” the Witches of Macbeth, chaunting over their ghastly cauldron; Satan, shouting to his Legions; the Contest between Death and Sin, (in which that gaunt and terrible enemy, “which shape had none,” is given with frightful power and effect,)—these things, and things like these, were the subjects over which he ruled, and amongst which he revelled; and it must be owned, that often as the attempt has been made, they have as yet owned the sway of no other master.

We have little doubt but that these creations, together with his criticisms, are the things which will carry Fuseli down to posterity. In his purely historical pictures, we cannot but think that he failed.

The volumes that we have before glanced at, “The Life and Writings of Fuseli,” are mainly occupied by these criticisms. Setting aside the single defect of style, which is too florid and ambitious, there is a vast deal to admire in the lectures and critical remarks of Fuseli. Less simple and practical in his writings, perhaps even less judicious, than Sir Joshua Reynolds, we cannot but think that he saw farther into the subtler beauties of the ancient masters. It appears, indeed, difficult to believe that Fuseli, whose imagination seemed to associate itself with the goblin and the night-mare, should have hung with rapture over the infinite shades of sentiment and tenderness, which make beautiful the works of the Italian painter. But such was the fact. He had a great sense of grace and expression, as well as of mere grandeur of form. However his pencil may have been occupied in ghastly and terrific subjects, his admiration rested on things of a different order: and, when we examine into his defects and merits, let it not be forgotten that he sedulously laboured to implant in the student’s mind a love for the beautiful and graceful, as well as for the sublime, and seldom, if ever, held up for unmitigated praise, those wild and supernatural creations in which he himself was supposed to have excelled. This is disinterested dealing: this is honest and trustworthy criticism.

Lest the reader should be tempted, from our account of Fuseli’s writings, to think less respectfully of him than he ought, we will lay before him two or three extracts from his lectures. In these he will probably recognize objectionable phrases, but he will also perceive (or if he should not do so, it will be his own fault) that the very straits to which Fuseli, from his being a foreigner, was reduced for words, sometimes impelled him into fine and vivid expressions. If he has not the freedom of one at ease, he has also none of the tameness of security.

Michael Angelo was the painter on whom our author’s idolatry was lavished, and on him he bestows elaborate praise. The following is one of the very best specimens which can be found of Mr. Fuseli’s style of criticism.

“Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo’s style. By these principles he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter, as sculptor, as architect he attempted, and above any other man succeeded, to unite magnificence of plan and endless variety of subordinate parts, with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand. Character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of the dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants. This is the ‘*terribilis via*’ hunted at by Agostino Caracci, though perhaps as little understood by the Bolognese as by the blindest of his Tuscan adorers, with Vasari at their head. To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of Michael Angelo. He is the inventor of epic painting, in that sublime circle of the Sistine chapel, which exhibits the origin, the progress, and the final dispensations of theocracy. He has personified motion in the groups of the Cartoon of Pisa; embodied sentiment on the

monuments of Saint Lorenzo; the features of meditation in the Prophets and Sibyls of the Sistine chapel; and in the Last Judgement, with every attitude that varies the human body, traced the master trait of every passion that sways the human heart."—Vol. ii. p. 84-5.

With the last sentence of the above extract we cannot altogether agree; so far, at least, as it insists on this great painter's developing the *passions* of men. His forte was, in our opinion, the grand in *form*, rather than in feature. Even the sentiment which he exhibited arose from the *figure*, and not from the countenance. He was, as Fuseli justly said, an *epic* painter. It was Raffaele who was the *dramatic* artist—the painter, not only of heaven, but of humanity. We have always considered that Mr. Fuseli's adoration of Michael Angelo blinded him, in some degree, to the surpassing merits of Raffaele. But let us hear what our author says of the painter of Urbino.

"The inspiration of Michael Angelo was followed by the milder genius of Raphael Sanzio, the father of dramatic painting, the painter of humanity; less elevated, less vigorous, but more insinuating, more pressing on our hearts, the warm master of our sympathies. What effect of human connexion, what feature of the mind from the gentlest emotion to the most fervid burst of passion, has been left unobserved, has not received a characteristic stamp from that examiner of man? Michael Angelo came to Nature, Nature came to Raphael,—he transmitted her features like a lucid glass, unstained, unmodified. We stand with awe before M. Angelo, and tremble at the height to which he elevates us—we embrace Raphael, and follow him wherever he leads us. Energy, with propriety of character and modest grace, poise his line and determine his correctness. Perfect human beauty he has not represented; no face of Raphael's is perfectly beautiful; no figure of his in the abstract, possesses the proportions that could raise it to a standard of imitation: form to him was only a vehicle of character or pathos, and to those he adapted it in a mode and with a truth which leaves all attempts at emendation hopeless. His invention connects the utmost stretch of possibility with the most plausible degree of probability, in a manner that equally surprises our fancy, persuades our judgment, and affects our heart. His composition always hastens to the most necessary point as its centre, and from that disseminates, to that leads back as rays, all secondary ones. Group, form, and contrast are subordinate to the event, and common-place ever excluded. His expression, in strict unison with and decided by character, whether calm, animated, agitated, convulsed, or absorbed by the inspiring passion, unmixed and pure, never contradicts its cause, equally remote from tameness and grimace: the moment of his choice never suffers the action to stagnate or to expire; it is the moment of transition, the crisis big with the past and pregnant with the future. If separately taken, the line of Raphael has been excelled in correctness, elegance, and energy; his colour far surpassed in tone, and truth, and harmony; his masses in roundness, and his chiaroscuro in effect: considered as instruments of pathos, they have never been equalled; and in composition, invention, expression, and the power of telling a story, he has never been approached."—Vol. ii. p. 87—89.

We leave these extracts to make their way with the reader. We do not attempt to conceal that the sentences are too laboured, and the style altogether too ambitious: but there is much justice, much discrimination in them, and indeed, in all the lectures of our author. Above all, there was a fine and young enthusiasm about him, which, even if his faults were trebled, we should prefer a thousand times to the cold, sceptical, narrow view, which the petty jealousy of many of our modern painters induces them to take of their old superiors in art. The time wasted in decrying ancient pictures would be better employed, in our opinion, in amending their own works and elevating the character of modern art.

We recommend Fuseli's "Lectures" to the notice of all students and amateurs—of all, in short, who wish to admire what is really beautiful and sterling in painting. Each of these may glean much of what is really useful from the perusal; and that part will not be found the least useful which directs their admiration from low to lofty objects. In this view we also recommend the volumes, conscientiously, to the attention of our Royal Academicians. They will exhibit far more wit, if they take a hint from his wisdom, than if they content themselves with deriding either his picture or opinions.

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. V.

*Edward Lytton Bulwer.**(With an engraved Likeness.)*

THE great first cause why our English literature has obtained so high a character for truth and nature is, that it has always reflected, as in a mirror, the age which was passing over it. The chivalric romances were filled with the spirit of their times. The dramas, with their passionate poetry and rich variety of incident, were transcripts of their own wild and adventurous day. The Revolution next left its mental imprint. Milton embodied the stern energy of resistance which had been in action, while the satire of "Hudibras," and the light and licentious comedies which followed, were no less faithful pictures of the wit and profligate indulgence which then prevailed. The ensuing age was one of political intrigue rather than of excitement. It equally gave its literary tone. People reasoned rather than felt, were moral by maxims, and witty in antithesis. The genius of style was abroad. Observation was just rather than profound, keen rather than deep. Wit was carried to its perfection, and also to its excess; people were witty on every thing. Essays, letters, satires, sermons, were the circulating coin. The novels, excellent in plot, coarse, but vigorous in delineation of character, were comedies put into narrative, their merits and their defects equally of their actual period. This cycle also revolved, and its successor was one of wild imagination and strong passion. The few paint the feeling of the many; and the many adopt such words as if they were their own. The great writers, we can scarcely say of our time, embodied the excitement, the morbid sensibility, the visionary philosophy, the melancholy ever attendant upon imaginative feeling, which were the characteristics of an essentially poetical age; and such was the one just departed. Another great change is now passing over our literature, because it is also passing over our time; not less powerful, though perhaps less marked. The former change was more violent; it was wrought by enthusiasm, which, for the time, carries all before it. The present is being worked by opinion, which, if more still, is also more lasting. To-day has nothing in common with Yesterday. People required to be amused in order to be instructed; now, they only permit themselves to be entertained while laying the flattering unction to their souls that it is the vehicle of information. For every why, we ask a wherefore. We will not allow an author to display his talents merely as the knights broke each other's limbs of old, for honour: we expect that he should have a purpose in this display, and that purpose one of tangible benefit. It is this that makes the excellence of the writer before us. With that keen perception of reality, which is the executive power of genius, he has entered into the spirit of his own times. Mr. Bulwer is the first novelist who has placed his best reward, and his great aim, in the utility of his writings. He has seen, that in order to improve, we must first enlighten; and that ridicule, if not the test of truth, is, at least, a good conductor to its lightning. His genius has taken service with reality. In every event he has wrought out, in every character he has created, he has never had the actual

out of mind ; and his works are living pictures, filled with the crimes and the virtues, the thoughts and the feelings, the hopes and the fears which are now among us in daily operation. Young, rich, and high-born, Mr. Bulwer* lacked many of the ordinary excitements to exertion. It is a fact not to be disputed, that the aristocracy have not "progressed" in proportion to the other classes. A young nobleman of the present day has not a better education than his ancestor in the time of Elizabeth. If we look back to the old records, we shall find that the classics, the modern tongues, some knowledge of philosophy, and the information collected by foreign travel, were held indispensable to the formation of a gentleman. What more is now required among the higher ranks? We doubt whether even as much be effected. It would seem that education, in ceasing to be a distinction, had lost half its attraction. The evaded study and dissipation of a public school is succeeded by the equally evaded study and dissipation of a college; and too many of our youthful aristocracy begin life with self-sufficiency for knowledge, prejudices for opinions, and with pleasure a habit rather than an enjoyment. The great error of their condition is, that their road through life is too royal a one, using that phrase quite in its ancient acceptation. We must remember, that to this class Mr. Bulwer belongs, in order to do justice to the energy of mind which has so nobly preferred exertion to indulgence, and has set out by acknowledging the general sympathies, and advocating the general rights of mankind. In the history of an author, it is labour wasted to inquire what first turned his mind to its peculiar pursuit. Even if the fact could be ascertained, it would be useless as an example, for no circumstance affects two men alike; and if brought forward only to support a theory, the theory which cannot be carried into action is rather ingenious than useful. That the subject of our sketch was early addicted to reading is nothing; so are thousands, from whose labour fruit never comes. Literary taste is often confounded with literary talent by others, quite as much as by ourselves. The Cambridge prize poem on Sculpture, afterwards published in a small volume of poems, printed for private circulation, was his first literary effort. Mr. Bulwer is essentially imbued with the spirit of poetry: perhaps, born a few years sooner, he would have been a poet only; but, though circumstances do not make genius, they certainly have much to do with its direction. He had early read largely, and seen much of society: his judgment thus

* Edward Earle Lytton Bulwer is the third and youngest son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth Park, Herts. Both these are very ancient families. The Bulwers have possessed lands still held by them in Wood Dalling, Norfolk, since the Conquest; and Knebworth has been the property of the Lyttons since the reign of Henry VII., when it passed into the hands of the first De Lytton, of Lytton, in Derbyshire, Treasurer to that King, and Governor of Boulogne Castle. Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer has two brothers, one, William, the present proprietor of Heydon Hall; the other, Henry, the present Member for Wilton: with both of these he has been sometimes confounded. Both in the paternal and maternal branches, Mr. Bulwer's family is connected, by ancient intermarriages, with some of the most distinguished in England—viz. the De Greys, ancestors of the Lords of Walsingham; the Cecils, of the Marquess of Exeter; the Spencers, of the Duke of Marlborough; the St. Johns, of Bletsoe; the Lords Falkland; the Wyndhams, of Felbrig; the Longuevilles, &c. &c.—See *Collins's Baronetage and Peerage*.

balanced his imagination, and the same accuracy of observation which has since shown itself to be one of his most characteristic merits, told him, that the celebrity of one age must be sought in an opposite path by its successor. We had been rich in poetry, even to luxury; and when has not luxury led to satiety? Mr. Bulwer's literary career may even thus early be divided into the two worlds of romance and reality. His first works, to use his own words, were brought from

“———— the poet's golden land,
Where thought finds happiest voice and glides along
Into the silver rivers of sweet song,”

touched with that imaginative melancholy which after-years deepens into reflection, and marked with that keen perception which experience ripens into thought. Poetry is a good foundation for philosophy: we must have felt ourselves to allow for the feelings of others. To this period belong “Weeds and Wildflowers,” “The Rebel,” and his first prose work, “Falkland.”* Each of these productions bears the same stamp—the broad arrow of genius. But they were too selfishly beautiful: melancholy had just finished its monopoly, and the age of sympathy, like that of chivalry, was passed. Ridicule is the re-action of enthusiasm. Sentiment was considered confined to schools; and, so far from affecting too much feeling, people were beginning to be ashamed of having any. Mr. Bulwer has since had a brighter and a higher aim: but these writings belong to those earlier days, when, to quote himself, “Romance, that bright magician,” was wont

“O'er the dim glades of duller life to fling
Hues from the sun and blossoms from the spring.”

Life has little breathing time; and, even when we do for a moment reflect, it is rather on our present than our past: the pains and pleasures of memory are put aside as quickly as the poem which celebrates them. But, if such a feat of mental magic could be performed, who would be so utterly a stranger to all our thoughts and feelings, as the self of five years ago with the self of to-day? We cannot but believe that experience has wrought a great change in Mr. Bulwer's mind. His views of life are more true, while his ideas of excellence are at once more elevated, and yet more practical. He seems to have laid it down as a principle, that, though poetry may “breathe the difficult height of the iced mountain-tops,” its most precious gift, as he beautifully says, is

“———— to sing over all,
Making the common air most musical.”

He has felt that knowledge was only desirable as the pioneer of utility, and genius only glorious as the high priest of virtue. It is not too much to say, that where, in the “Disowned,” he puts the development of these principles into the mouth of Algernon Mordaunt, those half dozen pages are one of the noblest and the truest moral and philosophical essays in our language.†

“Pelham,” one of the most successful novels of our day, appeared in 1828. Its delineations were too true not to be taken as personal af-

* “Weeds and Wildflowers,” 1826; “Falkland,” 1827; “O’Neil,” 1827.

† “The Disowned,” vol. iii. p. 65.

fronts in these days, when every author is identified with his hero, if in that hero there is any thing that offends. If we except the "Literary Gazette," which perceived and did justice to the extraordinary mind then putting forth its powers, "the whole commons" of periodicals, like those "in Kent, were up in arms." One represented "Pelham" as an insolent sneer at the middle ranks, reprobated the effeminacy of perfumes, and talked of an English cook, and the Magna Charta, their own and their country's Constitution, in a breath. Others, again, considered it as an effusion of sheer egotism, and got into a rage with the author, whom they comforted themselves by denouncing as "a coxcomb." One would think that irony was like the Delphin classics, and required notes of explanation. People in general do not understand it. Matthews tells a good story of this density of apprehension:—a criminal, doomed to perish by the sharp edge of the law, was willing that the edge should be really sharp. "I will give you fifty ducats," said he to the executioner, "if you cut off my head at a single stroke." In the pride of his art, the headsman gave a flourish with his sword. "Fifty ducats," reiterated the criminal. "Just shake your head," replied the executioner: he did so, and it rolled on the scaffold. The snatter-of-fact man, believing the story up to this point, says, "Well, did he give him the fifty ducats?" In this *point device* spirit were the coxcombries of "Pelham" arraigned. "Perfumes, indeed—how effeminate!" "Almond paste!—I wonder of what materials he thinks he must be made; soap would do for him as well as other people." "Feeding his poodle on chicken and sweet-breads!—what wicked waste, when there are so many poor starving." But wit cuts its bright way through the glass-door of public favour; and "Pelham" took its station, not only as a most entertaining novel, but as a satire, equally just, keen, and amusing. By the way, it is curious to remark how the affectations of one age are made up of the affectations of its predecessors: our present has gone back upon classical materials. What is its indifference, but stoicism made small for common use; its indolence, but a copy of the Lacedemonian, who, when an Athenian had been fined for idleness, requested to be introduced to the gentleman, "who had been punished for keeping up his dignity;" its gourmandism is but the luxury, without the magnificence of the Roman; and, as for perfumes, there was an ancient sage who perfumed his feet instead of his hair. "In the one case," as he justly observed, "the grateful odours ascended to his own nostrils, while, in the other instance, the sweetness but exhaled in the general air." Pelham was an incarnation of the spirit of the times, only with some fine talents and high qualities not quite so general. But the author's own words, in the preface to the second edition, best set forth his intentions.

"Nor have I indulged in frivolities for the sake of frivolity: under that which has the most semblance of levity, I have often been the most diligent in my endeavours to inculcate the substances of truth." "By treating trifles naturally, they may be rendered amusing; and that which adherence to nature renders amusing, the same cause may also render instructive."

One great charm in "Pelham," and in all Mr. Bulwer's works, is the mind which shows itself in every part, and continually breaks out in some clear observation or true remark. An excellent English Rochefoucauld might be formed from his pages, only with all the

feeling and higher sense of excellence in which the Frenchman is so deficient. We must quote two or three, the truth of whose thoughts can only be equalled by the grace of their expression.

“ Since benevolence is inseparable from all morality, it must be clear, that there is a benevolence in little things as well as in great; and that he who strives to make his fellow creatures happy, though only for an instant, is a much better man than he who is indifferent to, or, what is worse, despises it. I do not see that kindness to an acquaintance is at all destructive to sincerity as a friend.” “ The object of education is to instill principles which are hereafter to guide and instruct us; facts are only desirable so far as they illustrate those principles; principles ought, therefore, to precede facts.” “ Learning without knowledge is but a bundle of prejudices.” We would call particular attention to the truth of the next remark. “ They never spoke of things by their right names, and, therefore, those things never seemed so bad as they really were: insensibly my ideas of right and wrong became perfectly confused, and the habit of treating all crimes as subjects of jest in conversation, soon made me regard them as matters of very trifling importance.”

Lord Byron makes a very true remark in one of his letters, that the most prolific authors have always been the most popular. Such has certainly been the case with Mr. Bulwer. “ *The Disowned*,” “ *Devereux*,” “ *Paul Clifford*,” “ *The Siamese Twins*,” followed each other in rapid succession. The most singular characteristic about these works is their utter dissimilitude: save in a general tone of benevolence, as the basis of philosophy, and an extended and liberal view of the general interests of mankind, these productions are striking contrasts. “ *Pelham*” was a moral Diorama—a view of London, as it is. “ *The Disowned*” was a poetical and imaginative picture, but not the less true because the colours were created and combined rather than copied. It is not, perhaps, fair to ascribe your own supposed plan to an author, but we have always thought that “ *The Disowned*” was the finest illustration of ambition possible—an illustration, too, of its many varieties. The desire of honourable but worldly success in *Clarence*, is brought into fine contrast with the dreaming and feverish desire of fame which consumes the young artist. Again, the disinterested but fatal patriotism of *Wolfe*, fatal because confined, is admirably opposed to that of *Algernon Mordaunt*, whose patriotism takes the ground-work of knowledge, and works hand in hand with philosophy and charity. *Mordaunt* is one of those ideals of excellence which we respect an author for conceiving. “ *The Disowned*” also developed a new talent, that of description: there are several landscapes as beautiful and as English as those of our natural painter *Collins*. As an analysis of cause and effect, the history of *Mr. Talbot*, the vain man, is a perfect specimen of moral dissection. His vanity is the opposite of *Lord Boradail’s* conceit. Vanity and conceit are often confounded: nevertheless, they are very opposite qualities; as much difference as there is between search and possession; vanity craves “golden opinions” from all ranks of men; conceit sits down quietly in the enjoyment of its own property. More poetical in its views, more elevated in its philosophy, the remarks scattered through “*The Disowned*,” though less worldly, are not less true than those in its predecessor. They take a higher, though not a less actual tone; and we doubt if the sarcastic inference be a whit more accurate than the kindlier one. The difference between their observations is, that in

the one they are taken in the spirit of satire ; in the other, they are taken in that of philosophy. If "Pelham" and the "Disowned" were different, "Devereux" was equally opposed to either. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that "Devereux" is our favourite of all Mr. Bulwer's works. It is at once a historical, a philosophical, and a poetical novel. The historical scenes have that which is usually admitted as the great merit of historical fiction, verisimilitude—if not exactly what people did do, it was exactly what they might be supposed to have done : to use a theatrical phrase, the illusion is well supported. But they have also another great and peculiar merit, the lesson pointed for the apprehension of even the most careless reader. Moral knowledge is the fine gold extracted from the crucible of moral satire. The interview between the Czar and Devereux is an admirable and forcible exposition of a great truth: we allude to the scene where the influence of shame in punishment is illustrated by the difference between the Russian and the German, while under the discipline of the knout. The same remark may apply to the inimitable scenes in Paris. The spirit of that age of epigrams was never so caught by an English writer before. But we draw no false inferences: the dust is diamond-dust, and it sparkles;—it is not thrown in our eyes. We see that it was a time equally witty and worthless; and the same glance which takes in its brilliancy also reveals its baseness. Lord Bolingbroke's* character is the most original feature in "Devereux." Historical personages have often lent "the magic of a name" to the fictitious page: but this is the first instance of historical research, philosophical investigation, and the fellow-feeling of a noble mind being devoted to embody, and to appreciate the merits of one to whom historians (we will not say history) have shown scant mercy and less justice. The various conversations in which Bolingbroke takes part, the just observations which throw such light on his sentiments, the eloquent appreciation of his excellence, the clear reasoning on his motives, are the perfection (if we may use such a phrase) of dramatic biography. Mr. Bulwer himself says, "that to do justice to a great man is the highest of literary pleasures;" and in this analysis of Bolingbroke, we know not which most to admire, the truth of the defence, or the generous warmth of the defender. The tomb of one great man is the altar of another. One very futile objection against this noble impersonation has been urged by the Chinese of criticism, or rather its Chancery barristers, who refer every thing to precedent;—that, forsooth, "a novel is not the proper place for political or historical discussion." Why, we would ask, is truth to be debarred from taking its most effective, because most popular form? Such critics are either strangely behind, or wilfully blind, to their own time, who deny the importance of the novel. In works of imagination, a novel has been the Aaron's rod which has swallowed up the rest. If a few great writers choose any one vehicle for their talents, hundreds of their inferiors will choose the same mode, and follow in the track in which they never could have led. We do firmly believe great popularity is

* How strongly do several of the letters lately published in the Marchmont Correspondence confirm Mr. Bulwer's view of Bolingbroke's character.

never gained without great desert. All will admit, that the first-rate talent of our time has been developed in the novel. It is an error to say, that this is because it is the most amusing; it is rather because it is the most appropriate. Still, in literature, as in life, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation; and works, like Scott's, which have done more towards giving us real ideas of the days of yore, and drawn closer the links of the past and present, than any chronicle ever written; or works like Godwin's, and these of the author now before us, full of the most important truths, are to receive for their heritage the ill name of works in which, if the scene were laid in former days, a dungeon, a beauty, white plumes and iron fetters, a little valour, and a great deal of love, (*love à l'impossible en passant*), were all that could be required; or if of modern life, the lover first raked, and then reformed; the heroine was first miserable and then married. Such was the circulating cycle, and hence the novel was held, nay, is still held by many, to be the Paria of literature. Truly may it be said, that to change an opinion is difficult; but to remove a prejudice is impossible. Before we resume our analysis, we cannot but remark on the singular silence preserved towards the most rising author of their day, in the two pseudo-called great Reviews, the Edinburgh and Quarterly. The former might have hesitated to censure in the very beginning, made wise by experience: for nothing is more mortifying than your own prophecy unfulfilled; and it is somewhat disagreeable to find the general judgment in direct opposition to your criticism. We may suppose that Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, &c. have served as landmarks. Every one of these names are now standard ones in our "land's language;" and the Reviewer is remembered by his injustice. Mr. Jeffrey was the Judge Jeffries of literature,—a most partial and unjust judge. The faculty of appreciation, that highest sign of a great mind, was wanting in his: and, take the range of our first-rate authors, they are all instances of public opinion reversing the verdict which proceeded from his tribunal. As for the Quarterly, we all know it is too well trained, to wander beyond the districts of *Moravia*.* It has not room, forsooth, for works that are in every one's hands, whose thoughts and whose feelings are actuating thousands; but, let a dull tragedy, now as much forgotten as the Emperor of Constantinople,† whose name it bears; or a volume of travels, whose young writer carefully records the slender ankles and dark eyes of every Spanish girl with whom he had a flirtation; or let the laureate of "Wat Tyler," and the apotheosis of George III. put forth the poetical annals of the pantry, and mark in italics the pathos of a young lady, not ringing her bell for coals or candles;—let any of these issue from Albemarle-street, and the Quarterly at once finds room for analysis and adulation. The truth is, that we have no great literary review, each being engrossed in politics, busy deciding whether Sadler is a fool, or Malthus a demon. Still, we wonder that observa-

* Quete—The shire of Moray!—Printer's Imp.

† Lest none of our readers should have heard of "The Worthy Isaac," it was a tragedy published by Murray, and entitled "Isaac Comnenus." We merely name it as one of the latest unfulfilled literary predictions we recall.

tion has not been more awake to the tremendous power the novel possesses as an engine for the dissemination of opinion: but more of this when we come to "Paul Clifford."

To return to "Devereux." The character of the hero seems to us to be one of Mr. Bulwer's most powerful and original conceptions: the influence of circumstances upon nature is finely and profoundly traced. "Devereux" is imaginative, affectionate, passionate by nature; worldly, cold, and guarded in his crust of circumstance. The poetry inherent, and the philosophy acquired, are exquisitely developed. We never could read the account of his boyhood without the most intense interest,—the warm love of the child thrown back upon itself by unkind coldness and unjust preference. We shall only say, fortunate are those who do not sympathize with the affectionate, yet unloved boy, whose heart becomes sullen as sadness always does when utterly unshared. There is terrible injustice in the treatment of children: how arbitrary is the authority exercised over them! How much does the anger or the fondness lavished upon them depend on the temper of the moment! What a contradiction between the much we expect them to acquire, and the little we expect them to observe! At one time they are to learn all that demands comprehension and industry,—(think how much pure abstract knowledge a child is expected to master;) and then, at another period, they are treated like a machine, that neither sees nor hears; or, at least, seeing and hearing as one who understandeth not; saving that memory is a most faithless faculty, a mirror in which a man looks, and "straightway forgetteth what manner of man he is," or was. Our own experience might teach us a different lesson. But preference, and its consequence, neglect, is the child's most cruel wrong. The bitter feeling of comparing our own lot with another's, will come quite soon enough without its being taught in infancy. Early injustice is like the thread of silk planted with the tulip—it colours all the after leaves. Its influence runs through all Devereux's future character; the warm emotions concealed,—the affectionate temper checked—restraint deepening into reserve, and self-dependance hardening into self-reliance, are all traced with the accuracy of an anatomist, and with a beauty even beyond their truth. The awakening of all his better nature under the affection of his uncle, and that kind old uncle himself, are transcripts from one of the very best and dearest pages of human life. As for Sir William, we do not insist upon every reader liking him as much as we do ourselves; but we must own, if they do not, we shall have a very bad opinion of them. It is curious to mark the likeness of position and the dissimilarity of character between Pelham and Devereux: both are young, noble, panting, first for pleasure, next for worldly distinction; and both are fops, "mandarins of the first class;" but still how different. Pelham's worldliness is the philosophy of his calm, calculating, yet high nature: that of Devereux, on the contrary, is a disguise and a security. The coxcombrity of Pelham is like a cast from his features; that of Devereux is a mask to his face. The difference is imagination in the one, the want of it in the other. This is especially shown in their love:—love, which, if but an episode in the active life of man, is a lasting influence in his ideal one. We do not think the most susceptible

reader is very unquiet about the success of Pelham's suit: we think the very coldest must be touched by Devereux's generous and devoted attachment to the beautiful and desolate Spanish girl. Love was never more passionate in Byron, more true in Shakspeare, more lovely in nature, than it is here "gently bodied forth." We have hitherto dwelt on other merits than the rich passionate colours given by the heart. But the whole history of Isora is touched by that poetical spirit, which does not, it is true, make nature more beautiful than nature often is, but shows that beauty in its fairest light, the light of imagination. There is, to us, something inexpressibly touching in Devereux's abiding affection, when, to quote an exquisite passage from the "Milton" in after-years, "her memory made the moonlight of his mind," and

"Her thoughts stole o'er like a spirit's lay?
Singing the darkness of his fate away."

One great peculiarity in Mr. Bulwer's writings is, the singular originality of his minor characters: they are not merely "two or three puppets to fill up the scene," whose only distinguishing mark is a name, but each is some embodied thought, and distinguished by some natural touch: in short, people in his books are as different as they are in real life. Mr. Bulwer combines, to a rare degree, the power of creation with the faculty of observation; and it is this union which gives such infinite variety to "his storied page of human life."*

"Paul Clifford" came next, as different to its brethren as if they had not had "one common father."

"Paul Clifford" is at once a political satire, a romance of middle life; a practical and moral treatise, put forth in the popular form of a novel. The satire is levelled at existing persons and abuses—the romance is the poetry which passion and feeling extract from the daily events of common life—the moral is that drawn from the temptation which leads, and the punishment which follows, the crimes we know to be hourly committed. For the first time, Mr. Bulwer seems to have felt what an engine of power was the novel for present utility; how forcibly it could be brought to play on the vice whose result is misery—the indolence whose result is injury, and the selfishness which is at once its own best and worst punishment. What leading-article in a review ever brought forward the evil influence of laws, that punish rather than guard, upon the lower classes, with such energy and truth as the dramatic exposition of their hardship and insufficiency in "Paul Clifford?" It is a great and noble distinction for an author (and we know no other modern novelist that can "lay the flattering unction to his soul") to be able to say, "I have written in the hope of

* In this age of facts, where an assertion is held to be a shadow, unless backed by its substance, proof, we must mention instances; we, therefore, refer the reader to Jean Desmarais, the philosophic valet; to Mr. Vavasour, the epitome of respectability, whose unrighteous grasping takes the name of natural affection; Mrs. Lobkins, who qualifies a violent temper, as "her feelings being unkimmon strong;" Dummie Dunaker, rogue, thief, liar, but with one redeeming touch of humanity,—"What, Do little Paul a mischief! vy, I've known the cull ever since he vas *that* high;" Mr. Copperas, with his one pun; and, to close a list, (only a sample one,) Mr. Brown, and his late Lady W.

pointing attention to great abuses—to awful suffering. The feelings, the weaknesses, the wretchedness of a great body of my countrymen have been utterly neglected; to their benefit I dedicate my talents—the spirit of ‘Paul Clifford’ is the cause of the people.” As a matter of taste, we have owned to liking “Devereux” the best; but as matter of principle, we give the preference to “Paul Clifford.” The use of the last is more actual and immediate.

Whether in lively satire, keen remark, or accurate reflection—whether in deducing the character from circumstance—whether in painting the nice distinction of natural good feeling which favourable position ripens into virtue, or natural strong passion, or weakness, which events harden into crime—the desire of benefit from an obvious lesson, or practical inference necessarily drawn by the reader, the same desire of conferring a moral benefit on the author’s kind is paramount through all. Fiction is the eloquence of experience, and to be useful it must be actual. The character of William Brandon is as yet our author’s most powerful conception. The lava-flood of passion, which bursts in one red flood, chills, hardens—never to melt again—the evil knowledge brought by too early experience (for experience may come too soon—the fruit must be mature that the east wind will not injure); the bitter consciousness of surpassing talent, unused and useless—the pride, which though inherent in the nature, has no outward cause of display, and takes refuge and fights under the shield of scorn—passion, talent, and knowledge—these best gifts of our kind, and yet those that may be turned to the worst purpose—never were these more finely developed than in William Brandon. One single touch of human kindness in this proud and cold man is in his gentle and fatherly love for Lucy, his orphan niece. It may seem fanciful, but it has always reminded us of the tuft of blue violets Frazer records with such expression of pleasure, when he finds them growing, lonely and lovely, on the high and icy mountains of Himala. Lord Mauliverer is an inimitable satire on aristocratic indulgence; he is the *far niente* of indolent luxury embodied in all its selfishness. One single expression sets forth his whole system of action. Brandon, at a *tête-à-tête* dinner, refuses or neglects some dainty of the table, and Mauliverer exclaims, “Oh, hang your abstemiousness, it is d—d unfriendly to eat so little!” This slight speech is the essence of one who desires companionship for its pleasantness, and not for its sympathy. Lucy Brandon, the heroine, is an entire contrast to all Mr. Bulwer’s former female portraits. Isabel and Isora were high-wrought, beautiful, and ideal—as if poetry had lent its aid to life, to show “how divine a thing a woman might be made;” but Lucy is a sweet, simple, gentle creature—entirely a girl—only a very lovely and loveable one, till circumstances discover that gold lies beneath the stream which had hitherto only “broke into dimples and laughed in the sun.” It is the “unconquerable strength of love,” giving its own force to a nature essentially timid and feminine. One of the great merits of this work is the many slight touches, which, like the finishings of a portrait, give such identity to a picture. The descriptions are singularly accurate, from that of the small and most wretched streets in London on a wet night, to the ancient manor-house with its one old chesnut tree “worth a forest.” The affections delineated are such as are in constant play, brightening and sweetening from the lofti-

est to the lowest; while the deeper colouring of passion is terrible from its truth. The scattered observations are as valuable for their justice as they are remarkable for their acuteness. Take the following admirable remark for an instance:—"Showy theories are always more seductive to the young and clever than suasive examples, and the vanity of the youthful makes them better pleased by being convinced of a thing than by being enticed to it." One personage we must not omit—Peter Mac Grawler, critic, editor, thief, cook, hangman. We doubt whether "the last" of that man was "worse than the first." We are reforming all abuses so much, that, perhaps, in a few years, the redoubtable Peter will be an historical memento of a base and cowardly school of criticism, which may then have left "but the name" "of its faults and its sorrows behind." The personal attacks; the virulent sneers; the coarse and false statements; the foolish opinions of a set whose incognito is indeed their existence—for who would or could care for the abuse of an individual whose own character was below contempt, or who would not despise the judgment of one whose only right to pronounce such judgment lay in his own previous failure in some similar attempt to that which he denounces? Who shall deny that the great body of critics are made up of unsuccessful writers?—the inferior magazines and journals are truly the refuge for the literary destitute. Men who are anonymous are usually abusive, and want of principle and want of responsibility are only too synonymous. Nothing can be perfect in this world, but two rules would greatly conduce to the perfectibility of criticism:—the first to speak, not of the author, but of his works; his pages, not himself, are amenable to your remarks: secondly, to do away with the present anonymous system; this would have a double advantage; it would force the critic to be just, if not generous, for his own sake—for men weigh opinions for which they are to be instantly answerable; and also, when the critic is known, the public would be able to judge, from previous knowledge of what he had himself done, how far he was competent to decide on the labours of others; but our present literary bush-fighting is as deteriorating as it is disgraceful. There are some excellent remarks, and written in the best spirit of criticism, in the dedicatory epistle to "Paul Clifford."

Many of the *dramatis personæ* in this work are lightly-sketched caricatures, woodcuts à la Cruikshank of individuals in that high rank to which our meaner ambitions direct themselves, "like the sparks which fly upward," and, we must add, to end in smoke. They are curious and bitter illustrations of "the might and magic of a name." One would think that the wrong and the despicable must be immutable terms; not so—much depends on position, whether we look *down* or *up*. Bachelor Bill being exclusive in Fish-lane, and giving a "hop and a feed," seems a ridiculous and vulgar person—the Duke of Devonshire giving a fête to "the fashionable world," with all its nice distinctions, is "quite another thing."

The Spartans had made no small advance in practical philosophy when, in order to show their children the shame of inebriety, they made their slaves drunk. It is not enough to denounce a vice—you will do more by disgracing it. We have heard some pseudo-genteel readers object to the hero's being only "a highwayman!" Besides the obvious answer, that human nature is human nature all the world over,

we will just give the author's own view of the case: "For my part, I will back an English highwayman, masked, armed, mounted, and trotting over Hounslow Heath, against the prettiest rascal the Continent ever produced." These did not possess such bad materials for a hero; the days are quite past for readers to be contented with the condescending court-suits which enchanted our grandmothers, or with "dark-haired young gentlemen, born to be the destruction of every one connected with them." Mr. Bulwer required a hero surrounded with difficulties, and beset with the temptations to which poverty is subjected in real and social life—such a hero is Paul Clifford. Critics, like copy-books, are ruled by columns—our limits forbid its extract; but we must say how eloquent and how just is the sketch of our late monarch.* It is a fine historical picture, discriminating between good and evil, neither trenching upon the sanctity of the grave with false panegyric nor with coarse insult, and drawing from faults, it were vain to deny, a warning, not a reproach.—The "Siamese Twins" came last. We think scant justice has been done to the passages of the Corinthian order of poetry with which it abounds—the splendid address to Earl Grey; the beautiful descriptions of sleep; the noble tribute to Burns; the exquisite single lines, "painting by words," such as hopes

"That colour while they point the goal;"

or such a description as

"The storm slept dark on the dull sea."

The author says, in the preface to the second edition, "that he would himself rest his fame on 'Milton.'"† It would rest on a sure foundation. "Milton" is a noble poem, "a worthy offering to the immortal dead." "The Westminster" has a fine remark on Channing's Essay on Milton: it says—"The spirit of Milton was upon him, and possessed him; and he writes as one constrained to do so by thoughts too fervid, intense, and expansive to be restrained. He speaks as a priest, under the immediate influence of the god at whose altar he was ministering—so should genius be honoured!" We can have nothing to say that will better apply to this poem. We have heard the term satire objected to, as applied to "The Siamese Twins;" we confess it does not belong to the Sunday-newspaper school of satirists, in which real names and nicknames, personality and brutality constitute what is called a powerful article; but if abuse is not the whole of wit, to wit—the keen and the ready—this poem may well lay claim. If Mr. Bulwer wants any thing, it is that innate gaiety, which in a writer, like good spirits in a companion, carries us along with it. Mr. Bulwer's serious satire is more apparent than his more playful vein, simply because the one has, and the other has not, the impress of his own mind. Nothing, especially in poetry, divides opinion more than great originality; readers are at fault when no good old rule is at hand to serve as a gauge—and when at a loss, it is always safest to condemn. To be the first to praise requires more self-reliance than the generality of people possess, and the "Siamese Twins" is too different

* We allude to the sketch of Gentleman George in the Second Edition.

† A Poem appended, in this volume.

from its predecessors for early opinions to be safely trusted to walk alone. But its feelings and its thoughts, "the deep and the true," daily become more familiar; the fine passage is remembered—the exquisite expression quoted—and the laurel puts forth its green boughs, leaf by leaf, till it stands forth a stately tree. This poem is dedicated to his mother—genius making affection as beautiful in expression as it is in spirit. We cannot conceive a more touching tribute. Mr. Bulwer's father died when he was but three years of age, and the care of his education* devolved on a mother, whose love and whose pride must equally be gratified by the result.

We have now, as far as our power extends, done our duty (for what is justice but a duty?) to this extraordinary writer. If we have cordially expressed our admiration, it is because we have cordially felt it. We have neither attempted to detail the stories nor describe the characters; the meagre sketch of a tale, or the bare outline of a character, is as a skeleton, which requires to be clothed in flesh before it can rise up in grace or beauty. We have endeavoured to give our own strong impression—to select some of the most detachable merits, and then to say to our readers, judge for yourselves on the right of our opinion, bearing in mind that we can set forth only a very small part of sixteen volumes, full of all the various development of mind and feeling.

A transition from the author's works to the author's self has been a common consequence of fame in all ages. Though we do not quite go the length of the Genevese, who, publishing an account of Rousseau's visit to his native city, deems it worthy of mention that Jean Jacques wore a cap trimmed with fur, but that he would not decide whether it was lined with fur or not, for he never took it off: still, by that rule which leads us to judge of others' feelings by our own, we think the curiosity, personal though it be, about a distinguished author, is, to say the least, very excusable. We often hear complaints that the author does not sustain the *beau idéal* of his hero; this complaint, at least, cannot be made of Mr. Bulwer. His appearance is distinguished, his features chiselled and regular, and the whole expression of his face highly intellectual as well as handsome. Generally, though we confess to having but a slight personal knowledge, Mr. Bulwer is silent and reserved in society; but this may in some measure arise from his extreme distaste to mixing with it: for at times nothing can exceed the flashing wit of his gayer converse, unless it be the originality and interest of his more serious discourse. Mr. Bulwer is married,† and is we believe among the instances that genius is very compatible with domestic happiness. Prediction has an easy task in foretelling a future when its prophecy is founded on a past of such promise. When we say that he gave us the idea of one whose habits were fastidious and tastes refined—when we find in him the descendant of an ancient and aristocratic family, and know him to be one nursed in all the lavish indulgence of wealth, the more are our causes of ad-

* We believe Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer was never at a public school.

† Mr. Bulwer married Rosina, only surviving daughter of the late Francis Massey Wheeler, Esq., of Lizard Connel, Limerick, grandson of Hugh Lord Massey, by Anna, daughter of Archdeacon Doyle.

miration for one whose talents have disdained repose, and whose pages have ever advocated the cause of right. Sophocles, in the days of old, could dream away his summer midnight on the reeds by the Ilyssus, listening to the moonlight music of the nightingales. Mr. Bulwer early felt that a modern writer had nothing in common with this literary luxury, and his genius has ever seemed held by him as a trust rather than an enjoyment. We should think the great success of his writings in other countries must be very gratifying.* Praise from afar comes the nearest to fame. Mr. Bulwer has already produced four standard novels, works replete with thought and mind, and he yet wants some years of thirty. A still more active career, that of public life, now lies before him. If first-rate talents, enlarged and liberal views, strong and noble principles, can make one man's future an object and benefit to his country, we are justified in the high anticipations with which we look forward to Mr. Bulwer's future. Last year, he was eagerly solicited, by a large body of its most respectable inhabitants, to stand for Southwark. Reluctance to oppose Mr. Calvert made him decline the honour; but we cannot conclude this article better than by part of his first declaration of public faith—"I should have founded my pretensions, had I addressed myself to your notice, upon that warm and hearty sympathy in the great interests of the people, which, even as in my case, without the claim of a long experience or the guarantee of a public name, you have so often, and I must add, so laudably, esteemed the surest and the highest recommendation to your favour. And, gentlemen, to the eager wish, I will not hesitate to avow that I should have added the determined resolution to extend and widen, in all their channels, those pure and living truths which can alone circulate through the vast mass of the community that political happiness so long obstructed from the many, and so long adulterated even for the few.

READ, MARK, LEARN.

'Tis not to hearken whilst the preacher talks,
 Letting thy heart loose on its eager way,—
 Worshipping God, because man bids thee pray,—
 Or following blindly where the pontiff walks :—
 Read, Learn, Digest ! And when God's "heavenly Truth"
 Breaks forth, like Dawn, upon thy brain benighted,
 Then give thy Soul up to the skies, —delighted,
 For then will Age confirm the dreams of Youth.

And, Oh ! 'bove all things else (this truth remember !)
 Let gentle thoughts beget sweet human *Deeds* !
 Good are they who believe, and fast, and pray ;
 But best of all is he who th' hungry feeds,
 And from the deadly blast of wild December
 Shelters the orphan lone, the poor man old and gray !

* Besides being translated into the French and German languages, numerous editions have been published in America.

A GARLAND OF COMMON FLOWERS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

1. A PASS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Brother. COME ON! This way! Here,—down the steep hill's side—

Sister. Are these your peaceful haunts? Quick! let us fly:

The Wind pursues us like an enemy.

How sharp his arrows are, tipped with fierce hail!

And what a voice! Throughout the mountainous passes

Destroyer-like he wanders up and down,

Roaring like the wild sea. Will he devour

In this his wrath, all things he chance to meet?

Let 's fly!

Brother. Come on:—yet, fear not; thou art safe.

This musical thunder is the Spirit's sport.

Hast thou not read o' the whale,—how *he* spouts forth

Whole rivers from his nostrils, when he's merry?

Puffs like a storm? And through the panting billows

(Which chafe and tremble as the monster rolls)

Goes rioting like a boy? So doth our Wind.

Perhaps in some ice cave he hath slept for months,

(Numb'd as a dormouse) and now forth he comes

To stretch his liberated limbs, and hunt

The fugitive clouds (his gaolers) through the sky.

Look, where they go! Dost see yon ponderous thing,

Tusked like an elephant? The villain flies

Before a foe he sees not. Quick, come on!

Perhaps he sees his shadow swim i' the lake,

And dreams it is a ghost. Come on, come on!

A little farther—

Sister. How the tempest howls!

Brother. A rare musician, is he not. Hush,—hush!

Didst hear that rolling bass? Hark!—Yesterday

Thou talk'dst of thy church music:—Dost thou think

Cathedral organs (touched by any hands

Meaner than angels) can compete with this?

Hark!—Echoes, dreaming on the mountain sides

Wake and reply: 'The rustling woods, bowed down

By the breath o' the storm, sigh forth their solemn joy;

And each brook sings its song. Look, where below

The leaden-coloured waters break in foam,

Whilst (like some 'ffrighted flock of tiny birds,

When in the air the kite or eagle rides)

A thousand little waves hurry to shore.

Well done, well done! Thou wilt outrun the doe:

A little farther—Soh!—we're safe, at last!

Sister. And have we been in peril?

Brother. Faith, thou hast.

I thought at one time that the roaring Wind

Would take thee on his back to Skiddaw, girl.

Look at the mountainous giant!—Shouldst thou like

A ride across the air? Perhaps thou might'st

(I say it but half in sport) be, on thy road,

Smit suddenly by some great truth,—perhaps

Determine some strange riddle of the winds.

But thou art safe—thank the loud Boreas!—safe;

And we will now pursue our earnest way

Unto a spirit potent as the winds,

But gentle,—one who, without magic rites,
Interprets the sweet thoughts of all sweet things,—
A poet! Dost thou love that dreaming race?

Sister. Is he a lofty one?

Brother. Ay, girl;—and yet

His fancy doth not always jump to th' clouds,
Nor sit for ever on the mountain-tops;
But in the grassy valleys doth she lie
Reposing,—by some pool, or bubbling spring,
By trees or hedge-row flowers, and from each thing
Weaves such sweet morals, that the awakening soul
(Shedding the film of custom) straight reverts
Its eyes unto the past, and once more loves
(With all the natural wisdom of its youth)
The innocent joys of childhood. "Is he lofty?"
Ay he is lofty. Stern simplicity
Clothes his more common thought; but when the *Cause*
Is mighty, his Muse puts on her mighty wings,
And, with a voice potential, to the Sea,
To Earth, its flowers, its running rivers, lakes,
Heaven and the countless stars, and endless Air,
Calls and compels reply. But thou shalt hear
An imitation of his pastoral pipe,
(Mine own)—and do not thou despise, dear girl,
The mimic music of a homely song.
Think of "*The Past*," and listen!

This common field, this little brook—

What is there hidden in these two,
That I so often on them look,

Oftener than on the heavens blue?

No beauty lies upon the field;
Small music doth the river yield;
And yet I look and look again,
With something of a pleasant pain.

'Tis thirty—*can't* be thirty years

Since last I stood upon this plank,
Which o'er the brook its figure rears,
And watch'd the pebbles as they sank?

How white the stream!—I still remember
Its margin, glassed by hoar December,
And how the sun fell on the snow—
Ah! *can* it be so long ago?

It cometh back—so blythe—so bright—

It hurries to my eager ken,
As though but one short winter's night
Had darkened o'er the world since then.

It is the same clear dazzling scene,—
Perhaps the grass is scarce as green,
Perhaps the river's troubled voice,
Doth not so *plainly* say—"Rejoice."

Yet Nature surely never ranges,—

Ne'er quits her gay and flowery crown;
But, ever joyful, merely changes

The primrose for the thistle down.

'Tis *we* alone who, waxing old,
Look on her with an aspect cold,
Dissolve her in our burning tears,
Or clothe her with the mists of years.

Then why should not the grass be green,
And why should not the river's song
Be merry,—as they both have been,
When I was here an urchin strong?—
Ah, true,—too true! I see the sun
Through thirty winter years *hath* run,
For grave eyes, mirror'd in the brook,
Usurp the urchin's laughing look!
So be it! I have lost,—and won:
For once the past was poor to me,—
The future dim; and though the sun
Shed life and strength, and I was free,
I *felt* not—*knew* no grateful pleasure—
All seemed but as the common measure:
But now—the experienced Spirit old
Turns all the leaden past to gold!

2. THE FIRE-FLY.

TELL us, O Guide, by what strange natural laws
This winged flower throws out, night after night,
Such lunar brightness? *Why*,—for what *grave* cause
Is this earth-insect crown'd with heavenly light?—
Peace! rest content: see where, by cliff and dell,
Past tangled forest paths and silent river,
The little lustrous creature guides us well,
And where we fail, his small light aids us ever.

Night's shining servant! pretty star of earth!
I ask not why thy lamp doth ever burn:
Perhaps it is thy very life,—thy mind:
And thou, if robb'd of that strange right of birth,
Might be no more than man, when Death doth turn
His beauty into darkness cold and blind!

3. THE GROUND-SWELL.

GREAT Ocean! Wherefore shak'st thou at this hour?
The rough barbarian Storms lie all asleep,
And the wild Moon (now hid) hath lost her power
To call forth anger from thee, patient Deep!
Scarcely the worn west-wind is heard to creep
With nurse-like steps about the new-born flower:
The clouds all travel high and bear no shower;
And stars and planets all their sweet watch keep.

Are tidings from beyond the Atlantic blown,—
Mexico?—Cape Horn?—or Andes' frozen chain?
Hath the crown'd Thunder left his clouded throne,
And, Jove-like, smit some innocent land in twain?
Or is't, old Ocean, that thy teeming brain
Gives out great thoughts and dreamings all thine own?

4. A COMMON THOUGHT.

ALL faces melt in smiles and tears,
Stirr'd up by many a passion strange,
(Likings, loathings, wishes, fears,)—
Till death:—then ends all change.
Then king and peasant, bride and nun,
Wear but one!

A Garland of Common Flowers.

Spring, all beauty, aye laughs loud,
 Summers smile, and Autumns rave,
 But Winter puts on his white shroud,
 And lies down in his grave;
 And when the next soft season nears,
 He disappears!

Merry Spring for childish face,
 Summer for young manhood bold,
 Autumn for a graver race,
 Winter for the old!
 After that,—what seasons run?
 Alas! not one!

Then all the changing passions fade,
 Then all the seasons strange have pass'd,
 And over spreads one boundless shade,
 Which must for ever last:
 Then Life's uncounted sands are run,
 And—all is done!

5. THE BLOOD-HORSE.

CAMARRA is a drinty steed,
 Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
 Full of fire, and full of bone,
 With all his line of fathers known;
 Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
 But blown abroad by the pride within:
 His mane is like a river flowing,
 And his eyes like embers glowing
 In the darkness of the night,
 And his pace as swift as light:
 Look!—how round his straining throat
 Grace and shifting beauty float,
 Sinewy strength is on his reins,
 And the red blood gallops through his veins,—
 Richer, redder never ran
 Through the boasting heart of man.
 He can trace his lineage higher
 Than the Bourbon dare aspire—
 Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
 Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He—who hath no peer—was born
Here, upon a red March morn,
 But his famous fathers dead
 Were Arabs all, and Arab bred;
 And the last of that great line
 Seemed as of a race divine;—
 And yet—he was but friend to one
 Who fed him at the set of sun,
 By some lone fountain fringed with green:
 With *him*, a roving Bedouin,
 He lived,—(none else would he obey
 Through all the hot Arabian day,)—
 And died untamed upon the sands
 Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

[B. C.]

LUCY FRANKLIN.

It seems but yesterday that she stood by my side, murmuring the words which were to make her mine for ever:—*but* yesterday! and yet a world is between us. I have been sitting by the monument which covers all of her that remains on earth, dreaming of the days when we were together, when I *might* have made her happy; and still, as the summer wind bent the long grass on the graves, and fanned without cooling my feverish cheek, I could think of her only in her bridal dress, with her light hair banded and confined with pearls, and her long eyelashes imprisoning back the tears which slowly collected in her downcast eyes.

Oh, those eyes! I have never beheld, I never *shall* behold any so beautiful. She had that peculiar formation of brow which leaves the eye in depth of shadow, and which, even when accompanied by harshness of feature, gives an expression of spiritual talent and grandeur of soul, but when the countenance is naturally soft, makes the human face “as it were the face of an angel.” Of this latter class were the eyes of my Lucy; there was a calmness in them which almost amounted to melancholy, and a mingled expression of purity and dignity which made it impossible to meet them without shrinking. The first time I ever heard her name was from the lips of one of my profligate companions; it was coupled with a jest, and the assurance that *even I*, do what I might, should never be able to win the heart of Lucy Franklin. The defiance contained in this speech was the first cause of my making acquaintance with my future wife. But it was not with such views that I approached her; an ardent wish to prove myself irresistible, to make a conquest of that young pure heart,—without one thought beyond, without one reflection what might be the consequence to *her*,—alone possessed me. The vanity of *self* was all of which my soul was susceptible.

She was the orphan daughter of a clergyman, and educated by an old maiden aunt; the gates of my uncle's place, Beech Park, opened into the village close to the cottage where they lived, and it was the constant practice of my uncle to take his young male visitors to see “that pretty little creature at Ivy House.”

I went down to Beech Park full of visionary schemes respecting Lucy, and was the first to propose a walk through the Park to the village in the course of the next day. We entered with very little ceremony, the servant having assured us that Miss Lucy was already in the sitting-room, and before the inmates of Ivy House had leisure to pause from their occupation. What that occupation was, I was for some time at a loss to conceive. There was a small silver saucepan on the fire, the contents of which the maiden aunt, with a most severe expression of countenance, was carefully stirring, occasionally pouring in a few drops from a bottle of almond oil which stood on the table. Lucy was assiduously scraping thin flakes from a circular cake of pure wax which she held in one hand; the sleeve of the dress being partially turned back to prevent its interfering with her operations, and serving at the same time to display a very white and round wrist; and a hand, which, like the leaf of a flower you longed to touch that you might assure yourself the texture really *was* as

much like satin as it appeared. I could not resist asking the nature of their employment.—“We are making cold cream,” said Lucy, in the calmest tone imaginable. This was not romantic, for a first introduction; and, I know not why, I felt disappointed that Lucy was not more fluttered and confused at the interruption we occasioned. In spite of what I had been told, I had been able to draw but two pictures in my own mind—that of a village coquette and a village simpleton; Lucy was neither. I have never known any one to whom the term “*lady-like*” might so justly be applied. The word is generally used to describe a manner, combining great gentleness and great self-possession, and in both these respects Lucy’s manner was perfect.

After this day, my visits at Ivy House were very frequent, and before six months were out, Lucy’s heart was my own. I had the assurance from her own gentle lips; but long before that murmured confession thrilled through my brain, I was passionately, fondly, and, as I imagined, *unalterably* attached to her. I won her heart, as I had madly boasted, but it was only by the exchange of my own. In another month we were man and wife.

My marriage with a portionless village beauty was the subject of much wonder and ridicule among my previous associates; but for more than a year, I was too happy to heed any thing but the words and smiles from Lucy’s lips.

And *she* was very happy too. Her young heart’s love had been pent up within her own breast for years. Her aunt, though she assiduously provided for all her wants, both of body and mind, had none of that feminine tenderness requisite to obtain the confidence and secure the affections of very young persons: she did her duty by the orphan, and strictly, but she did nothing more. Her conduct was the result of principle, not of feeling, and Lucy looked back with yearning regret to the days when the pressure of her father’s hand, or the smile on her mother’s face, told her how much she was beloved.

After her marriage, she had again a home where every token of affection, almost of worship, was lavished upon her; and often, as her head lay on my bosom in the summer evenings which followed that winter, and the long curls of her light hair fell over my shoulder, she has murmured the words, “God has made me so happy, Frederick, that I fear it *cannot* last.”

The first cloud which darkened this glorious prospect was in consequence of my not attending divine worship with her. Once or twice at Beech Park I had gone to the village church with them, and I had even knelt in mockery before the Deity whose existence I doubted; but I heard nothing in that consecrated temple but the gentle breathing, or murmured response, of the being who knelt by my side; I saw nothing but the dark shadow of her half-closed eye on the rose-leaf cheek below; I felt nothing but the fever of earthly passion; and though her religion made her doubly lovely in my eyes, it never occurred to me that it was one we might *both* feel, *both* revere.

Since my marriage, I had, as much as possible, eluded her endeavours to win me to accompany her; but it was by a thousand little stratagems and false excuses, for I felt instinctively that a knowledge of my opinions would give her pain. One evening, however, she

pressed me on the subject, and anxiously commented upon what she termed my *sinful indolence*. I was out of humour; I had lost a large sum at *ecarté* the preceding night, and I answered in a hasty and almost contemptuous manner, expressing my utter disbelief of the whole system to which she was wedded. I raised my eyes, in order to quell by a look any attempt at argument or reasoning, and was struck by the expression of her countenance. Alarm, incredulity, and agony were painted in that expressive face, and she became as pale as marble. At length she spoke a few words, as if in conclusion of a chain of thought, rather than positively addressing me—the sentiment was truly a woman's. "And you do not believe that we shall meet hereafter! Oh, my God! Frederick, *are* you serious?" And she bowed her head on the table, and gave way to a passion of tears.

From this time I carefully avoided all conversation that could possibly lead to religious discussion. She seemed to feel that this was purposely done, and it was only now and then, when I caught those spiritual eyes fixed anxiously upon me, as I looked up from my book or letter, that I was made to feel how deep was the wound I had inflicted. Something, however, led to the forbidden topic one evening, and she rose and came round to the chair where I had been reading, and taking my hand, looked earnestly in my face. It was impossible to meet those eyes and feel harshly; besides, I felt that some explanation *must* take place, and the sooner it was over, the better. I let her, therefore, speak on without interruption. I recollect little of her arguments, except that there was more of apparent thorough conviction, than clear reasoning, in them; and as soon as she had concluded, I said, still retaining the hand I held: "Lucy, I have never attempted in any way to interfere with your faith; I admire your principles—I love your virtues; but we do, and must continue to think differently on these points. It is better, therefore, that we should avoid a subject which can only lead to disputes. Henceforth let religion never be mentioned between us." I said this gravely and decidedly, and after a few tears, she kissed my forehead, and promised to obey me; but our happiness was already rendered imperfect—there was *one* subject on which sympathy was forbidden, and that subject, the most important that human beings can reason upon. The apparent effect upon Lucy was not, indeed, great; she seemed to a casual observer, exactly as gay, as happy, as contented, as before; but I *knew* she suffered. There are things, in themselves exceedingly trivial, which betray the real feeling of persons we love and are accustomed to watch; their manner may undergo no alteration obvious to strangers, and yet a sudden expression of sadness—a shrinking from a name or word casually pronounced—a shade of difference in the tone of the voice, or the lightness of the step, will be as certain indications of deep sorrow as the most obvious display of it. It was one of these very trivial circumstances that principally struck and continually reminded me of that evening's conversation.

Lucy had a way, when in great spirits, or when suddenly moved to gaiety, of tossing back her head and flinging the light curls from her open brow while she laughed. I used particularly to remark this in the long winter evenings, when she sat on a low ottoman at my feet reading or conversing by the fire. I have ever before me the sudden turn

of that small, distinguished head—the look of arch playfulness and purity; and even while I sit by her tomb I hear the laugh that captivated me, the laugh that was like a fall of silver bells. After that evening, on which I had expressed my determination never even to hear her on the subject of religion, Lucy's manner was more still, more composed; and when she laughed I felt sad, for except once or twice when playing with her child, I never saw her fling back those curls in sudden gaiety again.

The remembrance may make others smile, but to me it is full of bitterness.

It was about three years after our marriage that I became acquainted with Lady Eleanor Staunton. We were spending the winter at Rome for the benefit of Lucy's health, which had latterly become very delicate; and the first introduction was brought about by my little son, whose beauty had attracted Lady Eleanor's notice. During the time we remained abroad I saw a great deal of this lady; she was beautiful, accomplished, and on bad terms with her husband, who was allowed by every one to have the worst temper in the world, and to have been guilty of the most flagrant inconstancy, from a passion for an Italian countess down to an *affaire du cœur* with his laundress's niece. Lady Eleanor stormed, wept, upbraided, and consoled herself with the most entertaining society in one of the finest palaces in Rome. She had *tableaux* acted at her house, and piqued herself on being as Italian as her glorious dark eyes and southern complexion made her appear. In every thing she was the reverse of my Lucy, and yet insensibly I grew to prefer her society to my own home.

The first serious quarrel I ever had with my wife was on Lady Eleanor's account. The latter had requested me to allow my little boy to represent the infant Jesus in Raphael's "Madonna della Seggiola;" I promised it without hesitation, and on my return home mentioned my wishes on the subject to Lucy. To my surprise and displeasure, Lucy opposed the scheme with more firmness than was usual with her, when I appeared to have decided in favour of any scheme. I questioned her, but received a vague answer, and laying her hand lightly on my arm, she added, "Let your poor Lucy have her way for once." I was too much irritated by her unlooked-for opposition to be soothed by a gentle word; besides, I reflected on the disappointment Lady Eleanor would experience should her little favourite be detained. I spoke harshly; I accused Lucy of caprice; I commanded her to state her reasons. She hesitated; I pressed her angrily, and at length, after a pause, she replied, "that, in her opinion, it was wrong to represent the Saviour, and that she did not wish her innocent child to join in a mockery of holy things, in order to minister to the caprices of a bad, unhappy woman." I looked at her as she spoke; her eye was cast down; her cheek was crimson: for the first time, I suspected her of insincerity. "Lucy," said I, "this is nonsense; there *can* be no sin, even in *your* eyes, in your child sitting in attitude to represent a famous picture; and if it were wrong, he is too young to be conscious of it. I can see through your shallow artifice; you are jealous, childishly jealous, of Lady Eleanor: how *dare* you judge another, and pronounce her bad without proof?" Lucy raised her eyes; there was sorrow, foreboding, and a shade of re-

proach in them; but she merely replied, "You wrong me, Frederick, I speak from my soul when I tell you I think it wrong."—"Right or wrong, Madam, he shall go," said I, bursting into ungovernable passion, "and I shall give his nurse the necessary orders." I left the room accordingly, and did not again see Lucy till the moment before my departure. The dying glories of an Italian sunset beamed through the open window of the drawing-room when I entered; Lucy was sitting near it with the child on her knee, gazing sadly at the blue heaven; she started when she saw me, and murmuring a farewell blessing as she kissed the forehead of that precious one, seemed to await the moment when I should lift it from her knee. I was touched, in spite of myself, and as I took the boy gently in my arms, I said, "He shall not be long away, Lucy." She pressed my hand, and smiled slightly. I turned once more when I reached the door, and saw that her eyes, which followed us, were full of tears. I shut the door, and ordered the coachman to drive to Lady Eleanor Staunton's.

How anxiously I watched for *the* tableau of the evening! how my heart beat as the dark curtain drew up, and I beheld Lady Eleanor seated in the full blaze of light and beauty, with my child upon her knee, and her own boy, who was some years older than mine, by her side as John the Baptist. Never had I seen this truly beautiful woman to such advantage, and yet my heart and my eyes were dissatisfied. Lucy's melancholy face in the sunset, her tearful expressive eyes, rose before me and blotted out the images present to my senses; it was Lucy and my child I saw; in my own home, where she was sitting alone, grieved and mortified, while her little one was among strangers, "ministering to the caprices of a bad, unhappy woman." Suddenly, a murmur of admiration ran round the spectators and startled me into consciousness—I looked, and shared the feeling—my boy's attitude had changed. A child is seldom awkward in its movements, because they are free from constraint; the necessity of assuming a particular posture had given a want of nature and grace, which was perceptible, in spite of the natural beauty of my infant son. As I mechanically advanced, his quick eye had perceived me; he sat with a smile of intense joy on his bright face; his round arms stretched towards me; his body inclined forward, looking as if the motionless arm that encircled him alone prevented his springing into the air—never did I see so beautiful a *tableau*. The curtain fell, and I carried him home amid congratulations and compliments without end, and felt all a father's vanity, as I again restored him to Lucy and told her the little anecdote.

The evening's pleasure was, however, to be followed by many days and nights of heavy anxiety. The heat, the dressing and undressing, the sudden change of temperature, proved too much for the constitution of our child; a violent attack on the lungs was the consequence of my imprudence, and for some days it was uncertain whether his life would be spared to us. We watched together by his bedside, and I fancied I observed that Lucy avoided meeting my eyes, for fear I should read reproach in her's. He recovered, and we were again comparatively happy; but from that time Lucy's manner underwent a visible change towards Lady Eleanor. Gentle she ever was, but she could assume a chilling coldness, which was far more galling than

the most open dislike, and which forbade all attempt at explanation; such was the manner she adopted towards one she could not but consider as a rival, and the result was the most passionate re-monstrance from Lady Eleanor when I saw her alone. I was provoked and irritated, but unless I could have altered the feeling which gave rise to my wife's displeasure, I was well aware that any change of manner was hopeless.

A circumstance soon occurred which prevented all farther struggle or anxiety on the subject. Lady Eleanor had a superb voice, and was in the habit of singing duets with Lucy in the early part of our acquaintance, and although their friendship had gradually cooled, and while Lucy's manner had taken a tone of distance and consciousness of injury, Lady Eleanor had thrown into her's a mixture of haughtiness and dread, they still continued, from time to time, to practise together, as they had originally done, and except on the mornings devoted to this purpose, I was seldom or ever at home. Lucy, meanwhile, though she lost her spirits, improved in health, and the season approached when the doctor thought she might safely return to England—that season to which I had looked forward with such eager hope, and which I would now willingly have retarded for months, years, or half an immortality.

One morning, Lady Eleanor was admitted while Lucy was still walking on the terrace of our garden. She laid the roll of music-paper on the piano, and complained of fatigue, of head-ache, and finally of low spirits; these complaints ended in the one great subject of grievance—Lucy's altered manner, and at length, with a passionate flood of tears, her head sank on my shoulder. I gazed on those dark flashing eyes, where the lightning and the rain mingled, and uttered hasty words of consolation, such, perhaps, as many a wiser man has spoken in like circumstances. I remember well my last sentence:—"What, my beloved, can it signify whose manner alters to you so long as mine remains the same, so long as I adore you?" I started and looked up, for I thought some one entered; but the door remained closed. Lady Eleanor gradually became more composed, and I went in search of Lucy. She was not in the garden; I entered her boudoir, and begged her to come down and practise the duet. While I spoke, I looked from the window to the terrace; for when conscience smote me, I dreaded Lucy's eye. "Do you *really* wish me to sing with that woman?" said she, in a low, firm voice. I turned, she was as pale as death. I recollected my belief that some one had entered the drawing-room during Lady Eleanor's grief, and a dead weight fell on my heart. I remained silent. Lucy approached, and in a tone that gradually swelled to agonized appeal, addressed me on the subject of my infatuation for her rival. "If," said she, "any thing has displeased you, if I have been careless of your wishes, or given involuntary offence by word, tone, or look, tell me of it, and it will go hard with me but I will satisfy you. Do not leave me for bright looks and wanton words; for the sake of a feeling which will pass away, and a heart that is not worthy of your own. Oh! be in your home what you *were* when we were so happy, when your affection only wandered from me to our child, and from him to me again. Take me back—oh! take me back to England! I am better—I am quite well

—I would rather die there by your side, than live here, where the long days pass with scarce a glimpse of you. Husband! Frederick! what have I done that you should cease to love me?" She sank on her knees as she spoke the last words, and buried her face in her hands. Gently, very gently, I drew those hands away; and as I bent to kiss her brow, I said, "In a week, Lucy, we shall be on our way home."

Two years passed away, after our return to England, in peace and happiness. Sometimes, indeed, the image of Lady Eleanor Staunton would rise in all its brightness and beauty, and force a reluctant sigh; sometimes I was strongly tempted to ask Lucy to sing one, *but* one, of the airs *she* used to sing; or, on a summer evening, the languid fragrance of the flowers, the faint breeze, and the deep blue sky, brought dim and intoxicating memories of the past, which caused a sensation more like regret than I would have cared to own to my wife; but this was all. I did not write to Lady Eleanor—I never spoke of her—I only heard of her by chance, and from common acquaintances. Those only who have treasured a name till the sound becomes one of the spells of the heart—

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound—"

can understand or sympathise with my sensations on such occasions. The mixture of sadness, irritation, anxiety, and tenderness, with which we hear that name bandied from lip to lip, as a topic for careless discourse, as the theme of some idle tale, and stand by the while, feeling as if it were some possession, some dear inheritance, which we dare not claim from the hand of the stranger, is to be understood, but not to be expressed: and, more than all, to hear that name lightly spoken of, coupled perhaps with a profligate jest—oh! how often have I answered with a word and a smile, when I would have given a curse and a blow—how often—alas! *her* name was but lightly esteemed, and yet—*I loved her!*

It was the third summer after our arrival that we went for a short time to Worthing, in order that the little boy might have the benefit of sea air and bathing. The place was insufferably dull, the weather insufferably hot; two or three of my dullest acquaintance were there, and hung upon me like bees whose hive has been overthrown. My temper became irritated; I was provoked even by Lucy's excessive enjoyment of her walks by the sea-side and her tea-drinking in the open air. I was on the point of setting off for London, and leaving her and the child to follow, when an unexpected attraction detained me. Lucy came into my study one afternoon in one of her gayest moods, and requested me to put on my hat and come out with her. With a groan and a yawn, I flung down an essay on petrifications (which had been sent me from the circulating-library, instead of the *Life of Locke*, which I had asked for), and followed my wife.

"It is just the thing to please you, Frederick," said she, as with an inquiring glance at the sky I laid my hand on my umbrella: "paintings; some original, some copied beautifully from the best masters, by a poor fisherman's son, who *never had any instruction at all!* It is quite wonderful, I assure you." We proceeded to view the collection in a crowded room at the hotel, the master of which piqued himself on

encouraging the fine arts. I had so often been deceived in the expectation of finding amusement in exhibitions of the same sort, that I was surprised into a sort of admiration of the talent evinced in some of the pictures which presented themselves to my view. There were several good sea-pieces; a fine head of Christ; and, above all, there was a correct copy of the Madonna della Seggiola. "There, Lucy, I will buy that," said I, pointing to the picture. "Oh! no, no, no, not that—any one *but* that!" was her reply. I laughed peevishly, and turned to ask the artist the price of his performance. He was a thin, pale, eager-faced being, and formed by his figure and countenance a fine contrast to his aged mother by whom he stood, and whose small, expressionless eyes glittered with pleasure as she gazed on the crowd assembled to view and purchase her son's works.

Between me and the painter stood a figure, evidently occupied with inquiries respecting the same piece I had fixed on. The back was turned to me; but the graceful arm, extended as if pointing to the Madonna, though half concealed by the thick drapery of her shawl, revealed the speaker. I advanced, hesitated, advanced again.—Ah! I had not seen her in every variety of mood; I had not watched every attitude of that perfect form, to forget Lady Eleanor Staunton. I greeted her eagerly; and I felt—*she* felt, that I was glad to meet her. A brief explanation removed all my surprise at seeing her there: she was but lately arrived; Mr. Staunton was obliged to press forward to London, on business; and she had requested permission to visit an aunt, whose declining health obliged her to become an inhabitant of some watering-place, and who, in consequence, had taken a house at Worthing. Here, then, was the temptation I had ceased to seek; nay, which I had studiously avoided, again thrown in my path. It is needless to recount, step by step, the renewal of this dangerous intimacy. It suffices to say, that, in a short time, every thing pertaining to, or connected with, Lady Eleanor's name, was a pleasant delirium; all that was not belonging or relating to *her*, a dull blank. We had prolonged our stay at Worthing two months longer than we intended; when, one evening, as I sat alone in my study, a note was brought me from Lady Eleanor. It informed me of the expected arrival of Mr. Staunton the ensuing day, and concluded thus:—"Oh! that the cold links that bind us for ever apart from each other, could be dissolved by some magic spell! That I might follow you, my beloved, through this weary world, as I have done in dreams; that I might live with one, from whose eye I did not shrink, from whose love I did not recoil; peril, sorrow, *death* should not bar me from you; where you wandered I would go; 'thy people should be my people, and thy God my God!' But this is frenzy; I rave, and then remember what I am!" As I read the last sentence, I thought I heard voices in Lucy's room: "Conscience makes cowards of us all." I rose, and softly opened my dressing-room door, between which and my wife's apartment there was a very short passage. Her door was also open; she was seated on a low ottoman, and at her feet knelt our little boy, for his evening prayer. His back was turned, and I could only see the shining curls of his hair, as the light of the lamp fell full upon them. Lucy's face was bent low, and half in shadow, and a holy glory beamed in her eyes, which were fixed on

her child. I stood awed, motionless; fearful almost to profane by my breathing, the silence around. Mechanically I thought over those wild words, "Thy people should be my people, and thy God my God." "Our father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name," murmured the little child. The sweet low words went to my heart; I shut my dressing-room door, and buried my face in my hands; and then I started up, and tore the letter of the temptress into a thousand atoms.

Would that I had died that night! Would that I had perished when I first felt the sense of overwhelming shame and regret; when I remembered and sighed for the day when I, too, knelt at my mother's knee, to pray against temptation; when I made weak and miserable, but sincere resolutions, against the wrong, and for the right. But my punishment would then have been spared me.

There are but two other days of my early life worth recording: to one, I look back with horror and remorse; to the other, with chastened sorrow, and a spirit bowed and humbled. The first of these memorable days saw me vowed to Lady Eleanor Staunton. She wrote me a hurried frenzied note, intreating me to see her for half an hour. I obeyed the summons, and found her in a state bordering on distraction: she said that her maid had betrayed her, that her desk had been broken open, my letters and picture taken from it; that her husband had mounted his horse, and rode off, full gallop, but *where* she knew not. Of this only she was certain, that such was his violence, that, should he find her in the house when he returned, he would murder her. She assured me, that he had frequently struck her on slight provocations. She knelt at my feet, and clung to me—she wept, nay, shrieked, in the vehemence of her passion, and declared, that if I forsook her, she would put an end to her existence. I raised her from the ground, soothed her, bade her rely on me, and, leaving her at an hotel, with directions to the landlord to have a carriage and four in waiting by the time I should return, I hurried home.

How well every incident of that evening is impressed on my memory! I still see the cold pure waves dashing on the shore; I still hear the booming of the surf, as it broke the reflected beams of the moon into phosphoric sparkles; I still behold the line of pale light which bounded the mighty ocean in the distance. The fisherman's song; the shrill laugh of children; the hoarse call of boatmen; and the confused murmur of a summer twilight, are still in my ear, as they sounded then; and yet, what remains of the fearful realities of that evening, but a dream of regret!

I shut myself in my study, and wrote a long incoherent letter to my wife. I read it over; I figured *her* reading it, and it appeared a mockery of her patient love. I tore it to pieces with my teeth, and stamped the fragments under my feet; I sat down again, and wrote a few hasty words, containing an assurance that I had not left her for long, and nerved myself to enter her room. I listened at the door for a moment before I turned the lock; but all was silent—she slept; I stole softly to her bed-side, and gazed on that pure pale face, with its shadowy brow. Involuntarily I contrasted its expression with the haggard beauty of the weary and passion-distorted countenance

which, a short time since, presented itself to my view ; it was the contrast of sin and innocence. I looked round the apartment, and my eyes fell on the young artist's Madonna, which hung over the chimney-piece: the night-lamp which stood under it, dimly lighted up the features of the infant Jesus, the female figure remaining in deep shade. Suddenly, the *tableau* of that evening at Rome flashed across me. I saw my boy on Eleanor's knee; I saw Lucy's look of sorrowful reproach, when I insisted on taking him with me. I was roused from my reverie by the sound of the church clock; it was an hour beyond the time I had appointed with Lady Eleanor! I started up, and, in a few moments, the damp coolness of the night air fell on my brow.

I remained with Eleanor long after the delirious passion which had filled my heart had ceased to find a place there. Her faults, to which I had been blind while they affected not me, now became glaringly visible: her restless vanity and love of conquest; the fearful violence of her temper; the wild jealousy, not of my affection, but my *esteem*, for the forsaken Lucy, sickened and disgusted me. I grew weary; her very beauty, lost its charm, for I could not gaze on her without reflecting how stormy a burst might in a moment destroy (*to me*) the features I looked on, and light into ungovernable fury the latent fire of her passionate eyes. All my confidence, too, in her love was destroyed. Accustomed to the feminine dignity of my wife's manner to her male acquaintance, I was shocked and ashamed when Eleanor lavished on every coxcomb round her marks of preference and regard. I grew sick of her *demi-mots*; what had once appeared wit, seemed forwardness; what had been playfulness, appeared coquetry; and the expression of her "laughter-lighted eyes," seemed to me that which might be supposed to animate the countenance of a female demon—a mixture of talent and wantonness. Then, too, the torture, the *hell*, of being unable to introduce her to any *but* male acquaintances; the shrinking and whispering of dames, who had, at least, preserved their reputation, whatever other loss they might have sustained, when Eleanor (which happened, rarely) was visible in the streets or public walks of Paris. And all this she seemed to feel and observe less than I did; or if observed, her feeling of it was only shown by a flash from those wild eyes, and a haughtier and firmer step. There was no *woman's shrinking* about her; Byron's Gulnare was gentle in comparison. The feeling of tenderness called forth by the evident suffering of one whom we ourselves have reduced to a painful and galling situation, was never aroused by Eleanor: for humility and tenderness, which I had looked for, I found pride and defiance. She was born to sin, and to brave the consequences of sin.

Mr. Staunton obtained a divorce and heavy damages, and I still remained with Eleanor, though sick at heart; weary of her, of life, of every thing, and regretting my abandoned Lucy, and the tranquil blessings of my home. I was at Paris, and the severe winter of 18— was setting in, when one morning I was startled by finding on the breakfast-table a letter, the superscription of which was in Lucy's hand-writing. My hand shook violently as I broke the seal: it contained but a few words, which were as follow:—

“ My dear Husband;

“ Our (*my* was scratched out) little boy has got a return of his old complaint on the lungs: the doctors here have pronounced him in great and immediate danger. Under such circumstances, I am sure I know you well enough to depend on your allowing nothing to detain you at Paris. Pray, *pray* come to us, for I am very wretched. Oh! Frederick, if it should please God to take him from us! Ever your own,

Worthing.

LUCY.”

I waited till Lady Eleanor entered the breakfast-room, and, after a few preliminary words, I read the letter to her. Anger and contempt shadowed her face, and her answer grated on my feelings: “ You are impatient to return, Frederick, and you cannot do better than catch at the first *woman's* excuse offered to you. I have no doubt you will find your child perfectly well by the time its mother welcomes you.” She paused for a few moments, and then spoke with much emotion: the substance of her speech kept me silent, while it filled me with surprise and indignation. She withdrew all claim on my protection, and declared her intention of marrying a Mr. Sullivan, who had occasionally visited at my house, and sung with her; and whose extreme boyishness, both of age and appearance, had never allowed me, for one instant, to look upon him as a subject for Eleanor's coquetry. She disgusted me by her cold calculation of the advantages to be derived from this step; she reminded me, that, although she was divorced, I could not do her the justice of marrying her; she assured me the young man was passionately attached to her, and that her conduct was excused in his eyes by the ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~equi~~ ^{equi} ~~ty~~ ^{ty} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~husband~~ ^{husband}. She might have spoken for hours. I rose, and could not forbear exclaiming, “ Well, Eleanor, I could not have believed you would have been so false.” Never did I behold fury in woman like that she displayed at these words. “ Do you reproach me with falsehood?—*you,*” exclaimed she, “ you, who led me on, step by step, till I became a living lie to all around me;—you, who, under the very eyes of the woman you professed to honour as a wife, gave stolen tokens of affection to your mistress?—You! Oh! man, man, do you not blush to talk of falsehood, knowing what you are? Fool!” continued she, yet more passionately, “ shall I, who played false in my husband's home, when my own happiness, my own interest, were bound up in my faith, be true to one who cannot aid me,—who has ceased to love me; and, like a wayward child, has broken through all restraint to obtain a toy, the possession of which already wearies him. Go! go back to your gentle Lucy, and offer her the dregs of a heart satiated with unholy passion. Go! and, as you have rendered vain, all sacrifice to *sin*, made for your sake; so may all your tardy sacrifice to *virtue* be also vain; and may every effort you make for the right be followed by bitterness and disappointment; may the being you abandoned forsake you in turn; and the home to which you return, be desolate!” I could not answer; her words fell like a knell on my ear; and, amid all the bewilderment of my feelings, rose the one thought, “ And this is she for whom I have given so much, whose love I deemed a compensation for all other blessings!”

I parted from Eleanor, and was soon on my way to England. At

Calais I was detained three days by stress of weather, in spite of bribe and exhortation to the captains of packets; but at length fortune favoured me; I touched English ground again; I heard English voices; and the evening of my arrival found me at the door of our cottage, at Worthing, in which Lucy had ever since continued to reside. The knocker was muffled: with a beating heart I rang the bell; I paused. No one answered my summons; I repeated the ring several times, and at length I heard a slow heavy step advance through the hall. I said to myself *then*, "My child is dead." The door was slowly opened by my old butler, who ejaculated in a sorrowful tone, "Good Lord! is it you, sir? it's all over!"—"When did it happen?" said I, as a cold chill fell on my heart. "This morning, sir, at eight o'clock; all's been done that could be done." I sprang past the old man, and rushed up stairs: even in those few moments I made resolutions for the future; I pictured to myself Lucy reviving under my care and consolations; I vowed eternal constancy and devotedness to her; I figured her weeping on my bosom, and looking up, in the midst of tears, to bless my return. I paused on the landing-place. Was it some wild dream, or did I indeed hear the voice of my little one? I pushed open the door of his apartment, which adjoined Lucy's:—why did my heart sicken, when I beheld my *living* child kneeling at his nurse's side, and slowly repeating that well-remembered prayer, "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." The woman screamed when she saw me, in vulgar terror and uncertainty; but my boy ran forward, and clung to me. I took him by the hand, and led him into Lucy's room. There, pale as the drapery beneath; slumbering, as when I last beheld her, lay my sainted wife; but her slumber was that from which there is no waking to terror, to bitterness, or to despair. I looked again: she was, according to the common phrase, *laid out*. At that moment, I felt as if it would have consoled me to have beheld her as she died. I felt as if the clasping of her hands, or the turn of that graceful head, could have told me whether she died thinking of *me*, with my name on her lips, with the hope of my return in her heart:—but in vain! There she lay, cold, stiff, and motionless for ever! Strangers had closed those pure and lovely eyes, and shaded that unconscious cheek with their long melancholy lashes; strangers had spoken the last words of consolation and tenderness, as that sinless soul winged its flight to another world. They told me she had died of a brain fever, brought on by excessive anxiety: they gave me the letters which had been received since she had been too ill to read them; and there, with the seal unbroken, was the one I had written from Paris, informing her of my speedy return. She had died without knowing of my repentance, of my love; Eleanor's curse was fulfilled; the home to which I returned *was* desolate!

LONDON LYRICS.

PROVERBS.

My good Aunt Bridget, spite of age,
 Versed in Valerian, Dock, and Sage,
 Well knew the Virtues of herbs ;
 But Proverbs gain'd her chief applause,
 " Child," she exclaim'd, " respect old saws,
 " And pin your faith on Proverbs."

Thus taught, I dubb'd my lot secure ;
 And, playing long-rope, " slow and sure,"
 Conceived my movement clever.
 When lo ! an urchin by my side
 Push'd me head foremost in, and cried—
 " Keep Moving," " Now or Never."

At Melton, next, I join'd the hunt,
 Of bogs and bushes bore the brunt,
 Nor once my courser held in ;
 But when I saw a yawning steep,
 I thought of " Look before you leap,"
 And curb'd my eager gelding.

While doubtful thus I rein'd my roan,
 Willing to save a fractured bone,
 Yet fearful of exposure ;
 A sportsman thus my spirit stirr'd—
 " Delays are dangerous,"—I spurr'd
 My steed, and leap'd th' enclosure.

I ogled Jane, who heard me say,
 That " Rome was not built in a day,"
 When lo ! Sir Fleet O'Grady
 Put this, my saw, to sea again,
 And proved, by running off with Jane,
 " Faint heart ne'er won fair Lady."

Aware " New Brooms sweep clean," I took
 An untaught tyro for a cook,
 (The tale I tell a fact is)
 She spoilt my soup : But, when I chid,
 She thus once more my work undid,
 " Perfection comes from Practice."

Thus, out of every adage hit,
 And, finding that ancestral wit
 As changeful as the clime is :
 From Proverbs, turning on my heel,
 I now cull Wisdom from my seal,
 Whose motto's " Ne quid nimis."

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

It may be recollected, perfectly by most, and painfully by many, that the year 1825 was a most speculative year, and the bubbles rose and burst every day in the week, during its continuance. Time, and—which sometimes makes a deeper impression where money is concerned—experience, seem to have cooled the ardour of enterprise, and accordingly, with the exception of now and then a fish-market or a railway, we have had very few magnificent combinations of emptiness and imprudence presented to our view, since that memorable period.

At length, however, the even tenour of our way is enlivened, and a new joint stock company has sprung up, under the pleasing title of the *Association for the encouragement of Literature*.

There is something exciting and exhilarating in the very name; to encourage literature—sounds well—and, although in former times to be a *Mæcenas* was a very delightful thing, we are now presented with an incorporated body of Mæcenases—a joint stock of liberality and encouragement; a twenty man-power of patronage. Let us, however, see the scheme of these projectors. It runs thus—

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

ADDRESS.

From the present mode of publishing Literary Works, considerable delay, inconvenience, and injury are frequently sustained by Authors, who may be desirous of sending forth their productions to the world.

A few Publishers monopolize in a great measure, not only the control over, but the profits of publications; consequently, they possess the power of depressing literary merit, and of misleading the public.

It often occurs, that the work of a friendless Author is lost to the public, in consequence of his want of sufficient means to publish on his own account, or from disappointment in the disposal of his manuscript. Thus dispirited, and pressed by want, he is compelled to relinquish entirely the pursuit of literature.

In order, therefore, to promote the general cause of Literature, and to benefit Authors, by enabling them to participate more largely in the profits attendant on the publication of meritorious works, this Association has been formed, without any intention, on the part of the Association, of interfering with the general or particular interests of Booksellers.

At a General Meeting held at the British Coffee-house, Cockspur-street, on Monday, Feb. 14, 1831, William Alexander Mackinnon, Esq. in the Chair; the Provisional Committee, appointed by the Meeting held on the 8th of January, and consisting of the under-mentioned Gentlemen,—Colonel Broughton, Thomas Campbell, Esq. Captain Frederick Chamier, R.N. Sir George Duckett, Bart. F.R.S. Alexander Henderson, Esq. M.D. F.S.A. William Alexander Mackinnon, Esq. F.R.S. Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N. C.B. F.R.S. F.L.S. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart. F.R.S. S.A. Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart. F.R.S. J. H. Pope, Esq. Nicholas A. Vigors, Esq. F.R.S. The Reverend A. S. Wade, D.D. F.S.A. Ralph Watson, Esq. F.R.S. Sir T. Charles Yates, Knt. made the following Report:—

The Committee have the honour to submit, for consideration and adoption, the following Rules or Regulations, which, on the best consideration they have been able to give to the subject, they beg to recommend as the basis on which the Association shall be established:—

1. That an Association be formed, for the purpose of benefiting authors and encouraging literary merit, to be styled an "Association for the Encouragement of Literature."
2. That the Association do consist of not less than two hundred members; each to be responsible for the amount of £50, if required, forming a capital of £10,000; and that a deposit of £10 be paid forthwith by each member, into the hands of Sir George Duckett, Bart., Morlands, and Co., Bankers of the Association; and that as soon as one hundred members shall have subscribed, the Committee do commence operations.
3. That the means by which the Association propose to further the object above stated, shall be, bearing the expense of publishing works of merit, in every branch of Literature, whose authors may be unable to do so themselves; or, who may be otherwise desirous of placing their works in the hands of the Association.

4. That in all such undertakings, the Association shall be guided by three principles, viz.

First. The disavowal of all personal profit, on the part of its members.

Second. The benefit of the Author. And

Third. The prosperity and efficiency of the Association, including reimbursement of the sums advanced by the members.

5. That a Committee of twenty-one Members (five of whom shall be a quorum for the despatch of business) shall be appointed by a majority of votes at a General Meeting, to be called "The Committee of General Management:" five to go out annually; but who shall not be eligible for re-election till after a year: the vacancies to be filled up by ballot at the Annual General Meeting. The Committee to be empowered to submit a list of names for that purpose.

6. That no publisher, or bookseller, shall be eligible to be a Member of the Committee of General Management.

7. That to prevent the influence of private or party feeling in the selection of works for publication, such works shall be received by the Committee *without signature*, but distinguished by some motto; which motto must also be inscribed on the envelope of a sealed letter, accompanying the work, and containing the name and address of the Author: this letter shall not be opened but in the event of a favourable decision upon the work itself, and then in the presence of the Committee; or, in case of the work being rejected, shall, on application, be returned unopened, with the manuscript.

8. That the account of every work published by the Association shall be made up within six months, (or as soon after as may be practicable,) from the time of publication; and the proceeds shall be allotted, in conformity with the principles above specified, in the following manner:—

First. The actual expenses of publication shall be discharged.

Second. The amount of remuneration shall be awarded, and paid to the Author, as soon as possible, in the following ratio, viz.

Out of the first hundred pounds, surplus balance	50 per cent.
Out of the second do. do.	65 do.
Out of the third do. do.	75 do.
Out of all sums exceeding three hundred pounds do. 90 do.	

Third. The remainder shall be carried to the account of the Association.

9. Should other editions of a work be called for, they shall be published on the same terms; but with this proviso, viz. that after closing the account of the first, or any subsequent edition, the Author shall have the privilege of purchasing back the copyright of his work, at a price to be fixed by the Committee, upon a fair calculation of the proceeds, and in accordance with the fixed principles of the Association. No such privilege being claimed, the copyright to become the property of the Association.

10. That the Committee, when it shall appear to them expedient, be empowered to advance to an Author whose work they shall have determined to publish, a sum not exceeding £100; but such grant must be sanctioned by a General Meeting of the Committee. This power is to be exercised with due caution, and never but in cases of peculiar urgency.

11. That at the conclusion of every year the accounts of the Association shall be made up; and the sums carried to its credit in the following manner, viz.

First. The actual expenses of management—which, when audited, shall be passed.

Second. The sums advanced by members—which shall be repaid in such proportions as the profits of the Association will admit.

Third. The balance of the general receipts beyond the total expenditure—which shall be carried to the credit of the funds of the Association for the current year.

12. That the Committee of General Management shall be empowered to enact By-laws and Regulations for its own guidance; to appoint a Secretary or Clerk, a Reader or Readers, as may be required, and such other officers as may be considered absolutely necessary. But that in all cases where it is intended to attach a salary to an office, such salary shall be submitted for the sanction of a General Meeting.

13. That five Members be appointed a Committee of Finance, whose duty it shall be to conduct the pecuniary affairs of the Association; in whose names its funds shall be lodged at the Bankers; and two of whose signatures, with that of one of the members of the General Committee, shall be affixed to all Drafts, Bills, and Receipts, on account of the Association; the Members of the Committee of Finance to be *ex officio* Members of the General Committee.

14. That the Committee of Finance shall be the constituted Trustees of the Association.

15. That Quarterly Meetings of the Association shall take place on the second Wednesdays of April, July, October, and January; the Annual General Meeting shall take place seven days after the April Quarterly Meeting in each year; when the Committee shall make their report of the occurrences of the year, and of the general state of the Association; the Trustees shall submit a statement of the Finances; the vacancies in the Committee shall be filled up; and such other business shall be transacted as may be necessary.

16. That no new Regulations, or alteration of old ones, shall be valid until they shall have received the sanction of a General Meeting.

17. That the Committee may at any time summon a Special General Meeting of the Association, upon specifying in the summons the occasion for which it be assembled, and giving Ten Days' notice of the same.—Also, That any Ten Members of the Association shall have the same power upon the same conditions.

18. That at the Quarterly Meeting of January, five Auditors, of whom three shall be a quorum, shall be elected from the Members, not being of the Committee, to audit the accounts of the year, for submission to the General Meeting in April.

19. That in the event of a dissolution of the Association, it shall be considered pledged to appropriate any balance then standing at its credit (after payment of all such charges and advances, as are provided for in these Regulations, shall have been made) to the benefit of distressed Authors and their families, under the superintendence of the Committee of General Management.

The array of names in this prospectus gives a weight and character to the undertaking, that every body must admit; and the Provisional Committee appears to combine within itself, all the different interests of Army, Navy, Church, Medicine, Law, Diplomacy, Trade and Science, Citizens, Doctors, Captains, Colonels, Poets, Merchants, Clergymen, Ambassadors, Baronets, Physicians, Bankers, and Traders; all combine to establish this most useful Society, and lend their fostering hands to genius in distress.

We shall take leave, merely, to observe upon *the means* by which the passengers in this Literary Omnibus intend to effect their object, on *the necessity* for such an institution at the present time, and on *the effect* producible by their exertions, upon the reputation and profit of the living authors.

Now, in the first place, the Omnibus drivers and passengers disclaim all personal profit; they have nothing in view but the benefit of the author; and the mode by which they reduce their liberal theory to practice is this:—They take a man's work, and if they approve of it, by ballot, (upon which proceeding we shall presently offer a few observations,) they do him the favour to print it; having secured themselves from all risk, by a process to which we call particular attention—They print the book, and first of all, before the favoured author gets one sixpence, *they pay themselves*—that is to say, in their own words—*First!* the actual expenses of publication *shall be discharged*. Well; then the Society is safe—the author much where he was. But then, *Secondly*, we find that the author, *as soon as possible*, is to receive out of the first hundred pounds clear profit on his book—if that profit ever should arise—what?—why, *fifty per cent.*, that is to say, *one half* of what has been cleared; if his book realizes one hundred pounds more, he is to get sixty-five; if it realizes three hundred pounds, he is to get seventy-five more; and if it realizes ten thousand pounds, he is never to get more than nine thousand—and then, say these disinterested people, the “*remainder is to be carried to the account of the Association.*”

But if the success of the work should be great, and new editions should be called for, the author has the privilege of publishing such new editions *on his own account*, by purchasing his copyright from the Society, at a price to be fixed by them, a price, probably, equal to the whole amount he had before received for it; and moreover, as a farther *bonus*, if he is not pleased with that arrangement, or has not the money to buy back what he need never have parted with, this kind patronizing body declares that the copyright altogether becomes their property. If these are not patrons of literature, and encouragers of genius, who are?

But now, for the process by which the works of these unknown and oppressed geniuses who are to astonish the world, are to be admitted to the extensive pri-

vileges, which we have already described. They are to be submitted to a Committee with all the formalities of mottoes and seals, and accompanying letters, like Prize Essays, or Architectural designs, or tenders for beef or pork, or any other classical commodity, and then they are to be judged and decided on by the said Committee, to whom they are to be read on particular days.

If any body will take any published work, and inquire of seven different persons their separate opinions upon it, we will venture a wager that no two agree as to its merits or demerits: put a novel (we will suppose) before the Provisional Committee, named in the prospectus of this Association—and let it be read. See what will happen.

In the first chapter, the author gives an account of a battle, or some incident depending upon the carefulness of a sentinel, the severity of an officer, or the discipline of a regiment. The military member of the critical Committee denounces the book as absurd. In the second chapter, appear some severe strictures upon financial expedients, and general observations upon the state of the money market—to this, the banker immediately demurs, as indelicate, dangerous, and quite uncalled for. In the third chapter, comes a sea-storm, and the author, unskilled in nauticals, talks of splicing the main-brace, or sailing head to wind, or some such thing—the naval officers start from their seats, and exclaim against the ignorance and folly of the unhappy scribbler. The fourth chapter, in describing a banquet, discusses the subject of wine, with a fluency quite amazing, but with an ignorance so astonishing, that the Medical *Gourmet* insists upon the immediate expulsion of the work. The fifth chapter treats on political economy—he that has written and published on the other side, laughs to scorn the efforts of the poor dunce under consideration. The clergymen denounce the heterodoxy of the sixth chapter. The Poet damns with faint praise, the *Ode* which illustrates the seventh. The Ambassador exposes the fallacy of the author's idea of diplomacy in the eighth, and then the thing is put to the vote.

A balloting-box is a comfortable cover for the worst passions, and the meanest propensities; in this part of the process, envy, and personal feeling will have their full sway. If the book be so bad that the Society can make no profit, it will be black-balled by the independent members; and if it be good enough to excite the smallest feeling of envy or apprehension, it will be covertly condemned by the literary part of the council for the very merit it possesses.

But now let us see what the *necessity* is, for such an establishment. Time was, when authors were represented as living in garrets, the mere slaves of booksellers; and booksellers were represented as tyrants, domineering over authors. At present, we should think the sums paid by MURRAY, COLBURN, the LONGMANS, and others, are of themselves sufficient evidence of the liberality of the publishing trade. As for the oppression, and the difficulty of making his way, which it is alleged an author experiences at present, the mere facts of the case prove its fallacy. The bookseller who buys, becomes equally interested in the success of the work with him who sells—why, therefore, should a bookseller reject or discourage good writing, and bring forward and support that which is bad?—success must be his object as well as the author's, and whatever fame may have to do with literature, the motives of both author and bookseller are, upon one very important point, much the same.

Now, as far as the effect to be produced upon literature, by the operations of this irresponsible joint-stock company, we should say that instead of its being called a Society for the Encouragement of Literature, it ought to be called a Society for the Encouragement of Nonsense; for it may be safely relied upon, that the booksellers, whose interest is deeply involved in the purchasing and intercourse with authors, will never suffer that which is worth publishing to be taken under the protection of the "*Association*." As for the author who deserves encouragement, he is sure to find something better in that way, from the booksellers than from a set of gentlemen who propose to pay themselves the whole expenses of the work, before they give him a sixpence, and who afterwards generously allow him fifty pounds out of the first hundred he gains; sixty-five out of the second; and seventy-five out of the third.

It may be recollected, that some years since the angry dramatic authors pub-

lished several volumes of plays, which had been most shamefully rejected by the managers of the playhouses—and, as it turned out, nothing in the world could have been a more perfect justification of the decision which excluded these wretched pieces from the stage; and at this very moment, we have no doubt that there are hundreds of people who still fancy themselves oppressed, because their books are declined by the publishers. What nonsense is all this talk of oppression. If MR. MURRAY or MR. COLBURN considered a work likely to be advantageous *to himself*, in which case it would be advantageous to the author, why should he decline it?

As to the moral effect to be produced by the “Omnibus Society,” it is more pernicious; for if they restrict themselves to the publication of good works, they will publish very few indeed, and the effect of their proceedings will be minutely small; if they do not, they will lead the weak and vain to imagine themselves really capable of making their way in the literary world, and spoil with the most heartless composure, whole crowds of pie-making misses and tailoring gentlemen.

There is at present a Temple of the Muses in Leadenhall Street, open to numerous bantlings—the works published under the fostering auspices of Mr. Newman, may, perhaps, be transferred to the Omnibus Society, but as those which we see issuing from that quarter, are of course selected from the *οι πολλοι* which have been presented, it may be fair to calculate that every thing in literature fetches its value, and that the authors and authoresses are satisfied with the recompense they receive from their enterprising publisher.

But this is the age of quackery; and literature itself must yield to the general influence—we venture, however, to predict, that the *Omnibus* will break down, and that we shall shortly see the dissolution of a joint-stock company established for the purpose of interfering with a trade, which, since it first existed, was never carried on with greater spirit and liberality than at the present moment. The interference with one party, which it proposes, is as useless as it is unfair; and the encouragement it offers to another, vague, and illusory, and in fact, no encouragement at all.

SIR EUSTACE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

ADOWN an eerie and a wildered way
 Sir Eustace rode; through pine-groves tall and dark
 He spurred; the desolate bat and owl grey
 Skimmed round; he heard the stealthy weasel's clark;
 The lonely glow-worm kindled up his spark;
 Stars flashed, and parted wildly through the night;
 On Solway-sea appear'd the spectre-bark;
 A maiden shrieked; she saw a dismal sight—
 The cold hand of a corse hold forth a burial light.
 Sir Eustace looked, and lo! right in his road,
 There moved a Shape, whose life to time's last span
 Seemed nearly come; he groaned as if a load
 Press'd on him sore! thin was his cheek and wan:
 Close at his side a grim, gaunt bloodhound ran:
 Sir Eustace saw, and number'd each rib-bone:
 Fierce in its mouth, the limb-bone of a man
 It gnawed and shook, and growled aloud, and none
 Dared chide or smite it: bright its eyes as candles shone.
 His steed found strength, and with a startled snort
 Rushed onward—and the phantom shape gave room:
 Nor hawk in soar, nor eagle at its sport,
 Nor rising rocket, nor descending bomb,
 Nor rushing star flung through the evening gloom,

Ere shot more wildly through the darksome night :
 The warrior's helmet and his dancing plume
 Were seen and gone—the river's flooded might
 Stayed not the startled steed—it onward poured its flight.

The cloud departed—down the darkness sank,
 Nor shape nor shadow followed him ; he rode
 Down a green vale along the river bank,
 Upon a fragrant and a fairy road ;
 His foaming steed still soft and softer trod, .
 Then neighed ; for, lo ! a ruined castle gray
 Rose by the stream, clear-dimpling, deep, and broad ;
 Before the gate, and in the middle way,
 A stone cross rose, round which the pious pilgrims pray.

And on the summit of that cross was shower'd,
 As from an urn, the light of one large star ;
 But all around it Strife had lately poured
 Its fiery strength, and left the scorch and scar
 Of hungry rapine and unsparing war :
 The tower in twain the burning storm had cleft ;
 Nor had destruction found one lett or bar, . . .
 Save where an iron-clenched doo^r unref^t . . .
 From one low-vaulted cell, showed all that rage had left.

Sir Eustace looked and paused—for now he knew
 The stubborn tower, from which a little band,
 When late he harried Annan's valley, threw
 Against his war-steeds many a Scottish brand—
 Their blood ran freely down the river-sand,
 While on their tower he threw devouring flame :
 He sat, and o'er his forehead held his hand ;
 He thought a light from that one chamber came,
 And heard a whispered sound that seemed to name his name.

He drew his sword, and 'gainst the clenched door
 Struck his mailed foot—straightway the bolts were burst ;
 And there he saw upon that chamber-floor
 A grisly Shape—a shape more dread, accurst
 Was ne'er from bliss down to perdition thrust ;
 An iron-bound book lay open at his feet—
 Of all its words, he did but read the first—
 Upon his brow, huge drops of bloody sweat
 Rose as he read—and still his dolorous breast he beat.

Then sinking his sharp teeth in his right arm,
 He read and gnawed, and gnawed again and read ;
 Drop following drop, the black blood trickled warm ;
 His large grim eyes seemed starting from his head ;
 His scorched palm full on the page he spread,
 And looked and looked : he had but read one word
 When wondrous light was o'er the volume shed :
 He read a second—that word was the Lord !
 He writhed—for in his soul he felt a burning sword.

And up he started, uttering yell on yell ;
 Sir Eustace shuddering, nigh the goblin stood :
 The sight of baptized thing wrought like a spell ;
 Mild shone his eyes—he sobered down his mood,
 And from his dark lips wiped the lapping blood ;

Sat meekly down, and closed the iron-bound book ;
 Then waved his hands—and o'er his body rude
 Fair garments came, and odorous dews were shook—
 Nought of the fiend remained but his unhallowed look.

“ Sir Eustace, welcome I—these three moons I've look'd
 For thee,” he said, “ and thou art come at last ;
 For three full moons this evil den I've brook'd,
 Bound like a felon—but the worst is past,
 The storm, of fate hath spent its bitterest blast :
 Come nigh, that I may whisper in thy ear
 Of blood unspilt, of on-laughts hot and fast—
 Of England's arrow and of Scotland's spear,
 Much, much have I to tell, and much hast thou to hear.”

All mute with terror stood the knight—the door
 Flew 'gainst the portal with a thundering crash ;
 The steed his rein snapp'd with a plunge and snore—
 The grisly goblin's eyes began to flash ;
 He writhed—his iron teeth went gnash on gnash ;
 He grimly looked upon the knight, and laid
 His garment back, and showed a dismal-gash
 But newly healed, as if a two-edged blade
 Down his right side and thigh a sheer descent had made.

“ The love of blood,” he said, “ and lust of power
 Have wrought my downfall—they are working thine ;
 I fell from bliss in that disastrous hour
 When front to front forms evil faced divine,
 But one by one, into Hell's burnin'g brine
 Ambition's godless progeny were dashed ;
 The heaven glowed red with many an angry sign,
 From His right hand the living vengeance flashed,
 And wounded beyond cure !” His iron teeth he gnashed.

“ No charm in Hell this scorched wound could cure ;
 Green Earth I sought ; by darksome glen and stream,
 And lonely hill and unfrequented bower,
 Six thousand years aneath the pale moon's beam
 I roved and moaned.” A fierce, unearthly gleam
 Flashed from his eyes—he writhed him like a worm ;
 Thick from his nostrils gushed a burning steam ;
 His elf-locks shook like rushes in a storm ;
 All hell seemed in his heart—thus spake again the Form :

“ One eve, amid the sweet and dewy cold,
 I stood on yonder mountain-head, and broad
 Earth lay beneath me, and wide ocean roll'd—
 Serenest heaven above me lustrous glowed ;
 Tears came—the sight my spirit touched and awed ;
 An angel swiftly stood by me, and said,
 ‘ Bless'd be these tears—I come to thee from God :
 Be whole !’ His ministering hand he on me laid :
 I smiled, who never smiled—the immortal pang was stayed !

“ That pang was stayed—but in its place, sharp pain
 Shot through me—pain for which Earth hath no word ;
 Malice and hatred, scorn, and fierce disdain,
 What are they ?—woman's spite, and less abhorr'd
 The torturer's rack, the tyrant's axe and cord,

Hot pincers, boiling oil, and, worse than all,
 Revenge's mercy and Faith's shapen'd sword,
 Detraction's venom, Envy's bitterest gall,
 The pity of the vile, the critic's venom'd scrawl,

"Are all endurable—nay, are endured
 By that poor worm which He made last, call'd mau—
 But there's a wound that never can be cured,
 Far hotter than man's wrath or heaven's dread ban,
 A wound which counts ten thousand years a span,
 Given by God's tender mercy—oh! for me
 Fires without end, and darkness without dawn,
 The linked thunder—hell's hot liquid sea—
 The sight of glorious heaven, where I no more can be!"

He shook his matted locks and loudly laugh'd.

"His tender mercy! I deserved it not:
 Did I not on his Tree of Life engraft
 The shoot of Death, from Pandemonium got?
 Which made his new creation sin and rot—
 And yet he thinks of mercy! From that river
 The stream shall fly—the sun so high and hot,
 Shall fall, and die the cold clear moon, but never
 Can hatred from me pass—it lives, and lives for ever!"

"Though stricken sore with thunder, scourged, and chained,
 And doomed my body thus to gnaw and tear,
 It is a pleasant thing to be ordain'd
 To live on earth and feast on human fear,
 See hatred grow 'twixt friends long tried and dear,
 And thirst of glory change to thirst of blood;
 Hail! warrior, hail!—be glad, and of good cheer;
 For thou art doomed to tame the lofty mood
 Of many a haughty foe by valley and by flood.

"Hail! warrior, hail! Thou man of iron mould,
 Thou knowest no fear as thou knowest no remorse—
 Go, mount and go, and be in bloodshed bold;
 Go, fatten earth with slaughtered man and horse,
 With hailing thee War's ravens are grown hoarse;
 Before thee joy—behind, a wasted track—
 Thy footsteps marked with many a headless corse;
 Towers given to flames, and cities given to sack,
 While Famine flies and screams exulting o'er the wrack!"

"And yet joy hath its limits. Thou, my child,
 Hast one dread thing to shun, if not to fear:
 Thou'rt safe in siege—my shield in battle wield
 Shall ward the sword and put aside the spear;
 The breast-plate bored, helms clove in full career,
 Thou wilt outlive them all, have thou no dread;
 Therefore be bold in battle—peasant, peer,
 Strike down the living, trample o'er the dead,
 And pluck Peace by the locks, and dye her white robe red!"

"I said joy hath its limits. Safe thy plume
 Unsullied dances mid the musket's smoke;
 Dread not the levelled lance—but dread thy doom
 When wine-cups shine and dames come in a flock;
 Thou goest all scathless from the battle-shock,

To where, proud towering o'er the ocean brine,
 Thy castle, like an eagle's nest on a rock,
 Hangs. See its walls with bridal torches shine—
 The cheeks of wedding guests are ruddier than their wine.

“ Hear ye the mirth amongst the maidens all ?
 Bedward they look, and trim the torches bright—
 And there he stands, the lord of that gay hall—
 The priest is ready, bridemaids, all in white,
 Move, red as roses, on their tiptoes light ;
 The smile, the titter rule their looks by turns ;
 But who is He comes at the dead of night,
 Unbid, unwelcome ?—Eustace, dimly burns
 Thy life ! thy bridal lamp, like light in charnel urns.

“ Hearest thou that screaming 'mongst the maidens now ?
 Laces are loosed, and slackened many a sash ;
 Bright swords are bared, and torches, to and fro,
 Glean where the ocean waters leap and dash.
 Thy race is run !—lo ! from you deadly gash
 Thy life's blood spouts and stains the shuddering water.
 Go, warrior, go !—let thy sharp falchion flash ;
 Spare neither man nor boy, nor wife nor daughter—
 For brief, brief is the space that God gives thee for slaughter ! ”

The goblin spake and touched him. Love of blood
 Rushed on him, as through heather rushes fire—
 Through heart and soul shot such a fiery flood,
 Swift as light flies along the electric wire ;
 He spoke not, but his eye glanced living fire ;
 And off he spurred—the portal rocked and rang—
 Far from its feet his horse spurned sod and mire ;
 He waved his sword—it like a swallow, sang
 In air—he called his men with tongue like trumpet clang.

He called them, and they came all spurring hot,
 And marvelling at their lord's unwonted mood ;
 His brow was dark, his eyes wild lustre shot ;
 Upstarting in his stirrups, stern he stood,
 And look'd possessed, and foamed like one grown wode ;
 “ My merry men,” he cried, “ brief is the space
 That Fate assigns me to spill human blood ;
 We may do much in one short hour of grace—
 A brave, brief course is mine, give fools the lengthened race !

“ Short is the time, and much have I to do ;
 Revenge to take—ambition's race to run—
 A land to conquer, and a dame to woo ! ”
 He said, and as he said, uprose the sun
 And from the uplands chased the vapours dun ;
 His bridle-hand his courser's pace can check,
 While like a spider his frail web he spun ;
 Nor cared, though Fate's iron foot was on his neck—
 Or if he cared, I wcen, he did but short while reck.

C.

DISSOLUTION OF THE SHORT* PARLIAMENT.

"England, Ireland, and Scotland, attend! Your King came down yesterday to dissolve his (?) Parliament—because despising the wishes of his people and his own Royal wishes, it *refused to reform itself, and even stopped the supplies necessary for the support of the public institutions of the country, unless Peers and Boroughmongers might be permitted to continue in the usurpation of your rights—to nominate their dependants as mock representatives of the people, and to sell the power of making laws and imposing taxes.*"—TIMES, April 23d.

YES, England, Ireland, and Scotland, attend! Your King, your matchless, glorious King—a man truly worthy by his own personal merits to be the chief magistrate of a free people, and we know of no higher praise—has afforded you the opportunity you have so ardently panted for of showing the world that the spirit of your fathers has not passed away, and that you are determined heart and soul to do *your duty* in effecting the great work of national regeneration: And is it possible to conceive a sublimer spectacle—a patriot King, a patriot ministry, and a great people—the mightiest and the most far-*ruling* in the records of history—all united and inspiring each other in one bold, but irresistible and final attack on the strongholds of corruption, on the sworn and hereditary foes of good government, and thence of the best hopes of the human race!

* We have taken the liberty of designating the late Parliament the *Short* one—not only on account of the brevity of its existence, but of several other circumstances in which it contrasts somewhat antithetically with the celebrated *Long* Parliament, which Cromwell, in 1653, expelled by force. The early acts of the Long Parliament were inspired by a noble spirit of resistance to the arbitrary efforts of a faithless despot; its leaders were the most illustrious patriots in English history: in its last moments, another and far different set of men had succeeded to its management; men who, in their anxiety to retain in their own hands, not only the legislative, but the executive functions of the state, set at nought the wishes and interest of the nation at large—men in fact who, like a great Captain of the present day, said, "there was no necessity for reform, there should be no reform, that the system was perfect and worked well." The first acts of the Short Parliament were distinguished by a spirit on the part of the men in power, of determined resistance to the national call for domestic improvement; of resistance, not to the lawless will of a selfish Pacha, but to the generous heart-born wishes of a magnanimous King for the welfare of his people; and of base and truly un-English subserviency to the machinations of foreign despots against constitutional liberty. In its last moments, as with the Parliament which met in 1642, a far other set of men had succeeded to the helm—men who saw that the system did not work well but for those who did ill; that there was a necessity for reform, and that there must be a reform, for that the people in one loud acclaim demanded it; and their devoted King said they should have it. A still more curious contrast is that afforded by the mode in which their dissolution was effected. King William came down to his Parliament, without even the ordinary military attendance upon Royalty, and, amid the enthusiastic blessings (cheers is a feeble term) of his people, said, "My Lords and Gentlemen, I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing the present Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution. I have been induced to resort to this measure for the purpose of *ascertaining the sense of my people in the way in which it can be most constitutionally and authentically expressed*, on the expediency of making such changes in the representation as circumstances may require, and may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, and to give security to the liberties of my

expulsion—the Lord General's conference at his "lodgings"

Whitehall—his resolution to effect his purpose by the aid of the military—his marching down to the House with a company of musketeers—he takes his seat on one of the outer benches—his inscrutable countenance—his plain suit of black, and grey worsted stockings—his feigned attention for a time to the proceedings—his then whispering to Harrison, "This is the time—I must do it"—his extraordinary speech—and putting an end to all interruption by boldly springing forward, and in a voice of thunder, exclaiming "Come, come, Sirs, I will put an end to your prating," and stamping the floor, as a signal for the entrance of the military; "You are no Parliament! I say you are no Parliament! bring them in, bring them in!" and the extraordinary scene which followed.

We solemnly assure you, reader, that our joy is at this moment of writing, so buoyant—our feelings so tumultuous—our thoughts so thronging upon us, that we know not how to begin to control them into some appearance of order. We trust that you are in the same condition—that you participate in our exhilaration—that you in fact rejoice with us that the corrupt oligarchy, who have so long misruled us, have received their death-blow—and that we, the middle classes, are at length to have our just share of the rights and privileges of the English constitution. If you be in this happy state of mind, you will be little disposed to criticise the arrangement, of the topics to which we would wish to invite your attention; but prepared to co-operate with us in giving them effect. Without then attempting to be very wise and witty, let us contribute our mite of advice to the people of England, upon whom and whom alone now depends the success of the good cause—as to their conduct on this great national crisis.

We take it for granted that the merits of the main question now at issue between the King and the people on the one side—and a desperate faction on the other—are fully understood by every man in the empire, upon whose brow is not written fool or hypocrite. It would be impertinence to dwell on them; their conviction is to be seen in the intensity of the enthusiasm with which the “Bill—the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,” has been welcomed from the Land’s-end to John o’ Groat’s—from Cape Clear to the Giant’s Causeway. The question is simply one between liberty and slavery—between the blessings of civil freedom and the worst ills of corruption—whether seventy-one Peers, and about the same number of Commons, are to be permitted to continue their infamous traffic in the people’s rights; and, in defiance of the King, his Ministers, and the people, to persist in nominating their servile dependents as, forsooth, the representatives (insolent mockery!) of the people,” and “selling the power of making laws and imposing taxes;” and it would be an insult to the very humblest reader of the daily prints to ask him to make a selection. In vain, indeed, would the school-master have been abroad, if the people had yet to learn that the only safeguards of constitutional freedom are those afforded by pure representation—and badly would they have been instructed in the theory and practice of representation if they did not see and feel as a self-evident axiom—that if their representatives be not truly responsible to them for their public conduct, their interests will inevitably be sacrificed to the sinister interests of those representatives, that is, that the interests of the governing, but irresponsible few, will in the long run prevail at the expense of the interests of the governed many. This is as plain as that men are governed by motives—and these, in the general conduct of life, by a regard to self-interest; and the only problem is, how to prevent a clashing of interests between the electors and the elected; and if that cannot be entirely attained, to at least ensure the former—the people—a due control over the acts of their representatives. Upon this point, therefore, it is needless to occupy the attention of the reader, our opinions being like those of the Irishman in the farce, “entirely unanimous.” Our sole concern is as to the means which should be employed for attaining the great end we all have in view. These means we will take in the following order:—

First—and most important—let all differences of shade and temperature between the friends of Reform be absorbed in the common object of ensuring the return of members pledged to support the Bill—the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill—and, above all, let every Reformer exert his best energies, in his town or county, as if the success of the measure depended on himself alone. Let them on this point take a lesson from the enemies of freedom, by whose

“ — superior energies; more strict
Affiance to each other; faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles; the bad
Have fairly earned a victory o’er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.”

One of the excellent fruits which the Bill has already produced is the union, so difficult of attainment—in the want of which consisted the main strength of Mr. Canning and his followers—of all classes of Reformers within doors. It has been an old complaint, that a Reformer is not a gregarious animal, and that the very conformation of understanding which makes him brush away the cobwebs

of prejudice and corruption from his political principles, makes him pragmatic and headstrong in the advocacy of his own faucies or opinions. Hence the triumph and the jest which their irreconcilable differences of shades of opinion afforded the common enemy—the real being always sacrificed to the possible—the substance to the shadow. For the first time in the history of Reform, all differences of sect and party, on both sides of the House, of enemies or friends to the vote by ballot, were on the 1st of March forgotten in admiration of the noble and extensive plan of the King's Government; an example which we earnestly trust will be followed up by the Reformers of all sects and parties throughout the country. We should entertain no fears on this score, were we not aware that the faction build sanguine hopes on the discrepancies, and sometimes contrasts of opinions which have so long retarded the progress of Reform.

And then as to the necessity of each man's girding up his loins to the great contest, as if the issue depended on his individual exertions; let it not be supposed that we are blind to the enthusiasm so rife throughout the country in favour of the measure, or that we are wanting in confidence in the moral energies of our countrymen. Far from it—but we are also not blind to the fact, that this enthusiasm belongs more exclusively to those whom the Bill *will* benefit, but who do *not* at present possess the franchise right, as we are not blind to the fact, that disinterested patriotism has not hitherto been very characteristic of the conduct of English, not to say any thing of Scotch electors: and it cannot be too explicitly announced, that a spirit of sordid mammonism has eaten its way to the heart's core of that rank, or stratum, of society that connects the working with the middle classes, which only some great antagonist excitement can overcome. This class furnishes the large number of existing electors in the towns and counties of England, and unless when under the influence of religious fanaticism, is more than any other open to the imputation of phlegmatic selfishness and of want of public virtue. Much of this is, no doubt, owing to the very civil advantages which the constitution bestows upon all Englishmen, so far as security of person and property is concerned; had there been less security of both, there would be less phlegm and more political energy—perhaps more political honesty. There have been those, Mr. Locke for one, who have maintained that *tumultuosa libertas tranquillitati probrosæ anteponenda est*—and would have preferred a political system, productive of less tranquillity, as more favourable to the growth of generous sentiments and an elevated tone of thought, than the fullest and most undisturbed security of person and property which any existing institution can afford. Be that as it may, it is important to bear in mind that the class most difficult to rouse to acts of political heroism, is that which at this moment constitutes the majority of electors in England—(as to Scotland we despair of it, as a whole, till the Bill has passed into a law; and as to Ireland, she has, to her honour be it said, done as much as existing abuses can permit her)—rendering it necessary to have recourse to extraordinary expedients of political agitation.

What we would propose for this purpose is, to take a lesson from our Irish neighbours, previous to the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill. We all recollect the conduct of the Catholic Association in the Waterford and Clare elections; and what is more to the purpose, we recollect its admirable result. The Great Captain was startled in his cabinet—and Catholic emancipation was extorted from the fears of its deadliest enemies. In the same spirit, and for a still greater object, let the leading advocates of Reform attack its enemies in their very strongholds. Let Sir Francis Burdett, for example, immediately start for Cornwall, and there teach its hot-headed ex-representative that his base attempt to raise a no popery cry against the Bill has not found an echo in the bosom of the most illiterate of his constituents; and let Lord J. Russell again try Huntingdon, and turn out Lord Mandeville, who voted against the Bill; or Devon in place of Sir T. Acland. Mr. Stanley, in the same manner, ought to rescue Westmoreland from the Lowthers—and Mr. Hume beard Sir Robert Peel in his own den of Tamworth. The Percy should be fought and conquered on his own dunghill of Northumberland by Lord Howick; and Durham should send an additional reformer of the house of Lambton. That truly respectable and high-minded gentleman, Mr. John

Smith, (whom the City of London, to their honour, have invited to be their representative) should spare the electors of Buckingham the mockery of representation, which the Marquis of Chandos again being returned would confer on them; and the adjoining county of Berkshire ought to make Mr. R. Palmer, who voted, contrary to the expressed wishes of his constituents, against the Bill, give way to Mr. Walter, or some other spirited and intelligent Reformer. And so with respect to the other strongholds of corruption, whether towns or counties, the guiding principle being, that in *doubtful* cases some eminently popular candidate should be put forward, so as to impart the necessary stimulus to the hopes and wishes of the electors. All such returns would be equal to four in the new Parliament; for, we are supposing that these candidates will be returned, as a matter of course, for other places of the "right sort:"—Sir F. Burdett, for instance, for Westminster—two being thus knocked off the faction number and added to the voters for the Bill.

It is needless to deprecate the mischievous folly of splitting votes with opposing candidates, as well as of too many Reformers entering the lists in one place, as well as to urge the necessity of sacrificing all personal predilections on the altar of the public weal. The evil consequences of such conduct are so evident, that we cannot anticipate their existence.

Will the electors go to the poll at their own expense—at least not at the expense of the liberal candidate? We fear not—and, therefore, would earnestly urge all honest Reformers to subscribe in their several districts, and not let mere pelf weigh down principle and intelligence, as has been too much the case in all parts of the country.

"Virtue," says the able editor of the Morning Chronicle, "must be the polar star of the approaching contest. Threats must be despised, bribes scorned, devotion to the cause must universally prevail. Above all, it must ever be remembered in the election struggles, that to the honest representatives, supporters of Reform in the expired Parliament, we owe the opportunity of national emancipation. They must be protected, supported, shielded from the pillage of elections. The *first* duty of the electors is, the spontaneous and hearty return of the *old* representatives *free of expense*. The private fortunes of men must be respected, or the public will be deprived of their most trusty and valuable servants. This is especially just and necessary in those instances, and they are numerous, where the old representatives, voting different ways, necessitates the introduction of a third man, to depose the evil-doer. The honest candidate must be held harmless of cost. In Leicester, Mr. Evans must not be visited with the punishment of Sir Charles Hastings. Lord Althorp, in the county of Northampton, must be honourably and cheaply returned. In Warwick, Mr. Toines must not share the penalties about to be inflicted on Sir Charles Greville. In Warwickshire, Mr. Lawley must be protected from expenditure, when Mr. Dugdale is ousted by a third candidate. Mr. Tenyson, in Stamford or Lincolnshire, should be honourably and gratuitously returned. Mr. John Wood, in Preston, should not be fined for the perverse or wilful offences of Mr. Hunt. These are only a few instances of the cruel mulct which will otherwise be levied on the old and most useful friends of the people. As a general rule, all those members who consistently supported Ministers in the Reform Bills, should be returned; but a strict *catechism* should be read, and an equally strict record of the answers should be preserved. All *absentees* on either division should be rejected; a good medical certificate is the best proof of incompetency to discharge the duties of a representative; absence of mind is an equal incapacity with physical inability. We again urge union; let that man be selected for nomination who unites in his interest the largest body of Reformers. We urge the whole provincial press to cultivate disinterestedness and *immediate* energy. Thus the nation will be saved, and all will be rescued from the rapacious and degrading slavery of the infernal boroughmongers."

The next great point is to insist on the integrity of the Bill, (except so far as the point of keeping up the number of English representatives is concerned, on which Ministers most needlessly hazarded the measure.) Let the watch-word be the "Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," especial care being taken to vote against all those humbug gentlemen of the Baring and Wilson school, who say they are "friendly to the principle of Reform—but are not prepared to support the particular plan of Ministers." The man who minces

or qualifies about the Bill in any of its details should be ejected forthwith—for the defects of detail can easily be reconciled by a Reformed Parliament—and in an important crisis like the present, verbal criticism would be worse than impertinent.

And here a word to the “moderates,” in many instances a most conscientious, and in all a most influential party. Their cry is, “we admit the necessity of Reform—we think the large towns ought to be represented—but we would preserve the legitimate influence of property, and cannot view without alarm such a sweeping destruction of chartered rights as that proposed by Ministers. We are for a more moderate course; one founded more on the practical workings of the constitution, being of opinion with the great master of human knowledge, that while ‘generalities are barren, and the multiplicity of single facts present nothing but confusion, the middle principles alone are solid, orderly, and fruitful.’” Such, we believe, is the usual language of the moderate alarmists. We can afford but a few moments of commentary on it.

It might perhaps be a sufficient reply to the moderate arguments, to simply state, that even admitting their speculative validity, they can be now of no practical avail; for the Rubicon of anti-reform has been crossed, the trumpet has been sounded to the charge, and the pass-word has gone round the ranks, for a *full, and efficient* measure of Reform—the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill; and that therefore their resignation to, if not acquiescence in, what they cannot control, becomes a matter of necessity. But as this savours too much of the resignation of despair, we shall prefer appealing to those feelings of mingled apprehension and confidence which experience and prudent foresight must give birth to in the mind of every man to whom history is, if not philosophy teaching by examples, at least something more than an old almanack; and who has sagacity enough to distinguish, amid the confusion of popular excitement, the clamours of the moment from demands founded on the nature of the changes which time and circumstances have effected in our social condition.

First of all be it remembered, that it is admitted on all hands, (with but one exception, the Duke of Wellington, who is too clear-headed not to see that, if the necessity for reform be admitted, you cannot in consistency stop short of the demands of that necessity,) that our representative system requires some amendment, and that a measure of amendment which would have amply satisfied the people in the days of the Penryn and East Retford mockeries, would now be rejected with disdain. What then is it you would do? Is it prudent, is it safe, is it consistent with the narrowest worldly-wise policy, to attempt to dam up the current of public opinion by refusing to concede its just demands—demands which you admit to be well-founded and in some degree irresistible, but resist on the pretext that if you yield *them* now, you must at no distant period yield more? Do you dread the evils of civil war? Would you unite the best, indeed the only protectors of the Constitution, the middle classes, by the ties of attachment and interest, and even personal pride, in defence of its integrity? Would you draw a line not vague and undefinable, but as distinct and impassable as a gulf between the large mass of the wealth and intelligence, and industry, and honesty, and sines of the people,—and the discontented knavish traffickers in public disorder, whom you confound together at present by your monstrous system of mis-representation? Already, has the mere announcement of the Bill half-extinguished Mr. O’Connell’s influence in Ireland: already has it enabled the people to see through the flimsy veil of bastard patriotism by which another demagogue of the same kidney, Mr. Hunt, has hitherto succeeded in concealing his hollow-heartedness, and ignorance, and presumptuous vanity and selfishness.

You admit that the people have of late years made rapid strides in knowledge and wealth, the great elements of power; and yet you would madly direct both *against* existing institutions, by denying them a participation of their advantages. Admit them, nay, invite them within the pale of the constitution, by giving them an interest in its preservation—by identifying the representative branch of the Government with their interests and wants, and making it responsible to them for its conduct, in fact, by making it actually their representation; and those great elements of power already in their hands, become so many additional safe-

guards against those convulsions which the factious enemies of all improvement would persuade you must follow from the plan of Ministers,

What led Charles the First to the scaffold, but his blind resistance to the efforts of the Commons of England to possess a share of political power in proportion to the advances which they had made in property and knowledge during the peaceful reign of his predecessor? Like his namesake, the present inhabitant of Holyrood House, Charles was blind, and fatuously obstinate to the changes which had taken place in public opinion since the high-prerogative days of the Tudors; and instead of adapting our political institutions to these changes in the public mind, attempted to still more narrow the dimensions of the Constitution, and, as a consequence, involved himself and it in one common ruin. And so it would be with the blind defenders of corruption in the present day, were the nation still unhappily subjected to their misrule.

“Where, indeed, was ever seen a fabric of time-worn political privilege tottering to its fall, the majority of whose possessors had not displayed the same idiotic security amidst the ruin which every one else foresaw? He would not detain the House by quoting proofs of that melancholy truth, of which political history was but one long example. He would go no farther back than to the early days of many whom he then addressed, and ask, was it the firmness of real, or the madness of fancied security, when the Court of Versailles drove the representatives of popular opinion to swear, in a tennis-court, their own inviolability and the regeneration of France? Or was it the firmness of real, or the madness of fancied security when, as it were but yesterday, the breathless herald of approaching insurrection was ordered to wait on the threshold of St. Cloud.

“Donec Borbonico libeat vigilare tyranno.”

What price, not the people of France alone, but all civilized Europe, were compelled to pay for chaining that first madness, was now matter of history; what price, not France alone, but all civilized Europe, was about to pay for chaining this second madness, he dared not trust himself to prophesy; but he appealed to all impartial observers of past and passing events, who had witnessed the reluctance with which that mighty people commenced the struggles for which they had paid so much, to say whether that people would not have repaid, with a rich return of confidence and love, the voluntary sacrifice of antiquated power, worthless and defenceless though it was. That such gratitude would have been felt by the people of France for such sacrifice, he most sincerely believed; that such gratitude would be felt by the people of England for far less painful sacrifices, he did most unhesitatingly affirm; and the more gratitude, inasmuch as such sacrifices on our part were not yet inculcated by the presence of that other fearful alternative. For the honour of this ancient Monarchy, whose perils and whose triumphs for so many generations were chronicled in the proceedings of the House—for the sake of this faithful people who had stood by them in the hour of their trial, and borne with them in the hour of their pride—let them seize the opportunity which now presented itself, to inscribe themselves on the page of history as the first recorded example of power correcting its own usurpation.*”

In reference to the argument, if in courtesy we must so designate an impudent fallacy, founded on the “legitimate influence of property,” all we shall observe is, that we really know not in what sense the opponents of the Reform Bill use the phrase “legitimate” in the controversy—whether they mean by it the “doing what I liked with my own” proceedings of his Grace of Newcastle at Newark, or of the Marquis of Exeter at Stamford? or whether they mean that while a poor elector’s selling his vote is a crime of unpardonable magnitude if caught *flagrante delicto*, it is all constitutional and legitimate for a rich borough proprietor to sell the power of making laws and imposing taxes, to the highest bidder? Till, then, the change-ringers of this bol-major fallacy explain what they would distinguish between the legitimate and the illegitimate influence of property, we must be content to abide by the assertion, that it adds insolence to the mockery of representation, to tell the middle classes that for them to choose their own representatives, instead of receiving them at the hands of some titled man of wealth, would be destructive to the “legitimate influence of property.” It is the *illegitimate* influence of property which the Reform Bill would destroy, that these

* Mr. Hawkins’ excellent speech on the 20th instant.

disinterested worthies would palm on the people as the legitimate influence which the Bill would essentially strengthen.

The truth is, that the same tendency of the laws by which the property of English subjects is protected, which we have remarked as conducive to the moral and political *vis inertia* of the class now holding the franchise, would be felt, in extending the influence legitimate and direct, and otherwise, of wealth to a degree that would be alarming to the well-wisher of his species, but for the partially-counteracting influence of the diffusion of knowledge. The people of England are essentially a king-loving and title-respecting, and above all, a mammon-worshipping generation. If you possess money, gold, pelf, you command the prostrations not merely of the brute herd, but of the great illustrious of the land, be your private character one tissue of sordid profligacy. Yes, in England, more than any country under Heaven, owing to the exclusive tendency of the laws hitherto to protect property, while they denied the subject an easy access to knowledge and political power, the worship of mammonism is a moral cancer; and in it, (and unless counteracted by a healthier morality and loftier philosophy than for centuries prevailed, will continue to do so) more than any other, the

' Yellow slav
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench."

To talk then of property losing its legitimate influence in England—unless, indeed, through the illegitimate abuses of the thieves and senators who have trafficked in the people's rights, is to talk rank nonsense—the danger being on the other side; and to fear for institutions so essentially based on property as those of this country, is to betray an ignorance of their character hardly to be pardoned in a school-boy.

And apart from the influence of property, and consequent respect for rank, though much aided by both, the English are eminently a loyal and king-loving people. To go no farther back than our own day, the mischievous self-willed-ness of understanding of George III. did not deprive him of the affectionate reverence of his people; nor the selfishness and aristocratic fastidiousness of George IV. prevent his being hailed with unreluctant tokens of respect and attachment of the millions, whenever he condescended not to disdain them. Even the excitement in favour of his—with all her faults—ill-treated queen—had loyalty for its basis. It was because she was a princess by birth, and a queen—a queen of England by marriage—and not because she might have been an injured wife and mother, that her treatment obtained for her the ready sympathy of the people. Had her station been more lowly—even though her injuries were a hundred fold—she might have rotted in obscurity, unsolaced and unmourned. Is the present Sovereign popular? We will not insult our feelings of respect for his truly patriotic character by answering the question in comparison with any other member of the House of Brunswick. King William reigns on a double throne—that of descent, and that most grateful to his heart—the affections of a free people.

All Sir R. Vyvyan's ravings, in the last paroxysm of his faction, in reference to the danger of the crown, from widening the popular basis of the Constitution, are, then, *Acci, nauci, nihili, pili*. The habits of the people of England, their modes of thought, their every action, in public or private life, sufficiently disprove the remotest tendency to republicanism, without our having recourse to a more philosophical solution of the principles of their loyalty, as well as of every other nation subjected to the same influences. In truth, republicanism is, like the highly ecstatic devotion of the Spiritualists, or as Harrington said of invention, "a solitary thing," and too unconcrete an idea for the mass of mankind, who can only fix their affections permanently on flesh and blood, intelligent beings. The same principle which engrafted polytheism and idolatry on the religions of the ancient world, and which made even a Milton somewhat too much of an anthropomorphist in his interpretations of the Christian doctrine, will ever prevent

the mass of mankind from realizing the republican dreams of the closet. A doctrine, a constitution, or an abstract term, may serve, for a time, as a watchword of party, a torch of enthusiasm, or the idol of a moment—but there is no *permanent* earthly object of affection—to concentrate the whole regard of the million—except man; and, so long as this is the case, not even the alliance of the faction of which Sir R. Vyvyan, Mr. Hunt, and Sir R. Peel are the leaders, to the Crown, can render it an object of disrespect to the people of England.

The Bill then, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, must be the watchword at the approaching contest. Schedule A must be retained to the letter, because the boroughs set down in it for disfranchisement are *incurable*, under any beneficial modifications of which the elective principle is susceptible; and Schedule B should be insisted on; for otherwise the population basis of the Bill would be violated.

We had intended to offer a few remarks on the danger at the present moment, of at all weakening the confidence of the country in Lord Grey's Government, by cavils which, however well founded, would be just now very ill-timed, on its general conduct, or on the capacity of some of its members, but must defer them to another opportunity. Let the Bill be passed, and there will be little apprehensions concerning an efficient administration.

One word with the friends and advocates of the abolition of Negro Slavery who have just held their annual Meeting. We conjure them, as they hope for the triumph of the great cause of humanity, as they value good Government, and seek the end of the monstrous abuses of which Negro Slavery is but one, that they will exert themselves throughout the country to procure the return of Reformers, as not only the best and only effectual mode of attaining their own praiseworthy object, but every other measure essential to the moral and political improvement of the British name—and, through it, of the human race. Let there be no Sectarian jealousies, no pharisaic cavils, but let there be a merging of all secondary considerations in the one great effort—in the one pull, the strong pull, and the pull altogether for *The Bill*.

“ GOOD NIGHT !”

Good night!—what a sudden shadow
Has fallen upon the air,
I look not around the chamber,
I know he is not there.
Sweetness has left the music,
And gladness left the light;
My cheek has lost its colour,
How could he say, Good night!
And why should he take with him
The happiness he brought?
Alas! such fleeting pleasure
Is all too dearly bought:
If thus, my heart stop beating,
My spirits lose their tone,
And a gloom, like night, surround me,
The moment he is gone.
Like the false fruit of the lotos,
Love alters every taste:—
We loathe the life we're leading,
The spot where we are plac'd.
We live upon to-morrow,
Or, we dream the past again;
But what avails that knowledge?
It ever comes in vain.

L. E. L.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

SIR Edward Sugden is charged with having procured his seat for Weymouth on the promise of a peerage to Colonel Gordon, who being guardian to Sir Frederick Johnstone, the proprietor of the borough, influences the independent and incorruptible voters during the period of his trust. According to the accusation, Sir E. Sugden's hopes of the Great Seal must have been strong, and his notions of its duties light indeed, supposing he designed coining the price of corrupt traffic out of the honours of the Crown, and making the keeping of the King's conscience a bank for the discharge of contracts against the tenor of the laws. But the fact is denied. Sir E. Sugden asserts that he was no party to such an engagement, and that he paid *his* expenses of election. Other persons have had as hotly to deny the payment for a seat, but so hard is the position of the unlucky Sir E. Sugden that this, which would be the crimination of another person, is his plea of defence!

Colonel Gordon manages the interest in the borough for his nephew the minor, and if Mr. Fraser's representations are to be believed, a coronet is the object of his desires. He may perhaps have thought that, as trustee for his infant nephew, he could not better consult his interests than by managing them so as to make his uncle a peer. By thus in his own person gracing his family, he may have conceived that he was rendering a most acceptable service to the minor. Mr. Fraser quotes copies of Colonel Gordon's letters, to show the object of that gentleman's desires and contrivances. The following passages are given as extracts from the wealthy Colonel's correspondence:—

“In the ‘Edinburgh Courant’ newspaper of the 25th current, I observe advertised a small octavo volume, entitled ‘The Political Primer, or Road to Public Honours.’ I don't like to commission it myself, but wish you would procure me a copy, and send it by Aberdeen by the first private opportunity.”—“If the steady and zealous support which my predecessors and I have always given the Ministers of his Majesty's present Government, and the increased support which, in future, I shall have it in my power to give them, is not enough, without the addition of 40,000*l.* to put me on a level with other candidates for royal favour, I will remain as I am, and trust to the chapter of accidents, rather than throw so large a sum of money so unprofitably away.”

If we may credit Mr. Fraser's representations, the Colonel wanted no guidance, no “Political Primer” to teach him the way to preferment. It has long been proved that extensively corrupting the Lower House is the surest means of promotion to the Upper. The man who can manœuvre half a dozen members in the Commons, has hitherto been tolerably sure of settling himself and his posterity in the Lords. It is curious, that while public interest has strongly fixed upon the disputed circumstances of this case, a main fact has been entirely overlooked. Supposing that though Colonel Gordon greatly desired a peerage, he had seated Sir E. Sugden, without any expectation or thought of assistance from him in the event of his becoming Chancellor,—and supposing that only to the “Political Primer, or Road to Public Honours,” he looked for aid to his design,—and supposing, on the other hand, that Sir E. Sugden paid for his seat as much as he was required to pay for it, and had no idea that his expected influence with the Crown, as Chancellor, was pledged, in lieu of some sum for which payment was not required—supposing all these things as stated by the parties accused, another question remains to be settled between Sir E. Sugden and the Independent party at Weymouth.

Some of the electors of Weymouth desired to establish an interest independent of the Johnstone interest in the hands of Colonel Gordon, and supported Sir Edward Sugden, on the assurance that he would stand on their ground, and assist in securing it against interference. The purchases which Sir Edward Sugden purported to be making in the Borough, were supposed to be made for the strengthening of the independent seat, but in fact, by a secret arrangement, Colonel Gordon was the real purchaser, and thus Sir Edward was the medium of conveying to the enemy the interest which he appeared to be securing to the party who had returned him. This is what is termed throwing one's friends over the bridge.

How demoralizing must be the practice of jobbing which can lead a man of high professional station to such a course of conduct! Sir Edward Sugden is not reproachable with particular moral laxity; he is an honourable man in the world's acceptance of the term, but yet after having engaged in the tricky business of Boroughmongery, we see to what contrivances he has condescended. And such is the preparation for legislation! Through such crooked courses the way is wriggled to a place of trust requiring the most upright bearing. The conversation of horses is said to be so demoralizing, that a man, in other particulars scrupulously honest, will cheat his own father in the sale of a horse, and chuckle at his jockeyship. Boroughs would seem yet more depraving. Cato at Weymouth would have turned jobber.

DIURNAL HISTORY.—The "Chronicle" records of Quick, the actor (*comedian*, as fine speakers and fine writers prefer calling it), that "the Queen's-arms Tavern, in Holborn, was, for many of the latter years of his theatrical life, the place to which he resorted when in London, and his general beverage a pint or a pint-and-a-half of porter;" and "when he quitted the stage, and retired wholly to Islington, he continued to regale himself with a similar beverage, at a respectable public-house near the church." How curious!

A NEW THEATRE at Knightsbridge is projected, and anticipating the objection, that its success will involve the distress, and perhaps ruin, of persons attached to the patent establishments, a writer sensibly observes—

"What have the authorities of the State to do with that? A theatre is a shop where amusement is sold, and why should any public officer be required to take care that too many are not opened, more than to provide that in particular neighbourhoods only a certain number of grocers or cheesemongers should commence business? These are matters that must be left to time, the community has a right to the advantage of competition in every thing, and those that give the best commodities will be sure to succeed."

Nothing can be more unreasonable, and also more unsound in humanity, than to look at one side of the picture only—that of the distress to individuals attending the breaking down of a monopoly disadvantageous to the public; another side is also to be seen, and it presents the prosperity of persons employed in the new speculations. Here are two gains for one loss—the gain of the individuals engaged in the new concerns, and the gain of the public, which obtains new advantages in point of amusement and convenience. It is well to think of the people thrown into employment as much as of those thrown out. If some of the people of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane must suffer by the establishment of new theatres, it is clear that by refusing the establishment of such theatres, there is another set of persons kept out of employment who would find employment in them. Thus if in any case individuals are to suffer, either by the monopoly or the injury of the monopoly, it is surely best that the public benefit should determine the question. As the patent theatres are not thriving properties, because their scale, plan, and management are not suited to the present convenience and taste of society, they, in fact, employ fewer persons than would be employed were the stage as flourishing as competition, securing public satisfaction and public favour, would render it. Supposing the old diligences, that travelled five-and-twenty miles a day, had enjoyed protecting patents, there would clearly have been fewer travellers than are now flying over the country. Improved convenience and adaptation to taste, produce an increased demand. By arbitrarily maintaining and giving a false encouragement to an unprofitable system, a market is prevented, and a failing trade carried on in a narrow space in place of it; various energies and applications of industry are thus refused scope and reward, individuals lose opportunities of employment, and the public the advantage which would result from leaving the field open to improvement.

PARLIAMENTARY-CANDIDATE SOCIETY.—The very brain of Minerva is to be found in an Association called the Parliamentary Candidate Society, which charitably designs to guide the nation to the proper choice of representatives. The members of this Society have discovered in themselves a wisdom that qualifies them to direct the election of the collective wisdom. They feel

competent to teach all the people of the United Kingdoms what to think of candidates, or to supply members, warranted sound, of good action, and free from vice. In a word, their office, so good-naturedly volunteered, is to furnish the entire nation with wisdom. They are Parliamentary upholsterers, for the fitting up of the House of Commons, and Undertakers of jobbers and corrupt politicians. In compliment to the principle of Reform, they set out with the assumption, that the electoral bodies are often so ignorant of men, as to be incapable of making a proper choice, and also, that they are the precise persons who are fit to enlighten and direct them. They set up in quality of Fates to the Gods of the nation, and hold the sheets, determining every statesman's thread of political life. Their's is the essence of wisdom, which, diluted in the whole electoral element, is to produce the collective wisdom. So sublime are their faculties, that they make no distinction between opinion and fact, and peremptorily decide upon the characters of men, according to their ideas of the tendency of their conduct. Thus, a member who has voted against their notions of policy, must, as opposed to their opinions, be an enemy to the people. There is in this a pretension to infallibility proper to an assembly of gods, but rather dangerous in a committee of mortal men, supposing, indeed, that any one minds them. Assuming these sages to be qualified for what they undertake, it should be regretted that the cumbrous machinery of election by the people has been retained and extended in Lord John Russell's Bill; for here is a pretty little Society that would nominate a "fit and proper" Parliament as easily as one could cry Jack Robinson. Among the Committee, we see the names of several respectable and well-disposed individuals; but not one, whose wisdom, as applicable to the design, corresponds with the magnitude of the project. The list is, indeed, headed by the venerated name of Bentham, the great Jurist of our age: but every one acquainted with the benevolent philosopher, knows that there are few men less intimate with the world, or less skilled in the knowledge of men. Mr. Bentham's name is, in truth, only set up for show, as we will venture to assert that he takes no part in the business. On the other hand, we observe the names of some persons likely to take an active part, and one, especially, liable to be influenced by personal prejudices—men who will judge of, and rate, and recommend, or denounce others, merely as they have happened to forward, or refuse aid, to their own particular designs. There is one of them who estimates every thing and every person as contributory or not to his purposes.

The Address, setting forth the project, does no credit to the skill of the Committee in letters. It begins thus:—

“ ADDRESS.

“ The measures of Reform brought forward by His Majesty's Ministers, which have been enthusiastically welcomed by the whole kingdom, will require the exertions of the people themselves, to obtain the grand object of a legislative body identified with the popular interest.”

The measures of Reform will require the exertions of the people to obtain the grand object of a legislative body, &c. This is predicating much, indeed, of the requisitions of the measures. Worse still:—

“ Hitherto, the men best fitted, by their intellectual and moral worth, to be representatives of the people, have usually shrunk from a popular election. The expense, corruption, and degradation attending on that hitherto debasing proceeding, have deterred the honest-minded, and but too often left the field open to those who have had much wealth to squander, and few scruples to overcome.”

Corruption and degradation have *too often* left the field open to profligates. As well might it be said, that the knavery and shame of theft had *too often* left the pockets of the people open to Bill Soames and Filch, and deterred the honest-minded from the practice.

Having observed on the arrogant assumption of the project, it is but fair to let the parties explain it in their own terms; and we therefore quote the remaining expository part of the Address:—

"It is hoped that this vicious system will no longer prevail; that places will be thrown open, in which the honest candidate will have to stoop to no immoral acts, to practise no corruption, to truckle to no commands; and, that the people will be able to choose those who, by talent, industry, and probity, are fit to be popular representatives.

"This power, however, will be of little avail, if it be not judiciously exercised. Unless the electors be made acquainted with the character of the candidates who propose themselves; unless the men most worthy be brought to their notice, improper or inadequate selections will again be made; the same neglect of duty, the same corrupt practices, the same extravagant expenditure, which have hitherto been our degradation and our curse, will continue.

"To prevent this evil, two things are required:—

"I. To collect all necessary information respecting the character, talent, conduct, and connexions of all persons who may be proposed as candidates for seats in the legislature.

"II. To lay this information, when obtained, before the public.

"Experience has taught us, that, separately, individuals cannot perform this task. Applications for information have often been made by various bodies of electors, desirous of choosing honest and enlightened representatives. But no one being prepared to answer their inquiries, the praiseworthy wishes of the electors have been frustrated. The idle, vain, and profligate have too often been chosen in the place of the industrious, upright, and enlightened. The unprincipled political adventurer, swayed only by personal interests, has usurped the post of the honest, single-minded patriot; and a people harassed, plundered, and oppressed, have but too well attested the vicious operation of a badly-selected legislature.

"Similar applications will again be made; and, unless care be taken, they will again prove fruitless.

"What individuals cannot perform, may be easily effected by an association; and, for the purpose of obtaining the information required, and properly and adequately publishing it to the world, the present Association has been formed, under the name of the "Parliamentary Candidate Society."

Several of the original members of the Committee (and not the least able or respectable) have withdrawn from it, feeling the force of the objections that attach to the scheme.

DISCIPLINE AT HARROW.—The discipline of Harrow School has been called into question by the complaint of two persons, who state, that their gig was seized upon by some lads, and rolled into a pond, and that, upon their remonstrating, they were abused, and stoned. First, according to custom, this representation was flatly contradicted, and it was said, that the story was destitute of one particle of truth. At last, however, comes the explanation of an authority, which shows that there was some ground for the complaint; and it shows more, namely, the lucid reasoning and skill in composition, of a classical preceptor. It may, indeed, be generally remarked, that schoolmasters are bad writers, English being a language unstudied by the pedagogue tribe. In looking over the newspaper advertisements, every one will be struck by the inferiority of those headed "Education," which are commonly pedantic and ungrammatical. But, it will be said, these are the performances of the lower order of teachers;—let us, then, see the manner of a master of a first-rate school.

"To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

"Harrow, April 13, 1831.

SIR,—It was not till last night that I saw a paragraph in your paper of the 8th, reflecting on the present state of discipline in Harrow School. It contains great exaggerations and some direct falsehoods; the omissions are also important. I shall, therefore, request you, in justice to the School, to insert the following statement in your newspaper:—

"It is true, that, about two months since, two boys wheeled away the chaise-cart in question; and, as they were doing so, its own weight, as I am led to believe, carried it into the pond, without their intending it; but the water never rose above the axle-tree; the boys themselves had it taken out; no damage, of the smallest kind whatever, was done to it; and a complaint having been made to me on the subject, I immediately punished the boys.

"The persons to whom the chaise-cart belonged, remained some time afterwards in Harrow; and, having excited the ridicule of the boys, by asking absurd questions about Roman Emperors being buried in the church-yard, &c. they were laughed at, as they were setting off again after their dinner; on which one of them knocked one of the boys down with an umbrella, called them all "paupers" and "the sons of pensioners," adding other offensive and very vindictive expressions. It is true, that some stones were thrown at them; but the ostler, who held the horse by the bridle the whole time, positively denies any injury having been done to its mouth; nor did the gig receive any fracture whatever.

"Again, it is quite false that any master said he could not prevent such an outrage; on the contrary, one of them, hearing a disturbance, came out, and immediately put an end to their misconduct, securing an unmolested passage to the gig and its owners, for which he actually received the thanks of the person in question.

"Nor can I, on minute inquiry, discover the least foundation for the statement, that many of the inhabitants rushed out of their houses, and cried "Shame." A highly respectable tradesman, residing within a few paces of the inn, who saw their departure, entirely contradicts this assertion. So far from the inhabitants entertaining any feeling of the sort, they are generally indignant at the misrepresentation of an affair which was so momentary and trifling, that when, several weeks after it occurred, it was alluded to in a daily paper, scarcely an inhabitant of the place could guess to what the paragraph referred.

"If it is expected of a head master, that his boys should be faultless, I have not a word more to say; but, if it be required of him, that he should be vigilant in checking offences when they occur, the public will see, what, in the first instance, the boys were immediately punished for their offence; and that, in the second, an assistant-master appeared, and at once put a stop to the transaction complained of.—I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

CHARLES T. LONGLEY."

For the first time, we learn that weight can carry; and according to this new law of mechanics, heavy, fat folks are never without their own carriages. But let us not omit to notice the propriety of composition: "the weight of the chaise-cart carried *it* into the pond without their (the boys) intending *it*;" (what?) "the boys themselves had *it* taken out." Which "*it*?" The "*it*" that was not intended, or the "*it*" that rolled into the pond? The justice now becomes as curious as the composition; though the weight of the cart carried it into the pond without the boys intending it, and no damage was done to *it*, yet on complaint of these various mischances to *it*, Mr. Longley immediately punished the boys! For what? for the weight of the cart, that carried it, like a thing possessed of a devil, to the water? Either the statement is not complete, or the justice of the punishment is very obscure. To proceed to more beauties of expression. The persons having excited ridicule, "by asking absurd questions about Roman emperors being buried in the churchyard," &c. The phrase of, "nor did the gig receive any fracture," is also strangely felicitous. A gig's receipt of a fracture is a curious idea. Farther—"It is quite false that any master said he could not prevent such an outrage—[what outrage? the whole attempt of the letter is to deny outrage]; on the contrary, one of them hearing a disturbance, came out, and immediately put an end to *their* misconduct—[whose misconduct?—securing an unmolested passage to the gig and its owners, for which he actually received the thanks of the person in question." He had the thanks of the gig then, obliged with an unmolested passage; for nothing else in question has been mentioned in the singular number. "Nor can I, on minute inquiry, discover the least foundation for the statement, that many of the inhabitants rushed out of their houses and cried 'Shame!' A highly respectable tradesman, residing within a few paces of the inn, who saw their departure—[i. e. the departure of the inhabitants; for there is no other plural antecedent in the paragraph, the Exod of the folks of Harrow]. Mr. Longley concludes this exquisite example of scholastic style by observing that a head-master's boys cannot be expected to be faultless, and that, in the first instance, the boys were immediately punished—and that in the second, an assistant master appeared and put a stop to the transaction complained of. The transaction having consisted in the interchange of blows with an umbrella for the pelting of stones. But why is it observed that

boys cannot be expected to be faultless? It is to the weight of gigs that the blame attaches, according to the evidence. The weight of gigs, which carries them into ponds, is the faulty conveyance.

Such an epistle as that quoted, would be remarkable for its awkward or vicious composition, proceeding from any person of ordinary education, but it is especially deserving of criticism, coming, as it does, from the pen of a master of one of the most fashionable schools in the kingdom; and it is good to raise, upon such a notable example, the inquiry, whether it is not time that the laws of English grammar and composition should be studied by the learned instructors of youth. Of Mr. Longley's skill in the dead languages we have no doubt, and perhaps he thought to number English among them by murdering it.

JOURNALISM.—The most difficult of all knowledge is proverbially self-knowledge, doubtless because none is beset with so many misleading partialities. It would seem to be almost as difficult for a man to understand the springs of his own vocation as to analyse his own motives. A Sunday Journalist thus explains (so to call it) journalism.

“ ‘Journalism’ is nothing but the expression of public opinion. A newspaper that should attempt to dictate, must soon perish. Every now and then, indeed, a journal is started for the enforcement of some opinion not accepted out of the narrow circle which establishes the paper. But the speculation invariably fails, both in a political and in a pecuniary sense. Dictation is hateful to all the world; and a newspaper cannot dictate, because, if it dictates, it dies. True, many a newspaper *appears* to dictate,—as, for instance, the *Times*, in its late ‘thundering’ articles against the poor Borough-mongers; but to call this dictation, would be like saying that it is the hatchet, and not the woodsman, who fells the tree. Newspapers are but an instrument to express the opinions of their readers on either side of whatever may be the question; and, taken altogether, where the Press is free, they constitute the public voice.”

It has been observed to us that in the very same Paper (which is of no great age) a directly opposite argument has been held, but of that we know nothing, and with the self-contradiction, if there be one, we have nothing to do. The editor would answer us at once by laying the blame of inconsistency to public opinion, which having chopped about as to its own operation on Journalism, has made him hold opposite doctrines within no very long space of time. The ingenious “Tatler” remarks upon the quoted doctrine, that there is much truth in it, but not the whole truth; for, “if Journals had never been in advance of public opinion, public opinion would not have been so advanced as it is.” This gives the key to the question; but there is another way of resolving it. If public opinion ran like the Thames through London, and a Journalist had only to take a bucket down to the bank, draw a supply, and soak his paper with it, the cited explanation of the business might hold together; but as the prudent Mistress Glasse says, in treating of cooking dolphins, “first, catch a dolphin,” so we contend the Journalist has first to catch public opinion, and when we consider the habits and circumstances of most editors, we see no opportunities for the seizure. The conductors of some of the ablest prints in London are men of retired habits, who mix very little with society, and observe upon what is passing in the world, relying only on their individual capacities for judgment. There are other publications of great circulation and high character, which lay themselves out for drifting with the stream, but the editors of these papers, however disposed to go with opinion, cannot run into the streets to seek it whenever a question arises likely to engage it. They have to pronounce an opinion before they can consult opinions. Public opinion is written and talked of, as if it were something always palpable and integral. A score of able papers are published in London, all holding different opinions, and all argued to be emanations of public opinion. Examine the editors, however, as to their conversance with society, and it will soon be found that three-fourths of the number derive their ideas of the opinions of the world from print, and the question then arises whether the authors of the print furnishing subjects or materials of judgment, are better instructed in the sentiments of men than their editorial readers and commentators. Conductors of newspapers are for the most part only qualified to

express public opinion, as men of sense likely to sympathise and have thoughts in commou with the sensible portion of society, which leads the rest. But there are some superior men among the editorial corps, and they lead the intelligence of classes of readers predisposed to entertain their views, but not equal, or perhaps not at leisure, to take such views unaided. To argue with the writer above quoted, that Journalism is nothing but an expression of public opinion, implying that it cannot guide it, is to argue that no superior talent can be employed in the service, or that superior reason, if set before the public, will not obtain the assent of the more intelligent and influential minds. The doctrine, if received, would be most pernicious, for it would forbid the Journalist to attempt the correction of a popular error, or to put forth a thought beyond the acceptance of the mass of the people, lest his profits should suffer by exceeding the functions of a mere mouth-piece of established and prevailing opinions. The principle is slavish and false. Papers may be named, as high in reputation as the one we are controverting, which have enforced not only new but dry doctrines, and with advantage both to their circulations and their characters. On the other hand may be instanced examples of the opposition of the great majority of the press to the popular prejudices. Catholic Emancipation was warmly advocated by the press when seven persons out of ten were against it, and the powerful host of the clergy almost to a man. And with such aid the measure succeeded against what is commonly termed public opinion, for by public opinion, as it is talked and written of, cannot be meant public intelligence, as in that case, what would the journals of nonsense, scandal, and tittle-tattle be organs of? and organs of public opinion, the writer quoted contends them to be. Again, the prints generally opposed themselves to the horror of dissection, which possesses nineteen minds out of twenty; and this feeling, accounted sacred by those who entertain it, was roughly combated without detriment to the profits or popularity of the reprovers. We should much regret to see the time when an erroneous notion of the province and functions of Journalism should prevent these attempts at the correction of popular error, real or supposed. It were, however, vastly convenient for a newspaper, having no other object than the greatest number of pence, and made, like the dull razors in the epigram, only for sale, to argue that the echo of the public voice is the hollow calling of all Journalists. But such is not the character of the Print in question.

THE GOLD SNUFF BOX.—The circumstance of the presentation of a snuff-box to Mr. Keeley by the Manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, is thus worked up in a weekly print. It is no bad specimen of newspaper cloquence, and the art of making much ado about nothing:—

* **PRESENTATION OF A GOLD BOX TO KEELEY.**—On Saturday, after the rehearsal of the *Maid of Honour*, and just as the Performers engaged in the Piece were about to retire, they received a polite message from Mr. Charles Kemble, requesting their attendance in the Green Room. *Various were the surmises and speculations arising out of an invitation so sudden and unusual.* Judge, however, *what must have been their astonishment*, when, in an instant, *as if by some talismanic touch*, not uncommon in such places, the majestic figure of Mr. Charles Kemble appeared before them *like a statue*—the right hand holding a superb Gold Snuff-box, with a fine and prominent likeness on the cover, in alto-relief, of Keeley, in *Harlequin Fat*. The effect was irresistible, and laughter and applause displaced *gloom and scepticism*. Silence having been obtained, Mr. Charles Kemble addressed Mr. Keeley in a kind and dignified speech, thanking him, in the name of the proprietors, for his general attention to their interest, and particularly for the cheerful way in which he accepted, and the talented manner in which he represented, the character of *Harlequin Fat*, in the last new Pantomime (applause.) Under these circumstances, the Proprietors requested his acceptance of the Gold Box he held in his hand (great applause.)—Mr. Keeley (in receiving the Box, which is at once massive and elegant, with the following inscription inside:—“To Robert Keeley, from the Proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre, in testimony of his zeal in their service, January 1831”) acknowledged, in a short, but neat speech, the honour conferred on him.”—*Sunday Paper*.

People, who did not know what large allowances are to be made for the amplifying pens of newspaper reporters, would be apt to suppose from this re-

presentation, that the actors must be an extraordinarily silly set of people. The manager simply requests to see them in the Green Room after rehearsal, and "various are the surmises and speculations arising out of the invitation." Then, "what must have been their astonishment, when, as if by some talismanic touch," the figure of Mr. Kemble stood before them precisely where they had been summoned to see him! How talismanic, that a gentleman should be actually seen where he had asked the wondering beholders to meet him. It is magical to behold an inviter in the place of invitation! He delivers a speech and a snuff-box, and the effect is irresistible, and laughter and applause displace *gloom and scepticism*. Gloom and scepticism for and about what? Gloom and scepticism excited by a request to attend the manager in the Green Room! What would be thought of such representations by people of common sense, unaccustomed to the manner of newspapers! The truth 'is, that we all read these things with an interpretation that translates them into something like rationality and truth.

THE ARISTOCRACY AND LITERATURE.—A sage in the Westminster Review has made several curious discoveries respecting the literary men of England, who are, it would seem, in a number of important particulars unlike the literary men of other countries. "They seek their chief applause from aristocratic circles, and derive from thence (whence does the learned critic derive his grammar?) their chief reward." They only, of all people in the world, have, it appears, preferred money and a fleeting reputation to gratuitous labour for the public good. On the contrary, had they, argues the Westminster Philosopher, made the conscious worth of social service their sole reward, they would—what?—no longer have been ranked with the footboys and servile hirelings of an arrogant *noblesse!* If a disinterested spirit had actuated the writers of this country, if they had studied and toiled solely for the service of the world, they would, instead of being classed with the pedagogues of a charity school, have swayed the determinations and governed the fortunes of millions. Provided always, we suppose, that they were not starved to death in the process of patriotism. But it is too much proved, we fear, that at all times and in all classes, men have been apt to consider labour worth a price, and indeed, to regard the price as the principal motive to the labour. To the conjecturers of the great things which *litterateurs*, or any other set of persons, might have done for the world and their own honour but for this failing, we cannot set any bounds; nor while it exists,—while men are such as men now are, and ever have been—can we hope to see the vast benefits which might, could, would, or should be produced by an order of instructors devoted to the public good, and prosecuting it with a pure labour of love. Sheridan says, that it is too much to be feared that people go to theatres principally with a view to amusement. We apprehend also, that it will be generally found that people toil with a view to reward in the base shape of pounds and shillings; and we are not without our suspicions that the Westminster Reviewer himself has written his diatribe upon pay-seeking authors at the rate of — guineas a sheet. He has heaped together charges which, as they are obviously incompatible, indicate more disposition to be severe than to be just. We quote the passage:—

"In England, unhappily, literary men, as a body, have few feelings in common with the great mass of the people. Our literature has been, and still is, essentially aristocratic; they who write seek their chief applause from aristocratic circles, and derive from thence their chief reward—and, so long as a low ambition shall influence their minds, so long will they prove the mere servants of a dominant class. But if, in place of money, a fleeting reputation, and an admittance to fashionable circles, the elevated and honest desire of being a nation's instructors, a hope of raising a popular literature—a literature spreading its beneficial influence among the whole people—had been their ruling spring of action, and the conscious worth of having contributed to such a work had been their sole reward, then would the literary men of England have taken their fit station among the literary bodies of Europe, and would no longer have been ranked with the footboys and servile hirelings of an arrogant *noblesse*. If such a spirit had actuated the writers of this country—if they had banded together to rescue the people from the thralldom of ignorance—had boldly determined to brave displeasure—to be careless of

immediate renown—had set before themselves the one great purpose of elevating the moral and intellectual condition of the people, and to it had directed all their efforts, and for it sacrificed all paltry ambition, at this day they might have ruled in that nation where now they are utterly insignificant; and instead of being classed with the pedagogues of a charity-school, might honestly, by the power of understanding over understanding, have swayed the determinations and governed the fortunes of millions. This, however, has appeared an object above their ambition. They have been content with the pedagogue's renown, and still bear his character. Long may they continue to enjoy that petty fame which they covet—still exhibiting themselves with success as the lions of a drawing-room, as the tiny dictators of their little circles, awing into silence all desperate opposition, and by their authoritative nod guiding the mathematical opinions of a bevy of flattering belles."

This statement shows an utter disregard of fact, and evinces a carelessness as to the consistency of the terms of the accusation, which is far from flattering to the reader. Every one who knows the world, (which we do not suppose to be the Reviewer's case,) is aware that the aristocracy have long ceased to give countenance or protection to literary men, who, on their parts, have consequently ceased to seek applause in the inaccessible circles of the Great. Authors rely on a large public, whose judgment is certainly influenced by the opinions of the aristocracy, and in this indirect way only is the taste of the aristocracy flattered. We question whether more than three persons can at this moment be named, who as literary men have obtained access to aristocratic society—the three are Scott, Moore, and Irving. When so few are favoured, there is no inducement to the many to pay court. Secondly, it is notoriously untrue that from aristocratic circles the chief reward of literary men is derived, if by reward, as the context would denote, the Reviewer means pecuniary profit. In the middle and plebeian classes there are five hundred readers for one in the patrician order; and the book-clubs take off a far greater number of copies of works than the libraries or drawing-rooms of noble and fashionable houses. That literature is not on a satisfactory footing, that its motives may be too low, that it may be made too much of a trade, is not to be denied; but what we do deny is, the Westminster Reviewer's statement of the causes and degrees of the faults. In one line we are told that the *litterateurs* seek the applause and rewards of the great—in another line that they are classed with pedagogues of charity schools, which would show that their applause and rewards were not of a sort to encourage prostration—in another line, again, the persons content with the pedagogue's renown are described as lions of drawing-rooms and authorities of flattering belles, who are not persons to give their incense to any but characters of accredited celebrity. In the midst of this farrago of misrepresentation and contradiction, one cannot but be amused with the charity of the philanthropic author's concluding aspiration. Having deplored that authors are what authors are, that they are not content solely with the reward of conscious worth, that they basely think of pay for labour, that they do not give themselves up to the good of the world, that consequently society lacks the benefit of an unpaid literature, and that they suffer the disgrace of being rated with footboys and servile hirelings of the *noblesse*—after all this catalogue of evils, and of omissions of public advantages, the Reviewer good-naturedly to the public and its instructors exclaims, "Long may they (the authors) continue to enjoy that petty fame which they court—still exhibiting themselves with success as the lions of a drawing-room, as the tiny dictators of their little circles, awing into silence all desperate opposition, and by their authoritative nod guiding the mathematical opinions of a bevy of flattering belles."

Why he should wish continuance to these things we don't understand, except as the wish gave opportunity for those fine assortments of substantives and adjectives which are above quoted. For such a display of eloquence well might the world long forego the improvement which the Reviewer had before set forth as so desirable.

That there is ample room for improvement in the field of letters, we admit. The great fault we find in the class of men called literary is, that they are so generally illiterate. This defect will cease as the public advances in know-

ledge, and requires higher qualifications in those who address it; as for the Westminster Reviewer's complaint, we fear it is without remedy, and that men will not read and write, study and compose, for the public good only, till rivers run up hills, barristers plead *gratis*, and physicians scorn fees.

THE ALDERMANIC BUTCHER.—The Court of Aldermen is now sitting as a Court of Honour. Alderman Scales has been brought to a Court Aldermanic for alleged conduct unbecoming the character of an Alderman and a butcher. In the language usual on such occasions, it may be said that the eyes of all Europe would be fixed on these proceedings, but for the Reform question and the Polish victories, which have rather diverted the attention of the world from the Ward of Portsoken. The sort of charges whose proof should disqualify an Alderman should be—

That he was addicted to conversation at table; that he was careless in his cookery, and of poor stomach; that he was ungrammatical in feeding, drank wine with turtle soup, and neglected his jelly with venison; that he spoke slightly of custard, and was never seen in the shop of Birch, or any other place of tartlets, and was altogether a man without palate.

But this is not the character of the accusation of Alderman Scales, (who, by the way, is a member of the Parliamentary Candidate Society, where doubtless it is his part to weigh the good candidates, and butcher the bad ones.) The charges are to the effect that he breaks open pounds, sells to Jews irreligious meat, tells a paw-paw story, traduces the complexion of the Recorder, declaring he is cadaverous, when all the world knows him to be a perfect rose of Sharon; and last and most horrible of all, that he killed a Jack-ass and dressed it up as a calf! These allegations, which the worthy alderman, in appropriate language, describes as intended to "gratify the bloated hots that harbour in the purlieus, and are daily fed under the tail of the corporation," have been considered with a gravity suited to their serious import. The precedent of killing asses is obviously dangerous in the city; and then trifling with the character of calves by dressing and blowing donkeys up to their appearances, is an insulting addition to the enormity. Mr. Stubbing, a Common-Councilman and butcher, proved that he did not know an ass when he saw him, and this was a Common-Councilman, who ought to have known an ass under any disguise. The becoming gravity with which the Recorder followed up these inquiries so important to the dignity of the City of London, may be seen from the following examination.—

The Recorder: "Was it a necessary piece of humanity to the animal to dress it up like another animal?"—The witness stared at this question.

The Recorder: "Upon your oath, did not Mr. Scales himself desire you to dress it like veal?"—Witness: "He did, my Lord."

Mr. Carter, the Common Councilman, deposed that he heard Mr. Scales threaten Mr. Blackburn on St. Thomas's Day, and say to him 'I hate and detest you, and I shall expectorate upon you.'

Mr. Bodkin: "Did you hear him say anything about the Recorder?"

Mr. Carter: "I heard him say the Recorder was a cadaverous wretch."

This serious inquiry has not yet been brought to a conclusion. If the judgment on it be worthy of the gravity of the matter, it will be remarkable indeed. The proceeding opens a wide field for inquisition. Mr. Birch's tarts and soups may next be brought in question, and he may be accused of making them with ingredients unbecoming the character of an alderman and a cook. What a charge might hang on a musty egg, or a lump of rancid butter. Inquest into the conduct in business of trading men is not very judicious, and we believe that Mr. Scales is an object of hostility to his brethren of the knife because he has been successful, and to aldermen because he is liberal and independent. For these high crimes, according to the common expression, a set has been made at him.

PEERS ON THE TWENTY-SECOND.—In the History of England, abounding as it does in dramatic passages, there is not so striking a scene as the prorogation of Parliament by William IV. on the 23rd April. All the circumstances heighten the effect. The suddenness of the measure together with the dignified calmness

of the proceeding, the previous anxiety of the people giving place to joyous sympathy with authority and a proud satisfaction at the quelling of insolent spirits. On the other hand, the fiery rage of the surprised malcontents, their frantic vehemence, and abandonment of every thing but their cause, pride forgetting pride, and casting away the proprieties, the decencies, all the respects whose observance guards its state; and this, too, in a place of pomp, where the dignity of aristocracy would have seemed tapestried in antiquated forms for generations—these various passions and circumstances contribute to a most remarkable effect. If the motives are brought under view, the scene is not the less singular. Let us suppose a person unacquainted with the events of the last six months, witnessing from below the bar the tumult in the House of Peers on the 23rd, and imagine what his conception would have been of the character and causes of the commotion, the thunder of cannon and the shouts of the people out of doors, the confusion within—the Lord Chancellor snatching up the seals and mace and withdrawing, and a Lord clamorously and irregularly voted into the Speaker's seat by the excited Peers—(To proceed in the words of one of the best accounts)

“ So suddenly, and, on the part of many, so unexpectedly had all this irregularity taken place, that the Peers themselves seemed to be astonished at what they had witnessed,—proceeding even as it had from the irregularity of certain of their own body.

Sir T. Tyrwhitt, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, was in complete consternation; the clerks at the table quitted their seats without knowing what to do. The judges appeared surprised, and the ladies terrified. Several strangers below the bar exclaimed “ What an extraordinary scene ! ” and many of the Peers stood up in groups, and looked impatiently at the doors, hoping the King would appear.

In the few words which Lord Lyndhurst said, he used a violence of gesture not at all usual with him. The same observation will apply to the Earl of Mansfield, in the beginning of his speech. The Marquis of Clanricarde was energetic, and the Duke of Richmond also, but the noble duke's efforts were directed to allay the ferment.

About twenty minutes past three the large folding-doors leading to the house were thrown open. The Earl of Mansfield was still speaking, but, perceiving that his Majesty was about entering, he became silent, and resumed his seat.

Would such a witness, as we have supposed, on beholding these turbulent proceedings, so incompatible with the dignity of the assembly, and respect for the throne,—would he have conceived that the actors in it were the professed champions of the Constitution? He might have imagined that it was an oligarchical cabal attempting to seize upon the powers of the State, and ready to thrust the King from the House; but he could never suppose that the objects of all amazement constituted the party professedly conservative of order, the devotees to the dignity of the crown, the zealous of loyalty! This is surely the very last solution that would occur. But the astonishment of such a spectator would scarcely be diminished when he heard the causes, and learnt that all this commotion was referable to alarm lest a certain class of sham representatives should be thrust away from access to the public purse. He would then ask with amazement, whether such sordid motives could so strangely and immoderately transport such dignified personages.

Certainly it was one of the most pregnant signs of the times to see a host of peers squabbling and mobbing with the rage and gestures, almost the language of infuriated basket-women. They indeed all but came to blows, and an intelligent witness remarked, that had swords been worn as formerly, they would surely have been crossed, and the King might have entered his House of Peers amidst the clash and glancing of rapiers; and all this originating with the party conservative of order and established rules. It is clear that there was on the part of the raging opposition no disposition to spare the King's feelings a shock, and the tumult was carried as close as possible to an affront to the Royal person. Indeed, enough was done to evince the intention of disrespect, if not absolutely to beard the authority of the Crown.

Haydon, who made so good a picture of the riot in the King's Bench, should take the subject of the tumult in the House of Lords. It allows of some fine contrasts of the low and the dignified. In the foreground may be seen the frenzy

of mean passions in every phase of absurdity; in the back, the King entering calm and resolute, and conscious that he was carrying with him the sympathies of the millions he rules, and commanding the admiration of every people of the civilized world.

In the Lower House there were also some striking effects; though, as has been observed, the unique violence of a Londonderry was wanting. Sir Richard Vyvyan declaiming against the prorogation till the thunder of the cannon saluting the Royal procession drowned his voice, was the type of the weakness of invective against the uncontrollable progress of events. The greetings of the mere ceremonial confounded with as empty sound the empty rhetoric.

EXHIBITION OF NAPOLEON'S BREECHES.—When Mr. Kemble was out of management, he used to inveigh most tastefully against the quackeries to which the patentees had descended, and sigh for the restoration of the legitimate drama. Remembering this, we cannot but smile at the following announcement:—

“COVENT-GARDEN.—A new five-act drama, called Napoleon, is shortly to be brought out at this theatre: it is a compilation by Mr. Lacy, from several dramas of the same title which have been lately successfully produced at Paris. All the striking events in the life of the Great Captain, are to be exhibited with vivid effect. *Costume actually worn by the ex-Emperor and the other principal characters, who are to be represented during some period of their career, have been lately purchased by Mr. C. Kemble in Paris, and have reached Covent Garden for the occasion.* A stud of horses are also to be brought on the stage to give the proper effect to many of the extraordinary events to be represented, which are to consist, not merely of those which gave splendour to the elevation of the conqueror, but are to include the most prominent of those which produced and accompanied his downfall. *So great has been the observance of historic truth, that it was for a time apprehended, laying open to public gaze some things supposed to have taken place at St. Helena, might not be sanctioned by the Licensor; but that difficulty, we understand, is entirely removed, and a career of brilliant success is anticipated.* Mr. Warde is to personate the hero.”

Costume actually worn by the ex-Emperor and the other principal characters has been purchased, and has reached Covent Garden. Oh, good!—what matter for a bill is here.

“Napoleon, with the real breeches!!!! by Mr. Warde, who in act fourth, scene third, will appear in the waistcoat worn by the hero at the battle of Austerlitz, and take snuff by the handful out of the right waistcoat pocket, marked with the original stains of the Imperial rappee!!!! the daubing of which will be distinctly visible to the one-shilling gallery.

“Murat, with the genuine spangled pantaloons sold to an old clothes-man by his valet, in the year 1816, by Mr. Charles Kemble.

“Marshal Ney, in the great coat he wore in the retreat from Moscow, with the authentic holes of thirteen musket-balls, and a well-accredited round shot, by Mr. Duruset.

“Duroc, with one undoubted gaiter, by Mr. Blanchard. General Rapp, with the true cane, by Mr. Wood. M. Talleyrand has kindly consented to lend his diplomatic inexpressibles for the representation of his character on this occasion only.

“In act the fifth, Napoleon at St. Helena, and in great observance of historic truth, things will be laid open *supposed* to have taken place there. Scene the first,—the ex-Emperor at breakfast,—cracks an egg with a spoon formerly his property!!!! finds it musty,—complains of the English Government and the malice of the Governor,—sends it by his staff to Sir Hudson Lowe, and demands hens. The provisions for the day are brought in. The Emperor enters a protest against the butter, complains of the scanty supply of fish, and demands half-a-dozen of wine. Dark suspicions that it is intended to starve him, cloud his mind. He buys an ox out of his own waistcoat pocket. A real ox is introduced on the scene. Napoleon sheds tears at the thought of his slaughter, and deploras the Machiavellian policy of England that compels him to spill blood, &c. &c. &c. The scenery and dresses will all be splendid and quite new.”

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks—methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eye at the full mid-day beam ; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight, at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.—*Milton's speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing.*

THE cause has prospered. The great domestic enemy is beaten down under our feet. The people have prevailed. A single pacific victory has eclipsed all their military glories. They have conquered without paying the usual price of conquest—their treasure has not been wasted ; and there is no blood upon their laurels. The spirit of the past struggle was the spirit of liberty. It is a proud occupation to review its progress and its triumphs.

The effect of the dissolution of the late Parliament, was to place the fate of the question of Reform—at least for a season—at the disposal of the electoral body. No one who knew any thing of the character of the British people, or of the force of popular opinion, in favour of the Ministerial measure, entertained the slightest doubt but that (notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which the nation laboured, in consequence of the very system which it is the object of Reform to correct and purify) the result of the monarch's appeal would be the return of a considerable majority of members pledged to the Bill : but the most sanguine temper, the freest speculation, did not anticipate the actual issue :—when all the places were considered where the people was wholly powerless ; when the dangers and impediments were reflected on, which in the most open places stood in the way of the conscientious discharge of public duty ; when it was considered how much power, wealth, influence, and malignity were arrayed on the side of Anti-reform, few could have predicted, and none without being laughed at as enthusiasts, that the spirit and public virtue of the people would have gained so complete a triumph as we have now to record.

The constituency of the country nobly fulfilled its duty. They were imperiously called on to make great exertions and many sacrifices ; and they proved themselves wanting neither in energy or self-devotion. They felt the dignity of the station on which the constitution placed them, and the force with which it invested them ; their integrity spurned the gold, and their courage despised the threats of their enemies ; they remembered they were the sons of the men whose indomitable love of liberty overthrew the despotism of a prince, and they put on the same armour to overthrow the worse despotism of a faction. The nation, with one mind, and as one man, supported the electoral body : the great lesson of Lord Bolingbroke seemed present to every understanding—“ the British constitution is the business of every Briton.” With a few ignominious exceptions—and those chiefly in the order which may be said to be illiberal by vocation—wherever the popular will had way in the elections, it was declared loudly and peremptorily for the ministerial measure of Reform. The traffic in seats in Parliament, the influence of the House

of Peers in the House of Commons, the representation of Old Sarum and Gatton, and the non-representation of the most flourishing and populous towns in the empire—these things found favour no where in the sight of the people, nor their advocates any avenue into the legislature, save through the unclean ways of Scotch counties and rotten boroughs. The subscription of half-a-million of money, obtained just half-a-dozen county representations for the Anti-reformers: The virtue of the freeholders acted on the Tory gold like the enchantment of the Eastern story, and turned it into dross. The faction was equally unsuccessful in their other methods of warfare. Calumny strained her art to sustain Corruption. The Tories calumniated the ministry, they calumniated the Bill, they calumniated the Whig candidates; they did not even spare the crown and the people. But bribery and calumny were not all: during their last struggle for political consequence, the Tories were not even faithful to their own principles. They came into the field with false colours. Sir Edward Knatchbull in Kent, Colonel Tyrrell in Essex, Lord Lowther in Cumberland, Mr. Bankes in Dorset, Mr. North in Drogheda—all were for reform—moderate Reform—a little Reform—or a little moderate Reform. Many more names might be added to the list. Some of these individuals, for example Lord Lowther, may not have been so consistently and uniformly the foes of improvement as others; one or two, perhaps, during their parliamentary career, may have aberrated into some vote that savoured of liberality; but generally speaking, they were the men and the party who parted with Grampond as with their heart's blood, who dallied with the prostitution of East Retford so many years—who resisted the transfer of franchise from that convicted borough, to the great town of Birmingham—who ultimately conceded the point of Bassetlaw as if it had been life or honour—who never mentioned reform but to curse it, and pursued with the same bitterness, the minutest and the largest alteration: generally speaking, they were the men and the party who voted in the government minority on the night which overthrew the cabinet of the Duke of Wellington—that most unequivocal of all anti-reformers—and, to crown all, who fought the battle of General Gascoyne, and gained that unlucky victory which brought upon them the Dissolution, and “all its woes!” Yet these men called themselves Reformers!

The conduct of the nation answered every assertion of their enemies. The Tories are disappointed prophets as well as defeated politicians. Ask the Lonsdales and Newcastles, ask the Bells, the Bankes's, and the Vyvians, ask them *now*, whether the mind of the people is for or against Reform. Ask the long list of gentlemen, titled and untitled, who declined the honour of confronting the free constituencies, or confronted them only to be repulsed with resentment and scorn—ask them *now*, whether apathy or enthusiasm is the better explanation of the popular behaviour. Ask them again, where are the convulsions which they predicted, should the Ministers dare to advise the King to dissolve the late parliament. We review the whole series of elections and we see no such thing; but on the contrary, observe every where a spirit leading to very different results. We see convulsions indeed; but they are Tory convulsions, the expiring agonies,

the death throes of their faction. *Their violence, their intemperance,* has been witnessed in many a town and county; but a good-humoured tranquillity has generally characterized the demeanour of the people. The fact is; the nation was calm, because it was strong, and felt its strength. Violence is the temper of weakness; the comportment of power is serenity. To speak generally of the country; the elements of a fierce struggle were wanting—it was not a contest of balanced parties, but the strife of a faction with the commonwealth: a few hundred exasperated oligarchs against countless thousands of British citizens. In those places where the forces of corruption seemed most likely to make head against the public interest, and where tumult was consequently most to be apprehended, the temperance of the people frustrated the auguries, and possibly the wishes, of the Tory chieftains. They met their enemies not with more union and intrepidity, than composure and cheerfulness; their combination, steadiness, and hilarity, recalling the lines of the great poet—

On they move,
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and soft recorders, such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old,
Arming to battle; and *instead of rage,*
Deliberate valour breathed.

Again, they stigmatized the Bill as a revolutionary measure. The unanimity of the country repelled the calumny; the approval of thirty-five out of forty counties answered it; every free town and populous city, the undivided voice of the great, opulent, and intelligent metropolis of the empire, the emancipated capital of Ireland, abundantly answered it. Revolution in its odious sense, the sense in which it is so voluble on the tongues of Tories, implies angry collision; collision implies two parties; the country has shown that she does not contain two parties, the Boroughmonger's cry of revolution passes by therefore, as "the idle wind we heed not." Unless a nation can rise up against herself, to talk about revolution is folly. There was but one point, of the compass from which any reasonable man anticipated so heavy a calamity: namely, the return of a House of Commons too little impregnated with the spirit of Reform to carry the will of the people into effect. But the constituency of the country have dispelled that apprehension.

Next to the splendid majority, which the issue of this ever-memorable contest has given to the side of liberty, the most remarkable object of attention is the strong contrast in which it has placed the sound and the rotten parts of the constitution, confirming in the most unanswerable manner the grounds upon which the Ministerial measure of reform rests. The purity now stands by itself, and the corruption by itself; the light is separated from the darkness. The counties and all the open constituencies, throb with the pulse of the nation; against the nation stand the close boroughs, the corporations, the Scotch counties, and the ecclesiastical institutions. Of the English county members, but *six* out of *eighty-two* are Anti-reformers. Of Irish county members, the proportion is but fifteen out of *sixty-four*. The following table exhibits the returns from England and Wales, exclusive of those from the boroughs

in Schedules A and B, in the appendix of Lord John Russell's Bill.*

			For	Against
40 English counties, returning	82	members	76	6
12 Welsh ditto.	12		5	7
24 Cities London (4)	50		42	8
94 Boroughs (not comprised in Schedules A and B)	174		127	47
—	—	—	—	—
170	318		250	68

The result of this table, is a majority of 182 on the side of Reform. Now introduce A and B, and let us observe the effect.

			For.	Against.
55 Boroughs in Schedule A, returning	109	members	30	79
44 B,	86		29	57
—	—	—	—	—
99	195		59	136

Here we have a majority *against* Reform of 77 votes; which, deducted from the majority in its favour exhibited in the former table, gives 105 as the majority upon the whole returns (513 in number) from England and Wales. It was the majority of 77, arising from the condemned schedules, that so imperiously called upon the people to strain every sinew in the late contest. They had no other means of overcoming it, but by their exertions in counties and towns, wherever there remained a particle of electoral influence which had escaped the rapacity of the boroughmongering aristocracy: by these means, however, dexterously managed and ably employed, with the aid of stout hearts and a just quarrel, they have succeeded in depriving corruption of its sting, and leaving the scorpion nothing but its loathsome and hideous form.

Now let us attend to the returns from Ireland—they are presented in the following table.

			For.	Against.
32 Counties returning	64	members	49	15
7 Cities	9		7	2
26 Boroughs	26		12	14
1 University	1		0	1
—	—	—	—	—
100			68	32
			36	

The efforts, therefore, of the people of Ireland, add a majority of 36 to the majority of 105 from England and Wales: so that, Scotland not being considered, the people have 141 votes more than the Tories in the present parliament. Now let us take Scotland into account. Of 23 Scotch returns, all that have been made up to the moment at which we write, the numbers for and against Reform are calculated to be 8 and 15. Taking, therefore, two to one to be the ratio for all Scotland, we have beyond the Tweed a majority against

* The reader is aware that Schedule A is a list of 55 boroughs, which are disfranchised by a clause in the Bill. Schedule B is a list of 44 boroughs which are to return but one member in future, by virtue of another clause.

Reform of 15 votes—the whole number of Scotch members being 45. Scotland, therefore, acts against the national interest in the same manner as the contents of the Schedules A and B. Subtracting 15 from 141; the remainder 126 is the majority in the new parliament for Reform, from the whole United Kingdom.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.—A rapid account of the principal contests, and their results, including on the one hand the most striking proofs that have come to our knowledge of the spirit and virtue displayed by the people; and on the other, the downfall of the great interests which have so long rioted on the spoils of the nation—will scarcely fail to prove an interesting narrative to our readers. We shall include also brief notices of those cases where Toryism showed what the fat knight calls “the better part of valour,” and precipitated itself at once into some Cornish borough or Scotch county, where the chance of meeting a constituent is about the same as that of meeting a four-in-hand in the streets of Venice. Constituencies truly are as odious to boroughmongers, as magistrates to thieves. Gattan for them, and Old Sarum; there they are in Elysium: no independent electors, or no electors at all, to ask impertinent questions about pensions and sinecures, and the expenditure of the public money; these are, therefore, the green spots of the constitution; the oases in the wilderness of populous towns and counties; thither they fly from the noise and turmoil of popular contests, and are at rest. A rural ceremony under a spreading tree—Tories love the shade—and they are entitled to thrust their hands into the pockets of the people, and waste their hard-earned wages in vice and folly. But these things shall be no more.*

Dover had the proud distinction of leading the way in the national race of liberty; the nominee of the Duke of Wellington retired after a day's contest. The city of London followed with *four* supporters of the Bill; there was not Toryism enough in all her shops, and banks, and counting-houses, to constitute a single Anti-Reformer. The son of Lord Verulam lost St. Alban's. The day was fixed for the Bristol election—where was Mr. Hart Davis? Bristol, the very fastness of monopoly, the impregnable hold of illiberal politics; surely Bristol stood with open arms to welcome her long-tried representative, the man after her own heart! Alas! for Mr. Hart Davis! Bristol is his no more! Bristol has lost her taste for mock representation, and costly misgovernment. Lord Ingestrie was beaten out of Herts, Lord Brecknock out of Bath, Sir T. Acland fled from Devon at the first rumour of Lord John Russell's canvass. In Northumberland, “the golden Duke” could not support Mr. Bell an hour against the constitutional spirit of that county. The pompous “Ukase,” that

* The following is an account of the *last election* for Old Sarum:—The election took place on Monday at nine, under an elm tree, about a hundred yards west of the citadel of Old Castle, in Sarum. There was a table and two chairs, the two members, (Alexander), and eleven more—a few minutes, a little form, and the mummery was over—the two gentlemen were for the last time said to be duly elected! Several hundred reformers went to the place about ten o'clock with a flag, inscribed “The King and Reform.” Their determination was to prevent the mummery which always heretofore took place at noon; however, the others were afraid of this, and settled it at nine. The reformers proceeded to cut down the tree of corruption, and it was divided into small portions.

issued about a month ago from the ducal cabinet availed that gentleman nothing; two guineas could not seduce the bell-ringers of Gateshead to welcome his arrival with a single peal; "three cheers for the Bill" were the only sounds that greeted him, and he liked the music so little, that he made a precipitate retreat to his farm at Worsington, to cultivate mangle-wurzel, and lament the delusion of the people who were insensible to the blessing of such a representative.

The Duke of Wellington met a second defeat in his own county of Hants. His candidate, Mr. Fleming, had scarcely started when he gave up the race. Mr. Patten resigned Lancashire without a contest; and in Cheshire, the retirement of Lord H. Cholmondeley into the borough of Castle Rising, marked the subversion of a sinister interest which for upwards of a century had been paramount in that county. Sir Edward Knatchbull surrendered to the men of Kent. In Yorkshire the spirit was too strong to encourage opposition. The antagonist principle just showed itself in the field, and disappeared. The grand difficulty here (although four seats were in the lottery) was, not to secure the return of a member, but the appearance of a candidate. Several gentlemen were pitched on "as marvellous proper persons," but they declined the honour intended them. Toryism then fixed her eye upon the Honourable W. Duncombe. He came, he saw—but there the parallel between that gentleman and Cæsar is at an end: an hour's deliberation showed that the case was desperate; and, to the ineffable joy of the honest freeholders of York, corruption spared them the pain of a conflict.

In Worcestershire, Colonel Lygon, aided by four-score hired attorneys, (those of his opponents acted gratuitously,) aided by an enormous fund, to which the Countess of Beauchamp alone subscribed 50,000*l.*! aided by a great company of pluralist parsons, and far the greater part of the Aristocracy of the most Tory county in England, maintained the fight for several days, at an expense *per diem* of 1300*l.*, against Captain Spencer, supported by nothing but the Reform Bill, and the free spirit of the people.

This was the indifference of the people to Reform; this the *vulgar clamour* to which the ministers appealed as their only chance of success! Is it necessary to state the result? Despite of the fourscore solicitors, the prodigal countess, and the "great company of preachers," the brother of Lord Althorp and the principle of Reform gained a signal and complete victory.

In Essex there would probably have been no contest, had there been any other Reform candidate but Mr. Long Wellesley. All the clergy of the county, faithful to their principles, voted for Mr. Tyrell; but the popular mind overcame, and the field was ultimately left in possession of the people.

Its glory has departed from the House of Lowther! In Westmoreland "their very manor and hunting-ground," as *The Times* calls that county—in Westmoreland, where, some three or four years ago, the intellect and oratory of Brougham shook, but could not abate their influence—even there the unconquerable thirst for independence had succeeded, without a struggle, in establishing Mr. Nowell, a gentleman not otherwise recommended, than by his devotion to the Bill! and it is not to be doubted but that both the votes of that county

could have been secured to the country, had the freeholders been properly cheered and supported—had the Reformers, in fact, been sufficiently aware of the resources which they possessed in the plain understanding and intrepid character of the peasantry.

Westmoreland was a defeat by negotiation; it was an overthrow received, as it were, in the dark; but Lord Lowther, like the hero of the seven-fold shield, was not content unless the sun shone upon his overthrow. In Cumberland, accordingly, he gave battle. He did not rely *entirely* upon the seventy years influence of his family in that county; he thought it prudent to encounter Sir James Graham with his own weapons; he announced himself a Reformer! Lord Lowther—the hope of the house of Lonsdale—the heir-apparent of five seats in Parliament—by birth, by trade a borough-monger—he too a Reformer! “I see enough,” said his Lordship, “of the state of feeling in the country to justify me in saying that *some reform is necessary.*” But the people were as little to be duped as daunted; the Reform of a borough-monger was not the reform for them; the appetite for liberty was too keen to be satisfied with any less solid viand than the Ministerial Bill. On the fourth day of the election the “village Hampdens” of Cumberland forced Lord Lowther from the hustings. At Carlisle the Lonsdales received a third blow, in the rejection of their nominee, Colonel Lushington, and the return of two supporters of the Bill. Nothing now remains to this insolent house but Cocker-mouth, Hazlemere, and Appleby, all of which, unless we are much mistaken, are to be found in Schedules A and B. How are the mighty fallen!

The house of Clumber also in affliction! Serjeant Wilde is a sad fellow. The men of Newark have “done what they pleased with their own.” Mr. Sadler was driven to Norwich, but experiencing an inconvenient pressure in that city from Messrs. Grant and Gurney, backed by a constituency unanimous for reform, he ultimately took refuge in the asylum of all the Tories, a rotten borough. In mentioning the fate of this gentleman, we cannot refrain from paying a tribute of respect to his estimable qualities and great acquirements. He has been the object of much vulgar and unmerited abuse: his only fault appears to be a certain tardiness of character, which causes him to lag in the rear of the advancing intelligence of the nation. But all the sorrows of his Grace of Newcastle have not yet been sung. In the county of Nottingham he put forth his influence; but the arm was scarce extended, when the popular determination withered it, and it fell powerless to his side. Nor was this all. In East Retford, with the Hundred of Bassettlaw, his rout was as total as at Newark. That newly-created constituency was with the people.

Dorsetshire has spurned Mr. Bankes from her representation. The “stout old English gentleman” tried the stratagem of “moderate reform;” but the men of Dorset were for the Reform of *The Bill*; and Tory tergiversation had as little success with them as with their honest countrymen in other places.

We are fatigued with recounting triumphs. In Cornwall, the soil itself of political corruption, where the very air was supposed to be impregnated with Tory influence, and where (if any where) Corruption might have expected her plants to flourish—even in Cornwall

there was a popular blast, and she was doomed to see expire her fairest flower. Not his youth, nor his lively rhetoric, nor his chivalrous ardour—worthy a purer cause—nor the recollection of his spirited bearing in the last moments of the late Parliament, could save Sir Richard Vyvyan. It is worthy of notice that Sir Richard was personally popular amongst the men who rejected him. When he came upon the hustings, after his defeat, to deliver his parting address to the freeholders, a strong interest was visible in his favour, and his speech was frequently interrupted by exclamations of, “He’s a clever, fine fellow,” “It’s a pity he will not vote for the Bill,” &c. Lord Valletort shared the young Baronet’s defeat, but not the compassion. His Lordship betook himself immediately to Schedule A. and will be remembered in Lostwithiel as the last representative of that populous and important borough.

Our limits will not allow us to carry the narrative of the popular success much farther; but we cannot overlook Liverpool and Northamptonshire. Liverpool has retrieved her reputation, by her spirited rejection of the *great* Tory General, whose victories have the remarkable property of being attended by all the ill-consequences of defeats. It has been justly observed, that in the Denison and Ewart contest, no public question was at issue; and that consequently the man who sold his vote, did not also sell his country. On the present occasion an appeal was made to the spirit and patriotism of the Liverpool electors; and they were not backward to answer it. Corruption made a long stand in the shire of Northampton. Lords Althorp and Milton had nothing but their personal characters and the principle of Reform, to oppose to an insolent aristocracy, headed by the Earl of Westmoreland, to an intriguing clergy, and an unlimited supply of money from the funds of the boroughmongers. This was one of the most important and interesting triumphs gained by the people.

To rival the splendour of these successes, and numerous others which we are forced to pass over in silence, the Tories have their victories in the county of Buckingham and University of Cambridge. The result of the latter contest is known to every one, and the vast accession that it has made to the cause of Ecclesiastical Reform has been the theme of general remark. The nation is decided for reform—the Churchmen of Cambridge are decided for the rotten boroughs, and they reject Lord Palmerston and Mr. Cavendish, for Goulburn and Yates Peel. The nation will not forget this favour. When they come to revise their church establishment, and look with the keen eye of a popular House of Commons into every branch of their ecclesiastical institutions, they will not visit their abuses with a more sparing hand when they remember the part the University of Cambridge has acted in this election. If churchmen are against the people, they cannot be surprised if the people are against them. That the defeat of the popular interest is justly laid to the door of the Ecclesiastics there can be no doubt. In the University of Oxford, the anti-national party prevailed without a struggle. There beamed not from all her schools a solitary ray of liberality to attract a popular candidate. The College of Dublin, we shall see, was not behind her English sisters in testifying her animosity to the people. But a day of reckoning is at hand.

SCOTCH ELECTIONS.—We can afford but a few remarks upon this head. The state of the representative system in Scotland has disabled that part of the United Kingdom from bearing a part in the national struggle commensurate with the feeling of her population. The returns have in general been discreditable. Edinburgh has infamously signalized herself by the rejection of her brightest ornament, the Lord Advocate. The burghs have generally acted better than the counties; in the latter, the “parchment voters” exclude the influence of public opinion altogether. Scotland is, in fact, the Cornwall of the north—one great rotten borough. The people are as little represented by the Scottish members of parliament, as by the Messrs. Alexander, who sit for Old Sarum. No part of the empire will derive more benefit from the measure of Reform than Scotland.

IRISH ELECTIONS.—Ireland has done its duty. There, too, has it been the misfortune of the Peels and the Wetherells to have events at fatal variance with their denunciations. The state of Ireland was such, they vociferated that Ministers must be insane to add a contested election to the other elements of disorder in that country. They hailed the state of Clare as an insurmountable obstacle to the measure in which they foresaw their political annihilation. But there is no fact more certain in the recent history of Ireland, than that political excitement acts rather as an antidote than a stimulus to the insubordinate spirit which *the long misrule of the Boroughmongers* has gendered in that fine country. Nor has there been any occurrence during the whole election to disprove this position. The prophecies of Tory inspiration have been falsified on both sides of the channel. It is but justice to Mr. O’Connell to say, that his services to the country upon this occasion have been very great. In Dublin, Meath, Waterford, Carlow, Clare, Limerick, Drogheda, his exertions for the popular candidates have been zealous and unweary. In most places he was personally present; where he was unavoidably absent, he advanced the cause by able and animating letters; and finally he expelled from Kerry the able Anti-Reformer, Maurice Fitzgerald, seating himself, in his place without a contest, the Knight of Kerry not choosing to break a lance with the Liberator. This is the third Irish county which has sent O’Connell into parliament. The Beresfords are at length completely beaten out of Waterford. Verily this is “a great day for Ireland.” The misfortunes of that country are associated with the name of the Beresford family; their fall is ominous of her rise. We see their unrelaxing animosity to the people in the conduct of the Primate. Lord Ingestrie, driven before the face of the men of Herts, takes refuge in Armagh, a borough belonging to that prelate, and always at the service of some individual whose principles make it dangerous for him to show his face at a popular hustings. The men of Louth have honoured themselves by casting from them the talentless bigot, M’Clintock, and adding the vote and the eloquence of Shiel to the cause of the country and constitution. Dublin has witnessed a hot struggle, but a glorious victory: the foulest and most unprincipled corporation in the empire has been constitutionally overthrown in that city—never to rise again. Her late representatives were distinguished even in the House of Commons for their impudence and incapacity; we believe it was Mr.

Moore who assured the House that *nine-tenths* of the inhabitants of Dublin were averse to the idea of Reform.

Drogheda has *not* disgraced herself by the return of Mr. North; because the respectability of that ancient borough had little or no influence in the transaction. Whatever there was in the constituency of character and independence, voted without exception for Mr. Wallace and Reform. The ecclesiastics appeared in great force at the hustings; no fewer than *forty* of that estimable order supported the vacant declaimer, who presumes to talk of himself and Burke in the same breath.* Nor has the University of Dublin done herself any disparagement by preferring such a person as Mr. Lefroy to the Irish Solicitor-General. The former is the natural representative, by virtue of his dullness and his bigotry, for a constituency of churchmen and pedants. Old metaphysics and scholastic theology are just the studies to make Anti-Reformers and Illiberals. A little more useful knowledge and practical Christianity (if by any means they could be infused into our colleges) would materially improve their politics, as well as their minds and morals. On the whole, the spirit of liberty has worked nobly in the sister-island.

In conclusion, we see no ground for astonishment in the defeat the Tory faction has sustained. We see no need of ingenious theories, or much expenditure of subtlety to account for it. That the boroughmongers should be confounded at a fall so sudden, so total, so remediless, is easy to be imagined. They thought the element of popular feeling was capable of infinite compressibility; and they never dreamed of an explosion. They thought the heart of England could be made to shrink into whatever dimensions they willed; nor ever imagined that it could swell with indignation, and burst its bonds. Their astonishment is natural; but that surprise should be expressed in any other quarter is unaccountable. For ourselves, we see no matter of surprise in the great events that have taken place. The people were enslaved, and they yearned after liberty; the means of deliverance were in their hands, and they used them.

Our astonishment is of another kind:—that the spirit of liberty slept so long—that the dwarf so long confined the giant—that the handful of petty despots, which the people have scattered with the breath of their mouth, have had so long a career of insult, plunder, and oppression—this surprises—but that when the heart of corruption was in his fangs, the British lion tore it, and spared not—this is no matter of astonishment. We expected it from the hereditary spirit of our countrymen.

* See the frothy and arrogant *composition*, called a speech, delivered by Mr. North at the close of the contest. We cannot force ourselves to make an extract.

RUINED BY ECONOMY.

I HAVE never been thoroughly satisfied that my first marriage was not an imprudent one. I attach no blame to myself, for that I, being known by no more distinguished an appellation than Robert Stubbs, should have selected for my partner in the dance of life a lady sinking under the weight of such a name as Jemima-Rosalvina-Mariamne Fitzroy-Mandeville. There was no very obvious error in this. A person of very fine sensibility might, indeed, take exception to the *Fitzroy*, as implying that a screw had been loose somewhere; but I never considered that either Miss Fitzroy-Mandeville, or myself, need concern ourselves about what had happened—if ever it had happened—most probably so long ago as the reign of Charles the Second. The moment the ring was placed on her finger the Fitzroy-Mandeville was obliterated, and she became, for ever and ever, a positive Stubbs. She had, indeed, intended to announce herself as Mrs. Fitzroy Stubbs, or Mrs. Mandeville Stubbs, (I forget which;) but to this I peremptorily objected: there was in the combination a something which struck me as verging on the ridiculous: and all I could permit was that she might waive the precedence to which, as the wife of an elder branch of the family, she was justly entitled, and, instead of the dignified simplicity of “Mrs. Stubbs,” (by which the right of such precedence would have been asserted,) cause to be engraved on her visiting-cards, “Mrs. Robert Stubbs.” It was, therefore, not respecting the conjunction of names that I have ever entertained any qualms. Nor was it that my wife bore in her veins a dash of aristocratic blood—however derived; nor that she was young; nor that she was beautiful; nor that she was accomplished; nor that she was amiable; nor, &c. &c. &c. No; it was none of these. My error lay in this: that, possessing an unencumbered five hundred a-year of my own, upon which I might, as a single man, have lived very pleasantly in London, or, with an unpretending wife, very happily in some Welsh village; I should have married a woman who increased my income by a clear thousand *per annum*. Jemima was a person of expensive habits; and my attempts to control or to check her propensity to throw money out at windows, were invariably met by a hint, (which, thanks to a philosopher of the present day, has now become an axiom,) that “every one has a right to do what they please *with their own*.” It was in vain I argued that every guinea of what had once been *her* thousand-a-year was now *mine*, and that not one shilling of all my own independent property was her’s: that even were she the lawful purse-bearer, she would still have no right by her extravagances to involve us both in ruin: that it was for the husband to regulate and manage the finances, save in matters of minor household-concerns; my arguments and remonstrances were always met by the same ready question—“And pray, Mr. Stubbs, how much a-year had you before you married me?” I had at the period, so adroitly referred to, more than enough to enable me to contemplate the approach of Christmas without alarm; and, certainly, such was not the case when my income was trebled. The Ruination-shop in Waterloo Place was not at that time in ex-

istence: nevertheless, I cannot think with any thing like pleasure of what might have been the result of my dear Jemima's proceedings, had I not had the misfortune to lose her in the third year after our marriage. Our only child, Jemima-Robertina—for so we named her, as an affectionate compliment to each other—died not long afterwards.

My fortune was considerably impaired; but by contriving, for a few years, to live upon half my actual income, and by the help of, what was of still greater use in restoring it, a couple of pretty legacies, I was at length master of eighteen hundred pounds a-year. Again I resolved to marry.

Profiting by experience, I avoided the rock which had so nearly wrecked me. Name, blood, fortune,—I would none of them. I chose for my wife Mary Brown, the orphan daughter of a country curate. I need not say she was poor—I have noticed her parentage. She was well educated, though she had never drawn up a plan for reforming the Government of Great Britain, nor what (judging by its frequency amongst *well-educated?* or *highly-talented?* young ladies) must be a work of still greater facility—she had never even conceived the idea of improving and ameliorating the condition of society all over the world; she was sufficiently accomplished, though she had not passed months in learning to sing *Di tanti palpiti* almost as well as a third-rate chorus-singer at the Opera; and she was very pretty, or, which, perhaps, was still better,—I thought so.

All this was sufficient to justify my choice. Yet one more good quality she possessed, and that it was that tended, more perhaps than any of the others, to confirm me in my resolution of making her my wife. I received from Mrs. Judith Brown, her paternal aunt, an assurance that Mary was a very Phoenix for ECONOMY.

I had had experience of how one may be ruined by an extravagant wife: I was now to learn in what manner a good fortune may be puddled away by Economies.

We inhabited a very commodious house, though a small one, in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. The situation was peculiarly desirable, inasmuch as we were in the immediate neighbourhood of our best friends and most intimate acquaintances. We were at no very great distance from the Opera, and other places of public amusement, of most of which we were passionately fond.

Mary's first notable discovery was that, merely by going to live a couple of miles out of town, we should accomplish a positive saving, in house-rent alone, of thirty pounds a-year! Well; the experiment must be tried; but as I had, just before, had the house fresh painted and repaired, and newly furnished from top to bottom, I consented to the change with no very good heart. The place she selected was Evergreen-Lodge, Vauxhall,—a house more than double the size of the one we occupied, and of which the back parlour was nearly as large as our front drawing-room! yet these advantages were obtained not by any additional cost, but, on the contrary, to our benefit to the extent of the sum already specified. On our journeys backwards and forwards between the two houses, I carried in my pocket a little instrument which was a source of great uneasiness and alarm to me:

(it was a three-foot rule :) for by dint of applying it to the walls and floors, I discovered that scarcely a piece of furniture in the old house would suit the new one. "Leave the matter to me," said my wife, "and I'll manage it with all possible economy:" and I must do her the justice to say that whatever could be done—under the circumstances!—was done. At the end of a month I received her report. Without following up its numerous details, some idea of her economies may be derived from the principal items :

Imprimis: The window curtains, *of course*, were useless; in the first place, because they would not fit the new windows, and, in the second, because the materials adapted to a town-house would be quite preposterous in the country. She had, however, managed this point admirably. Hawkins, our upholsterer, would take them off our hands at one third of the price he had, not long before, charged for them, which sum would be *almost* enough to purchase materials of an inferior quality—yet good enough for the country. As to the making-up of them, *she* would superintend that point; and by having a couple of work-women in the house, for five or six weeks, at thirty shillings each per week, we should save a full half of what Hawkins would charge. Palpable economy.

2dly, The carpets. Here our gains were manifest. Our large drawing-room carpet would cut down excellently well for the front parlour; and the strips, remaining after the operation, would serve as bed-carpets for the servants' rooms, *and not cost us a single shilling!* But since we could not expect the advantage *all* ways, there would be a trifling set-off on the carpets for the other rooms. However, here again we were fortunate in our upholsterer; for Hawkins had been so civil as to say that, rather than we should be inconvenienced, he would take all our *old* carpets off our hands, allowing us the *fullest value* for them, and furnish us with *new* ones at the very *lowest price!* Here was a disinterested upholsterer for you! Compared with him, Aladdin's friend, who gave new lamps in exchange for old ones, was no better than an usurer.

3dly. The pier and chimney-glasses. These must, in every case be new; but what then? we could lose nothing in this item, good looking-glasses being always worth their cost. As for our own, Hawkins, the fairest-dealing creature in the world, had assured her that he would allow us as much for them—as any other tradesman in town would offer.

4thly. Wardrobes, tables, chairs, and articles of miscellaneous furniture. Of these many were found available; and with respect to those which were not, Hawkins, who was a sort of Providence to us, kindly stepped in, and took them, in exchange, at a fair valuation;—a valuation which, as it was his own, we should have been Hottentots, or worse, to have disputed. To have expected that in the transit from Mortimer Street to Vauxhall, every article of furniture would escape injury, would have proved me a blockhead; and as, in fact, much injury had occurred, I could not, in conscience, object to so reasonable a charge as 25*l.* 2*s.* for repairs. A saving of thirty pounds per annum, in the single item of house-rent, is not to be achieved without a *little* sacrifice.

“And pray, Mary, what have you done about my favourite drawing-room chairs, and settees? the blue damask and gold, I mean—you know the chairs alone cost 5*l.* 15*s.* each; and I hope——”

“Why, my love, they would have been *quite* out of character in the country, as Hawkins, who made them, himself admitted; they were *much* too handsome: so he has *spared* us a set in exchange—much neater, and more simple and appropriate. And, what do you think, dear? we are only to give him ten guineas on the bargain!”

“And how have you negotiated the exchange of your square piano-forte for a cabinet?”

“Not at all. *That* was an attempt at imposition I would *not* submit to. Really if we did not proceed with some regard to economy, we might be ruined in a day. They offered to make the exchange for thirty guineas; that is to say, charging sixty guineas for their own, and allowing us thirty for our’s—which cost forty only five months ago—thereby fixing upon us a loss of ten! That would have been absurd! Now I’ll tell you how I have contrived. I have bargained to take theirs outright, at fifty-five—a *saving*, you see, of five guineas—(here, I have done it on paper :) and as it would positively be throwing one’s money into the sea to sell for thirty guineas an instrument for which we have so lately paid forty, I have made it a present to cousin Charlotte. Oh, by-the-by, love; I have saved two shillings in the transport: to have sent it down to Cornwall by the carrier would have cost two pounds; now I have bargained for 1*l.* 18*s.* by the Steamer. It is but two shillings, I admit; but you remember the proverb: ‘Take care of the pence, and the pounds,’—you know the rest.”—

Well; Christmas came, and, along with it, came our friend Hawkins’s bill for alterations, and exchanges, and substitutions, and additions. As every thing had been contrived with an eye to economy, it amounted to no more than 91*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* I own I did not like even that; but as we were living at a reduced rent it would have been barbarous to complain.

Our new house contained more rooms than we had any occasion for, and three of them (of no contemptible dimensions) remained literally empty. An empty room in one’s dwelling-house always begets in my mind a notion of discomfort—nay, something more oppressive still—an idea of desolation. I *hinted* a complaint of this, (for Mary was so good a creature I could never prevail upon myself to utter a complaint in form, which I knew would distress her,) and was pleased to find that my dear, economical wife—I do not intend a pun—had already contemplated a remedy for the evil. “I’ll tell you,” said she, “how I intend to manage this: as we have no earthly use for these rooms, it would be a sin to throw one’s money away upon them; so I shall watch for opportunities at sales, and, whenever I meet with a bargain I’ll buy it.” Rare, indeed, was her good fortune! for never did she attend a sale but a bargain rewarded her prudence and industry; so that in less than two months the three empty rooms were furnished to suffocation. It is quite true that we had no need of a single one of her purchases; but since she had bought each individual article for less than its prime cost, and, thereby, constituted me

the fortunate possessor of three rooms'-full of incontestable bargains, I could not, with any show of reason, complain at the expenditure of 582*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* in the process.

The designation of "the empty rooms," remained by those three useless apartments long after my wife had, by the exercise of her economies, crowded them to excess; and considerably to my cost did they maintain their distinction. If ever I ventured to remonstrate against the purchase of some cheap inutility, on the ground of our having no place wherein to bestow it, my wife's answer was always ready: "Oh, we can find a corner for it in one of the *empty rooms*." And here I will relate an instance of her amiable *naïveté*,—her disregard of the figurative, or habit of taking words in their literal sense. "And where do you intend to put it?" said I, on one occasion when I was threatened with the introduction of some useless and cumbersome bargain; "Where do you intend to put it, my love? the least crowded of those rooms is already so full you can't swing a cat in it!"—"My dear," replied she, "I don't want to swing a cat in it."

On looking to the memorandums relative to our loss on the first year's saving in house-rent, I find that, (adding to the outlays already noticed; the expense of carriage-hire in house-hunting; charges for removal; the loss of three-quarters' rent on our former house which I held on lease, and which remained, for that period, unoccupied; and numerous trifles, incidental and accidental) the gross sum expended in the purchase of thirty-pounds'-worth of saving was £2017 15*s.* 9*d.*

From which deduct the said saving 30 0 0

There remains as *Lost by Economy* £1987 15 9

I think it was Caleb Whitefoord who, being reproached by a lady for his inhumanity in having gone to Paris expressly to see a man's head cut off, replied: "Madam, I have made all the reparation in my power: I went the next day to see it sewed on again." Finding, after an experience of two years, that Vauxhall was too far from London for convenience, and too near it for economy, my wife "made all the reparation in her power," by prevailing upon me to return to our old quarters in Mortimer Street. I must do her the justice to say that she remembered the "tremendous expense of moving useless furniture," (I use her own words,) "and the accidents to which good furniture is liable;"—to avoid all which, the three rooms'-full of bargains were sold on the spot—(and alas! they were even greater bargains this time than the last!)—and the rest of the property was disposed of "at a very fair price—considering." Again I quote my excellent wife.

These are instances of economy on a grand scale. But, unhappily, she is economical, on a similar principle, in all her proceedings. To avoid the expense of wear-and-tear of harness, or of injury to the coachman's livery on a rainy day, she will hire a hackney-coach to carry her to a cheap shop in the city, where she can purchase as much tape and bobbin for eight shillings as would cost nine in Oxford Street—"and a shilling saved, my love—!" Not many mornings ago I found her cutting up a gown she had worn but once, to

make a frock for our little Anna. Her reason for this was convincing: "It would be madness to lay out money for stuff for a child's frock when it might be saved by using any thing one might happen to have in the house." And when I asked her why she had sent a white India shawl (which I had given her but a few days before) to be dyed black, her reply was, that "it might soon want cleaning, and that these were not times to throw even five shillings away." The next morning Tom came to me with, "Please, Pa', will you send Ma' ten shillings for the dyer?" I bought a pony for the use of the two children. My wife, upon a strict examination of the livery-stable keeper, discovered that the keep of one pony was twelve shillings per week, but that he could contract to keep two at a guinea. Here was so obvious a source of economy, that I should have been a churl to refuse to allow each of the children its own pony to ride. I have no objection to decent economies in the larder, or the cellar: Heaven forbid waste! but I have not yet (spite of all my wife's arguments) been able to appreciate, as fully as it may deserve, the economy of bestowing upon a stale mutton chop a bottle of expensive sauce, in order to render it eatable; nor can I understand that I am a gainer by her giving to the cook, for some culinary purpose, a bottle of my fine old sherry worth seven shillings, in preference to "fooling away one's money for what one has in the house:"—that is to say, in preference to purchasing at the nearest wine-vaults for half-a-crown, a commodity which would answer the purpose every way as well.

Upon annually making up my accounts, I invariably find that my expenses increase (consequently, that my property diminishes) in exact proportion with my dear Mary's economies; so that unless she should commit some notable extravagance, or, at the least, submit to exercise a prudential degree of carelessness in the management of our affairs, I must expect soon to be—RUINED BY ECONOMY.

P.*

 PROVERBS.

YE are the only lore that doth not die;—
 Arked on Earth's peaks, above the seas of Time
 Ye cling,—the wrecks of old Philosophy,
 That, save yourselves, hath perished:—every clime
 To every age transmits you: in your hearts
 Are germ'd the all of wisdom that we know;
 The seeds that father codes—yet ghosts of arts
 That lived ere Ocean burst his bonds below!—
 And therefore, in your truths the seers of Eld
 A dim, mysterious sanctity confess'd—
 Like those grey shapes of stone that are beheld
 Living no more on earth—but which the breast
 Of some, hoar rock hath bedded—to betray
 The signs of worlds more wonderous past away!

May 22, 1831.

E. L. B

**WILL THE LORDS PASS THE BILL—THE WHOLE BILL—
AND NOTHING BUT THE BILL?**

THE fate of the great measure of prevention of anarchy and mob innovation being now decided, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, by the return of a majority of at least one hundred and fifty pledged reformers, all eyes are fixed on its reception in the House of Lords. Will their Lordships, Noble and Right Reverend, pass the Bill as it stands? is the only question which men ask each other as they meet in the streets or the dining-room; and the answers are as various as the hopes and opinions of the interrogated. The truth is, notwithstanding the confident tone assumed, both in the affirmative and the negative, by the weekly and daily press, the question, judging by the past, by no means admits of a ready answer one way or the other; for they who, arguing on the undoubted ill-will which the majority of the peers bear to the measure, and on the decided tone of hostility to it assumed during the "short" Parliament, maintain that it will be forthwith ejected from their Lordships' table, were it only for the sake of consistency, forget that, in the year 1829, a Bill, to which a large majority was, to the last hour, no less decidedly hostile, and which was, with equal emphasis, pronounced to be revolutionary and popish—in fact, the death-blow of "the established institutions of the country in Church and State," passed that very identical House of Lords with a sweeping majority, at the mandate of a bold soldier; while they who, on the other hand, contend that their Lordships would not be so blind to their own interests as to oppose themselves to the unanimous voice of the people, forget the insane obstinacy of purpose which has almost uniformly characterized their Lordships' proceedings, when the political well-being of their less privileged fellow-subjects has been at issue.

When reason is against men—to quote Hobbes' quaint antithesis—men will be against reason, is more frequently predicable of the Barons of Britain than perhaps any equally numerous body, the Church of course excepted, in the empire. Nor will it surprise us that it is so when we take into account the influence of habit and prejudice, and power and privilege on human conduct. Still, however, though the experience of the past furnishes but inconclusive data for an answer to the question, "Will the Bill pass the House of Lords whole and entire?" an examination of the principles or motives of the several parties or sections into which that House is subdivided, will, as it appears to us, go far to furnishing a reply in the affirmative. That examination will be the subject of this paper.

We are spared the trouble of advocating the necessity of the Reform Bill; it has been felt and proclaimed by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand throughout the empire; it has been admitted by Mr. Banks in Dorsetshire; by the "no popery" champion of Cornwall, Sir R. Vivyan; by Sir R. Peel at Tamworth; and, last of all, by Mr. Cartwright in Northampton; it has been acted upon by the monkish bigots of Cambridge, as of yore by the sister University, and has been placed beyond the reach of controversy by the re-election of those high-minded statesmen, Messrs. Herries and Dawson, for the Government borough of Harwich, and by the "return" of the ex-Whig Attorney-general, "lawyer Scarlett," for Lord Lonsdale's borough of Cocker-mouth. The question is as clear and evident as the sun at noon-day. If the end of Government be the general weal, and not the promotion of the sinister interests of an oligarchy, numbering about one hundred and fifty, at the expense of that weal; it follows that, without a reform in Parliament, the people of this country have no security for good government. If the governing few, the oligarchy, be wholly independent of the governed many, then, so sure as men's motives are influenced by regard to their own interests, will the interests of the people be sacrificed to the adverse interests of their rulers. The interests of the one are common and equal rights; of the other oppressive and most invidious privileges; the more the former are diffused, the more the welfare of the community is promoted, while it is the essence of the latter to exist only in an odious monopoly, based on the wrongs of the people. Can any man entertain a doubt

of these propositions? If so, let him look to the amount of the taxes which weigh down the industry of the people of England; let him look at our Corn Laws, and our Game Laws, and all our other laws, equity and civil; and at the long roll of state paupers who live in palaces, and ride in stately carriages, and, clothed in purple and fine linen, fare sumptuously every day out of gold and silver dishes, all, all wrung out of the sweat and heart's blood of the working and middle classes of the community. The question is, in fact, self-evident. It is as plain as that there is but a limited earth and a limited fertility to supply the demands both of the Government and the people; and that, as a consequence, the more the one gains beyond its just proportions, the less will remain for the other. And it is as plain, as that, if men be unchecked in the exercise of power over the wills and passions of others, there will be no limits to its abuse, save the limits of human endurance. These truths are no longer "closet theories," only to be promulgated at the risk of the gallows or transportation. They are, thanks to the Schoolmaster, part and parcel of our political being; not to possess them would be our political annihilation. We, therefore, are spared the necessity of pointing out their validity, as a ground for their meeting a ready reception from the Lords Temporal and Spiritual in the approaching session. If the question, indeed, were merely one of principle and justice; and were the decision of their Lordships on its merits likely to be at all influenced by reason and regard for the public good alone, it is evident it would only have to be propounded to meet with their willing assent. Or, was it a question in the remotest degree dependent on the comparative talent, learning, eloquence, and character of the antagonist forces, which have been, and shortly will be again, arrayed for and against it, it is equally evident that no man could entertain a doubt of the issue. But, as the noble and Right Reverend Members of their Lordships' House are, after all, but human beings, and as such less likely, as a body, to be influenced by an abstract love of truth and right than by what they deem a sense of their own interests and privileges, we shall proceed to inquire what forms of party these interests and privileges are likely to assume in relation to the Reform Bill. For brevity's sake we shall consider them as they have revealed themselves in the speeches of the leading and most influential speakers on both sides of the House. And first with respect to the select but consistent few who are opposed to every species of Reform whatever, of whom the Dukes of Wellington and Cumberland are, since the demise of Lord Redesdale, and the growing infirmities of Lord Eldon, the most ostensible chiefs.

We cheerfully join in the cry that the Duke of Wellington is the first warrior of the age—because we do not, in the first place, presume to be judges of military merit; because we have a personal liking for the man; and because, if we ventured to refuse him credit for first-rate skill in the command of an army, we know not on what other ground his *late* extraordinary influence as a minister could be justified. Perhaps, there never was a man who enjoyed so high and universal a public reputation as his Grace, whose ability was so exclusively available in but one capacity. Wholly ignorant of every species of political knowledge, without any civil experience worth mentioning, incapable of connecting two sentences together on the most common-place topic, and without condescending to afford the least evidence of his possessing statesman-like sagacity, or any other high intellectual or moral quality, save headstrong self-willedness, and extraordinary self-esteem, the Duke of Wellington filled the office of Prime Minister of England for nearly three years, with an influence hardly to be equalled since the days of Wolsey. His very defects, mental and physical, became a theme of public eulogy. His replies were admired for their Spartan brevity, though it is well known his Grace was frugal of speech on the same principle that a half-pay, unencumbered by a shirt, is usually wary of undressing himself before strangers. And though the consciousness of his incompetency to fill any civil appointment, requiring qualifications other than those of a captain on guard, made him declare that he should be "mad to for a moment dream of office," the declarations and the proofs of its being well founded, which he constantly furnished every hour, only increased the wonder at his intuitive knowledge, and promptness, and unerringness of judgment. (One

“psychological” lesson indeed the Duke has taught—the lowliness and narrowness of genius which can suffice the most successful military commander, in his mere military capacity, as compared with the high and varied endowments essential to the far more dignified and difficult trophies of peace. History presents many instances of persons who, like Julian, bred to letters and philosophy, yet displayed all the qualities of a great general in the field: but, on the converse side, has but one Cæsar, one Cromwell.

It must not be inferred from all this, that we are blind to the many excellent qualities of the Duke of Wellington, or ungrateful for the several great benefits which it has been his happy fortune to confer on his country. By no means. By bullying the selfish caprice of George IVth. into a reluctant assent to the Catholic Relief Bill, he saved Ireland from the horrors of a civil war; and by his straight-forward inflexibility of purpose, he has taught his successors in office that the best cause may be injured by the vacillating conduct of its advocates. He has materially helped too to strip the art of Government of the mystery with which the heaven-born statesmen of the Pitt school have so long succeeded in disguising it—by showing that it requires little more than common sense and common honesty to guide the helm, so long as the vessel rides in smooth water. Both these excellent qualities of common sense and common honesty are, we think, evinced by the decided tone of opposition to reform, of every hue or shape, in the constitution of the House of Commons, avowed by the Duke, before and since his secession from office. His Grace is too shrewd a man, not to see that to admit the necessity of reform—à la the moderates—and yet not to grant reform equal to the demands of that necessity, is, to say the least, an impudent mockery; and he is too free from the tricks and Joseph Surfaceisms of his late allies, to attempt to disguise his hostility under a cloak of vapid, unmeaning generalities. He takes his stand on a bolder and more consistent ground of opposition. He denies that a House of Commons should represent the people, or should be responsible to them for its conduct—contents that close boroughs are synonymous with the constitution, and in the words of Mr. Canning says, that the “system is perfect, works well, and that he will take his stand on the threshold of Old Sarum.” Now, this is, at all events, plain and tangible, and though rather opposed to fact, and principle, and history, possesses the merit of being consistent. From such a doctrine, however, and from such an advocate, there is but little ground for apprehension; the rather as, except on the bench of bishops, there are but very few of even the Duke’s late subs who are hardy enough to stand godfather to it. We are, besides, by no means confident, that the noble ex-premier will himself abide by it much longer, and are inclined to believe that both he and Sir Robert Peel will, after a triumphant majority, say 180 or 200, has expressed the sense of the Commons on the Bill, forego all further opposition to *its principle*, and confine their hostility to some verbal criticism on its details. This was the course which prudence and policy pointed out to them, with respect to the Test and Corporation Acts, and to the Catholic Question; and is that which prudence and policy would, *à fortiori*, suggest with respect to the Reform Bill.

On the opposition of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland it is needless to expatiate. It surprises nobody; it does not increase his unpopularity; nor strike much dismay among the friends of morality and good government. When the reputation of this illustrious arch enemy to civil and religious freedom has so much changed, that the circumstance of *his* being hostile to any measure tending to the social or political improvement of his fellow-subjects, will induce any honest man to pause a moment ere he votes for it—it will be time to notice his machinations more in detail. At present we will merely observe, that the Duke is heart and soul opposed to the Reform-Bill.

It is hardly worth while to specify the few titled thistle chowers who follow in the wake of the Duke of Wellington, in his opposition to every species of reform, “moderate” or “sweeping,” which has been submitted to Parliament, since the question was first agitated in it. If not the most sapient speech-maker of the body, the Marquis of Londonderry is certainly by far the most

noisy. Indeed, since Mr. 'Terry Alt' Mahon's exile from the Commons, the noble Marquis is without a rival in either House, for a union of the most extraordinary petulance of manner with the most extraordinary inanity of matter, of the blustering swagger of his countryman, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in the play, with all the "sound and fury signifying nothing," of those unhappy victims of mental delusion, who imagine, because they talk loudly, and with vehement boisterousness that, therefore, their harangues are not wholly innocent of meaning.

It would be cruel just now to descant on the petulant imbecility of his Grace of Newcastle, or on the self-complacent feebleness of his brother Duke of Northumberland, for some allowance should be made for the interruption which the former has so recently met with, in his innocuous amusement of "doing what he pleased with his own," at Newark—as well as for the unproductiveness of the Percy subscription (50,000*l.* for the particulars of which inquire of the ex-members for Liverpool, Dorset, Cornwall, Cumberland, Dublin, and Northampton) to the good cause of boroughmongering and non-representation. The cruelty would be the greater when the modesty, the diffidence of genius, so becoming in all, but so peculiarly graceful in men of their high rank and legislative capacity, of their deportment in the senate is considered. To such a pitch, indeed, does the descendant of Hugo carry this diffidence, that he cannot muster courage to express the simplest circumstance in intelligible language; and the Duke of Newcastle has more than once lamented the cataleptic influence which the attempt to connect two consecutive sentences, has invariably on his thinking and word-generating faculties. Such modesty would disarm us in our most irate mood, nay more, imposes on us the task of finding out those probable reasons for the opposition of the Noble Dukes to the Reform Bill, which they would, no doubt, themselves expound with due emphasis and discretion, were they not lifted far above the Plebeian accomplishments of eloquence and argumentation. It may be convenient to class all these reasons under the one head of *Feudal influence*.

The reader needs hardly to be reminded, that the existence and privileges of the House of Lords are of feudal origin—that the great Barons were, as such, the King's Council, upon whose advice he waged war and levied taxes. Long after the birth of our representative system, the Barons maintained their superiority of rank and influence over the Knights and Burgesses, by limiting their functions to the granting of tenths and fifteenths, for such purposes as the King and his Council deemed expedient. The importance of the Commons is of comparatively modern growth: their great Constitutional right of originating all Money Bills, being first insisted upon shortly after the Revolution—and has never been formally admitted by the House of Lords. But the spirit of the age being hostile to pretensions founded solely on feudal usage, it is the received doctrine of the modern abettors of Toryism, of which "The Quarterly Review" and "The Standard" are, by far, the ablest expounders, that an hereditary body of legislators, like the British House of Peers, is essential to the balance of the monarchical and democratical elements of the Constitution; that, in fact, it acts as a salutary break-water against the flood of democratic innovation on the one side, while it prevents the other preponderating towards autocracy or despotism. Its functions, viewed in this light, are essentially conservative, and are founded on the necessity of a division of the legislative powers of the state, as the only means of checking their too free exercise, and thereby insuring the stability of all its members. Were it not, say these writers, for such an arrangement, the natural tendency of democracy to innovation, and the proneness of the people at large to rush heedlessly into every change, without due regard of their own permanent interests, would in a few years destroy that "complex Constable," the English Constitution, and involve us all in anarchy and ruin. Thus considered, the machinery of the British Government may be likened to the Woulfe's Apparatus of the Chemist, in which a graduation of chamber and temperatures prevents the explosion of the inflammable vapour contained in the *caput mortuum*. If you give the people too great a control over the representative branch, as we the Dukes of Newcastle and Northumberland contend

would be the case under this revolutionary measure of Reform, you arm them with a power which they will use to their own destruction, for it is monstrous to suppose that they can know their own interests, their own wants, their own maladies, and their remedies, as well as we, their hereditary political physicians. In therefore opposing this Bill, we are not only maintaining our own Constitutional privileges, but proving ourselves the kind guardians of that deluded portion of our countrymen, who constitute the base of the national pyramid.

In answer to this paternal and most disinterested doctrine of our "approved good masters," the friends of Reform are rather sore pressed for arguments. It would be the height of democratic audacity to ask, whether every member of the oligarchy is necessarily a wise man? and whether the middle classes of society, to whom, let it be borne in mind, the Bill is merely for the first time extending the rights of British freemen—do not betimes furnish individuals of equal celebrity in science, art, eloquence, nay, in legislation itself, to the Dukes of Newcastle and Northumberland? and whether the opinions, which regulate the conduct of the mass of the people are not those taught them directly and indirectly by the middle classes? Admitting, for a moment, that the people have sometimes acted, and would again act contrary to their own permanent interests—is it true that the 150 proprietors of close boroughs have uniformly acted otherwise, and have on all occasions promoted the interests of the people, as the best means of ensuring their own? And admitting that the diffusion of knowledge would furnish no remedy against the evils of popular ignorance, and that the middle classes are not the most virtuous and enlightened rank in the community, which, let us ask, in a choice of evils, is the greater, that between the popular will, which can have no end other than the public good, and that between the irresponsible rule of those, who according to the principles of human nature on which the necessity of all government is founded, must have a fixed invariable interest opposed to that public good?

The question we repeat again and again, is not what the enemies of Reform would represent—one between the mob and the aristocracy; between property and brute force; but one between the intelligence and wealth of the middle classes on the one side, and the usurpations and sinister interests of a faction on the other. The cry of the nation for Reform is not a mere ebullition of popular feeling, to be allayed with the temporary occasion which gave it birth, but the firm and deliberate, and as its foes will find, irresistible expression of public opinion, as it arises out of the impartial reason and enlightened intellect of the community. In this sense, and it alone, the *vox populi* becomes the *vox Dei*, and the *salus populi* is the *suprema lex* of all good government. The public opinion, now so unanimously in favour of Reform, is not the mere collective sense of the people of this great empire, on a particular measure of policy, though even in that view it should command the attention of statesmen: it is much more; for it embraces the public opinion of the whole stream of English history, as it has revealed itself in the acts or writings of those master-minds, who have suffered or written in the cause of free government. And who were those master-minds? Did they belong to a feudal oligarchy? Not a man of them; all sprang from, and belonged to the middle classes of society, whose ranks have, alas, too often furnished power and corruption themselves with their ablest champions. And what does this public opinion demand? Is it a revolution of property, with a repetition of the grand historic drama of 1649? Quite the reverse: all that the Bill goes to accomplish, is to bestow upon property and intelligence their legitimate influence, and to deprive them of their illegitimate—to unite, in fact, by the strongest ties of personal and national interest, the wealth and mental energies of the middle classes to the established institutions of the country, to array both on the side of social order and good government, against the instinctive foes of both.

But, say the alarmists, if you thus widen the basis of representation, you make the government of the country essentially democratic, and if so, exit the Monarchy, and the House of Lords, and the Bench of Bishops. Recall the consequences in the reign of Charles the First of making the House of Commons too powerful; it cut off the King's head and voted the House of Lords useless and mischievous.

In answer to this great historical fallacy, it may be sufficient to remind the reader, that, in the first place, Charles the First was brought to the scaffold not on account of his *Jus Divinum* notions of his royal authority, but because his repeated perfidiousness destroyed all confidence in his faith; and that, in the next place, the act even then was so far from being popular, that had there been a House of Commons in existence, the representatives of the wishes and opinions of the people, not Cromwell himself would have dared to hint at his dethronement, far less decapitation. Then as to the abolition of the House of Lords, so far was the act from being in union with the feelings and habits or thoughts of the body of the nation—though a necessary sequel to the abolition of the throne—that the first great act of the Protector himself was to summon it into existence as essential to the stability of the Commonwealth.

The truth is—apart from the devoted allegiance, indeed affection, which every man, woman, and child in the empire bears to the matchless sovereign on the throne,—the feelings, prejudices, and habits of thought of the English people, are king-loving and lord-loving, and will be so, so long as wealth is regarded as the great means of personal distinction. We love the person of the monarch for the time being, even though, like his late Majesty, he openly despises our homage, because our loyalty is so essential a part of our political being that it must vent itself on some object of human sympathy. And we regard, and so long as our national character remains what it is, ever shall regard, the distinction and privileges of the peerage with reverence, because we are all ambitious of distinction and privilege, and the British peerage which confers both is daily proved to be within the reach of us all. Those, therefore, who would resist the Reform Bill as a measure tending to bring the throne and the peerage into contempt, only betray their gross ignorance of human nature, more especially as it manifests itself in the English character. All that we, the middle classes, seek is fair play, “a clear stage and no favour,” in the contest of talent for the prizes which the constitution holds out as the reward of industry and intelligence. We do not wish to trench upon the House of Lords, only so far as about fifty of its members most flagrantly and unjustly, and unconstitutionally trench upon our rights of choosing our own representatives; and we promise them that if they forego this usurpation, and let us do with “our own” (not exactly in his Grace of Newcastle’s sense of the phrase) according to the dictates of our unbiassed judgment, they will find us in return the steadiest and ablest defenders of their constitutional distinctions and privileges. So much, then, for the feudal influence “arguments” against the Bill.

We have so far been talking of those who, like the Dukes of Wellington, Newcastle, and Northumberland, are opposed to Parliamentary Reform under every phase and designation, on the consistent ground that, if like the Sir Robert Peels and the Lord Caernarvons, *et hoc genus omne*, they once admit the principle, they cannot honestly refuse to go the length which the necessity of the admission requires. These last-named style themselves “moderate” reformers, though, in fact, they are only wanting in honesty and courage to avow themselves still more opposed to every measure tending to improve the political condition of the people. We will not waste the time of the reader in, for the hundredth time, exposing the hollow-hearted fallacy of these “moderate” Joseph-Surfaceisms: nor should we, indeed, have noticed them at all, but that the truth is, they constitute the majority of the Noble and Right Reverend members of the “Upper” House. Not possessing the inflexible boldness of the Duke of Wellington; nor the feudal pride, above compromise or disguise, of the other two out-and-out oppositionists, whom we have mentioned, these stealthy-paced, low-cunning “moderates” will endeavour to nibble away piece-meal the most important provisions of the Bill, and thus effect its total defeat without incurring the odium of open hostility to its principle. They count on the Bishops’ bench to a man; on the votes of the anti-reformers of every shade and party, and of the disappointed self-sufficient Whigs of the Caernarvon school; of those crawling, selfish, mole-eyed bigots who, like the Anabasis hero of Vinegar-hill,* Lord Limerick, by instinct recoil from every measure which

* See Times letter, “Radical,” on Lord Limerick’s exploits at Vinegar-hill.

is likely to benefit the community at the expense of the slightest portion of their own misgains, or pseudo-importance. It is probable the first attempt will be made in an amendment to raise the rate of franchise to 20%, or the amount of population of the boroughs to be disfranchised to four thousand instead of two thousand, as at present; and, if these amendments be carried, the Bill is as virtually defeated as if it were thrown out at the second reading. Will then these amendments be successful! we think not, and for the following reasons, which our limits will not admit our dwelling upon.

In the first place we count upon the Bill going into the Lords with the *momentum* of a virtual Commons' majority of at least two hundred,—a majority for which the country can never be too grateful to the infatuated Tories, who, in a blind *felo de se* spirit, would persist in forcing Ministers to dissolve Parliament, instead of permitting the Bill to pass with a small majority only to be scouted from the table of the Upper House. The majority may not be more than one hundred and sixty on the second reading; but we are pretty sure that, beyond that stage, there will be no opposition in the Commons, and that the Peel party will make a merit of necessity, and limit their hostility to verbal amendments.

We should not be surprised if this momentum would rouse the strong sense of the Duke of Wellington from its recent slumbers, and make him declare himself a convert, not to the principle of the Bill, but to the inexpediency of farther resistance to its progress. Such was his policy in respect to the Test and Corporation Act Repeal, and the Catholic Relief Bill; and such may be his line of conduct in relation to the Reform Bill.

In the next place, the peers, with all their predilection for abuses, hallowed by time, are courtiers, and, as such, pliant and easily melted into good behaviour by the sunshine of the Throne. The large majority of them, besides, enjoy very little borough influence, (only about forty-eight actually hold borough property,) and they must know that the best chance they have of retaining the influence of their rank at county elections is to vote for a Bill which increases so much the number of county representatives. Not only will those Peers, the large majority, who possess no borough property, be pleased by the Bill on an equality with their brother peers, borough proprietors; but their sons, by their votes, will come forward with something of a double claim upon the suffrages of the county-freeholders. Self-interest, therefore, will induce many to vote for the Bill who may detest its oligarchy-privilege-destroying tendency.

Then there is a by no means insignificant body who will vote for the Bill with the hope that, through the means of a Reformed Parliament, they will succeed in carrying some darling hobby of their own into effect. "Had we a reformed Parliament," exclaims Lord Winchelsea, "the detestable Popish Relief Bill would not have passed into a law; in a reformed Parliament, therefore, there is a good chance of its being repealed, and for a reformed Parliament will I vote." In the same spirit Earl Stanhope will vote for the Bill, because he persuades himself that, in a reformed Parliament, all damnable free-trade heresies would be scouted; and the reputation of the late Mr. Huskisson and the political economists be at a discount. The evangelical party will also vote for the Bill, as a means of revolutionizing the bench of Bishops, and indeed the Church at large—that is of confining the Lords Spiritual to their clerical duties, (if they have any,) and of making the idle non-resident pluralist contribute a little of his superfluity to the support of the working clergymen, with whom, at present, it is short commons and primitive Christianity, in the regard of stipend. These, altogether, will make about sixty votes, to be added to one hundred and twenty, who will vote from mere motives of self-interest, which, again added to the *bona-fide* friends of the Bill, will, we take it, ensure a considerable majority.

Of the Right Reverend bench we at present will not say more than that it is the sincerest wish of the bitterest foes of the Church of England that the Bishops may vote in a body against the Bill.

SKETCHES OF THE SCOTTISH BAR, NO. II.

Mr. Cockburn, Solicitor-General.

It is not as a lawyer that this gentleman is distinguished. His constitutional indolence—he was never known to be guilty of making an exertion which he could avoid—has prevented him from becoming learned in his profession: and his mind is deficient in that subtlety, that power of seeing and following up the finest and most minute distinctions, which is the principal requisite in a successful jurist. Neither is he distinguished as an author. The few articles which he has contributed to the Edinburgh Review, although uniformly apposite and useful, have never attracted much notice after the purpose they were intended to serve had been achieved, nor are they connected in the public mind with his name. And yet there is scarcely a more marked and prominent individual at the Scottish bar.

Mr. Cockburn's family have for generations back been Tories and placemen. He himself started in life as the friend of Jeffrey, the participator of his opinions and principles, and he has remained true to his faith. We do not lay so much stress upon the mere virtue of consistency as many people do; we think more honourably of human nature than to fancy it so rare and unattainable. Men are vacillating only in those matters to which they have paid little attention, or which are indifferent to them. When they attach themselves decidedly and with foreknowledge to a political party, more especially when their choice is determined by principle, so far from finding it a hard task to adhere to it with fidelity, the difficulty is to change. Pride and self-will dictate consistency, and these passions can only be turned aside in their course by the very strongest motives. But in Cockburn's case there were peculiar difficulties to encounter. He is, to a proverb, the slave of that constitutional indolence to which we have already alluded—a kind of lazy *bonhomme*, or moral and intellectual Epicureanism—which, while it has kept him comparatively a poor man, offers, on account of that callousness to the censure of others with which it arms its victim, a less efficacious defence against the temptations of ease and affluence, than men of more restless and rigid tempers are furnished with. That Cockburn should, with all the temptations to which his connexions and disposition exposed him, have preserved his faith unsullied, is no ordinary proof of a pure and well-principled mind. For one man who has deserted the good cause from evil or ambitious motives, there have been twenty seduced by indolence.

Nevertheless we are inclined to suspect that our hero does not occupy that high place in the public estimation to which this rare virtue entitles him. The cause of this will be best explained by entering into a more detailed account of his characteristic peculiarities, a mode of proceeding which promises at once to afford amusement by presenting us with an original and interestingly constituted mind, and to do justice to a worthy man not generally understood.

Cockburn's mind is of that order which grasps the outline of a series of events rather than recognises the details. It is comprehensive, not accurate. Individual facts leave slight impressions upon

it, but their united tendency is broadly marked. Our meaning may be thus illustrated. In searching into a case of evidence, some minds take all the facts separately, examine by what testimony each is supported, reject such as are insufficiently vouched for, and then, painfully and laboriously dovetailing the remainder into each other, form their conclusions. Cockburn listens to the evidence as it is delivered, allows his view of the facts to form itself as the story is developed piece-meal, and instead of going through the process we have detailed, jumps at once at his conclusion. He is thus less certain of drawing correct inferences, but his opinions are always plausible and self-consistent. They are the children of imagination, of the constructive faculty of the mind, not of ratiocination. They rest on a less secure basis than the results of sincere investigation, but they have a more palpable and tangible form, and take a firmer hold of the mind.

There is probably some necessary connexion between this feature of his intellectual character, and the want of imagery, and of the play of wit, which we find in all his speeches and writings. There is emphasis, correctness, and beauty in all his discourses. His polished periods roll along, and the train of his argument advances equally. We experience high enjoyment and are carried along by him, but when we stop to reflect, we find no image or picture, beautiful or striking in itself, apart from all consideration of its appositeness, remaining in our memory. It was the sentiment alone which imbued his thoughts and breathed from out them, that subdued us to, his will; but this sentiment unallied to fancy is vague and formless. In like manner we find in none of his speeches playful sallies of wit, striking antithesis, or any of those coruscations which sparkle in every sentence of Jeffrey. Nothing breaks the smooth and oily current of Cockburn's thought. He provokes our laughter indeed, but it is by strokes of rich sly humour, not by wit.

When we attribute indolence to Cockburn, we do not mean anything like phlegma or dull stupid indifference. Perhaps there never existed a man with a finer flow of vivacious spirits. He is one of those happily constituted beings to whom merely to live, to breathe, is a strong delight. He is sensitively alive to all the beauties of external nature. He takes pleasure in social intercourse. His jokes are unceasing, and the exuberance of his enjoyment not unfrequently finds vent in gambols and practical jokes. The same unctuous sentiment which gives to his orations their alternating richness of pathos and humour, is diffused through his whole frame, and oozes out in all his actions. In thought and enjoyment, his vitality is intense; but he is indolent in that he is incapable of application. He cannot task his uncurbed spirit to any labour in which he delights not, for the purpose of attaining any object, however desirable. He is over-informed with life, and the intense consciousness of the present deadens the anticipations of the future, and indisposes him to any exertions which have a prospective aim.

The consequences of such an original constitution of mind are strikingly evinced in his public and his professional character. In regard to the first, it may not be unnecessary to premise, that there has ever been a marked difference between the English Whigs and the

school of politicians in Edinburgh to which the same title has been given. The former are essentially practical politicians; the latter, with scarcely one exception, theoretical. The peculiar political constitution of Scotland has been the cause of this. The management of local, as well as of national public business, has hitherto been vested, in that country, exclusively in the hands of a few individuals. The consequence has been the same as has uniformly ensued in all countries where such an arrangement has obtained. The men of business have learned to regard their official situations rather as sources of emolument than as onerous and responsible employments. The great mass have learned to look on in silent apathy; and the few whose more active and inquiring spirits prompt them to remonstrate against misrule, having no opportunity afforded them of acquiring a practical knowledge of the management of public business, have uniformly been deficient in the ready tact and strong grasp which can only be learned in such a school. Some, with more perseverance and less softness of disposition than Cockburn, have been enabled to supply, in a measure, this deficiency; but his politics remain, to a great degree, those of a recluse. He is apt to disregard specific questions, and enforces pertinaciously broad and general principles, which are openly denied by few, and which, even when conceded, leave still a wide field of debatable ground. Laying too little stress upon individual measures, in which he himself takes no interest, and averse to exertion, he is ever ready to recommend and strike up a compromise with the opposite party. But the mass of the people cannot appreciate general principles, which, in their estimation, are mere words—a cheap and easy substitute for active exertion; while, on the other hand, they feel the pressure of one wrong measure, above the influence of which Cockburn is placed by the sphere in which he moves. They doubt the sincerity of a man, who, making such large professions, shows so little active sympathy with them. And, in truth, though they wrong his motives by their suspicions, they are not much at fault in their appreciation of the practical results.

The deleterious tendency of his disposition is yet more markedly shown in his professional character. His really powerful talents, combined with his ready, pleasing, yet commanding elocution, entitled him to the highest success at the bar. He has, it is true, and we have already said as much, little of that precision and subtlety, which, more than any other qualities, facilitate the acquisition of legal knowledge; but a strong mind can always compensate these subordinate deficiencies, if it be but endowed with perseverance. This, however, was not his case. He felt tempted to supply anxious study of the bearings of his case, and the subtle distinctions of the law, which applied to it, by eloquently enforcing such views as his fertile imagination suggested to him. He entered upon a new case with all the animation of his nature, but he tired of it long before it could be carried through all the tedious and winding steps prescribed by the court, and laboured assiduously to persuade his clients to compromise, after a long course of litigation, cases, the prosecution of which he had, at first, most vehemently recommended. Such a line of conduct, obstinately adhered to, naturally induced discontent. His knowledge

of law was first called in question, and next the warmth and sincerity of the interest he took in his client's affairs. He is not a wealthy man; and, as his business began to decline, he felt himself obliged to grasp more eagerly at what offered. But still he adhered to his old habits. In addition to these, which, it must be confessed, did somewhat sully his original brightness, he acquired a fondness for the business of mediating, an employment not generally understood to be favourable to the preservation of a manly and straight-forward character.

Thus, then, stood, perhaps we might say stands, his character with that portion of the public which has most influence over his fortunes. He is esteemed indolent and apathetic, addicted to society, as he is fitted to be its ornament and delight, but more because he seeks his own gratification, than that he is attracted by affection for any with whom he associates—a politician, capable of feeling and appreciating high principles, but too self-indulgent and shuffling to act up to them; a half-bred lawyer, more anxious to secure the emoluments of his profession than to discharge its duties; a supple and plausible person, who would rather attain his journey's end by the winding than the straight path, even when the latter was palpably the more advantageous of the two. Those, however, who have the most close and frequent opportunities of scanning, estimate him more highly and more justly. They know that he possesses fine and elevated sentiments, inflexible rectitude, enduring friendship, and a vigorous mind. They regret, therefore, the more deeply, that his inveterate indolence, and an indifference to public opinion, engendered not by any undue callousness, but by an unhappy power of banishing all disagreeable impressions, should have exposed him to such misapprehension.

Despite the dimness which he has thus allowed to come over his bright qualities, like the scurf which gathers over silver when exposed to the atmosphere, he can, at any time, when he chooses to exert himself, resume his proper influence over the minds of men. There is an indestructible power in genius which even sloth cannot corrode. Let an impulse sufficiently strong to startle it from its slumbers be applied, and it will rouse from its apathy, and sway men to its will. In the Criminal and Jury Courts, in the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, at public meetings of all kinds, when the sympathetic enthusiasm of the moment, the excitation of obstacles which he feels he can beat down, or the seductive consciousness that he is uttering the sentiments of all his hearers in words of power, which will redouble their ardour, have kindled up his soul, then it is that you recognize the real Cockburn.

In the examination of witnesses, one of the most important duties of an advocate, he is unrivalled. Jeffrey possesses a keenness of intellectual vision that detects at once any reluctance to utter the whole truth, and brings a moral rack to bear upon the mind of the shuffler, that never fails to squeeze the hidden matter out of him. He possesses also, in an eminent degree, the power of mystifying a witness, and rendering him incapable of saying what he wishes. In other respects he rises, in the performance of this duty, little above the level of other well-employed counsel. But Cockburn is master of the whole

art. He commences his interrogatories with an air of familiarity and kindness, which at once reconciles the most timid to their situation, emboldens them to tell their own plain story, rather encourages them to speak than puts interrogatories to them. The witness becomes, in some sort, an instrument in his master-hand, and utters only what he is made, by some unaccountable influence, to feel. By some intellectual freemasonry he is given to understand when he has said enough. On the other hand, should the witness be inclined to conceal or distort the truth, or state what is false, Cockburn leads him on with the appearance of the most bland conciliatory acquiescence to make one statement after another, until the liar is entangled in the web of his own deceit, and left in the view of all caught in the meshes of his own contradictions.

Cockburn's power is equally eminent in his address to a jury; in that part of the argument which is virtually directed to the judge—in the legal department, he is scarcely so successful; but over the twelve good men and true he exercises absolute mastery. His figure is small, but not so sensibly so as Jeffrey's; neither is he so well formed as the Lord Advocate, whom we can never help regarding in the light of some superior intelligence imprisoned in a highly-finished minikin pin. His features are fine—his eye large, lustrous, soft, and dark; and his voice, which is rich, full, and sonorous, completely removes all feeling of littleness. His train of argument is in accordance to the organs through which he gives utterance to his thought. Boldly disregarding all minor or questionable pleas, he seizes upon one or two grand leading views. By his ample concessions he disarms suspicion, and by the completeness with which he brings the view of the case he chooses to take before his auditors, he confers a magnitude upon it that casts a dark shade over all other considerations. When he feels himself strong in facts, he states them plainly and explicitly, impressing you, from his rejection of ornament, with the solidity of the structure he is rearing. When he comes to a weak point, he glances it over with a jest, or distracts your attention by some pathetic stroke. His jests, as already remarked, are humorous and witty, and not always new; but he enters so completely into their spirit, and delivers them with such an intensity of droll expression, that the veriest Joe Miller produces more effect from him than the most refined strokes of wit from another. His pathos, in like manner, is more of mere feeling than thought, and tells the better on that account, because, while his meaning is level to all capacities, his deep feeling is universally contagious. His enunciation is slow and emphatic, marked with a strong Scotch accent, and, another characteristic of Scotch orators, a swelling inflection of his sentences, approaching to an undulating monotony. We cannot say that there is anything very profound or original in his orations, but there is a strong practical, comprehensive grasp of his subject—a play of fine feeling diffused over its whole management—a music and emphasis in his delivery, that, taken altogether, render him, notwithstanding his provincialism, the most effective and, at the same time, most pleasing speaker we have ever heard.

But it is not to his eloquence alone that he owes his power over the minds of men; his excellent discernment enabling him to see what

themes he may safely urge, and what are dangerous—his boldness and promptitude in adopting expedients, qualify him eminently for the leader of a popular assembly. It is here that his ready humour stands him most in stead—even the stern Bench is not safe from his fascinations. On one occasion, the counsel opposed to him in some case complained that Mr. Cockburn's client had not obeyed an order of the Court, that he should vacate some house or shop. Cockburn rose immediately :—"It is undoubtedly true, my Lords, that my client has not obeyed your Lordships' injunction to quit the premises in question (here the Lord Justice Clerk drew himself up, and began to look grave and portentous), because, my Lords, he never was within them." The Bench relaxed into a smile, and listened with unwonted urbanity to the long argument into which he afterwards entered.

It is his occasional exhibitions of power, and the great fact, that although a scion of an influential house, he has been proof to every allurements of place and pension, has stood firm to his principles, that have retained Cockburn in the confidence of his party. They know that, with all his real and affected apathy, he is theirs; that the firm ground will as soon shrink from beneath their feet, as he from their side. They know, that in him they possess a champion of redoubted powers, and that when his assistance is needed, they have a spell which can, at any time, conjure up the wild devil within him. He is unfitted for routine drudgery, or for permanent command, by his indolence; but he is a sort of knight Paladin, upon whom the general may call with confidence whenever any enterprise is to be achieved "beyond the mark of others." It was this conviction that led his own profession and the country at large, to sanction with their approbation the arrangement which, upon the last change of Ministry, raised him to a situation among the members of the bar second only to that held by his friend Jeffrey. In short, the public feeling towards Cockburn is not unlike that which one entertains for a woman who has more the *manner* than the reality of a coquette: she frets and teases us, and we would, at times, gladly suspect her, but cannot.

One short passage will serve as a not inappropriate termination to this sketch. It is customary that the lawyers appointed to fill the situations of Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General for Scotland, should take the oaths of office, and assume their gowns in open court, when new officers stand within the enclosure between the bar and the bench reserved for themselves and the clerks of court. The whole fifteen judges are assembled, there is a numerous attendance of the faculty, the law agents, and the public. On the occasion when Jeffrey and Cockburn underwent this ceremony, the deportment of both was characteristic. The former stood stiffly and bolt upright, his head shooting upwards, as if it had taken a final farewell of his body. Cockburn stood with an air of apathy, like an indifferent spectator, who had got within the bar by mistake.

SOLILOQUY OF AN EX-MEMBER.

“Go to—peace, Mouldy!—you shall go, Mouldy; it is time you were spent.”—*2d Part of Henry IV.*

I ONCE was a happy man!—My provincial man of business, the keeper of the records of my estate,—used to assure me I was a great man; and the comely rector of my parish, especially about Whitsuntide or during the venison season, has often plainly hinted to me that I was a good map. What have I done to be upbraided by an uproarious population?—what sin have I committed—what folly adventured—to be opprobriated by thrice three thousand souls with the title of an “old fool,” and an “old rogue?”—Oh! fatal hustings of Grumbleberry!—What a revolution have your revelations effected in my soul!—What a subversion have they wrought in all my views and all my feelings!—After living for sixty-four years as a respectable member of society, I find myself for the first time “written down an ass,”—and *not* written down M. P. for the county of * * *

What was the Reform Bill to me?—An independent man, an independent member,—boroughless,—placeless,—younger-sonless,—even my nephews are well provided for, and my very butler is destitute of progeny. No clerkships ever waited on *my* solicitation,—my name is unknown at the Horse Guards,—and the Lords of the Admiralty are unmolested by kindred of mine. No acts for turning roads, building bridges, or digging canals on my estate, were ever smuggled through Parliament, under cloak of my influence. I never sought a baronetcy or a dinner at Apsley House; never angled for loaves in Downing-street, or fishes in the Virginia Water;—as I said before, I was an independent member, and an independent man.

I was born and bred a Tory;—my family politics have descended to me with my family estates, and I should consider it just as heinous to forswear one, as to mortgage the other. I have long been accustomed to have my health drunk with three-times-three at all the Corporation dinners of the county, and at the Billy Pitt commemorations all over the kingdom. For forty years past our county Chronicle has unremittingly designated me as “our worthy member,”—“our esteemed member,”—and ever since I left off powder and exhibited my unsophisticated gray head as,—“our venerable member.” The bells were wont to ring for my incomings and outgoings; when I stopped at a country inn, boots and the ostler extended their horny fists to shake hands with me as they would have done with each other, or some scion of royalty;—I led a life of praise, and popularity, and parliament.

“I remember,” said Pope Benedict XIV. on learning that the Archbishop of Paris was exiled in consequence of a Bull which had been manufactured for him at Rome, and imposed on his acceptance; “I remember when I was Legate at Bologna, it was the fashion of the inhabitants to dispute concerning the superiority of Tasso or Ariosto; and in a fierce duel occasioned by one of these squabbles, a young nobleman was killed. ‘Alas!’ cried the victim in his dying moments, ‘what had I to do with the merits of Tasso or Ariosto; I who cannot

read, and am but an ass.' Such is the destiny of the Archbishop of Paris."

And such the fate of my unhappy self!—"A plague of both their Houses!"—Whigs and Tories,—Wellingtonians, or Althorpians! I thought my seat *for* the county as much my own as my seat *in* the county. I looked upon the people as "my goods, my chattels, my horse, my ass, my every thing;"—visited their gaols, tasted samples of their prison-bread;—built tread-mills for them;—subscribed to penitentiaries, infirmaries, and lunatic asylums;—took pity on their hard winters and rainy harvests;—begged off their convicts from capital punishment, by dancing attendance at the Home Office; and condemned my daughters to capital punishment, by making it the office of their home department to dance contra-dances with the booby sons of their Squires! All this martyrdom I endured and dispensed in the service of an ungrateful county;—expended my pounds and patience,—suffered my preserves to be depopulated, my ponds to be netted, my fences to be broken down by the county sportsmen,—and all to be called "an old rogue," and an "old fool," for opposing a Reform Bill, which is to me as much a matter of indifference as my carpenter's!

Oh, ye Grumbleberryans! how hard have I laboured to obtain your applause!—listened to your own long stories, and told you mine; stood sponsor for your babes and sucklings,—security, or even bail, for your sons and bucklings,—watched over the common-weal of your common-land,—redeemed your heaths from inclosure, and your peccadilloes from exposure!—Yet on the hustings of your own particular city, did ye pour upon my unoffending head showers of missiles exceeding those of a Vesuvian eruption; and torrents of invectives, such as proclaimed the coinage of the piscatory purlieus of London-bridge. Lapidation, vociferation, botheration, misrepresentation, were brought against me in battle array!—And all for what?—Because forsooth, I was a Tory,—had coalesced with the Tories,—had pledged my vote to the boroughmongering, place-hunting, pension-granting, job-making, mischief-making Tories,—enemies to their county, their country, and their King!—Ye fools and hypocrites! do ye not know that the triumph of the Reform Bill will fasten your slavish necks for life in the yoke of these men of many pensions?—are ye not aware that the representation of Muddwell, and Joborough, and Curford, and Swinington, your emancipated boroughs, will henceforward belong to my lords Goshambury, and Burleigh, and Clumber, and Eastwell,—my worthy friends and colleagues of the Tory persuasion; and to the Scribes and Pharisees, their small attorney and political agents?—Out on your folly or hypocrisy,—your confusion or delusion of mind:—ye, who pretend that Wellington and his Treasury brigade—

Have made the quartern loaf and Luddites rise,
And fill'd the butchers' shops with great blue flies—

I tell you that the Reformed Parliament will feed you with bread made of deal shavings, and beer chemicated with *nux vomica* by the philosophers who diffuse useful knowledge in two-penny tracts!—The blessings of ignorance shall be henceforth denied you;—ye shall expe-

rience no rest on the March of Intellect:—there shall still be cakes and ale,—but the cakes shall be gingerbread alphabets, and the ale shall be an aliment of learning;—the songs at your merry-makings shall be as the Song of Solomon;—and ye shall be wise in spite of your (wisdom) teeth! But wherefore do I admonish you; why yearn over your follies and their retribution?—Ye have cast me off,—stoned me with your stones,—devoted me to ejection by your votes!—In spite of my redundant canvass, I have been forced to take in sail;—and lo! in my old age I am scuttled on a lee shore.

Heaven knows it was not the Reform Bill I cared to oppose, for I knew how it would strengthen my party. . But had I deserted the cause of Torydom in its utmost need, and degenerated from the political obstinacy of my forefathers,—ye would have called me rat,—ye would have called me coward, apostate, Iscariot!—and are not those severer titles of reprobation than an “old fool,” and an “old rogue?”

Alas! alas!—what prospects of ruin and extermination lie before the devoted squirearchy of this ancient kingdom!—The tallow-chandler is lugged from his melting vocation,—the brewer from his vat,—the iron-master from his rods,—to grease the wheels of state,—to produce a fermentation among the people,—and flagellate with their irony the discomfited members whose sedentary habits have prevailed for the last half-century!

The country presents at this moment the aspect of a fried whiting, whose head and tail,—the King and Commons,—are joined in unnatural combination. But it is the central portion of the fish which is foredoomed to the jaws of destruction; it is the middle which will be offered as a sacrifice to the gluttony of the lawless and rapacious multitude! And what will be the ragged aspect of that head and tail when bereaved of the connecting body?—Think upon this, ye Muddleberryans!—think upon it and tremble!

But I forbear!—Although you lapidated my old age, and pelted me with eggs of most unmeritorious flavour;—although you no longer hail my travelling carriage “with pealing steeples and with loud huzzas;”—although you called me an “old fool,” and an “old rogue,” I forgive the silence of your chimes, and the volubility of your vituperation;—I pardon your jactancy and pectulance, and myopy. Already in my mind's eye I behold my once-loved and now conquered county, writhing in the chains of her imaginary freedom, and feeding with her substance the Hydra-head of a monster of her own creation. I see the tallow-chandlers, and iron-masters, and brewers, sitting as a jury over her *felo-de-se*, while the fatal word REFORM is inscribed as a solitary epitaph on her dishonoured grave. But my feelings overcome me!—Forgetting that I am no longer a Member of the House, I bewilder myself in senatorial mazes of prose. In spite of myself the sorrows of my soul burst forth—Alas—alas!—I once was an M. P. and a happy man!—

THE FOREWARNING. A TALE.

“Shadows foretell the truth of the substance. The weak lament—the wicked laugh—the Devil wins.”—*Aphorisms. By John Magnetus.*

IN the wilder part of Cornwall lived, towards the earlier part of the last century, a beautiful girl, whom I will here call by the name of Clara Tregothick. She was an orphan; but her fortune had been left to her on the sole condition of marrying with the consent of her uncle, a man of an ambitious and scheming temper. This fortune was such as, had Clara been as old and hideous as she was young and lovely, would have brought to her feet half the proudest gallants of Cornwall. Among her numerous suitors, two were, however, especially favoured above the rest: their names were Bayntun and Vavasour. The former had won already the consent of the uncle; the latter had only paid successful court to the bright eyes of the beautiful niece.

Bayntun was the heir to high but impoverished rank. Accustomed to the intrigues of cities, a wily and deceitful habit of mind made his chief characteristic: deep, shrewd, self-interested, he seldom engaged in any pursuit without bringing to it all the arts of experience and address, or without foreseeing the exact chances for and against him. It had thus been observed of him, that he was always fortunate in whatever he undertook. He was so—Prudence and Energy united command Fortune. In his early years he had been a daring and successful libertine. Approaching now towards the confines of middle age, the interests of the world had become to him more powerful than its pleasures: there is a lustre in gold that lasts longer undimmed by time, than the smile of women or the sparkle of the wine-cup. Fearful of sinking into that equivocal and despised state—rank, without the means to support it, he had, for some time, looked abroad for a wealthy marriage. He had prepared himself to disregard youth and beauty: but he found them both united in the object of his choice; for that object was Clara Tregothick. She did not, it is true, regard him with much favour: once, she had actually refused him. But Sir Frederic Tregothick, her uncle, had pledged himself that the courtier's addresses should ultimately succeed; and Bayntun, having once remarked the character of Clara, gave full credence to the assertion. She was, indeed, of a singularly soft and timid nature; nor did there appear any sacrifice which a consistent violence might not extort from her. Tregothick was deep in the petty cabals which, at that time, constituted politics. Step by step he was feeling his way onward to public honours; and he saw, in the alliance of Bayntun—a man destined to one of the oldest of the English Earldoms, and connected with some of the most powerful families in the State—a rapid and certain method of attaining his objects, which should not, he resolved, at whatever risk, be neglected. Living with his niece, who was barely eighteen, he had, the instant the young man's designs were apparent, forbidden Vavasour access to the house. In spite of this prohibition, the lovers met, however, often, though in secret. Vavasour was the only son. His father had died many years since, and he resided with his mother, a bedridden and infirm woman,

in one of those mouldering and ancient residences common in that part of England; the dilapidations of which his rent-roll did not suffer him to repair. He was a man of generous dispositions, but haughty and fierce in temper: his early poverty, and an ambition constantly crossed and baffled, had given a dark and menacing shade to the brighter qualities of his character. Somewhat of this might be easily discernible in his bearing and aspect; and, though he was small and spare of person, there was that in his dark eyes, his proud forehead, and an air at once shy and imperious, which testified those angrier and more vindictive properties of nature that prudent men will not willingly arouse.' Be this as it may, he could, at least, be softened; and he loved Clara with a fervour, a depth, and a passion, of which she, in returning his affection, could not even dream.

There was a retired and remote spot at one end of the wide chase which surrounded Clara's abode, in which the lovers were accustomed to meet: hither Vavasour, who resided several miles distant, would ride, on a black horse, whose speed and beauty are yet traditionally preserved; and, tying his steed within a thick wood, at a little distance, proceed to the trysting spot. It was a deep and rugged glen, surrounded by old trees, chiefly pollards, and overrun with fern, which grew in that place with a peculiar and rank luxuriance. None ever disturbed them in this place of rendezvous;—even the deer seemed to shun it. No path was within nearly a mile of its vicinity, and the neighbouring peasants attached to the glen some ghostly fables which tended yet farther to preserve its wonted solitude. It was broad noon, in July, when, one day, after an absence of more than ordinary duration, they had again met. The transport that Vavasour evinced heightened the spirit of Clara from its usual fearfulness; and her lover, perceiving his advantage, did not neglect to press it.

"My beloved Clara," said he, as her head leaned upon his bosom, "let me prove to the world the sincerity of my love. If you marry without your uncle's consent, you will lose your fortune. Can you, dearest, consent to the sacrifice? Show that you love me beyond these calculations, and let us fly. I do not conceal from you my poverty; but, at least, I have quite sufficient to support us. I offer you an honourable name, a peaceful obscurity, and a heart that will seek to recompense you for every thing you will have bartered for its love:—speak, dearest!"

"Indeed, indeed," said Clara, sighing heavily, "it is much better to wait. My uncle *must* be conquered by our constant attachment—by my own dejection and unhappiness. Let us wait. Consider, dear Walter, it is but a few months since we have loved; and my uncle has, perhaps, a right to appeal to time."

"Name him not," said Vavasour fiercely; "he has had no right to condemn the alliance of one equal to himself in birth, with the rudeness and disdain that he has evinced to me. But for your sake, I had—but no matter. What I would say, Clara, is this—every one sees your uncle's partiality to Henry Bayntun; every one believes that that ruined profligate will ultimately marry you. Do, Clara, have pity upon me. I do not mistrust you—I will not—I cannot;—but if, when I hear this said, and see Bayntun every day received at your house, consorting with you, riding with you, boasting of his favour—if I feel dis-

tracted and maddened, can you wonder, or can you blame me? Release me, Clara, from these fears and this agony, so inseparable from my present situation. Come with me away from them all—come.”

“Nay, nay,” said Clara, “you know your power—this is ungenerous!”

“Can you,” muttered the lover, struck with her refusal, “can you (it is natural!) prefer your fortune, these lands, yonder mansion, to my love? if so, speak openly, and at once—I will bless you, and depart.”

“You are more to me than all!” said Clara, tenderly.

“Then fly!”

Clara wept, and did not answer. So bold a step seemed, to her young fancy, unmaidenly, and exposed to a thousand interpretations, which she recoiled from encountering. At length, a compromise was made; and it was agreed, that Clara should communicate with her uncle once more, and should firmly assure him, that if he persisted in withholding his consent, she should conceive herself compelled, in justice to the disinterested suit of Vavasour, to submit to all sacrifice, and marry without an approbation, which she could not forfeit happiness to obtain. With this they parted.

The singular will which bequeathed her property to Clara, had decreed the estates, if forfeited by her marriage without Sir Frederick Tregothick's consent, to a distant relative; so that in neither case was the uncle benefited by his niece's conduct. It was this which gave to both the lovers some hope that he might, at length, be persuaded to withdraw an opposition, unavailing at all hazards, and in no event advantageous to himself. That very evening, Clara summoned courage, and represented to her guardian all that she had promised Vavasour to attempt. He was astonished by the firm and desperate tone she assumed—for she had been deeply wrought upon by Vavasour's remonstrances; and, fresh from his exhortation, she displayed a courage and decision wholly contrary to her character. Love makes miracles—though, alas! they are brief ones! Sir Frederick at first attempted the imposing and severe manner he had hitherto found successful with his niece. Convinced, at last, of its failure at the present time, he dissembled his chagrin, and observing, with a constrained kindness in his tone, that he must give the subject mature consideration, that he was actuated solely by the desire of his niece's happiness and what he knew must have been the wishes of his brother, he left the apartment.

He found Baynton below, in the room generally appropriated to Sir Frederick, and lost no time in communicating to him the strange and unlooked-for determination that Clara had evinced. The more cold and possessed suitor listened to him at first with incredulity, and even at the last with indifference. “These fancies of resolution,” said he, “are common to women: they never last long. Assume a frowning brow and a harsh tone to-morrow, and you will subdue her again: but why advise you, who know your policy so well?”

This policy, severe as it was, Sir Frederick Tregothick then relentlessly put in practice. But Clara had been so exalted beyond herself by the generosity and the pleadings of her lover, and that ex-

exaltation was so maintained by interview and letter, that threats, taunts, anger, contempt, were all and utterly in vain. Worn out with them, however, she did, at length, allow them to produce their effect upon her temper;—not the effect which Sir Frederick hoped for.

“One month,” said she, retreating from the room in which their altercation had been held; “one month I give you, to retract your opposition; if not retracted, I will be swayed by it no more; and the house and lands, over which you now hold influence, and where, should I be mistress and Vavasour lord, you would always be honoured and welcomed, shall pass away from you, as myself, into the hands of a stranger. Mark, one month—not a day more!”

Closing the door, she left Tregothick motionless with rage and disappointment. He had not recovered himself, when Bayntun was announced. While he related the past scene, Bayntun employed himself in carelessly turning over some books on the table.

“Do, for Heaven’s sake,” cried Tregothick, “put those foolish books aside, and listen to me!”

“Stay,” said Bayntun, “are these *your* favourite volumes, or do they amuse the solitude of your niece?”

“Pshaw! novels, I suppose; they are her’s, to be sure.”

“Very well; do you observe their character? They are nearly all of the superstitious order of romance;—ghosts, witches, sorcerers. Nay, she must be curious in the matter; for here is one book, dragged from your musty shelves below, that treats of witchcraft scientifically, (pointing to Glanvil’s celebrated volume;) and pray observe, her pretty mark is set in one of the most interesting records of the impossible.”

“And if it be so, what, in Heaven’s name, is that to us? We have nothing to do with witches!”

“No; but not so fast—we *may* have! Let us ascertain whether Clara is really of a nature to delight in, and to be worked upon by, these legends: if so, we may hit on a scheme that shall drive her into my arms. You know, Tregothick,” continued Bayntun, “that a friend of mine, a noted man of pleasure and of wit, having arrived at that pass in which an heiress is a pill to be taken as a necessary preventive against the terrible disease called ruin, by means of a juggling quack, a black cloth, and a large mirror, exhibited himself to a rich lady of quality, as the shadow of her intended husband. And the fool was deceived, and did actually marry the man, because she fancied herself destined to him. Now, some scheme or other of that nature might not work ill for us—eh?”

“Now you speak of it,” said Tregothick slowly, “I recollect that Clara always has been under strong impressions of the supernatural: when she was a child she could not sleep alone without shrieking aloud, and fancying she saw spectres. Her maid, to this day, sleeps in the same chamber with her. And I remember well, too, that in her rides she can never pass a gipsy without having her fortune told her—a girlish infatuation!”

“True, but a powerful handle: let us consider—let us consult—let us devise.”

From that day, Sir Frederick Tregothick laid aside his severity to his niece; he seemed to seek every opportunity to conciliate her

affection; his voice, look, manner, were all softened into an urbanity, that was the more effective, inasmuch as his bearing was usually abrupt and hard. Bayntun, too, as if his suit were now hopeless, absented himself from the house. Tregothick even spoke to her of Vavasour; he allowed his merits; but he dwelt on his defects;—above all, he enlarged on the ferocity and heat of his temper, artfully, perhaps, selecting, above all others, a charge which was peculiarly calculated to appall and stagger in her love, a creature so habitually timorous as poor Clara, and which, it must also be owned, was, perhaps, juster, in the main, than any other accusation Tregothick could have alleged against her lover. Various little impetuositics that had often jarred fearfully on Clara's nerves, now occurred to her with double force. She even shuddered as she recalled them; and every day Tregothick had some new anecdote of Vavasour's irritability or sternness, which he seemed to drop into her ear in the kindest manner, and for the most friendly purpose.

One day, after a conversation of this sort, Clara walked alone and musingly into the park. When she had got at some little distance from the house, she perceived a strange figure approaching towards her: it was an old man, in a Moorish, or, at least, eastern dress: his face was sallow, but not bronzed to the colour that should have corresponded with his attire: his eyes, deep sunk in his head, were black and penetrating; and his teeth, despite his advanced years, and a worn and sickly appearance, of a dazzling and bony whiteness: they gave, indeed, something ghastly rather than prepossessing to his aspect, and resembled, from their rat-like length and colour, the grinders of a carnivorous animal, rather than the comely instruments of a human appetite. Stopping, as he reached the young lady, with a deferential air, he swung from his shoulders a box, containing trinkets, lace, &c. and asked respectfully, and in an accent that was rather Italian than Eastern, if he could tempt her to purchase.

The dress, manner, and person of this singular itinerant forcibly arrested Clara's attention, and, in some measure, aroused her fears. She glanced towards the house, to see that she was within hearing of the servants, some of whom, at a little distance, were at that moment exercising Tregothick's horses; satisfying herself on that point, she gave way to her curiosity, and inspected the contents of the box. The trinkets were of quaint and foreign workmanship, and to each that she noted, the pedlar, if so he might be called, assured her some occult and peculiar virtue belonged: one was a talisman against poison, another against fever, a third preserved the constancy of a beloved object, and a fourth gave a quartan ague to an enemy. As she listened with a smile to these assurances, the man, lowering his voice, said, "And, madam, by means of this small machine," pointing to a little square black box, "which I would on no account part with, I can call up the shadows of future events, and declare, to one so desiring, the ordinances of Fate; more especially," he added, as he saw the interest he had excited, "more especially, I can forewarn the unconscious of the unseen dangers with which they are threatened, so that they may be enabled to shun the perils that would otherwise ensnare them."

"Indeed!" said Clara, seriously, in spite of herself, "that must be

‘the most valuable of all the arts of divination ; generally, seers profess only to show us what inevitably must happen.’

“ A ceremony painful without benefit,” said the stranger ; “ one that I never counsel the mass of the world to undergo : only those destined to great acts or great eminence should foresee the inevitable future ; in them such foresight produces the solemn and high-wrought tone of mind, that becomes the part they are to play on earth. But who is there that stands not in need of a warning ? ”

“ True ! ” said Clara, wistfully, “ and in what manner can you foretell the dangers by which we are threatened ? ”

“ By what is the type of substance, *shadow*. Within the womb of time lie certain dim and vague embryos—uncertainties, on which Fate hath, as yet, set no seal—these I can evoke. May I give you, madam, a proof of my art ? ”

“ Will it not greatly terrify me,” said Clara, giving way to her curiosity.

“ Nay, scarcely, if you are prepared for it. Besides, it is better to feel terror for a danger we may prevent, than to sleep in security till we are appalled by an evil we are too late to avert.”

“ Well,” said Clara, “ can you exhibit your art this evening ? ”

“ Yes, madam, assuredly.”

“ Come, then, to the Hall, and we will put you to the proof.”

The man bowed low, and Clara continued her walk : but her mind was restless and disturbed. Her thoughts could dwell only on the coming exhibition : she longed, yet dreaded the arrival of the fated hour. It was true, as Tregothick had said, that she was weakly alive to the influences of aught that appeared to betoken a preternatural agency. In her first childhood, the tales of nurses had instilled into her ductile imagination that fascinating poison, which the mental frame can never afterwards wholly cast from its system. Her fancy, easily excited, had peopled the dark with spectres. In every moodier impulse of nature, she yet tremblingly shuddered at the wrath of the cloud fiend : and the lonely churchyard, instead of the quiet and holy haven for the wearied and the sorrowing, seemed to her saddened credulity but the haunt of the restless spectre and the pining ghost. As she grew up, this early and unhappy bias of temper was strengthened by the books which she pored over with a terrified delight ; and, being left to pursue her studies without a guide or corrector, she but rarely recurred to those healthier and diviner works which, whether by fiction or precept, rectify the fancy by enlightening the reason. When fear is once indulged, it easily becomes a predominant passion ; —felt by her at first for the supernatural, it was, at length, felt in the most common occurrences in life ; and a harsh sound, an angry look, was, at any time, sufficient to banish the delicate blood from the beautiful cheek, or shake into trembling the frail nerves, of this poor victim to her own imagination.

From his window, Tregothick watched with secret satisfaction the figure of his niece, as she now turned homeward, her eyes bent on the ground, and her whole air and motion betraying the intenseness of abstraction and thought. He turned to Bayntun, who, for the first time for several days, was his visitor.

“ You perceive,” said he smiling, “ that your plan already promises

success. I saw the Moor enter the house some minutes since, and note, now, how mysterious our young lady looks !”

“ Ay,” said Bayntun, “ I met my friend the impostor, as he entered, and he told me Miss Clara had bespoke his tricks for the evening !”

“ And you are sure of his skill in the juggling work ?”

“ Quite ; he almost made *me* tremble, when he gave me a specimen.”

“ And he has undertaken to foretell the brutality she would undergo, if united to the hateful Vavasour ?”

“ Ay, at least to give her a warning of his ferocity.”

“ But you say he will conjure up likenesses, to Vavasour and herself—how the deuce can he effect that ?”

“ Easily enough, I fancy. He will not, like other mountebanks, communicate his secret : but, if you reflect, he has only to draw a resemblance to Vavasour and herself, and then, by means of a magic lantern, or some such contrivance, to reflect the resemblance on the wall.”

“ Ah ! exactly so ; but here comes Clara.”

That day, before dinner, Tregothick found the opportunity to detail another anecdote of Vavasour's fierce temper ; it produced due effect upon this unfortunate girl. “ If it were true !” thought she, doubtingly ; but then his soft endearment ; his kind language to her ; the remembrance of the delicacy with which, aware of her infirmity, he smoothed his voice, which, indeed, was usually gentle, and curbed his anger, even when stung to the quick, darted across her, and she added, “ No—no ; it is not true ; to me he is never cruel ;” and her soliloquy ended in tears.

The night came on, and the stranger was introduced into Clara's drawing-room. He had before requested leave to make his preparations in a solitary chamber in the house : he chose one that adjoined her drawing-room, but which was usually shut up and uninhabited. It was a gloomy old chamber, with black oak panels, and small narrow windows, sunk in the massive wall, and suffering the light of day to enter only by dim and scattered beams. But it was now closed, and entirely dark. Thither he led the trembling Clara : she clung to the arm of her maid, who, a kind-hearted and lively girl, endeavoured, ineffectually, to sustain her spirits, and laughed in secret at her credulity. They sat down in total darkness for a few moments, and the maid has since declared, that she literally heard the palpitation of her young mistress's heart. The air, too, was chill and damp, and struck icily into the channels of their blood. Suddenly, a faint light broke fitfully on the gloom ; it played vaguely, and as a meteor to and fro, for some moments, till, at length, gathering strength, it flashed full upon the opposite wall ; and Clara, to her dismay and terror, beheld a shadowy resemblance of herself, seated at a table, and above her a gigantic hand seemed to extend a pall. Ere she had time to recover from this threatening apparition, it had vanished. She saw a church crowded round with shadowy figures, seemingly in the attitudes of clamour and joy, and heard, modulated and softened, as by distance, the merry peal of a marriage bell. This also faded away. She saw herself once more, and alone ; presently, the figure of Vavasour darted forward ; a knife was in his hand ; with

a wild gesture he threw himself upon her, and plunged it into her breast. She then heard a shriek and a wild and indistinct hubbub; and, as all faded once more into darkness and silence, she fell, overpowered and appalled, senseless upon the earth.

It would seem as if more of this hideous pantomime had been prepared for the poor young lady; but, on recovering, she refused, with shuddering, to witness a continuance of the delusions. She asked the exhibitor but one question:—"You say this is a forewarning; have I yet the power to avoid so dreadful a doom?"

"You have, madam!" answered the stranger.

Clara said no more. She offered her purse to the real or pretended Moor: he took it, but threw it carelessly aside, as she turned away. The two originators of this detestable plot were waiting for their agent in another room. But he did not attend them. He left the house, and was never again seen in that part of the country.

They were both a little surprised at this negligence. "A strange fellow this," said Tregothick; "he does not stay even for his reward."

"Oh, I suppose he will want it doubled, on account of his delicacy," rejoined Bayntun; "but it is odd in a fellow like this to give one trust, especially as he knew so little of me. You recollect I never saw him till the other day. My servant informed me of the expertness of his juggling, and I sent for him, and gave him his instructions accordingly."

"Well," said Tregothick, "his confidence in our pay shows that he has dealt only with gentlemen. I dare say, if the truth were known, the impostor practises a very aristocratic profession."

"All cheating is aristocratic, more or less," answered Bayntun, sneeringly, and turning the conversation.

From that time, Clara's mind and affection had evidently undergone a great revulsion; in fact, she now never thought of her unfortunate lover without trembling at his image; he became associated in her mind with an unconquerable dread; she could not prevail on herself to see him again; by means of her maid, who carried on their correspondence, she wrote short and cold excuses to his prayers for an interview. Agonized, and yet enraged, by the tone of one of these short letters, more than usually estranged and indifferent, the haughty and sensitive Vavasour replied by a letter full of vehemence and even menacing expressions. Clara's blood ran cold as she read it; the shadows she had seen recurred to her with full and irresistible force. "I yet have," said she, "the power to avoid a doom that would subject me to this violent man." The thought inspired her actions, and that very evening she, by a chilling rejoinder, discarded Vavasour for ever.

We may well conceive the effect which this blow, sudden as well as cruel, produced on a man naturally so proud and so melancholy in his habits as Walter Vavasour. Living as he did estranged from the world, his love to Clara had been the great epoch of his existence; her very faults endeared her to him; and his lofty and masculine nature took delight in the timidity and weakness which made her seem necessitated to cling to his sterner qualities for protection. His mind recurring to the tenderness for her that had always controlled his na-

·tive austerity—that had taught him, for the first time, to curb the angry glance and the hasty word—that had induced him to bear, without revenging, the insolence of Tregothick, and to submit to the indignity, bitterer to his spirit than wormwood, of seeing Clara clandestinely, and stealing to her alliance as an inferior—recurring, we say, to these sore recollections, his mind darkened with angry, and even vindictive thoughts, the image which he had hitherto worshipped with the incense of the gentlest, as well as the most impassioned emotions. In the dreary plains and on the lonely hills that surrounded his home, he found the spirit of nature congenial to his own mood. He became an altered man; the haste and fitfulness of his temperament darkened into an unbroken gloom. He lived upon one idea—a dangerous luxury, that ends usually in madness!

Delighted at the success of their iniquitous scheme, Tregothick and Bayntun redoubled their exertions to complete it. Clara was not at times without regretful and reproachful recollections of her forsaken lover; to dissipate her melancholy, Tregothick, who had “smoothed the raven-down” of his character into the gentlest simulation of affection, filled the old hall with gaiety and revel. At these festivities, the polished and courtly Bayntun appeared to the greatest advantage; he exerted himself to please and to dazzle; yet Clara could not but note that, in spite of her former rejection, she was the only one whose approbation seemed to elate him. Deeply skilled in women, the wary libertine assumed in the presence of the timid Clara a demeanour at once gentle and cheerful; she began to like his companionship, and at length to esteem himself; she was flattered, too, by the homage of one whom so many admired—and when at length, seizing his opportunity, he renewed his suit, it was not to meet with a rejection. Clara did not, indeed, love him; nay, within an hour after her consent, she repented; she wept bitterly at her acquiescence—the image of Vavasour reappeared before her in all the strength of her early affection—but again that night—that supernatural scene—that hideous warning, chased away the returning softness of emotion.

The day was fixed for their marriage—the news came to Vavasour’s ears—he received it with silence and a gloomy smile. On the morning before their wedding, Bayntun and Clara were riding through one of the green lanes in the demesnes which the intended bridegroom hoped soon to call his own, when an unexpected turn of the road brought them abruptly within a few yards of Walter Vavasour. He was mounted on his favourite black steed. Few were the cavaliers who in noble bearing and gallant horsemanship could compete with him. Startled by their appearance, he seemed at first disposed to turn back his horse’s head; but, after a moment’s irresolution, he adopted the prouder conduct, and rode past them. But he scorned to assume an indifference he did not feel; his eye beneath the dark brow, which at all times gave a severity to his features, flashed bright and fierce upon the faithless Clara, who, pale and breathless, cast down her eyes, and could scarcely maintain her seat. But Bayntun, exhilarated by his approaching triumph, and delighted that his rival should witness his happiness, stopped short, and saluting Vavasour with a feigned respect, said—

“By the way, I trust we shall see you among our guests to-morrow—none will be more welcome.”

The blood rushed over Vavasour's dark cheek, and then as suddenly faded away, save in one round, bright hectic spot, in which a skilful observer might have read all the peril of the raging passions within.

“To-morrow!” said he, with a hollow voice; “be it so—I will not fail—trust me, I will not.” He waved his hand; Bayntun smiled disdainfully; Vavasour noted the smile, and rode away. That bitter invitation, that look of scorn, had turned his heart into iron.

After his departure, Clara bursting into tears, reproached Bayntun for the insolence of his indiscretion. It was long before she could be pacified. She felt for her unfortunate lover—she would have given worlds to have saved him an insult she knew he must have felt so deeply. The instant she reached home, she even wrote to Vavasour an apology, and mingled with it many kind and affectionate expressions. She gave the note to her maid to have it sent to her former lover.

The groom who took it neglected to set off till night. At that time the roads were infested with highwaymen; the man was robbed and tied to a tree, where he remained till the next morning; nor was he released time enough to return home, or proceed to Vavasour's prior to the ceremony. So does link after link eke out the chain of fatality.

That night, as Clara sat alone before she retired to rest—her lover's splendid bridal presents before her on the table—her maid expatiating on their beauty, herself gratified by their magnificence, she happened to raise her eyes, and looking on the opposite glass she turned suddenly pale, and gasped for breath. “What ails you, Madam?” cried the attendant in alarm.

“Oh! Margaret,” said Clara, faintly, “as I looked in that dim, old glass, I appeared exactly as I seemed on that horrid night, when the Moor raised up my resemblance—and see, the pall that hung over me is there now!”

The maid hastened to show the superstitious girl that the pall was but the reflection of the heavy and sombre curtain on the opposite bed, that had been accidentally drawn aside towards the foot. Clara was satisfied, but made the maid drag her own little couch nearer to her mistress's bed before she retired to rest. You will imagine that the attendant did not let slip so favourable an opportunity of insinuating a bridal jest.

The next day was uncommonly bright and clear; the sun shone out; the birds sang; all nature seemed in unison with that rite which custom always honours with joy, though experience usually condemns its celebrators to disappointment.

In a numerous and blithe cavalcade, the marriage procession swept to the old-fashioned church where the ceremony was to be performed. It was distant only one mile from the hall. The country around was flat and open, and just as they arrived within sight of the church, a horseman, on a well-known black steed, was perceived by the whole company, riding towards them across the broad and desolate plain, at full speed. As the bride's carriage stopped at the church-door, the

horseman had reached the procession; he dismounted; his horse stood quiet and motionless by the little gate of the church-yard. Vavasour's hand—for need we say who was the horseman—was the first stretched to assist Clara (who was with her bridesmaids) to descend from the carriage. She trembled as she saw him, and looked round for Bayntun—his carriage had not yet arrived.

"Fear not," said Vavasour, with a smile, which re-assured and deceived her; "you have bid me to your bridal as a friend—as a friend I attend them. Will you reject my services, even in a form, a common courtesy?"

"Nay," said one of the bridesmaids, laughing, "if the bridegroom cannot manage to be in time, you serve him right to take the arm of another;" and she whispered Clara that it would only seem strange to play the prude. Clara therefore, collecting her spirits, and with an air in which distress was mingled with dignity, descended the steps of the carriage, just lightly touching Vavasour's arm as he extended it. They were in the church-yard. The bells rang merrily and loud; and with their peal, mingled the laughter and voices of the cavalcade behind. Vavasour cast one glance round him, then fixed his dark and piercing eye upon the bride. "You forsook me, Clara, and I was wretched—you insulted me, I am avenged!" With these words he plunged a knife, that he had worn concealed, into her bosom—she fell upon the green-rank mound of the dead! "Behold!" cried he, raising his voice till its deep and hollow tone pierced to the very aisle of the church, and repeated by a dreary echo, smote the ear of the priest as he stood prepared by the altar—"behold, Clara, your bridal bed!" Then brandishing his knife, all streaming with the heart's blood of the bride, he strode away fiercely through the midst of the guests, who scattered themselves, panic-stricken, on either side. With a bound, he cleared the slight fence round the church-yard, and as he gained his steed, Bayntun, who, with all his vices, was at least brave, grasped him by the arm.

"Fiend!" he cried, "you shall not escape. What ho!—help here!—seize the murderer!"

Twice Vavasour raised his armed hand. "No," he muttered the second time, "I strike only for justice. Thou didst as I would have done—thou didst not, at least, deceive me—thou art sufficiently punished!" Then dashing off the weaker grasp of his rival, he sprang on his horse, and made across the country in the same direction as that in which he had arrived at the fatal spot.

Clara was already lifeless; the guests gathered around—the false uncle, the plotting bridegroom. Even at that awful hour, the two most connected to the dying woman thought only of themselves. "So perishes my hope of this alliance,—so fades my dream of ambition!" muttered Tregothick. "Had the stroke been delayed but another hour, these lands had been mine," thought the lover—"I am a ruined man!"

At the side of his bed-ridden mother Vavasour appeared abruptly. "Give me your blessing, mother! Quick!—quick!—the blood hounds are after me! Quick, if you wish not for my death!"

"Bless thee, Walter! thou hast been a good son to me. But what means —"

“Ha! ha!” shouted Vavasour, lifting up his bloody hands. “Enough!—enough!” He flung from the chamber—threw himself again on his panting steed—baffled the hot pursuit of the avengers—in disguise and by stealth he reached Scotland, and claimed protection from the Chief of G——, with whose blood he bore connexion. Some years afterwards, the name of Walter Vavasour was found among the list of slain, in the cause of Charles Edward at the battle of Culloden.

THE LOVED-ONE'S SLUMBER.

THE struggling beams of winter's sun
 Were fading in the cloudy west,
 While silently, beloved one,
 I hung enamour'd o'er thy rest.
 Faint, and more faint breath'd forth the sighs,
 Which told my heart the hopes of thine,
 While dreamily those rebel eyes
 Strove yet to turn and answer mine.
 Vain strife! soon fading, ray by ray,
 The wearied eyelids closed above,
 And dark the shadowy lashes lay,
 To curtain out thy looks of love;
 Died on thy tongue, by slumber charm'd,
 The music of thy voice's tone,
 And languidly thy hand remain'd,
 Unpress'd, unpressing, in mine own.
 I watch'd, I bless'd thee; but *my* name
 No longer forced those lips to part,
 And slow the measured breathings came
 From that so lately throbbing heart:
 Timid I bent—but fear'd to I speak
 The charm that sooth'd thine early woe,
 And would have kiss'd—yet dared not wake
 The static-smile of thy repose
 Oh! how I loved thee then! to me
 What was there in the earth or sky—
 In rushing stream or spreading tree—
 In arbour's perfumed canopy!
 What was there in the wanton wing
 Of Summer's intense-laden breeze—
 What was there in the smile of Spring—
 In all that wont my heart to please—
 To match that wintry hour, when light
 (Too light to break thy sleep profound)
 The sun-shower floated, pure and white,
 And mantled o'er the frozen ground!
 Chill though the night-blast whistled round,
 Dark though the mists of evening fell,
 I only heard thy breathing's sound,
 I only felt I loved thee well!
 And since that hour, hath never dream
 Of pleasure fill'd my eager breast
 (All joyous though my world may seem)
 Like that of watching o'er thy rest! •

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM. BY AN OLD REFORMER.*

Anecdotes of Reformers.†

In the latter end of the year 1793, Muir, Palmer, Margarot, and Skirving were conveyed by sea from Scotland to England, and subsequently, in the Surprise transport, with other convicts, to Botany Bay. A subscription having been entered into among the friends of Reform, they were accommodated as cabin passengers on the voyage.

Very shortly after the political exiles had sailed for their place of banishment, a fresh prosecution, of the most awful character, was commenced by Government against another class of democrats, who had rendered themselves conspicuous in London. The leading members of the Corresponding Society, and the Society for Constitutional Information, were apprehended, and after examination by the Privy Council, committed to the Tower on the charge of treason. A few days before his apprehension, I had delivered a letter to Hardy that I had brought from Margarot, and as I conceived that letter—which might have mentioned me—would be found among the papers examined by the Council, I was not without fear that I also might be examined. I was, however, entirely unconnected with the proceedings of the parties, and unacquainted with the persons of any, except Horne-Tookey, whom, like Hardy, I had met with only once, and Jeremiah Joyce, in whose company I had happened to be mixed three or four times. One of the occasions on which I had met with Joyce was at the table of Sharpe, the celebrated engraver, and who, as well as Joyce, was a member of the Society for Constitutional Information. Sharpe, who had been one of the visitors of Muir, while the latter was in Newgate, had undertaken to engrave Muir's portrait, which I was to procure—and he, in consequence, invited me to dine with a party of his political friends. Not less than ten or a dozen were present at the dinner; but the Secretary of the Society, Mr. Adams, who had been invited, did not join the party until dinner was over, and three or four glasses of wine had been drunk. The arrival of Adams was hailed with acclamation; for *poor* Adams, having been dismissed from his clerkship in Somerset House on account of being Secretary to a Democratic Society, was respected by his companions as a martyr. The circumstance of his not joining the party until their spirits were exhilarated and their conversation free, did not excite the least suspicion in their minds; but that, no doubt, was a circumstance he had calculated to turn to his advantage. Adams was soon to appear before them in a different light. He had been dismissed from Somerset House to give him the semblance of a man decried and persecuted by Government, while they were actually employing him to report to them the proceedings of the Society in which he continued secretary.

Hardy was the first of the suspected persons, and, without any warning, was, with all his papers, taken into custody. The others who were arrested being apprised of his situation, if they apprehended a similar fate, had time to destroy such of their papers as they might imagine would be deemed obnoxious. Joyce, with whom I afterwards became intimate, and for whom I never ceased while he lived to entertain respect, informed me of two or three remarkable incidents attendant on his apprehension. He said that, being invited with some other of his political friends to dine with a fellow-member in Spital-square, he had occasion to write to that gentleman, to inquire *whether every thing would be ready by a certain day?* This inquiry, couched in a phrase deemed ambiguous, having come to the knowledge of Government, Joyce believed to have communicated to them the alarm that some popular explosion was on the eve of bursting, whereas nothing more was meant than to urge the member in question to be

* Continued from page 395.

† The author of these papers enters into a minute detail of the subsequent adventures of Muir—but as the particulars of his eventful life have been recently published—and as they bear but slightly upon the subject of Reform—it has been considered expedient to omit the account.

ready with some papers he had undertaken to prepare. Before the day alluded to arrived, the whole party were taken into custody. Joyce stated, that in the morning of the day on which he was arrested he was residing in the town-house of Lord Stanhope, to whose sons he was tutor. He was in the act of shaving himself, when a King's messenger was introduced into his room, and told him that he had a warrant to take him into custody. He had nerve sufficiently strong to complete the operation in which he had been engaged, and then proceeded to accompany the messenger to his house, in one of the streets between the Strand and the Thames. Immediately after he and his political friends had undergone the examinations which the Privy Council deemed necessary, they were removed to the Tower, and kept in the constant custody of a warder, without being allowed to communicate with each other, or with any of their private friends. Still, Joyce said, it was not until he was served with a copy of his indictment that he felt alarm. Then, he acknowledged, he began to be in fear, on account of the vague and general terms in which the charges were alleged. Even Horne Tooke, firm and tried as his mind was, was not at that period free from apprehension. He took the precaution to alienate his property, lest the impending process should have an unfavourable issue.

The individuals implicated in the alleged treason were twelve, of whom eleven were in custody—Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall were reckoned the prominent parties. Among the others, were Joyce, already described; Kidd, a barrister; Richter, an engraver; and Molercroft, the dramatic writer. Molercroft was the person who had remained at large; but he voluntarily surrendered himself in court on the day of arraignment, and in spite of the judicial officers, who made some formal objections to his surrender, as being without proof of identity, he bravely determined to try the awful issue of the prosecution along with his companions. The arraignment took place at the Old Bailey, in the latter end of October 1794, after which the accused were confined in Newgate, to be in readiness to take their trials. Those who had been arrested, had remained prisoners in the Tower from the middle of the preceding May.

The number and respectability of the accused; the pre-eminent talents of one of them, and the bearings of the investigation on the feelings and fortunes of the friends of freedom generally, gave an interest to the proceedings far exceeding any experienced on former trials in the memory of man. The eyes and ears of the whole nation were directed towards the Old Bailey when the Attorney-General, the present Lord Eldon, made his opening speech on the trial of Hardy, the delivery of which extended to no less than nine hours. Hardy's defence was undertaken by Erskine; and never were the exertions of counsel, in zeal, skill, ability, or splendid eloquence, surpassed by those of the honourable advocate on this occasion. The evidence for the prosecution rested on printed and manuscript papers, and on witnesses, spies of the Crown. The trial lasted several days, during which the public waited for the result with breathless anxiety.

Between four and five o'clock, in one of the heaviest rains of the gloomy season, the 5th of November, I was walking along the eastern end of Fleet-street, when I perceived a hackney-coach driving down Ludgate-hill, with several men who had clung behind it, and others running by its side. I conceived at once that Hardy was within it, and was in a few moments convinced by the crowd, that had rushed through Fleet-lane to proclaim the tidings. The populace, during the trial, had entered into the proceedings with considerable spirit. Every evening, the carriage in which Erskine and his colleague Gibbs were conveyed, was drawn by the people from the Old Bailey to Mr. Erskine's house in Serjeant's-inn. Though the inclemency of the day had prevented a large assemblage congregating near the Sessions House, the news of Hardy's acquittal spread through the metropolis with electrical rapidity. The general joy it diffused has seldom or ever been exceeded; it was as heartfelt as extensive; every liberally-minded man appeared to feel himself relieved from some awful danger, and to regard the acquittal of Hardy as the liberation of himself. This feeling was founded, not only on reason but on facts, which time very soon developed. Had Hardy and his associates been convicted, it was, shortly after their trials, under-

stood that warrants, previously prepared, would have been served upon hundreds of their abettors, and the spirit of freedom crushed with one blow. But the independence of English juries preserved the country from the threatened calamity. Horne Tooke and Thelwall were successively acquitted, and the triumph of political liberty was complete. The friends of freedom began to breathe, and lift up their heads as in happier times, while the advocates of arbitrary power betrayed their chagrin in their humility. Among the court-lawyers, the defeat accomplished by Erskine, who conducted the defence of all the state-prisoners who were tried, was most severely felt. Immediately after the acquittal of Thelwall, they abandoned the prosecution of the other nine accused, and allowed them their discharge.

The conduct of Hardy on the evening of his acquittal was consistent with the calm consideration and good feeling which he had evinced throughout his trial, and which, combined with the evidence of his inoffensive manners and excellent moral character, had operated so powerfully in his behalf. Inclement as the evening was, he proceeded at once from the place of his former confinement to the grave of his wife, who, in an advanced stage of pregnancy, had, in consequence of her sympathy with his sufferings, died while he was a prisoner in the Tower, and was buried in St. Martin's church-yard.*

While the friends of Government vented their spleen, by bestowing in Parliament on the persons who had been tried the appellation of *acquitted felons*,

* The evening subsequent to his trial, Hardy was sent for by a certain nobleman, who, for some time previous to that crisis, had been forward in promoting the cause of Parliamentary Reform, to gratify his lordship's curiosity relative to the feelings he had experienced during the trying scenes of his long imprisonment and trial, and such other particulars as required explanation in his case. Dr. Moore, the father of the lamented Gen. Moore, and, if recollection be correct, the brother of the nobleman, also were present at the conversation. On Hardy's being about to leave the room, his lordship said to him,—"Hardy, some friends of mine have joined, with me, in raising a sum of money to relieve you from some of your sufferings, and reinstate you in business. Here is a hundred pounds at your disposal." Hardy heartily thanked his lordship for the generous offer, and modestly replied that he declined accepting it at that precise moment, as he had not then had time to determine where to live, but that, as his friends were active in seeking a situation, he would take the liberty of calling again on his lordship, and avail himself of his liberality, as soon as he had an opportunity of applying it to use. In no long time, a house, in Tavistock-street, was fixed upon for Hardy, to resume his business as a Shoe-maker, and having then, of course, occasion for money, for he had advanced eighty pounds to help to defray the expense of his trial, he went, according to notice, again to his lordship's house, to accept the assistance kindly offered him. When he went, however, his lordship was *not at home*. A second time he called, and his lordship was *not at home*. A third—a fourth—and many and other times he called again, but his lordship could still never be found at home. Hardy thus disappointed, and despondent, relinquished the hope of obtaining the proffered aid, and ceased to call at his lordship's. A year or two elapsed, even before he saw the noble lord again. He had occasion to wait one night, in the lobby of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, to see a Member of the Whig Club, which had then been holding a meeting, when his lordship was coming down stairs.—"Ah! Hardy," said his lordship, "I am glad to see you. I have forty pounds to give you, which you may have whenever you call on me." Surprised, as Hardy was, to find the offered hundred pounds reduced to a promised forty, he had the discretion to say, only, that such a sum would then be very acceptable, and that he would avail himself of his lordship's permission to call upon him. Hardy accordingly called, and called again, but his lordship was always invisible. Again tired out, Hardy suspended for some months his personal pursuit, but, having had his hope revived, he resolved to try the effect of a letter. I happening to call at Hardy's shop before he despatched his letter, he requested me to look through it, and make such corrections in it as appeared to me expedient. By these means I became acquainted with the particulars above related, and was rendered anxious as to the result. The letter, it appeared, was despatched, and though care was taken to render it void of offence, it proved as unsuccessful as all the preceding applications. So far as I could learn, some years afterwards, the noble lord never contributed a single penny, much less the forty or the hundred pounds he had offered to Hardy.

the democratic party did not confine within their own breasts the joy and triumph they experienced at the defeat of the Cabinet. Acquiring courage with their victory, they again adventured to assemble publicly, and at Chevening House, Lord Stanhope determined to convene a meeting of his tenants and neighbours, to celebrate the result of the trials. I happened to be at Maidstone when Joyce arrived there, to announce to the Maidstone Whigs his Lordship's intention. Being invited, I accompanied a party of about a dozen to the intended supper, and was received with them by his Lordship with his accustomed courtesy. In due time we were directed to proceed to the great hall, which was illuminated by variegated lamps, arranged in the form of letters to display the Triumph of Juries. The hall was occupied by three or four hundred persons, who were successively addressed by Lord Stanhope and Mr. Joyce in speeches suited to the occasion, and which, of course, were loudly cheered. From the hall, a portion of the company, consisting of about two hundred, were conducted to the supper. This was laid out in a large apartment, tastefully fitted up with lamps and artificial flowers, and which had been formed by throwing two rooms into one. Toasts and songs in unison with the meeting followed the supper, and all was hilarity and happiness. The sitting of the guests, however, was not prolonged; for the first party were requested, after partaking of sufficient refreshment, to give place to the remainder, and return to the hall where they at first assembled. There a band of music was in waiting, and dancing, protracted to a morning hour, concluded the evening festivities.

Though the entertainment, on the whole, was well conducted, it was not well concocted. Except the party from Maidstone, and a few of Joyce's personal connexions, there were none of the whole large assemblage with whom the young ladies of the Stanhope family could with any consistency stand up to dance, or with whom his Lordship could carry on conversation consistent with the occasion. Of the neighbouring gentlemen, not one had been invited; and in London, whence many respectable persons would have gladly gone, the intended meeting was unknown. Yet the object of the noble host was evidently to diffuse the most favourable impressions, although he took some odd modes of producing effects. Much umbrage had been taken at the adoption in England of the republican badges and phrases of the French. It had constituted one of the charges against all the political prisoners who had been tried, but this did not deter his Lordship from their use. When his eldest son, who was then about fourteen years of age, retirod to bed, he took him by the hand, and saluted him with—"Good night, Citizen!"*

About six weeks after Lord Stanhope's entertainment, a public meeting, at which his Lordship presided, was held at the Crown and Anchor, to celebrate the result of the State Trials. Sheridan, and some other parliamentary politicians, attended, who, with the chairman and others, addressed the meeting in the order of the day with much animation and effect. The assemblage in the room after dinner was the largest I ever witnessed, consisting, as was calculated, of more than a thousand persons, all parts of the house having been previously filled. The spirits of the party being raised, those who were interested in raising supplies for the political exiles thought the existing circumstances favourable for trying another experiment on the benevolence of democracy, and as all

* Soon after this circumstance, a separation took place between his lordship and my good friend Joyce, who, as the tutor of his sons, had done his duty faithfully, and, as political agent, had served his purpose zealously. For some time, poor Joyce felt sore, on account of the manner in which the separation had been brought about, and probably with reason. Whether that soreness had any tendency to depreciate his lordship's credit as a mechanician, I presume not to decide; but as to his veracity I cannot believe it would have any effect. I therefore venture to repeat, what Joyce told me respecting that contrivance, which was exhibited at Chevening, for performing operations in the subtraction, multiplication, and division of figures, by mechanical means, that it was not original. Joyce assured me, that he had seen a description and engraving of a similar machine in an old work, deposited in Dr. Williams's Library, in Red Cross-street.

the ordinary applications had either been exhausted, or had failed, recourse was had to others. A portrait of Muir had been taken on board the *Surprise* transport, in order to have such an engraving of it as would command a sale among connoisseurs as well as politicians. Sharpe had undertaken the engraving, but not being satisfied with the painting, had advised a plaster-of-Paris mould to be taken, from which a bust could be formed that would furnish a better subject for the graver. I therefore, having been instructed by Bankes, the sculptor, in the mode of taking a mould of the face, made, in my visits on board the transport, the masks, as they are termed, of Muir, Palmer, Margarot, and Skirving, from which Mr. Bankes afterwards modelled their busts. Before the bust of Muir was finished, the leaders of the Corresponding Society, and of the Society for Constitutional Information, having been in custody, and Sharpe, who had been a member of the latter Society, having been summoned before the Privy Council, his political zeal had received a check. At the time I had dined with him, he appeared the most sanguine of the company as to the expectation of speedy reform. He said he was aware that he was obnoxious to the ruling powers, and that they were injuring his interests; but, he continued, he was confident he could stand as long as they. Now, his confidence had failed, and he declined the engraving of the bust of Muir. The frame of Sharpe's mind was peculiarly constituted; at the time alluded to, he appeared a religious visionary, imbued with the notions of Emanuel Swedenborg, at a subsequent period, resuming his political courage along with a higher tone of enthusiasm, he published an engraving of Richard Brothers, *the prophet*, with an attestation of his belief in the prophet's inspiration; and, to crown the whole, at last, when Joanna Southcote came forth with her predictions and pretensions, Sharpe avowed himself her true disciple, and an expectant of the promised Shiloh!

The bust of Muir was finally engraved by Holloway; but when it was finished, such was the spirit of the times, no respectable printseller could be found to publish it. The only mode that presented itself of disposing of the prints was through private channels; but so much time had then been lost, that the interest which many had professed in the fate of Muir and his companions had much diminished, and some of the channels through which returns were expected became perverted to the use of the canvassers themselves. The speculation, so far from affording an addition to the exiles' fund, did not repay the money I had advanced on it. Applications to persons of higher rank were as fruitless as those to lower. When the engraving was finished, I renewed my visits to a noble lord who had been a personal friend of Muir, and who had frequently received me with much familiarity whenever I had communications from Muir to make to him; but it was, unfortunately, the noble lord who had disappointed Hardy. My object, of course, was to procure from the more elevated class some addition to the aid that had been afforded by the more humble. The noble lord on whom I called referred me to the distinguished personage now at the head of his Majesty's Government. That distinguished personage, as if he could not imagine that a person in the middle rank of life could act without a sordid motive, inquired if I was an engraver! I was somewhat mortified on a personal account, but still more on account of the opinion I had formed of the honourable gentleman. The impression I had received of him when, some ten or twelve years before, he had taken an active part in the Society of the Friends of the Liberty of the Press, was highly favourable; and that impression had been more deeply fixed by Dr. Calder, who had assured me, from his intimate acquaintance with the mind of the distinguished personage, that the political sentiments of Charles Grey might be confidently relied on through life. It is almost needless to add that my application to him was fruitless, though I cannot recollect precisely how it came to fail. I can never forget, however, the last effort I made of this kind to one of the like rank of life, when the necessities of the exiles became still more urgent. I applied to the generosity of the Hon. Thomas Erskine. He received my application with civility, but defended his purse with firmness. Though Mr. Henry Erskine had offered to undertake the defence of Muir before the Court of Justiciary, Mr. Thomas Erskine thought proper to censure him in

conversation with me. "Muir," he said, "had *stepped from his pedestal*; his zeal had been indiscreet!" He admitted, however, that the zeal required to reform a system of abuses was required to be warm, and ought to obtain excuse among reformers for its slight excesses; but all the favour I obtained from Mr. Erskine was a promise that, as he was about to meet a party of his political friends in about three weeks' time at Woburn Abbey, he would take occasion to state to them the condition of the exiles; and he gave me leave to call upon him again to put him in mind of the business. I had, however, no occasion to avail myself of the invitation. Before the Woburn meeting took place, Muir had made his escape from Botany Bay; and by this time my zeal had been so completely quenched, that I ceased to make applications that promised only disappointment.

Except on one occasion, I never, after this period, attended a public political meeting in London; and, indeed, except the anniversary meetings to commemorate the acquittal of Hardy and his fellow prisoners, none of consequence took place. This change of habit did not arise from any change of sentiment. Whether that feeling proceeded from having been early excited, for I remember it had been wrought upon by the accounts I had read, while but a boy, before the American war commenced; whether it had been confirmed by the circumstances into which I had been thrown, and which had led me to associate with those who were like-minded, in consequence of the violence of opponents; or whether it may not be ascribed to the moderate tone of feeling and opinion I cherished, compared with those expressed by several of my accidental associates, I cannot presume to decide. The fact, however, was, that my moderate tone continued firm, while that of many of the ultras gave way. At the commencement of the French Revolution, the most sanguine among the English Reformers, like froth, got uppermost. Their numbers swelled the ranks, and made novices imagine that they were supported by the majority. "We thought," said Tuffin, "we

* Tuffin was at that time partner with Timson, in the Wine and Spirit trade, and had been previously accustomed to supply the Government Boards with those articles by contract; but the side which Tuffin took in politics induced Government to discontinue the firm, and that compelled Tuffin to withdraw from it. At Tuffin's house I first met with Horne Tooke, previously to his trial. My acquaintance with Tuffin had originated, not in political but in friendly feeling, at the election of my quondam friend Dr. Fox, as Physician to the London Hospital. In the course of that acquaintance, Tuffin, who, like Dr. Fox, had been bred a Quaker, but had dropped the outward signs of the profession, acknowledged that he had the disgrace of being a relation to a female known, previously to the year 1760, as the *Fair Quaker*, and that she was then (in the year 1790) alive, in retirement, in Wales. Tuffin had, from early life, possessed an inquiring mind, and retained to the last liberality of feeling. His spirit of inquiry had induced him, while a youth, on occasion of a Royal funeral, to obtain permission to enter the Royal vault, under Henry the Seventh's Chapel, to copy the inscriptions on the Royal coffins. After the funeral had taken place, and while the undertaker's men had left him, with his taper on a coffin, copying the inscription, the sound of feet descending into the vault aroused him from his work, and directed his eyes to the stairs. A soldier, who had concealed himself in the Abbey, probably with a view of wresting off the silver plates from the Royal coffins, was coming down the steps. Tuffin called aloud, and the intruder, little looking for a living inhabitant in the tomb-house after the undertaker's men had quitted it, equally frightened with Tuffin himself, made a precipitate retreat. Tuffin confessed that he passed a very uneasy hour till the undertaker's men returned. The soldier was immediately sought for, in the cathedral, but could not be found. This romantic incident was in unison with Tuffin's habits. From a feeling of commiseration, he had attended a culprit under sentence of death in Newgate. But Tuffin had a philosophic mind, and he evinced it not only on that, but on other trying occasions. While carrying on the business of a Banker, at Bristol, which he did by means of an agent, his cousin, * * * * * absconded with twenty thousand pounds' worth of omnium, and shipped himself off from Liverpool for New York. By prompt exertion, however, Tuffin, anticipated the swindler's motions, in America, and recovered all his property, except a trifle. I saw the letters he wrote to his cousin at that period, while the result was doubtful,

had the majority, when we found we had the *blackguards* with us." Men who meant to promote a change with a view to mend their own condition would, at such a crisis, join the disinterested and liberal. Visionary theorists would mix with judicious practitioners, and warm imaginations and loud voices would acquire a temporary ascendancy over cool reflection, with its small still voice. The defections that took place in the democratic ranks afforded subject for curious remark. Dr. A—— had, at a large sea-port where he practised, occasioned so much offence by his political opinions, that he was constrained to remove to London, where, for a year or two, he continued, to profess his previous sentiments. His profession of democracy, however, did not recommend his profession of a physician; and he discovered, he said, that argument was now useless, since appeal had been made to the sword. He ceased to support the principles he had laboured with his pen as well as tongue to promote, and his friends apologized for him, by stating, that he had only relapsed into his original state of indifferentism, from which he had happened to be aroused by the splendid visions of the French Revolution. Professional men, more than any other in the circle of my acquaintance, showed the influence of outward circumstances upon opinion. Even my friend Joyce, with whom I kept up intimacy while others kept aloof from him, on many occasions seemed to show his feelings shaken by circumstances, though his principles continued firm. After he quitted the family of Lord St. John, he devoted himself to literary labour, and had the mortification to find the booksellers, for four or five years, refuse to purchase a work which bore his name. Under other names he was, therefore, obliged to have his labours hidden. Among them, I might mention "Goldsmith," when "The Grammar of Geography" appeared; and another writer, when he completed some volumes of Ancient History; and even the most voluminous of his works, "The Cyclopaedia," was disguised by the name of Dr. Gregory. Joyce completed this work, consisting of two thick volumes quarto, within a year; the Doctor, as I understood, having contributed very little to it, except his name, for which he had been remunerated by the proprietor. The application which poor Joyce bestowed on this work was unremitted, and evidently had a most serious effect upon his health; for he generally laboured at it from four o'clock in the morning till ten at night. In spite of his mortifications, Joyce, at the same time, held fast his integrity; though, on one occasion, he observed, perhaps in consequence of some of those mortifications, that he could not then condemn Government so severely as he had formerly condemned them for checking the career of his party; for, added he, "we do not know to what lengths we might have gone." No revolutionary measures, however, beyond those that consisted of their public meetings, speeches, and writings, appear to have been ever in their view. If they had harboured any, of which Joyce had been apprized, I am convinced, from his frankness, that he would have confessed them to me.

Though similar indifference may have been produced in my mind by the same circumstances which operated on the minds of others, I continued attached to some of the persons with whom I had been associated in the concerns of Muir and Palmer. Among those persons, Dr. Hamilton, physician of the London Hospital, was one with whom I had frequent interchange of visits. Dr. Hamilton was a native of the north of Ireland, and, when a young man, had been delegate to the famous Assembly at Dungarvon, of which Colonel Sharman had been President, when the Duke of Richmond addressed to him his well-known project of Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments. Dr. Hamilton was, therefore, thoroughly imbued with reforming principles, and had taken a warm

and thought highly of his good sense and feeling on the occasion. He was much respected by all who knew him, and to prove how much he was respected, I add, on the authority of his cousin, that when "The Book" was the subject of conjecture and alarm in certain quarters, Tuffin having been known to have read a copy of it, was invited to an interview at Carlton House, to give the Prince of Wales an account, for which he was very competent, of its contents.

interest in the fate of Muir, in consequence of the introduction of his countryman.

In the course of our acquaintance, the Association of United Irishmen was formed, and became formidable; but, though the Doctor might have been acquainted with some of their views, he imparted none of them to me. It happened, however, that he invited me one day to dine with him, to meet a stranger, and Mr. B. a merchant of London, but a native of Ireland, and intimate friend of Dr. Hamilton, and who had been, in early life, an intimate friend of Hugh Boyd, one of the supposed authors of Junius's Letters. The stranger was introduced only as Dr. Macniven, and, for an Irishman, was cool and unassuming. He gave, I remember, some very interesting and affecting narratives of the cruelties exercised by the military and magisterial powers on his fellow countrymen, but gave no other indication of superior knowledge in Irish political affairs. Great was my surprise, therefore, and not a little my alarm, when, a short time afterwards, I found, on the development of Irish affairs, that my fellow guest had just returned from officiating as Ambassador to the French Government from the United Irishmen. Immediately before this occurrence, Arthur O'Connor, O'Coighly, and three others, their companions, had been arrested in Kent, in an attempt to pass over to France. Being charged with treason, they were committed to the Tower, and afterwards conveyed to Maidstone, to be tried by a Special Commission. Dr. Hamilton, as well as his friend ——, were particularly acquainted with Arthur O'Connor, and deeply interested in his fate. Hamilton was anxious that the accused should have a fair trial; and, knowing my connexion with Maidstone, entreated me to proceed thither, in order to give instructions to certain parties relative to the Grand Jury, to secure accommodation for such of Arthur O'Connor's friends as would appear as witnesses on his behalf, and to ascertain the sort of treatment he would obtain in prison. I went to Maidstone the day before the accused arrived, and saw them enter the gaol, to which they were escorted by a troop of Yeomanry Cavalry. I had previously visited the prison, and seen the accommodation provided for them. I attended, the next day, the opening of the Commission, by Mr. Justice Buller, and received from Mr. Robert Cutlar Ferguson, who was one of the counsel for the accused, a letter to Erskine, containing his remarks on the Judge's charge to the Grand Jury. Having left the letter at Erskine's house that evening, at too late an hour to see him, I called upon him the next day, for the purpose of giving him my own remarks on the state of the accused's defence. The counsel against them consisted of the *élite* of the bar, with the Attorney-General, now Lord Eldon, at their head, while their defence was committed to the charge of R. C. Ferguson and —— Scott, the brother of Lady Oxford, both very young men, and of Gurney, not much older, though of more experience and steadiness. The two former were such thoughtless fellows, as to give umbrage, by their disorders, to the landlord of the house where they lodged, who told me that he had received them on my account, and had been disposed to turn them out, and, if he did, they would not be able to get lodgings in the town. Under the impression that the accused might suffer from the levity of their defenders, and from the want of the exertions of Erskine, who had so successfully defended "the acquitted political felons," I took the liberty of suggesting to the latter, who, I knew, was well acquainted with O'Connor, the importance of affording him his professional aid. Mr. Erskine took my officiousness in good part, and told me that O'Connor himself had earnestly applied to him for his assistance. "But," said Mr. Erskine, "why should I go out of my way to assist an accused man, because he has an overweening desire for my aid? A man may be charged with robbery in Northumberland, and solicit me to be his counsel, but am I to give up my other obligations at home, to comply with his demands? When the d—d boroughmongers attempted to make that treason which was not treason, I sacrificed a whole term for the sake of the accused; but I cannot make such a sacrifice as is now required. I can be of more service to O'Connor as a witness than as an advocate; and, as to the defence of him and his companions, you need not be afraid that it will be neglected, for I have prevailed on Dallas and Plomer to undertake it.

The trial of O'Connor and his associates came on a few weeks afterwards, and attracted to Maidstone all the leading Whigs, who were subpoenaed to bear witness for O'Connor's character. Fox, Grattan, Sheridan, Sir Francis Burdett, &c. were billeted upon the most respectable people in the town. Sheridan and Sir Francis Burdett were accommodated in the house of a near connexion of mine, and Fox in that of his sister-in-law. It was matter of much regret that I could not, as I easily might, have witnessed the conduct and conversation of the latter in his temporary lodging; for, during the two or three days he stayed there, he always came down after breakfast, and sat and chatted an hour with Mrs. Russel. My mind, however, was not in tune to relish recreation, for I was aware that O'Coighly was likely to be convicted. A paper, purporting to be an address from some Political Society in London to the Convention in France, was found in his pocket. The date of the paper was some months old; and, according to the opinion of his friends, was never intended to be presented by him. It seemed to them as if he had put it in his pocket because he had been struck by some strong expressions in it, and kept it without being aware of its fatal weight. He appears to have been an indiscreet zealot in the camp of the United Irishmen, and had retained the fatal paper after he had been warned by O'Connor to have no papers in his possession: but neither O'Connor himself, nor other of his friends, were models of discretion. One of those friends, who, as one of his counsel, had access to him while in Maidstone gaol, had the carelessness to leave behind him a cane, which he had been seen to carry into O'Connor's room. Being observed to go away without his cane, the gaoler went to look for it, and found it under O'Connor's bed. This circumstance was the more offensive, as the cane concealed a sword-point. The consequences were prejudicial to O'Connor. He was turned out of his commodious room, and forced to submit to the common accommodations of the prison.

O'Coighly was the only one of the five accused who was convicted. Immediately after the verdicts were pronounced, Ferguson went up to O'Connor to congratulate him, and to offer his hand to help him out of the dock. At that instant, a Bow-street officer rushed forward between them, to take O'Connor into custody upon a fresh warrant, on account of his connexion with "the United Irishmen." Uproar immediately followed. The party of Volunteers on guard around the court, pushed their pieces, with fixed bayonets, within the doors, to prevent the escape of the prisoners. The Clerk of the Arraigs jumped upon the counsel-table, and seizing a sword which was lying there among other of O'Connor's baggage, which had been taken with him on the road to Whitstable, drew forth the sword from its scabbard, and brandished it, like a Bobadil, in front of the Judges, to protect them from harm. Lights were extinguished, and altercation and great confusion ensued, such as had been rarely witnessed in an English Court of Justice: great contradiction was therefore to be expected among those who might give evidence as to its cause.

O'Coighly suffered death a few weeks afterwards, and, deeming himself a martyr, met his fate with decency, and addressed with firmness the people who witnessed his execution. Ferguson and Lord Thanet, being charged with exciting the riot in the Court-house of Maidstone after the trial, were prosecuted in the Court of King's Bench; and being convicted, were sentenced to six months' confinement, the former in the King's Bench prison, and the latter in the Tower. Lord Thanet, after his liberation, demanded and obtained, as a Peer, a private audience of the King, in which, upon his honour, he declared his innocence of the charge imputed to him. Much mistake and misrepresentation were likely to take place from the confusion of the scene, and much from the prejudices and interests of the witnesses. Gurney remarked to me, immediately after the occurrence, that a good deal of cross and strong swearing would appear. From what I afterwards learned, I had reason to believe that the person of Lord Thanet was mistaken for that of an inhabitant of Maidstone, who did not disown the words and deeds which had been ascribed to his Lordship.

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. VI.

*Thomas Haynes Bayly.***(With an engraved Likeness.)*

AMONGST the modern candidates for literary popularity, the gentleman whose portrait forms the graphic illustration of our present number, ranks exceedingly high. The unprecedented success of many of his productions has rendered his name almost as familiar to the public ear as the effusions of his pen: and this is not saying little; for, from the period at which he began to devote his attention to lyrical composition, the streets of the metropolis, as well as its drawing-rooms, have actually rung with his melodies.

In the poetical productions of Mr. Bayly there is a combination of deep feeling and sentiment, with an arch and pointed playfulness not frequently found together in the works of the same author. His unprecedentedly popular ballad of "Oh! no, we never mention her," is a very sweet specimen of the former quality. "We Met" is another, which deserves the highest praise, and, above all, we admire one, contained in the "Songs of the Boudoir," beginning "Oh! sing me no new songs to-night," which appears to us to be as perfect a composition, both in words and music, as we ever heard.

Contrast with these his lively effusions, "Lord Harry has written a Novel," or, "This is my eldest Daughter, Sir," and we think we shall stand fully justified for our unqualified praise of the versatility of his literary talent. In order, however, to afford the reader who may not have seen the latter song, an opportunity of judging for himself, we subjoin it:—

THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, SIR.

This is my eldest daughter, Sir,
Her mother's only care;
You praise her face—oh! sir, she is
As good as she is fair!
My angel Jane is clever too,
Accomplishments I've taught her,
I'll introduce you to her, Sir—
This is my eldest daughter!
I've sought the aid of ornament,
Bejewelling her curls,
I've tried her beauty unadorn'd,
Simplicity and pearls!

* Mr. Bayly is the only child of Nathaniel Bayly, Esq., of Mount Beacon House, near Bath, whose great-grandfather was the Honourable Robert Booth, Deat of Bristol, and brother of the Earl of Warrington. Mr. N. Bayly, although a younger son, was, in right of his mother, heir to a considerable property, the principal part of which, however, he unfortunately lost in the year 1790, having connected his name with a provincial bank. Mr. Bayly then turned his thoughts to the profession of the law, and has honourably retrieved, by his own exertions, the fortunes of his family.

Mr. Haynes Bayly, the subject of this brief memoir, is cousin to the present Earl of Stamford, and his maternal great-grandfather was Sir George Thomas, Bart. Mr. Haynes Bayly married Miss Helena Becher Hayes, the beautiful and accomplished heiress of the late B. Hayes, Esq., of the county of Cork, and niece to the Rev. Thomas Becher, Prebendary of Southwell. He has one daughter.



Thomas Hayes Burgh

... ..

...

I've set her off, to get her off,
 Till fallen off I've thought her,
 Yet I've softly breath'd to all the beau—
 "This is my eldest daughter!"

I've tried all styles of hairdressing,
 Madonnas, frizzes, crops;
 Her waist I've laced, her back I've braced,
 Till circulation stops!
 I've padded her until I have
 Into a Venus wrought her,
 But puffing her has no effect—
 This is my eldest daughter!

Her gowns are *à la* Ackerman,
 Her corsets *à la* Bell;
 Yet when the season ends, each beau
 Still leaves his T. T. L.
 I patronize each *déjeûné*,
 Each party on the water,
 Yet still she hangs upon my arm—
 This is my eldest daughter!

She did refuse a gentleman—
 (I own it was absurd)
 She thought she *ought* to answer "No!"
He took her at her word!
 But she'd say "Yes," if any one
 That's eligible sought her—
 She *really is* a charming girl,
 Though she's my eldest daughter!

Having read this, let us beg the reader's attention to the following, which appears to us, beautiful:—

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favourite,
 My mother never smiled
 On me with half the tenderness
 That bless'd her fairer child:
 I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
 While fondled on her knee;
 I've turn'd away to hide my tears—
 There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
 My little store of sense;
 I strove to please, and infancy
 Can rarely give offence;
 But when my artless efforts met
 A cold, ungentle check,
 I did not dare to throw myself
 In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
 Love watches o'er their birth;
 Oh, beauty! in my nursery
 I learn'd to know thy worth;
 For even there, I often felt
 Forsaken and forlorn,
 And wish'd—for others wish'd it too—
 I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate—
 But in my sister's face
 There was a look of love, that claim'd
 A smile or an embrace!
 But when I raised my lip, to meet
 The pressure children prize,
 None knew the feelings of my heart—
 They spoke not in my eyes.

But, oh! that heart too keenly felt
 The anguish of neglect;
 I saw my sister's lovely form
 With gems and roses deck'd;
 I did not covet them—but oft,
 When wantonly reproved,
 I envied her the privilege
 Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,
 A time of sorrow too—
 For sickness o'er my sister's form
 Her venom'd mantle threw;
 The features, once so beautiful,
 Now wore the hue of death,
 And former friends shrank fearfully
 From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,
 I watch'd beside her bed,
 And fearlessly upon my breast
 I pillow'd her poor head,
 She lived—she loved me for my care!
 My grief was at an end;
 I was a lonely being once,
 But now I have a friend!

It is not only to lyrical compositions that Mr. Bayly's reputation is confined: he has appeared before the public on several occasions as a successful dramatist. A piece of his, called "Perfection," has been acted, we believe, in every theatre, public and private, in the kingdom: and this last fact proves what we have always contended for, that it is not necessary to be vulgar in order to be humorous. He is also the author of "The Witness," "Sold for a Song," and several other entertaining dramas. His songs have received a most striking mark of favour,—having been translated into Latin by the venerable Archdeacon Wrangham.

It is with no desire of flattering Mr. Bayly's vanity that we accord to him the chieftainship of the clan of lyric writers of the present day. Whether it is, that he has driven his competitors from the field, or whether time has silenced their once "sweet voices," we know not; certain it is, that he rules alone, and the public are greatly indebted to him for a facility and generality of talent which has, during the last four or five years, afforded them an abundance of gratification and amusement.

BOGLE CORBET.*

BOGLE Corbet's is the history of a mercantile man, who rises and falls in the world with the flow and ebb of commercial prosperity, and ultimately emigrates, with a large family and a slender pittance, to the forests of North America. In prosperity, men pride themselves on doing every thing for themselves; in adversity, that mysterious agent, the times, undoes all for them. Many an adventurer, who has experienced both courses, fails to perceive that he has been but as a straw upon a stream, now going up and now going down, with a tide whose laws allow of no resistance from so slender a body. Bogle Corbet is one of these sports of circumstances; his *siller*, like the silver in Mr. Moore's simile, expands and contracts with the elasticity or depression of the commercial atmosphere, and by the pressure of national difficulties he is finally thrust out of his country. We mark him rising by no extraordinary merit, and sinking without a fault—he rallies, and seems to make head against ill fortune, but by degrees his advantages crumble away one after the other, and at last a short reckoning gives him the amount of pounds between him and Necessity. It may seem that the progress of sinking in the world is a course too familiar to our understandings to be a matter of much interest, but the ideas entertained of the calamity are in the gross, and do not take in the various stages of disaster, and views of desolation or barks of hope, which, when set before us by the hand of a master, touch the tenderest sympathies, and make the reader sigh with a new sense of pity for the misery in the world that is going through these cruel passages of suffering. The pangs of hunger would appear unfit for narrative, as so easily imaginable; but persons who see in the columns of a newspaper that a wretch has perished of famine in the frozen streets, and whose minds dwell no more on the word famine than they would do on a fever, fractured skull, or any other trite term expressing a cause of death, will read with the most eager interest of the hardships of Franklin, and acutely sympathise with the distresses of dining on leather breeches and mosses, or with throbbing hearts fancy the disappointment of expected pimentum. The incidents of misery or of misfortune need only be stated with truth to make them interesting. The torments of a creature starving in a plentiful city, with food around him, must be far greater than the torments of one starving in a barren waste; but the details of the first are not heard of because the event happens at our doors, and the details of the second are sought for because the place of it is strange. A crew at sea driven by hunger to eat each other is not really half so wonderful a horror as the starvation of a family ashore who would not eat the geese on a common, or snatch the bread from a baker's window. A man on land who robs from hunger is hung; another at sea, who from the same cause kills a man to eat him, is pitied and excused. What the mind's eye does not see the heart does not rue, and the sympathy with any familiar form of suffering is incomplete when the stages, and minuter circumstances of it are unknown. In a gazette, we run over a list of twenty or thirty bankrupts without a thought of misery, or we read of the sailing of a ship freighted with emigrants without fancying the difficulties and distresses that have probably compelled reluctant expatriation, or the troubles and sadness of heart which must inevitably attend it. Mr. Galt fills up these blanks in the imagination, and excites a strong interest by the details of a common course of misfortune. As the best test of wit is the comment on it, "any one might have said that," so the best test of a novel's merit is the reflection, "any one may have seen that;" but what we have all witnessed it is not one in a million that can describe with the effect of truth. The analogy is close between writing and drawing after nature. Any eye may see the prospect, but it is only for the master's hand to throw its likeness on the paper. The most common subject allows of a good picture, which pleases by its truth, and the ordinary events of life, for the same reason, furnish scope for good fiction. Familiar truth is the forte of Mr. Galt, and the effect of it is excellent in this work; indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, he surprises by the

* Bogle Corbet, 3 vols. By John Galt.

conformity of his incidents to the tritest course of nature. He is the novelist, of this age of novelists, whose genius is most nearly of kin to that of De Foe. Like De Foe, he stands in no need of elevating his characters by extraordinary qualities or extraordinary fortunes, and sustains them with a steady hand by the sheer power of *vraisemblance*. At one time, it seemed to us that Mr. Galt was mistaking tedious diffuseness for the particularity of detail, which, skilfully managed, conveys an impression of truth; the date of this fault was between the appearance of "The Provost" and "Annals of the Parish" and the publication of his recent works, and there is no trace of it in the novel now before us. "Bogle Corbet" is not so elaborately worked and finished as "The Provost" or "Annals of the Parish," which are like the curious Dutch paintings that will bear examination through a magnifying glass, but it is to a larger world what those admirable tales are to a narrow district, and properly, therefore, more sketchy. Mr. Galt has the command of very vivid colours, but he never dashes his canvass with them, and prefers congruity to striking particular effects. There is pathos, of which he is master, and there is humour and satire; but they are not displayed for their own exhibitions, and merely as appropriate to subjects they illustrate, and with which they pass away. In this we again see his claim to an approach to the excellence of De Foe, who always makes his story the main matter, and never allows the author to outshine its interest. The reserve of strength has the appearance of the unconsciousness of it, which is necessary to the best effect, as we are ever most delighted with the talkers who say good things without seeming to be aware of it.

Besides his ups and downs, his crosses and losses, and lessons right severe, there are many circumstances of interest in the life of Bogle Corbet, and abundant amusement in the characters with which he is connected.

The best of these are the second wife of Mr. Bogle Corbet, a country-bred, plain-spoken, but shrewd and kind-hearted woman, whom Bogle has married, notwithstanding an aversion at first sight to her style and manners; and her tatiſe, a self-supposed philosopher, whose head is aptly described as full of crotchets as a fig is full of seeds. The courtship of the lady is a passage of great humour, and the father's nervous apprehensions of Bogle's assumed extravagance, are exquisitely whimsical, yet perfectly true to nature, as we have had occasion to observe. There is an episode, the story of a disappointment in love, which is very touching. This exemplifies the genius of the author. The event is trite enough in life and fiction, but it is so turned as to be of new interest. The sufferer has been betrothed to an admirer who is obliged to quit her for the East Indies, where he makes a fortune, and acquires the usual precise ideas of all the minor proprieties of dress, bearing, and etiquette. On his return he seeks his old love, and is greeted by her in a bed-gown apt for the washing-day, and with a pair of slippers on her feet which had formerly served in the capacity of men's shoes. His shock at these slatternly appearances awakens her good sense to the incongruity of their habits and tastes, and she breaks off the contract, accepting a pittance for her support through life. Bogle meets her in her old age, one of those patient resigned beings, calm, composed, joyless but unrepining, which the genius of the author excels in portraying. The third volume treats of the emigrant merchant's settlement in Canada, and is designed to show the proper preparations and the best method of proceeding. This part of the book may be read for instruction, as a volume of travels. The author reproaches Government with not giving assistance to emigrants on their arrival. "It is," he observes, "truly deplorable that all the prodigal expenditure which our colonies occasion, should be exclusively applied to mere military uses, and settlers left in ignorance to search out their way to their intended location. Many thousands come out as helpless as wrecks cast on the coast;—had they been military recruits instead of the ancestors of a future nation—Mercy on us!—could Joseph Hume count the cost of their attendants?"

Mr. Galt knows full well that according to the notion of the Tory Government (what the notions of the Whig Government may be on the same subject we cannot answer for) the great purpose of Colonies was the maintenance of a Governor, Secretaries, Chaplains, a Staff, and Troops. The settlers were left to shift

for themselves, as only good to be guarded. After all this costly care, whether a colony flourished or not, was its own affair, and a matter of small concern at home, where all that was desired, was the expensive business of protecting it. They have been perches for garrisons.

"Why," inquires our author, "should there be such a total absence of all arrangement at home, that in the Colonial Office itself there is no department which can furnish the slightest information respecting the Colonial lands open for settlement. And yet emigration, so long as we have colonies, ought ever to obtain no inconsiderable degree of attention from Government. The formation of an institution to supply this desideratum, might be accomplished for little more expense to the nation than the cost of a single Master in Chancery." There are other useful suggestions respecting the Colonial Administration for which we refer the reader to the book itself, where he will find profit mixed up with a very large share of amusement.

We have observed that the author surprises by the conformity of his incidents to the usual tenour of life, or nature. We must except a supernatural incident which has place in the Hebrides, and which for every sort of effect might have been omitted; as, being a common-place fetch-story, it seems a mere offering to superstition in a work whose general aim is verisimilitude. In other respects, the correctness of our remark will in some instances be, perhaps, provokingly apparent to the reader, who will observe that, when Mr. Galt's heavens lower, a storm does not, according to custom of romance, inevitably follow, and when a heavy stillness and awful gloom settle round the ship, and men and animals quail under the indefinite terror, no prodigies or convulsions of nature ensue. Again, rich old gentlemen, who strangely take up Bogle, do not leave him fortunes; nor are their wills neglecting him forged; he marries, too, a lady neither handsome nor accomplished, against all augury and against his own taste, and hastily conceived aversion, acting in this, as in every other instance, according to the frequent manner of men of his earth, who discover that there are many qualities in human beings besides the graceful and ornamental, and that a kind heart, good sense, and generous spirit, atone for many drawbacks in manners and person. To compensate for these dry probabilities, we can promise those who would be pleased with a more fiction-like course of things, much amusement in scenes of great comic merit. The courtship of the second Mrs. Bogle we have already instanced as of this sort, and in one passage of it, the declaration, the breadth of the ludicrous is, by a masterly stroke, merged in a delicate refinement of a just and generous spirit. Another scene of humour, which we must not omit to mention, is at the Falls of Niagara, the different opinions of which, according to the tastes or affectations of the spectators, are highly diverting. And, in this place, we must thank Mr. Galt for the best bit of Yankee lingo we have yet seen. It excels Mathews in "Jonathan in England."

Most of the remarks scattered through the book are ingenious and pointed, but there is one to which we must take exception. Bogle is offended by Miss Ursey's (afterwards his wife) confession of poverty, on a small demand on her purse, and reflects:—

"There must, indeed, always be, in my opinion, an innate predilection to a base estate with those who speak lightly and freely of the greatest evil of life. Neither man nor woman, who has a just respect for the feelings of others, will ever remind them of their poverty, and no delicate mind will disclose its own proximity to beggary; for to tell the world that you are poor is only a coarse way of bespeaking charity."

In another part of the same volume, the following observation is made, on the pretences of some people for emigrating:—

"Pecuniary embarrassment was at the bottom of their intention, and yet, with only one exception, and such he was, indeed, they ever ascribed it to taste, fancy, and all that. This was not so much to excuse their enterprise to the world as themselves. But the remark requires no illustration, for we all know that as much self-delusion is practised on ourselves as in our endeavours to deceive others."

These people, however, only acted up to the rule of concealment of distress recommended by the author; and, in the fulness of conformity to it, would have deceived even themselves, as is, indeed, commonly the case with all the prides

and vanities. We confess that we differ so much from Mr. Galt, that we like to hear people who are poor boldly avowing their poverty. This is a defiance of the evil spirit of purse-pride, which is of most wholesome example. It is raising the flag of rebellion against the tyrant whose awe goads half the world to pernicious follies and crimes out of number. If the amount of ruin proceeding from the false pretences to which the shame of poverty has resort were seen, that shame would be regarded as the most mischievous and demoralizing feeling that could possess the mind and pervert the actions of men.

“————— Hic vivimus ambitiosâ
Paupertate omnes—————,”

was the remark of the satirist on the follies and vices of Rome, eighteen centuries ago; and it is as applicable to England now, from London to the most petty country-town. The phrase, “to keep up appearances,” which is supposed to accord with a decent pride, is a coverslut of the loosest morality. People who begin by keeping up appearances commonly end by making the appearances keep them. To keep up appearances, they contrive a hollow show of prosperity, that preserves credit, and ultimately, the credit so procured is applied to the support of the appearances; ay, and the mode of life concealed within them. The bubble bursts at last, and many suffer, that one might, for some few years, or perhaps months, defer the shame of poverty, and consume his honesty in the expedients for that end. Keeping up appearances brought Fauntleroy to the gallows, and sent Stephenson, and has sent, and will send, many a rogue of as specious name, across the Atlantic. It is a phrase for a cheat, which begins in seemings and ends in substantial: and the shame of poverty, or decreased means, is the cause of it. A warp is not to be counteracted by straightening the line; we must bend it the opposite way. On this principle, we rejoice in hearing people defying the pride of mammon, and avowing a state, whose concealment is so fraught with ruinous and demoralizing consequences. The canker of the country is *purse-pride*, and we should give every encouragement to the spirit that would make sport of it. Whenever the poor cease to make a shame of their condition, wealth must abate its insolence: the solid advantages it must of necessity retain, but not the overbearing assumptions. To the keeping up of state, it is well remarked, that two parties are requisite, the one exacting deference, and the other conceding it. To mammon-worship the same terms belong. In the higher classes, there is not the thralldom of money which prevails in the middle. The open declaration of poverty (comparative, of course, we mean, and have meant, throughout our remarks,) condemned by Mr. Galt, has long been a fashion with younger sons, and declining, but ancient houses, and no ridicule or shame attaches to it: on the contrary, such persons are understood to rest their claims to consideration on grounds which the *new rich* (which may be described as the entertaining class, for they entertain, in every way, at their expense, and are as unloved by their guests as inn-keepers,) cannot occupy in common. In the middle orders, wealth is, for obvious reasons, more potent; but even there, we never knew the man who laughed at his own poverty, and was laughed at for it by others. The satirist truly says:—

“ Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.”

But we all subscribe to the truth of the remark, that men are not ridiculous for what they are, but for what they affect to be. To see the people who act strictly up to Mr. Galt's precept of concealing the weaknesses of their purses, we must visit Boulogne, where there is not one of our country people who acknowledge poverty—any reason having caused each and every of them to leave home, but the inability to remain there without molestation from creditors. In Ireland, too, there is no such thing as a gentleman having less than three thousand per annum, and a castle to live in. Would not the frank avowal of short means be preferable to these wretched attempts at deception? But, when the avowal of poverty is condemned as shabby, the pretence of affluence is sanctioned by corollary most easy of apprehension.

THE MONTHS.

FEBRUARY.

Not e'en November, month of gloom and sadness,
Can rival February, cold and drear,
When not a single sound, or sight of gladness,
Cheers the swamp'd earth and murky atmosphere.

Winter is breaking up, and his retreat,
Like that of troops embitter'd by defeat,
Scourges the country with a dismal, savage,
And desolating ravage,

More tyrannous and galling than the chair^f
Of all his iron, uncontested reign.
Now do we feel the season's full annoyance,
Without its beauty, healthiness, and joyance;
For all our pleasant palliatives withdraw,
Scared by the gorgon visage of the raw
And shuddering thaw.

From his Mercurial heels are thrown aside
The skaiter's wings, that held the wind in chase,
And made him o'er the water's surface glide,
Swifter than swallows in their summer race.

No dewy frost-work scatters now
Feathers of silver on each blade and bough,
Spangling the ground with diamond dust,
Which kindled by the morning ray

Flashes, flickers, sparkles, bickers,
So brilliantly we scarce can trust
Our eyes to gaze upon that milky way
Of earth-born starry scintillations,
Brighter than ether's brightest conuscations.
No wonder that this fairy-form creation,
So like a dream's fantastic emanation,
Should be as transitory,
Fading, to leave no wreck of all its glory!

No such light and bright vagary
Suits the frowning February,
When meadows are soppy, the garden-walks sloppy,
When roads are impassable and people irascible,
With cold, sleety rain, that transpierces and harrows
Their skin like a shower of diminutive arrows—
And red-nosed grumblers cough and sneeze together,
Pronouncing maledictions on the weather!

But Nature's busy germinating bosom
Is now preparing vernal bud and blossom,
And these most opportune, though censured showers,
Pass'd through the great alembick of the earth,
Shall rise in sap, and generously fling
Blessings on their abusers, in a birth
Of beauty, fragrance, sustenance, fruits, flowers,
And all the numberless delights of Spring.

From this ensample may we learn
Not only good for evil to return,
But to convert, by alchemy of mind,
Each seeming trial and event distressing
Into a sure eventual blessing,
The noblest secret man can ever find;
Worth all the philosophic stones of old,
That sought to turn base metal into gold.

The Months.

Welcome, then, February! rough but kind,
 I will not quarrel with thy rugged rind.
 Where there's a sweet and pleasant fruit within,
 'Tis worth a struggle such a prize to win!

MARCH.

PIPING and bounding like a Bacchanal,
 Intoxicated with the smell of flowers
 That start beneath his footsteps, and recall
 The thoughts of Spring, comes young and lusty March,
 Shaking the thrilling bowers,
 While with rude greeting he uncloses
 The lips of daffodils, primroses,
 Daisies, and violets, until each sheds
 Its vernal odour, which through Heaven's wide arch,
 And o'er the gladden'd earth his breath dispreads.
 Hark! how the chaffinch twitters, thrushes sing,
 Glad pheasants crow, and raptur'd woodlarks fling
 Their summons in the sleeping ear of Spring,
 With joyful cries, bidding her rise
 And join them in their choral caroling.
 Like them, let us indulge in visions bright,
 Not seeing in the future, gloom and woe,
 But calling on the enchantress Hope to throw
 Around our path her fascinations bright,
 And learning present troubles to destroy
 By still anticipating future joy.

And hark! the bee, too, winds his merry horn,
 Bringing us news of sunshine and of flowers,
 At sound whereof the bat again is born,
 And all the reptiles, whose suspended powers
 Were bound in wintry sleep,
 Arouse themselves, and leap
 Into new life with an ecstatic thrill,
 Which upon us a lesson may instill
 To shake off sloth, to keep our minds awake,
 And Spring's reviving energies partake.

The busy husbandman, with spade and plough,
 Now digs, O parent earth! thy mine once more,
 And scatters his usurious seed, which thou

With all a mother's bounty shalt restore,
 Bestowing on him present peace and health,
 With the sure promise of Autumnal wealth.
 Let us, too, in our spring-time, sow such seeds

Of virtue, as may yield us instant peace;
 And when we have pluck'd out sins, tares, and weeds,

May fertilize our minds with rich increase,
 Blessing our Autumn days
 With pleasant fruits of reverence and praise.

Thou yieldest, March! most profitable lore
 To those who well thy mysteries explore.

Thy chilly greeting, boisterous and rude,

The weak and timid may affright;

But they who read thy lessons right,
 Will welcome thee with love and gratitude.

FIRST AND SECOND. NO. I.

THE FIRST AND SECOND VISIT.

“AND why, dear James, having *enough*, should you tempt its loss by seeking to make it *more*?”

“Because, dear Martha, *enough* and *more* are terms that express only degrees of sufficiency; and because I cannot call that *enough*, to which *more* can be added.”

“We have been very, very happy,” was the meek reply of the wife, “for twenty years, in the possession of a fortune, which you now, for the first time, consider too scanty to yield us equal happiness in the time to come.”

“Look at our neighbour, Sir Crofton Hewardine,” was the half fretful reply of the husband; “he told me himself, only last week, that he was a richer man, by fifty thousand pounds, than his father left him; and it is but three years since Sir Gregory Hewardine died. Why should not *I* do as much for *my* family?”

“Why *should* you, dear James? Contentment is Heaven’s wealth, of which man cannot despoil us; but the pursuit of riches, for their own sake, gives the world power to step in between us and them, and too often to the utter ruin of our peace.”

“I wonder you don’t see, from what I mentioned at breakfast this morning, that there is no risk, or next to no risk, in the proposed plan.”

“Perhaps not; but again, I say, will its success make you happier than you are already?”

“Yes, it will; and the fact is, I am determined to set off for London to-morrow, to put things in a proper train. The Winterfield estate is for sale; I know it may be had for twenty thousand pounds, and, with another twenty judiciously laid out upon it, it will be worth double that sum.”

This dialogue took place between Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie, about seven o’clock in the evening, on the 4th of January 1826, at the Manor-house of Thirlby Park, in the county of Rutland; and, by seven o’clock the next evening, Mr. Crosbie was meditating, over a bottle of excellent port, upon all the things he was determined to put into proper train, in the snug back room of an hotel in London.

Before we proceed any farther, it is necessary the reader should be better acquainted with Mr. Crosbie, with his plans, and with the precise motives of his sudden journey to the metropolis.

James Crosbie, Esq., of Thirlby Park, in the county of Rutland, was a gentleman of independent fortune, living on an unencumbered paternal estate, whose rental, even in these hard times, exceeded four thousand a-year. He was five and forty, had been married nearly half that period, and, incredible as it may appear, had been happy during the whole of it; was the parent of seven children, all of whom he loved; the master of a faithful household, by every member of which he was honoured; and the landlord of a thriving tenantry, whose fathers and mothers were born, and had lived and died upon the Thirlby estate. He was the senior magistrate of the county; the best fox-hunter in it; might have been Member for it; and could call

every man his friend, who had ever had dealings, fellowship, or intercourse with him. To crown the whole, though his income was more than four thousand a-year, his expenditure never exceeded three; so that, if he were determined to purchase the Winterfield property, and to spend the equivalent of the purchase-money upon it afterwards, the thing was practicable, without setting at nought the prudent advice of his wife.

But how few are capable of acting for themselves in matters that most nearly concern themselves! Man is certainly an imitative animal. It is not so much what he ought to do, as what he sees others do, that sets him in motion. Mr. Turnbull, the haberdasher, no sooner improves his shop front, than Mr. Perkins, the tallow-chandler, follows his example; and, by degrees, all the shop fronts, right and left, and over the way, are smartened up to vie with those of Messrs. Turnbull and Perkins. Does a country squire build a new family mansion, surround his grounds with a new fence, or display a new equipage on the race course? All the bricklayers, masons, carpenters, and coachmakers in the county are immediately overwhelmed with orders for similar novelties. Is there a marriage in a circle of spinsters or bachelors? As surely as that one marriage takes place, every remaining bachelor or spinster of that same circle, tries to get out of it as fast as he or she is able.

And thus it was with Mr. Crosbie. Had Sir Crofton Hewardine never told him he was a richer man, by fifty thousand pounds, than his father left him, he would never have resolved to be a richer man himself. But why should Sir Crofton get fifty thousand pounds, and Mr. Crosbie not do the same? Why, in short, should the Hewardines be better off than the Crosbies? There was no reason why; and, of course, no better reason required by Mr. Crosbie to set about showing that such *was* the fact. So, obtaining from his friend Sir Crofton, a letter of introduction to the eminent capitalist by whose means he had been able to speculate thus fortunately, during the *last* three years, he left his home, "to put things in a proper train," for doing as much for himself, in the course of the *next* three years.

Sundry valuable reflections upon the use of money, and more especially upon the many uses to which large sums of money could be applied, (even in a moral point of view,) suggested themselves to Mr. Crosbie, as he sipped his wine alone, on the evening of his arrival in London. To his undivulged hopes, he spoke of a hundred thousand pounds, at least, (for it did not follow he was to limit *his* success to half that amount, because Sir Crofton Hewardine had stopped there;) but, in the imaginary appropriation of his gains, he carved out employment for two hundred thousand. Not only the Winterfield property was to be his, but Thirlby Park was to be rounded with a huge slice from some contiguous crown-lands, while the necessity for a town house became so apparent, that he resolved to stand for the county at the next general election, as he foresaw he must pass his future winters in London. It was more than probable, too, he should now bestir himself in asserting his claim to the lapsed Barony of Travers, which he had hitherto forborne to do, (though there were no obstacles in the way,) simply on account of the inadequacy of his patrimonial in-

heritance to support, with becoming splendour, the dignity of the peerage.

Still he ruminated; and, calling for another bottle of wine, to feed the glowing visions of his fancy, his thoughts began to run riot, picturing such wanton indulgences as naturally associate themselves with dreams of vast wealth, when wealth itself is regarded only as a means of administering to our wildest wishes. Half jestingly, yet half seriously, he clothed his dreams in the language which Ben Jonson has put into the mouth of the enthusiast, who believed he had discovered the philosopher's stone:—

“ I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff'd ;
 Down is too hard : and then, my oval room
 Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
 From Elephants, and dull Aretine
 But coldly imitated. My mists
 I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
 To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits,
 To fall into, from whence we will come forth,
 And roll us dry in gossamer and roses ;
 My meat shall all come in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies,
 The tongues of carp, dormice, and camels' beels,
 Bou'd in the spirit of sol and dissolv'd pearl,
 (Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsie ;)
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
 Headed with diamond and carbuncle ;
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants ; I myself will have
 The beards of barbles serv'd, instead of salads.
 ————— My shuts
 I'll have of taffeta sarceuet, soft and light
 As cobwebs ; and for all my other raiment,
 It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
 Were he to teach the world riot anew ;
 My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins perfum'd
 With gums of paradise and eastern air.”

Mr. Crosbie repeated this passage aloud, walking to and fro, his eyes sparkling, and his countenance exhibiting the mingled expression of conscious folly, and hope transiently kindled into intention. At the end of it, he sat down, filled his last glass of wine, drank it off, muttered to himself, “ I am a fool !” and rang for the chambermaid, to show him to his bed-room.

The next morning, he set forth to deliver his letter of introduction to the Great Man, who was to give him lessons in money-making. Never was a pupil more devoutly inspired with respect for his preceptor; never did a disciple more sincerely determine to follow the instructions of his master. Every thing he beheld, on his arrival, was calculated, not only to foster this predisposition, but to revive all those extravagant anticipations, whose indulgence, the preceding evening, had been followed by the honest confession that he was a fool.

What was the very first object that gladdened his astonished sight, as he approached the Great Man's door? A cart, unloading, not bales of costly merchandize, but ingots of gold, piles of bullion, the wealth that would have purchased the freights of fifty of the richest ships that seek our shores. Mr. Crosbie had heard of such things; never, till this moment, had he seen them; and the seeing them, just

when his heart beat high with expectation at the results of the interview he was about to have, was a type, a forerunner of his own harvest of ingots. He had no manner of doubt a waggon load of bullion was only the ordinary daily consumption of the Great Man; but, on particular occasions, when business was flush with him, and a few extra millions were required, half a dozen waggon loads, at least, were ordered. Then, too, the careless off-hand way in which they were removed! There was no more of solemnity or astonishment, than if twenty hundred weight of Cheshire cheeses were being transferred to the cellar of a wholesale cheesemonger.

We all know the squalid harmony which reigns in the abode of poverty, where every thing corresponds with the presiding deity of the place. A similar harmony, but of a very different quality, prevailed in this abode of more than princely opulence. There was an air of wealth, and of the conscious importance that waits upon wealth, in all around. The clerks were none of your smug, dapper, tidy-looking young men, who, you might swear, make their Sunday shirts last till Thursday; none of your steady middle-aged men, with a wife and five children apiece, who people the rural suburbs of Islington, Newington Butts, and the Kent Road, and slip out at the street-door between eight and nine in the morning, with umbrellas under their arms, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, or in Russia ducks and white cottons, from Lady-day to Michaelmas. No, every clerk who had the honour of occupying a desk under the Great Man, looked as though he came to it in his own cabriolet, or alighted from his blood mare, with his groom in waiting, to receive his orders as to the hour when he should return. The very porters might be taken for persons who "eat pheasants," and knew the Alderman's walk in a haunch of venison. Mr. Crosbie noticed these things, and reasoned shrewdly from effects to causes.

He was ushered into the presence of the Great Man, whom he found seated at a table covered with papers. In passing through an outer room, he saw two of the Great Man's daughters, examining some costly jewels with which their father had just presented them. He thought of his own daughters, and the jewels *they* should have when he touched his first twenty thousand! Seated at the same table with the Great Man, were two of his sons, counting over, and afterwards tying up, bundles of bank notes, which they tossed into a drawer, as if they were worth no more than the paper on which they were printed. He thought of the time when his *own* sons would be fatigued to death with the same occupation! While waiting to present his letter, he was astounded at the manner in which enormous purchases of stock were concluded by persons who were present. Fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, three hundred thousand, in French fives, English threes, four per cent. metalliques, Prussian bonds, Austrian bonds, &c. were bought and sold in less time, and with fewer words, than would have been consumed in cheapening the price of a three-year-old colt, at any horse-fair in Rutlandshire. He wondered whether *he* should ever acquire such a knack of doing business, after he had acquired the necessary means? The means he did not wonder about at all.

At length came his turn to be attended to. The Great Man was evidently in good spirits; and there sat upon his features a serene

expression of monied greatness, such as an implicit confidence in the stability of that greatness could alone inspire. But there was neither dignity nor elegance in his appearance. On the contrary, seen any where else than in the centre of his own establishment, and divested of every circumstance which denoted him for what he was, he might have been taken for any thing *but* what he was, and could never have been mistaken for it. Soame Jenyns, who was one of the ugliest men of his day, wondered how such an ugly man as Gibbon could write a book; and Mr. Crosbie was almost surprised how a person for whom nature had done so little as she had for the Great Man, should have been able to do so much for himself. The mystery, in both cases, was the consequence of our proneness to infer, that what is beautiful and good, must have beauty and goodness for its parents; whereas, were that the case, the world would be overstocked with perfection, and virtue would not be worth bidding for at any price.

While the Great Man was reading Sir Crofton Hewardine's letter, some German minstrels, in the street, began to play and sing one of their national airs. It was evident the rude melody awakened the memory of other days. He listened, as though some chord, in unison with what he heard, were touched within him, and the heart replied. Home, that *only* home which lives in thrilling remembrance amid the thousand cares and felicities of after-life—the home of our fathers—the scene of our earliest, holiest, dearest transports, which have no second advent—rose before him, and for the moment he was a child! But the bland delusion was transitory. A confidential clerk entered, who laid before him a paper for his signature. He affixed it; and then, taking another slip of paper, he wrote something in Hebrew, which he gave him, with a look that showed his eyes were not of the same quality as Banquo's, when he made his unwelcome appearance at Macbeth's banquet,—for they were *full* of “speculation.”

Mr. Crosbie was both delighted and surprised at his cordial reception by the Great Man, but puzzled whether to ascribe it to his natural benignity of character, the influence of Sir Crofton, or any prepossessing attributes of his own. He would have been spared these doubts, had he known how to reason from facts with which he was acquainted.

For example; he knew that a brother of Sir Crofton Hewardine was the private Secretary of one of the Ministers: but he did *not* know that a Minister's private Secretary has it in his power to be one of the best private friends of a person like our Great Man. “I go to serve your Grace,” says the Duke of Buckingham to Glo'ster. “To serve thyself, coz,” replies the wily prince; “for look you, when I am king,”—and then came a hint about certain moveables, which should be the Duke's the moment he succeeded in helping Richard to the crown. This is the best way, after all, of serving a friend, because the “labour we delight in physics pain;” and it was generally thought, though never asserted, that Courtenay Stanhope Hewardine, Esq., adopted it in his friendly services towards the Great Man.

“And so you really think, that something may be done?”

“Something!” exclaimed the Great Man. “A great deal, Mr. Crosbie. Look at me and my broders; by Got's blessing, we have made prince's fortunes; ay, and the fortunes of princes, and don't care for the Bank of England. Look at Mr. ———, and Mr. ———, and

twenty more I could name, now worth half a million, who began with a few thousands only. Mr. Crosbie, money is a snow-ball, which, when you set a-rolling, gets so bigger and bigger as it rolls, that you don't know what to do wid it at last, it is so big!"

A day was named in the ensuing week, when Mr. Crosbie was to dine with the Great Man, *tête-à-tête*, and talk over the best mode of beginning to roll his own snow-ball.

Thus ended his FIRST VISIT.

It happened, unfortunately, however, his SECOND VISIT was deferred nearly three months, in consequence of an accident. The very day before it was to take place, there was a great fall of snow; and, returning in the evening to his hotel, Mr. Crosbie broke his leg, by stumbling over a snow-ball, which had been rolled, by some idle boys, from Long Acre to the corner of St. Martin's Lane. In consequence of this misfortune, the other snow-ball could not be attended to till the warm weather.

Mr. Crosbie felt his calamity grievously. It was not merely that he had broken his leg, he had broken his engagement also with the Great Man. It was not merely that he lost three months in bed, on his couch, and upon crutches; in all probability, he had lost five or six times as many thousand pounds; while it was certain he lost his temper, every time he thought of the snow-ball in St. Martin's Lane which so untowardly put a spoke in the wheel of the one he had anticipated rolling out of St. Swithin's Lane.

Mrs. Crosbie hastened to London upon hearing of the accident which had befallen her husband. She nursed him tenderly; and, when he was able to bear it, reminded him, with equal tenderness, that, had he followed *her* advice, he would not have met with his disaster. She did more. On one occasion, when affectionately striving to convince him his misfortune might be mercifully intended to save him, perhaps, from greater ones, she read a sermon of Dr. Barrow's to him, upon Proverbs ch. x. v. 9., "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely;"—and, when her husband, peevishly and perversely taking the text in its literal signification, declared it was because he was walking too uprightly, that he did not see the snow-ball, she strove to reconcile him to what had happened, by replying, out of Ephesians, v. 20. "Give thanks always for all things unto God."

"So I do," said Mr. Crosbie, placidly, looking sorrowfully at his leg, and sighing as he spoke.

At length, with the aid of a stick-crutch and his wife's absence, who had returned into Rutlandshire, he was enabled to repeat his visit to the Great Man, after an interval, as we have said, of nearly three months. During that short period, the funds had had a tumble as well as Mr. Crosbie, and he was now to learn the true value of his own tumble.

As he limped round the corner, and came in view of the Great Man's door, he expected nothing less than to see, as before, a cart-load of bullion being unpacked; but, instead of this refreshing sight, he saw an anxious, busy crowd of persons passing in and out, whose hurried step, flushed or pallid countenances, close-knit brows, and earth-seeking eyes, bespoke minds tormented with harrowing thoughts. There was bustle, and activity, and the quick despatch of business; but it was all in silence; all performed with that dreary loneliness of

unspoken or whispered instructions, which announced the presence of a sad change. The very menials wore that melancholy aspect, which proclaimed there was sorrow in the house, though they felt it not; wearing its livery, as they did their master's, as the badge of their condition.

While waiting in an ante-chamber to get an audience of the Great Man, Mr. Crosbie noted the looks of those who came from him. It required no deeper knowledge of human nature than even he possessed, no larger insight into causes than his obscure perception of them, to be aware that he was surveying a volume of human nature, each page of which told its own tale. Some, as they passed through, had on their lip that triumphant curl of malignant delight—in their eye, that fiendish sparkle of exulting pride, which the inward rejoicing of a bad heart prompts, at the near approach of another's ruin,—ruin that brings down him, the mighty one, who had towered so long and far above them, to their own dwarfish level. They had called to scrutinize his manner; to penetrate, if they could, any portentous conclusions from it; and, having done so, to report them “on the mart,” with such well-timed sympathy as might blast yet more the credit whose tottering state they hypocritically affected to lament.

Look at that demure, sleek man, clothed in the garb of outward humility, with a face of sanctity, an eye of meekness, but a heart of gall, who has just come forth: He is a Quaker, and he has been to the Great Man, in the guise of friendship, to ask him if he stands in need of any discounts, secretly determining, at the same time, should he grasp at the proffered aid, to call in the money he has already lent him. The insidious test has failed; the seeming kindness has been declined; and now, the lank-haired, broad-brimmed, drab-covered traitor, goes prim and leering back again, his avarice gloating over the secure thousands it trembled for before.

Next issues forth a knot of wealthy Hebrews. Wherefore have they sought him? To look after their gold, too, like Ephraim? No—for they deal in trust with Christians only; and, self-taught, shun hazardous bargains with each other. But the Great Man is of their tribe. In *his* exaltation they have been themselves exalted; in *his* fall they would feel themselves shorn of their greatness. They have congregated round him to get at his danger; to cheer him with their wishes, expressed in the language of their hopes; and to be prepared for their *own* safety, if *his* be passed. Their dismayed looks proclaim that they fear “the glory is departing from Israel.”

Mr. Crosbie was himself dismayed and sorely perplexed at these portentous signs. He is admitted to the Great Man's presence; he beholds him, seated as before, at his table, covered with papers;—but how altered from what he then was! The pride of greatness no longer sat upon his features; the complacent consciousness of wealth, beyond the influence of chance, no longer beamed from his eyes; the joyous hilarity of a mind, fed, even to pampering, with prosperity, no longer diffused itself over his whole manner. He was pale, careworn, haggard—the united ravages of days of torture and nights of sleepless anxiety. Yet there was the effort, too plainly visible, of a spirit that strove to surmount it all, as knowing that every look which betrayed the secret workings of his soul, would be an index by which tenfold mischief might be wrought.

Opposite to him was seated his wife, who, while seemingly engaged in writing a letter, was watching him with the intense and searching glances of conjugal apprehension. He had a pen in his hand, and before him lay a sheet of paper. On this he was making various marks; sometimes tracing figures, as if calculating their amount; then idly scrawling lines, and words, and marks of no meaning; and then forming characters, in Hebrew, like a man in whose thoughts there was a strong under-current, running contrary to the upper and apparent one. At the entrance of Mr. Crosbie he started, as though he felt that every new comer were a summons to his energies of self-control;—a fresh demand upon him for renewed efforts to mask himself. The next moment, this alarm gave way to something like a calm and placid expression of countenance, probably because he saw it was not a *City* face he had to encounter; and, therefore, he was relieved from the task he had anticipated.

Mr. Crosbie was invited to take a seat; but, before he could enter upon the subject of his visit, after the usual interchange of salutations, he was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger, with a packet of foreign letters. A look of unutterable meaning passed between the Great Man and his wife, when the latter took the letters and read them, as though she would bury, in her own bosom, any evil tidings they might contain; or, if that were impossible, at least to temper the infliction by saving him from a part.

“Is it as I feared?” said he, in a low voice.

“No, *not* as you feared,” she replied, forcing a smile of consolation, and striving to master her feelings, as she handed the letters over to him.

What he feared must have been terrible indeed, when less than what he feared had power to shake him thus; for, as he hastily glanced over their contents, big drops fell from his forehead, and, covering his eyes with his hand, he seemed to be summoning fortitude to meet the full disclosure of evils, whose formidable character he had indistinctly caught a glimpse of in his first hurried perusal.

The magnitude and intensity of his emotions absorbed all minor considerations, and the presence of Mr. Crosbie was no restraint upon their indulgence. He was fearfully agitated; but all he said consisted of broken exclamations, addressed in whispers to his wife, with an air of such wild distraction, as was terrible to behold. “Five per cent. Paris!—seven per cent. Berlin!—eight per cent. Vienna!—Good Got! where will it stop?”

There was a pause. One of the clerks entered, and, in a voice and with a manner as if he dreaded to perform his errand, said, “An express from Hamburg.” The Great Man spoke to him in Hebrew: he was answered in the same language. The answer literally convulsed him. He shook violently. Again speaking in Hebrew, he gave him some instructions, which he hastened out of the room to fulfil. Then, turning to Mr. Crosbie, “My goot friend,” said he, “you must call another day; I cannot talk to you now, for you see I am so very busy as it is impossible for me to enter into your affairs. Goot morning, my goot friend, I shall be happy to see you another day.”

Thus ended the SECOND VISIT.

Mr. Crosbie took his leave, put himself into a hackney-coach, and drove back to his hotel. Several days elapsed before his feelings

were restored to a tolerable equilibrium. During this time, he sought to lessen the weight of his reflections, by reading very attentively Pope's Epistles on "The Use of Riches," and sat, sometimes for hours together, reflecting upon these lines:—

"What riches give us, let us, then, inquire;
Meat, fire, and clothes. What more!—meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? 'Would you more than live?'"

Turn and twist the matter as he would, it seemed as if he could not get beyond this category—meat, clothes, and fire—clothes, fire, and meat—fire, meat, and clothes! What, after all, could money do, but provide us with the essentials of life? What madness, therefore, to toil for gold, which, if we spend, is spent to pamper others; and, if we keep, is worthless to ourselves! "Virtue and wealth, what are ye," indeed, "but a name!" exclaimed Mr. Crosbie, at the conclusion of one of the longest meditations in which he had ever indulged upon the vanity of adding more to that which was already enough.

Just at that moment, the master of the hotel entered his apartment to inquire respectfully after his health. He was an unhappy-looking man, and of so taciturn a disposition that the greater part of his commands to his servants were usually expressed by looks and gestures, instead of words. On this occasion, however, there was a sunny gleam of joy lighting up his cold, wintry features—a sparkle in his dull, grey eye, and a cheerfulness in his whole manner, which betokened the influence of some exhilarating feeling. It impelled him even to be loquacious; for, after he had satisfied himself upon the subject of Mr. Crosbie's health, and while holding the door in his hand, as if on the point of leaving the room, he suddenly exclaimed—
"These are the times, Sir, for making money like dirt!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Tomkins?" said Mr. Crosbie.

"It is one of the strangest things I ever knew," continued Mr. Tomkins; "but I'm told they happen every day now. I wish I could be certain a few more of them would happen to me, and, as true as I stand here, I wouldn't accept the Freemasons' Tavern as a gift."

"A piece of good luck, I suppose?" observed Mr. Crosbie.

"Quite so," continued Mr. Tomkins, "though it seems so unaccountable, I can hardly believe it is real even yet. My wife's brother, Sir, is on the Stock Exchange, and only the other day—I am sure it is not a week ago—he asked me if I'd like a few shares in a gold mine, that was going to be worked somewhere in America. I never speculated in my life; but as he said no money would be wanted at present, and in a manner half undertook to promise none should be wanted at all, unless I chose to go on by and by, I consented to put my name down for ten shares. Well, Sir, he has just been here to tell me the mine is at a premium, and that I might receive six hundred pounds for my ten shares if I liked. You may be sure I liked, though I certainly thought he was at his nonsense; but I no sooner assured him I was never more serious about any thing, than he actually gave me a check for the money—and here it is!"

Mr. Tomkins produced the check with a look of indescribable satisfaction; and then added gravely, "I'll not believe it possible, however, till I have been and got Bank of England notes for it."

Mr. Crosbie did not say much; but about five minutes after Mr. Tomkins had left the room, he rang the bell violently, and desired the waiter to tell his master to step up. When he made his re-appearance, the following brief dialogue took place.

"Shall you see your wife's brother again to-day?" said Mr. Crosbie.

"I am to meet him at two o'clock, to sign some paper respecting the transfer of the shares," replied Mr. Tomkins.

"I wish you would give my compliments, and tell him I shall be happy if he will dine with me at five," rejoined Mr. Crosbie.

"Certainly, Sir," answered Mr. Tomkins, bowing; and once more quitted the room.

"It would be ridiculous," exclaimed Mr. Crosbie, after a lengthened rumination, "to turn one's back upon a fortune that may be picked up in this way; for grant that I do not want it, and that, as Pope says, I have enough, and more than enough, to provide meat, clothes, and fire, still, when I consider to how many benevolent purposes a good man can always apply riches—on how many hundreds, besides himself, they enable him to bestow the comfort of clothes, fire, and meat, I should consider it sinful to neglect an opportunity thus sent by Heaven, as it were, to make me its factor here and my own hereafter."

What a beautiful thing reason is! It never deserts us when we wish to be satisfied with ourselves; it is our friend when we have no other friend to consult; and, what is infinitely better, it is always certain to take our part against those who are against us. Let a man vehemently desire to do any thing, and what can prevent him from finding reasons for doing it, in the proportion of ten to one of those which any person may bring forward on the other side?

It was even thus with Mr. Crosbie. The finest dissertation upon contentment that was ever written—the most eloquent praises of the "golden mean" that poet or philosopher ever pronounced, would not have been able to overcome his own arguments in favour of the gold mine, that had produced a hundred a-day to Mr. Tomkins. All his enthusiasm for ingots, which had been kindled at his first visit to the Great Man, and nearly extinguished by his second, was revived; and once more the Winterfield estate, the lapsed Barony of Travers, and the rounding of Thirlby Park, with the contiguous acres of certain Crown lands, flitted across his fancy.

Five o'clock came, and punctual to the hour came Mr. Tomkins' wife's brother—Mr. Doo, a tall, thin, shrewd-visaged gentleman, with an eye that seemed constantly on the alert to look into other men's minds, and a tongue which was a wary sentinel to guard all the avenues to his own. Mr. Doo soon did what he wanted, because he soon saw what Mr. Crosbie wanted. The Tlapala-hulca-pulca mine had risen seventy pounds per share since the morning. In fact, Mr. Doo had cleared two hundred pounds by Mr. Tomkins' ten shares; and Mr. Tomkins was actually "grilling," as he expressed it, down-stairs in his bar, to think that he had so eagerly snapped at the six hundred pounds.

"To be candid with you," continued Mr. Doo, "I should not have parted with them myself, but I wished to do a service to a very old friend, who has a large family, and has had some heavy losses lately, and there were only those ten shares to be had in the market at any

price, so I let him have them; for the Tlapala-hulca-pulca mine is one of the richest gold mines in all South America, and was worked, even under the wretched management of the Spaniards, at an annual profit of above half a million. You may judge, therefore, what will be its average returns when British skill, capital, enterprise, and machinery are employed, under the vigorous superintendence of the Tlapala-hulca-pulca Company."

Mr. Crosbie could hardly contain himself while he listened to this description of the Tlapala-hulca-pulca mine; but his joy was considerably damped by what Mr. Doo had said—that there were no shares to be had in the market at any price; and he mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Doo in rather a desponding manner.

"Why," observed Mr. Doo, "when I said there were no shares to be had at any price, I ought rather to have said the price at which they might have been had, was so far beyond my friend's means, that it was the same as no price to him. But I have no doubt, if I could go into the market to-morrow morning, and quietly offer Mr. Bite (of the firm of Bite, Shark, and Snap), who is the principal dealer in them, what he would consider a tempting price, without any fuss or parade, he might be prevailed upon to part with some. I think, indeed, from a circumstance which came to my knowledge as I was leaving 'Change this afternoon, I could take upon myself to say that I *could* manage the thing, by going about it with a little tact."

The upshot of the business was, that Mr. Doo was authorized to display his tact in "managing the thing," by buying for Mr. Crosbie five-and-twenty shares at a hundred pounds premium, if he could be got to go as far as a hundred and twenty pounds if necessary.

The necessity for paying the outside price was, of course, unavoidable. In fact, Mr. Bite could hardly be induced to sell at all; but, as a great favour to Mr. Doo, he did consent to take the three thousand pounds, and before twelve o'clock the following day Mr. Crosbie was the undoubted proprietor of twenty-five shares in the Tlapala-hulca-pulca mine, with a full right to one four-hundredth part (for the scheme was divided into ten thousand shares) of all the future profits of the said mine.

He was now a happy man. If, thought he, only ten shares produced Mr. Tomkins six hundred pounds in six days, what must five-and-twenty produce in a twelvemonth, even after deducting the three thousand pounds that had been paid? The calculation was as easy as the result appeared to be certain. The first thing he did was to write to his wife, desiring her to send up his will; for he resolved to add a codicil to it at once, portioning out the shares to his children as their respective fortunes. He considered it better not to say any thing about the Tlapala-hulca-pulca mine in his letter, but to leave the disclosure for an agreeable surprise when he returned himself. His wife, however, as might be expected, was alarmed at the nature of his request, and naturally concluding, though he was silent upon the subject, there must be some serious cause for wanting his will in such a hurry, she set off for London with it herself.

When she arrived, things had strangely altered. She found Mr. Crosbie in good health, but in very bad spirits. The Tlapala-hulca-pulca mine had gone to a discount; and the shares, instead of being at a hundred and seventy pounds premium (which price they actually

touched for about five minutes, a day or two after Mr. Crosbie had made his purchase), had fallen to thirty pounds discount! And, what was very odd, though the Directors received the most gratifying accounts of the flourishing prospects of the mine—though the agent at Tlapala-hulca-pulca wrote home by every vessel from Vera Cruz, that the moment the steam-engines and the workmen arrived—and as soon as they could find fuel and water—and after they had made roads to convey the ore to the sea-coast, ship loads of bullion would be sent every two or three months, yet the shares continued to dwindle away, till at last Mr. Crosbie saw the propriety of relinquishing all his interest in the Tlapala-hulca-pulca mine, by paying 74*l.* 14*s.* 10½*d.* as his proportion of the debts incurred by the Company up to the period at which he renounced his shares.

Nor was this all; Mrs. Crosbie, when she brought him his will, brought him a letter, which had arrived at Thirlby Manor-house the same day as his own. It was from his cousin, Ralph Winwood, Esq. and ran thus:—

“MY DEAR CROSBIE;

“I am a ruined man! utterly, irretrievably ruined! But it shall never be said I suffered the friend, who generously stretched forth his hand to save me from sinking, to be injured by his kindness. No, Crosbie! the thousand pounds you lent me last year I have snatched from the wreck of my property, and I shall feel a proud consolation in restoring it to you. *Come to me the moment you receive this*, for besides doing an act of justice, I would fain implore from you an office of friendship when—I am so distracted I cannot write more, than to repeat my earnest prayer that you would come to my house *instantly*.

—James Crosbie, Esq.

Yours ever, R. WINWOOD.”

Poor Winwood! It was at an early hour of the morning he wrote this letter, and before the sun went down, the increasing agony of his feelings drove him to self-destruction. He was found by his servant at midnight, after a long and anxious search, in a retired part of his own grounds, stretched upon the earth, with a loaded pistol grasped in one hand, and another, that he had discharged through his brain, a few yards from him. His creditors seized the whole of his property for the benefit of all; and Mr. Crosbie coming in only for his dividend among the rest, received, two years afterwards, five pounds fourteen, instead of the thousand pounds which his cousin had set aside for him, besides having the bitter reflection, that had he been upon the spot, his timely presence, his friendly advice, and the farther aid he would unquestionably have proffered, might have averted the sad catastrophe.

Mr. Crosbie, however, gained something by his endeavour to make more of that which was already *enough*; he gained the knowledge of perceiving that enough was sufficient. He is now contented with four thousand a-year; contented to let the Hewardines be better off than the Crosbies; contented with Thirlby Park; contented that any body who likes should purchase the Winterfield estate; contented even with his right leg, though the fracture in healing has made it nearly an inch shorter than the left—and, above all (which Mrs. Crosbie very properly considers as *her* triumph in the business), contented to acknowledge that a man may follow his wife's advice, and find himself the better for it.

MEPHISTO.

HISTORICAL DETAILS OF THE POLISH REVOLUTION.*

THE first symptoms of a plan formed to excite the Poles to open rebellion against their Muscovite oppressors, occurred on the 24th of October, when printed handbills began to be circulated in Warsaw, calling upon them to vindicate their national honour, and enumerating a variety of grievances, for the correction of which it was shown that no alternative was left but a desperate effort to shake off the Russian yoke. Placards were put up on the night of the same day, against the walls of the Grand Duke Constantine's palace, announcing that by the first day of the new year, that house would be "to let." The Grand Duke was at first far from thinking that any thing serious could be the consequence of such means of excitement; but he thought it was as well to endeavour to make himself more popular among the Poles than he had good reason to believe he had till then been. He therefore appeared in public more frequently than he had done since his last marriage, entered into familiar conversation with persons of all conditions, and infused a suavity into his tone and manners which did not naturally belong to them. At the same time he deemed a few precautions not unnecessary, in order to arrive at some conclusion as to the real state of the public mind, and adopt such measures as circumstances might call for. His Russian guard was increased; his own Russian regiment put in a state of readiness to act at a moment's notice; the number of his spies was considerably multiplied, and the ordinary price set on their services doubled. The excitement, however, was becoming very general, and the Grand Duke in a short time thought that measures of severity must be resorted to in order to strike terror among those who mostly participated in it. Thirty students of the university were arrested under suspicion of being among the chief promoters of a general conspiracy, and a military commission, composed of five general officers, was appointed to examine them, and report to the Grand Duke the result of their investigation. Far from denying the truth of the charge of seditious designs brought against them, the students admitted all facts upon which they were questioned. They even informed the president of the commission, General Roznietzki, that if the plot formed for the attainment of Polish liberty had succeeded, he (General Roznietzki) would have received the punishment awarded to traitors to their country for his blind devotion to the Russians, and his memorable treachery in passing over to them with four regiments during Napoleon's last campaign. On the General's asking the young conspirators what they intended doing with him, supposing they had made him their prisoner, they unhesitatingly declared that they would have hanged him immediately in the principal square of Warsaw. These youths were all sent to St. Petersburg, there to abide by the decision of the Emperor.

Meanwhile, the other conspirators foresaw that strict orders would soon arrive from the Russian capital, to arrest all who were suspected of being concerned in any intended attempt against Russian authority, so that there was no other chance of escape but by hastening the signal of general revolt. On the night of the 29th (October), a party of young men, accompanied by thirteen students, all armed with pocket-pistols and daggers, proceeded to the Grand Duke's country house, at Belvedere, situated about two miles from the city, where they obtained admission by killing the two sentinels, and overpowering all who came in their way. In the hall of the chateau they were met by Generals Legendre and Fench, and the vice-president Lubowedeczki, who, on asking what brought them thither, were answered by a general attack which covered them with wounds, and laid them prostrate on the floor. Some of the conspirators, who were well acquainted with the localities of the chateau, and the Grand Duke's habits of living in it, then pushed forward, dagger in hand, to his closet, for the purpose

* The following account has been transmitted to us by a gentleman actively engaged in the service of the Poles, from the commencement of the Revolution to the present time.

of dispatching him without loss of time. The Grand Duke, however, on hearing the noise made by the scuffle in the hall, immediately locked his door, and then jumped out of a window into the garden, and ran towards a camp formed by his own regiment, half-way on the road between Belvedere and Warsaw. Here he found his soldiers defending themselves against another party of about one hundred and fifty confederates, who had attacked them so suddenly and with such vigour, as to throw the whole camp into confusion. The Grand Duke, not knowing the numbers of the assailants, and believing that a general movement among the populace had taken place in Warsaw, ordered his regiment to retire, and left the daring handful of assailants masters of the field, a couple of pieces of cannon, and a good number of arms with ammunition. The victors instantly returned to the city, where already another band of their associates had called upon the people to rise and assert their independence. Most of the men composing the party who had so boldly and successfully attacked the whole regiment of the Grand Duke Constantine, were young men of respectability, who held a rank in the Polish regiments raised by the Grand Duke, and to whom he had given lessons in military tactics, which this occasion enabled them to show how well they had profited by. On their return to the city, finding the whole populace in motion, and ready to act, they divided them into different parties, and themselves into companies, each of which led the people to the different stations of the Russian Garrison, for the purpose of so directing their movements, as to drive the enemy from every one of his holds, and compel him to evacuate the town. One of these parties proceeded to the arsenal, which was guarded chiefly by Polish soldiers, who joined the confederates without hesitation, and enabled them to become masters of this important hold without any difficulty. Several Polish generals, however, accustomed to passive obedience, and who had received favours from the Grand Duke, made some attempts to quell the riots, by appearing among the populace and advising them to desist. They were told that if they themselves did not take part with the patriots, they would be instantly put to death. Many of them did so, and have since bravely fought the battle of their country; others who refused, fell a sacrifice to the popular fury. Among the latter was General Hawke, Minister of the War department; his principal Aide-de-Camp, Colonel Meczoffski; and Generals Brembitzki, Blumer, Tiemenski, and Petrotzki. General Nowetzki, a Polish officer highly esteemed by his countrymen, and who would probably have taken an active part with them, was killed by mistake. He was passing in a coach, and being met by a party of insurgents and his name hastily inquired after, the insurgents mistook it for that of Lowetzki, the Russian General, Commandant of Warsaw, and instantly fired a volley into the coach which deprived him of life. The conspirators having become masters of the artillery, and other important implements of war contained in the arsenal, soon cleared the whole city of Warsaw of the Russians, and remained masters of the place. Particular search had been every where made after General Roznietzki, the late president of the military commission, by whom the case of the thirty students had been investigated; but he was no where to be found. He had effected his escape by disguising himself with a cloak and an old hat of his servant. After the evacuation of Warsaw by the Russians, the movement against them ceased to have the character of a mere conspiracy, and an universal rising of the inhabitants of Warsaw took place. With the exception of a few native officers who had so deeply implicated themselves in the misdeeds of the tyrant Constantine as to stand no chance of forgiveness on the part of their infuriated countrymen, and who therefore had thought it prudent to fly, not a single Pole of any condition thought of quitting Warsaw.

The prisons in Warsaw, which had been lately filled with victims of the spying system resorted to by the Grand Duke, were thrown open, and their inmates instantly prepared to assist in their country's cause. Materials were supplied in sufficient abundance from the arsenal to arm a large portion of the population of Warsaw, and on the evening of the 30th of October, forty thousand Poles were equipped and ready to take the field, independent of the regular Polish regiments which soon after formed an army of no unimposing kind. Meanwhile every house lately in the occupation of obnoxious Russians, was attacked by the

populace, who broke every article of furniture, throwing the fragments out of the windows into the streets. The Grand Duke's late spies were hunted with singular perseverance, and some of them brought out of their hiding-places, and massacred in the streets. A great desire was manifested to take hold of the Grand-Duke's barber, one Markoff, who had enriched himself by turning informer against his other customers, and reporting to his chief patron not only all he saw and heard, but also a great deal of invention besides. This barber had, like another Figaro, raised himself to the station nearly of *Il factotum della città*, and therefore had been found a very useful personage by such a man as the Grand-Duke, ever anxious to pry into other people's thoughts and concerns, and to visit with severity and terror any complant or criticism on the arbitrary rule by which he is thoroughly convinced that the whole of mankind ought to be governed. Markoff paid dearly for the favour he had enjoyed and the wealth he had accumulated through its means. He was seized by the populace, dragged into the streets, and there beaten to death. His furniture was entirely destroyed, as well as the splendid house his ill-earned riches had enabled him to raise.

Under such circumstances, Warsaw necessarily remained for a few days a scene of anarchy and confusion. Some of its principal inhabitants, however, assembled at last to consult on what ought to be done. Among them were the Counts Czartorinski and Sorbowski, Generals Pazzi and Klopitzki, and Mr. Nienocencicz. They resolved upon sending a deputation to the Grand-Duke, who had encamped himself with most of his Russians a few miles from Warsaw, to request that he would place himself at the head of the Polish movement. This ill-judged step, taken in the hurry of the moment, and which the Polish nation would afterwards have had deeply to deplore if the Grand-Duke had assented, was fortunately not attended to. In the state of irritation in which Constantine found himself at that moment, his natural inclination prompted a refusal, which was perhaps deemed still more expedient from a suspicion that the proposal was only meant to cover a design of taking possession of his person, and wreaking signal vengeance on him for the many wrongs of which the Poles had to complain. So simultaneous had been the general rising, and so circumscribed the circle of the original conspirators, that most of the influential men in Warsaw, however favourably disposed towards any movement by which it was intended to liberate Poland from the Russian yoke, were quite taken by surprise, and hardly knew what course to pursue. On the arrival of the Grand-Duke's answer, however, they immediately proceeded to form a Provisional Government, and to adopt every practicable means for the purpose of restoring public order in some degree, and directing in a methodical way the line of conduct which circumstances seemed to prescribe. A kind of national guard was formed, chiefly composed of young students and respectable householders, and parties of these paraded the streets and enjoined the populace to that kind of behaviour on the part of all which it was important to observe. The organisation of the new order of things, and the measures adopted for the defence of the place, and the military operations that would become inevitable, took up some days. General Klopitzki was, by unanimous consent, chosen commander-in-chief of the army, and proposed as Dictator. Klopitzki enjoyed at that time, perhaps, the good opinion and confidence of his countrymen in a greater degree than any one who could be thought of as a qualified person for an office to which a power so unlimited was, for a time, to devolve. His military talents were held in so high an estimation as to have even excited the jealousy of the Grand-Duke Constantine, who prides himself excessively on his knowledge and skill in military concerns. This jealousy Constantine betrayed on many occasions in which Klopitzki was concerned. His rancour was heightened by the knowledge that the Polish general professed political sentiments greatly at variance with those duties of blind submission which Constantine exacts from all who are placed under his own authority, and considers as everywhere indispensable in the governed towards their governors. One day the Grand-Duke abruptly observed to General Klopitzki, in the presence and hearing of a very numerous staff, that his (Klopitzki's) regiment did not march

well. Klopitzki felt the insult as well as the injustice of the censure, and warmly answered, that it was precisely the step at which he had entered Saragossa,* under a great Captain (Napoleon), who did not find fault with the mode of marching of his soldiers. Klopitzki immediately after petitioned the Emperor for leave to retire from the military service. The Emperor was unwilling to lose the services of so meritorious an officer, and hesitated long before he would grant him permission to withdraw; but Klopitzki persisted in his determination, and the Emperor yielded, on condition that he would swear never to take up arms against his country. Klopitzki complied with this desire of the Emperor, and has in fact rigorously maintained his oath.

In the early part of December, the Grand-Duke, whose head-quarters were still about three miles beyond Belvedere, sent to the provisional authorities at Warsaw, to know what the wishes of the Polish nation were. A deputation, composed of four persons—Princes Lubetzki and Czartorinski, and Messrs. Lemteff and Ostroff—was therefore sent to submit to him formally the following demands in the name of the Polish nation:—The observance of the Constitution exactly as it had been framed under the Emperor Alexander,† and the restitution to the kingdom of Poland of the Polish provinces which were taken and annexed to Russia previously to the great act of dismemberment in 1795. The deputation were instructed also to request that the Russian corps which was in Lithuania should not advance for the purpose of attempting to put down the Poles by force of arms. To these terms the Grand-Duke declared that he did not feel averse; but he also said that he did not think he should be warranted in subscribing to them before he received especial power from the Emperor, as the lawful King of Poland, to do so.

Some Polish regiments had, from the mere habit of military obedience, followed Constantine, and had encamped with all the Russian troops. Constantine was really unwilling to come to blows, with the Poles both because he thought it possible to conciliate them by an appearance of concession to their wishes, and because he could neither rely on the fidelity of his Polish regiments, nor on the sufficiency of his Russian troops, should he be left to the support of the latter, and compelled to act against the former joined to the armed population. Under these circumstances, he resolved on sending the Polish regiments back to Warsaw, and on giving winter-quarters to the Russian soldiers, before the extreme severity of the season had set in, in a part of the country where there was less fear of privation and attack from the enemy than where he had taken up his temporary quarters. In dismissing his Polish troops, Constantine addressed a letter to the Provisional Government, stating, that as he had no hostile intentions towards the Poles, so he hoped the Provisional Government would not think of sending any troops for the purpose of preventing the retreat of the Russians.

One of the earliest precautions taken by the Provisional Government was that of securing the submission of two important fortresses near Warsaw, Madlen and Zamosk, against which powerful detachments were sent. Their garrisons surrendered without making any resistance whatever, although they had strict orders to reduce the fortresses to heaps of ruins if they saw the impossibility of maintaining possession of them. The Russians who were in garrison in these fortresses were made prisoners of war. Sufficient ammunition was found in them for three campaigns, and provisions, cloth, uniforms, and artillery enough to provide for 2,000 men. A corps of Warsaw students had headed the expedition against these fortresses, and gained great credit among their countrymen for the spirited manner in which they behaved.

While the Provisional Government thought it expedient to prepare for the event of military operations in defence of the national liberty which the Polish patriots were determined to maintain or die for, consultations were held among those who had now become the leaders of the national cause, as to the means

* Klopitzki commanded at the taking of Saragossa.

† Constantine had made a dead letter of it ever since he had assumed the government of Poland.

which ought to be pursued with the view, if possible, of gaining the wished-for object without hazarding the issue on the chances of a war. It was determined that Prince Lubetzki should proceed to St. Petersburg at the head of a deputation of a hundred national delegates, for the purpose of submitting to Nicholas the wish of the Polish nation that he should continue to reign over Poland, on the conditions lately proposed to the Grand-Duke Constantine, and which that Prince had referred to his brother. The Emperor, however, refused to receive the deputation in a formal manner, and declared that he would hear of no representations if his sovereign authority was not, in the first instance, fully acknowledged, and the Polish nation would not consent to throw themselves entirely on his clemency. He also declared his willingness to pardon his "rebel subjects," with the exception of those who had been the chief promoters of the revolution. In a word, Nicholas desired the Poles to place themselves at once in that state of slavery from which they had made a desperate effort to extricate themselves, and left them completely in the dark as to whether it would be his good pleasure that any measures should be subsequently adopted for their political amelioration. So arrogant and insulting a proceeding could not be brooked by a people who were determined to obtain independence or die, and preparations were actively made every where to defend their country.

On the 21st of December the appointment of General Klopitzki as Dictator of Poland was regularly proposed in the Senate; and so general seemed the conviction as to the necessity of investing him with full powers under the existing circumstances of the country, that of 109 votes there was only one against him, making a majority of 107 in favour of the proposition. This election was in fact again hailed with enthusiasm by the inhabitants of Warsaw, and a general illumination took place in the evening, expressive of the public joy on the occasion. Klopitzki lost no time in forming a council of government, and adopted every possible means for the purpose of placing the army on a fully efficient footing, by bringing together all the Polish regiments and their detachments scattered about the Duchy, and increasing their numbers by the addition of new enlistments. Of these latter there was no scarcity. Men of all conditions and ages prayed to be allowed to fight their country's battle, and many of the volunteers brought money with them, which they prayed the government to accept and employ for the public service. Public donations, indeed, poured in on every side. Nobles, merchants, tradesmen, farmers, peasants, and labourers of all descriptions, brought to the public treasury all that they could afford to give, so that the national cause ran no risk of failure through any want of pecuniary means to defray the expenses necessary for its defence. Among the numberless givers were seventy-eight Jews, who brought the sum of 28,000 florins, raised among themselves. When Jews make such a sacrifice for a political cause, that cause must indeed be a just one! Patriotic societies were formed in different parts of the town for the purpose of procuring uniforms, linen, and every necessary equipment to poor people wishing to enlist as soldiers, and for that of taking care of their wives and children when away doing duty for their country. Manufacturers of arms furnished the arsenal gratuitously. Tailors worked gratis in making clothes for the recruits and the army, and societies were formed of ladies of the first, as well as other ranks, for the purpose of supplying the hospitals with every possible requisite for those who should be wounded in their country's cause. Cannon and muskets were articles with which Warsaw was by no means sufficiently provided to enter on a campaign with 100,000 men, which was likely to prove an arduous one. The greatest exertions were therefore made, both by the public and the government, for the purpose of increasing the supplies. All the old bells of churches, and almost all the iron railings attached to the houses and gardens were sent to the founderies.

On the 19th of January General Amiski unexpectedly arrived at Warsaw, and immediately received the command of a division of the Polish army. This brave patriot had been formerly unsuccessful in a conspiracy which he had formed in Warsaw for the expulsion of the Russians. The plot was discovered, but the General was informed of this in time to put himself out of the reach of

Russian authority. He fled to the Duchy of Posen, (Prussian Poland,) his native country, where he sought safety; but being claimed by the Russian authorities in Warsaw, he was given up by the King of Prussia, on condition that, in the event of his being condemned to any punishment, it should undergo execution in the Prussian dominion. The General was tried by a Court-Martial, found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. He was then sent to Prussia, where he was confined within the fortress of Glogau. Five years had elapsed since General Amiski had been consigned to this state prison, when he heard of the glorious revolution in Warsaw. To obtain his liberation by asking it would have been more impracticable at such a moment than at any other: he therefore determined to try every means to effect his escape. One day while walking on the rampart, he observed a waggon, which was bringing some prisoners to the fortress, and it occurred to him that it might be made the instrument of his escape. He went up to the driver, and, in an apparently careless manner, asked him which road he took on going out of the fortress; the driver said that he took the road to Posen. The general watched the waggon and the driver with the utmost attention, and observing the latter go into a room, for the purpose of taking his discharge, and the coast perfectly clear, he lost no time in getting into the waggon, at the bottom of which he concealed himself among some straw. The conductor returned soon after, and left the fortress with the waggon; being well known to the people on duty, no one thought of making any search or inquiry, so that the General passed safely through all the gates of the fortress. When about a couple of miles distant from the fortress in a lonely place, he came out of his concealment, and called to the driver to stop. The poor fellow was thrown into great consternation, and did not at first know what was most advisable to be done; but he was at last prevailed upon by the General to accept some money and put the best face he could on the matter. When they arrived near Posen, the General quitted the waggon, and instantly proceeded, over hedges, ditches, and cross roads, to an estate of his own not far distant, where his people on recognizing him supplied him with a swift horse, with which he was fortunate enough to reach Warsaw.

Towards the end of January, it was reported that General Klopitzki talked of resigning the Dictatorship, and many anxious surmises were made as to his motive in deserting the national cause at so critical a moment. Klopitzki had been for some time in correspondence with Prince Lubetzki, the minister of finance, who, it will be remembered, had been sent to the Emperor at the head of a deputation, and who was detained at St. Petersburg by the Imperial commands. The utmost endeavours had, it is now generally admitted, been used by the Emperor to shake Klopitzki's fidelity to the cause of his country, and although they did not succeed in prevailing on him to betray its interests, they did convince him that to a certain extent his duty bound him to Nicholas, and he ought not to direct the councils of a nation who would soon have to draw the sword against that Sovereign, never to sheath it again until the Russians had withdrawn all claims of conquest or sovereignty over Poland. Klopitzki was pressed by the Senate to explain what his real sentiments and intentions were, and it was suggested to him that if he felt the slightest doubt as to his ability of performing with all due energy the duties which the nation, in the plenitude of its confidence, had intrusted to him, it was of importance that he should withdraw at once. Klopitzki acquiesced in the necessity of acting with promptitude, and having acknowledged that he did entertain some doubt of his ability to serve his country as was expected of him at such a juncture, he declared it was his intention to resign the Dictatorship. This declaration was followed by a manifesto, containing his formal act of resignation, and recommending the immediate formation of a Provisional Government, which, in fact, was appointed by the Senate on the same day. It was also determined to elect by vote of the Senators, a Commander-in-Chief of the army, and four candidates offered themselves for that post: Prince Michael Radzivil, who had seventy-seven votes, General Boukowitzki, who had eighteen votes, General Wessenoff who had eight votes, and General Shembetzki, who had six votes. Prince Radzivil was therefore the Generalissimo.

Klopitzki's scruples in continuing to exercise the Dictatorship most probably arose from his knowledge of the fact, that the dethronement of Nicholas as King of Poland was about to be proposed in the Senate, and would infallibly pass. That he had been in correspondence with the Emperor was placed beyond a doubt, by the publication of a letter addressed to him by General Graboffski, the contents of which had somehow or other transpired, and were admitted as authentic. The following is a copy of it:—"General, I am commanded to inform you that the Emperor has received your propositions, and has seen with satisfaction the sentiments you therein express. You will be speedily informed of his designs by his proclamation to the Polish nation."

It would be needless to transcribe here the proclamation of Nicholas referred to in Graboffski's letter. It has appeared in all the newspapers of this country and of the Continent, and shows what the Poles had to expect from any attempts to make the autocrat listen to reason, in which entire submission was not proposed as a preliminary stipulation. But the Poles had ceased to feel any wish for negotiation, and gave a memorable answer to the Autocrat's denunciation, by formally expelling him and his race from the throne of Poland. The act of dethronement was proposed in the Senate by Count Solytk. It was discussed and decided in one sitting, not a single voice having been raised against the proposition. Each of the Senators who voted was required to sign his name to the declaration, that Europe might see by the subsequent publication of that act the unanimity which had existed on the subject, and the firm conviction of the principal men in Poland, that the Muscovite race was unworthy of reigning over that country.

The proclamation of Nicholas was followed by orders to the army in Lithuania to advance towards Warsaw, after being joined by reinforcements and detachments from various parts, and Diebitsch was appointed to take the command against the Poles. No time was lost by the Polish government to put things in an efficient posture of defence. A regular army of 70,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry was speedily in the field, with one hundred pieces of artillery, and aided by 20,000 irregular troops. The Russians counted 80,000 infantry, 15,000 cavalry, and 20,000 Cossacks, with four hundred pieces of artillery, which gave them an immense advantage over the Poles. But this was in a great measure counterbalanced by the great superiority of the Polish cavalry over the Russians, and by advantages of greater activity and military skill, as well as those which naturally accrued from their fighting on their own soil. All Europe has witnessed the brave efforts of the Poles, and is convinced of the superiority of their moral resources over their barbarous invaders. It is impossible that they should again pass under the yoke of the Russians. They have shown themselves a nation at least as powerful as their late masters, and they would no longer degrade only themselves by submitting once more to their despotism. Russia will, no doubt, make great efforts to wipe off the stain which her arms have almost invariably incurred by the present campaign. We shall probably hear again of hundreds of thousands of men in preparation, and other overwhelming means to be employed; and we shall see plenty of manifestos, full of large numbers and big words. But to this ridiculous charlatanism of the Muscovite barbarians Europe is accustomed. Every one is by this time aware of the immense difference there is between the numbers that Russia puts into her manifestos and those she sends into the field. Her finances, besides, are not in a condition to allow her to make any great expenses for a war. The army she sent into Poland this year has been so ill used and weakened, that another at least equal to it must be raised if the conquest of that country is to be persevered in. But without some great pecuniary aid, such a force is not to be raised. Whichever way we view the question, it is most gratifying to find that provided the Poles are animated by the same spirit—and of this there can be little doubt—they will gain their national independence, and teach the arrogant barbarians of the North, that they must no longer think of thrusting their insolent dictation into the concerns of the civilized world.

ON PAINTERS, CRITICS, AND SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

(*A Benevolent, Miscellaneous Essay, addressed to Painters
* and Purchasers of Pictures.*)

'WHEN two men differ upon any point, or desire to ascertain the real value of a commodity, which the one has agreed to buy and the other to sell, they do one of two things,—they either go to law, and spend their money “like gentlemen,” or they refer the matter to an arbitrator, and drown all discord in a tumbler of whiskey-and-water, like rational beings. In the latter case, the great object is to make choice of a referee who has the following positive and negative qualities: he must understand the subject; he must be honest; and, above all, he must not have any bias, any interest, inducing his determination one way or the other. This last virtue, or quality, is what the classics call a *sine qua non*,—and is indispensable. Without it, intelligence becomes of no avail, and honesty,—hitherto pointing staunch North,—turns round to the changeable quarter, and becomes precarious. It is quite clear, that a judge, an arbitrator, (who *is*, in fact, a judge,) and a witness, are each good for nothing, or rather worse than nothing, when their opinion or testimony is wanted in matters which touch their own self-interest. The defendant never proposes to refer the action to the arbitrament of the plaintiff's uncle, Richard Noakes. The plaintiff does not volunteer, in a delicate matter, to abide by the decision of the defendant's sister of the half-blood. Such proceedings, however lofty and disinterested they appear in verse, are not, adapted to any thing beyond the limits of a foolscap or an epic poem, and are, accordingly, never heard of in common sublunary matters except in one instance, viz.—in matters of art! One would suppose that the last persons in the world to consult in the purchase of pictures, would be a picture-dealer, or vamer, whose wits have always been occupied after the fashion of Aladdin, in converting new pictures into old ones, and who has always a brave miscellaneous stock of his own, which are absolutely crying to be sold; or a painter, whose interest it is to dispose of his own daubs as soon as possible, and whose time has been so thoroughly employed in contemplating his own perfections, and those of the living artists who resemble him, that he has never had time to form a judgment upon any other thing whatever, either in nature or art. Yet these two persons are precisely those to whom paintings, whatever the subject, and whether ancient or modern, are invariably referred. They have the double disqualification of interest and ignorance; and yet they are sought out and petitioned for opinions, as eagerly, we suppose, as his loyal Arcadian subjects deferred of yore to king Midas, upon the ground of his length of ears, and because he could “do no wrong.”

We seldom do what we like; but we will do so for once, and gossip a little in our own way with the reader touching the existing criticisms on art.—No judgments or assertions on this subject, we will undertake to say, ought to be received with more hesitation than those of artists themselves. A connoisseur, or cultivated admirer of painting, is, beyond comparison, a better judge of the higher qualities of a picture than the ordinary run of artists. He is not lost in the details; he does not doat to nausea on the mechanical dexterity,

on the balance of light and shade, on the packing the figures, on the yellows, the blues, the carnations, the &c. &c. These things are well to attend to; but, if they absorb the whole attention of the artist, or the admiration of the spectator, it is quite clear that such artist or spectator must be a person of indifferent judgment. He gives up the matter for the manner, the greater for the lesser thing. Now, we have, in our time, heard the observations of scores of painters, and we cannot call to mind three of them who ever remarked upon the expression or want of expression in an historical picture. Sometimes the figure has been adverted to; but this has been merely for its drawing, or elegance, *not* as a source of expression; while the face, which is the very seat and throne of expression, has been utterly lost sight of.

At Somerset House, this very year, we overheard an artist or two, whose persons were known to us, canvassing the merits of various pictures. It seemed to us, as though all common sense were utterly obscured and overlaid by the mechanical learning, if we may use the term, which it had been necessary for the painter to acquire. Visions of scarlet and yellow, of brown-pink, and cobalt, and madder, of Venetian red, and bone-brown, seemed to dance before their eyes, and to shut out the common colour and light of nature. We heard them complain of the "out of drawing," the "bad tone," "indifferent colour," "want of masses," &c. They suggested ultra-marine as a substitute for cobalt, brown madder in the room of sienna, Naples yellow instead of—we know not what. They might as well have talked of Naples soap, or Naples biscuits. This sole attention to the minor points (it is the present epidemic,) is utterly destructive of art. Raffaëlle forbid that we should confound *all* artists in one sweeping condemnation! That would not only be unjust, but contrary to the knowledge that we possess of them. There are clever men amongst the living artists. It would be melancholy indeed were they all like the critics we encountered. *They* were, probably, in the first instance driven into art, as certain animals are forced into the pound, by the will of others, rather than by their own impulses. And the "even tenor" of their lives does not belie this beginning. Their days are wasted on foolscap, (congenial foolscap!) in spoiling panels, in hiding the fair face of the canvass, and in making trade good for the colour-grinder. They go out into the fields with a formidable folio—sit down, and copy a haystack "from nature;" they work half a day upon the head of a goose, or a duckling just about to take water: the gable-end of a cottage; a five-year old wether; a hay-field, or corn-field, (provided it be utterly deficient in interest); a paddock of three acres, with a broken gate to it, a hedge and ditch to match, and two oak-trees as sentinels; a farm-yard, with Dobbin, the servant of all work, in it; or a rising progeny of porkers—these are the mines from which these geniuses extract their virgin gold; but the die, the stamp (of stupidity) which they press upon it, is exclusively and undeniably their own. Is it fair that people of this quality should be entitled to talk people to sleep before the common hour, with their maxims and opinions on art? Painting requires an apprenticeship; and, if the highest walks be attempted, it requires both sensibility and power; but, as to the every-day fields, and farms, and blacksmiths' shops, the pigs, and poultry, and so forth, that we see defacing the

walls of the exhibitions, we apprehend that they demand precisely the same quantity of genius that our upholsterer exhibits when he paints our door, in imitation of oak or mahogany; or our hair-dresser, when, by some stretch of audacity, he reduces our Brutus to a common bob. What should we think were we to be accosted by little Pipkin, (who has been dabbling in water-colour, and painting morsels of meadow and piggeries, after the manner of Morland, any time these fifty years,) and required, at a moment's notice, to condemn a picture of grace and merit, because a finger were out of drawing, or the last invisible finish were omitted? Why, we should very naturally desire to abolish the said Pipkin from the face of things, without more ado. But this being contrary (for so we understand) to the English law, we should take the next remedy which presented itself; and this would be to turn our back with inexpressible disdain on the envious little caviller, and forget him and his absurdities without delay.

It is high time for the patrons of art to exert their judgment, and to use their own eyes instead of the eyes of others. A person, unless he has given a considerable time to the study of pictures, cannot, of course, be a competent judge. Judgment in art or music is not intuitive. The eye and ear must be *educated*. But, when this is effected, the chance is, that the connoisseur,—having given his whole attention to the higher parts of art, while the painter himself has necessarily been almost exclusively occupied in the mechanism,—will be the better judge of the two. This is no reproach to the artist, but is a natural consequence of the course of study. The painter will still, indeed, sometimes judge better,—but not always,—of the drawing, or the mere painting, that is, the laying on the paint; but, to defer to his judgment in other respects, appears to be a needless humiliation. We are of opinion, that, were a patron of art (a connoisseur we mean) to test the pictures brought to him by a few of the rules of common sense, he would ensure to himself a more valuable collection than at present, and do no little good to the artists whom he chooses to uphold. The first points are, undoubtedly, the expression of the faces, then the expression of the human figure, then the general grace and keeping of the picture, the brilliancy and harmony of colour, and, lastly, the numerous inconsiderable matters, which, at present, form the grand occupation of the painter. For our own parts, were we called upon for a couple of hundred guineas, for two or three square feet of colour, (a thing done to order,) we should think it worth while to examine very narrowly the commodity brought in exchange for our gold. Supposing the thing to be one of those doubtful productions, whose immortality or mortality we could not reckon upon beyond the year 1840, we should (relying on our Latin grammar,—

“*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores,*”)

appeal to the gentlemanly feeling and candour of our modern Titian or Raffaele, somewhat after this fashion:—“Why, my dear sir, this picture—I put it to your better judgment—is not quite perfect, even *yet*. The colour is tolerable, in parts; the drapery is not without its effect; the lights, (that warming-pan is a jewel!)—the lights, I say, tell well upon that figure in the foreground; the masses are, &c.; that bit of landscape is, &c. &c.; and that broom in the corner, (you

call it a pope's-head, I believe?) is worthy of Gerard Douw. But—(nothing is perfect in this world!) I do not see the meaning of some of the figures: they tell no story, or tell it imperfectly: the attitude of each figure expresses no character; and the faces—I appeal to you—are as undoubted blanks as I myself ever purchased at either of the once fortunate offices of my deceased friends, Messrs. Bish, Sivewright or Carrol. It is said, that there is a 'soul of good in things evil'; but here there is no soul at all—all is body—*anybody*—*nobody*. I should like to have a couple of eyes, if you have no objection, put—(through-out all the heads, if you please,)—in the place of those two black currants; and this ingenious diagonal slit, or crooked line, which occurs between what I imagine to be the nose and chin, may as well be converted into a mouth. When this is done, my dear sir,—when you have made these little alterations, there will be left nothing to desire in your picture. Mr. Sap Green, I wish you a very good morning!"—A suggestion or admonition of this sort, now, would *compel* a little attention, we think, to those high—to those *only* material qualities of a picture, which, in the present day, are, nine times out of ten, disregarded. But so long as *the patron* is content with a handsome exhibition of limbs, and clothes, and furniture only, the artist will scarcely think it worth while to rack his brain with inventing, or devote his attention to more important things. For our own parts, Messrs. Gillow and Company are the present furnishers of *our* walls, and will remain so, until the English artists excel them. [We confess to half a dozen little bijoux in art, which we value. *All* is not rotten in the state of Denmark. There are, as we have before said, clever painters; but their number is not so overwhelming as to offer a decided objection to the tenor of our former observations. Six,—seven,—eight,—ten,—a dozen,—twenty, if you please, we admit to be good. "The rest," as Buonaparte said to Talleyrand, "remain as before." The rest are, as critics, decidedly intolerant; and even as painters, there are but too many of them who are intolerable, or "tolerable and not to be endured."]]

We have animadverted on critics and artists of the smaller species. Let us turn to one of different character, if it be only to show that it is not necessary to be ignorant of other things in order to excel in one, and that envy of one's predecessors and rivals does not necessarily form a stepping-stone to renown. Sir Thomas Lawrence—"we knew him, Horatio"—was as completely raised out of the common class of artists as his friends could desire. He had his defects, beyond a doubt, and the wisest thing for his admirers is to own them. In painting, he wanted the simplicity and breadth and truth of Sir Joshua Reynolds,—he was even below Gainsborough in mere simplicity,—and to literature he had no pretensions. Yet he was beyond question the first portrait-painter of his time; he was a fine draughtsman—far excelling both Sir Joshua and Gainsborough in that—a good colourist, sometimes a fine one; the best judge of art amongst artists; a true gentleman in feeling, although his manner was perhaps *over-courteous*; free from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; and the most benevolent, nay, the most munificent person that ever dwelt within the circle of art. It is for these qualities that he should be remembered; and when anything disrespectful to his memory is stated, touching either his manner or his

claims as an artist, (for those are the only two assailable points,) let us place him beside other artists, and compare him in in *all* respects with them, past or present; let us bring his virtues and accomplishments into the account, and not suffer him to be tried unfairly and by his defects alone. He will then have justice done to him.

If there was ever a painter who could put aside envy and do justice to living and dead artists, it was Sir Thomas Lawrence. In respect to the living, it may be that he strained his good-nature to a faulty extent; but his praise arose *from* good-nature invariably—not from fear; for he could, notwithstanding his extreme courteousness, assert himself manfully, as we happen to know. He could take a great man “by the beard,” if he assumed too much, or was guilty of a dishonourable action, and make him know himself. This was not generally imagined; but it was nevertheless the case. He, moreover, always stood up for his art, advocating everywhere its claims as a liberal profession—sustaining it, as far as he could, by his talents, and encouraging and helping the younger students with his advice, and sometimes, we believe, with his purse. In this last point—though he cannot bear a comparison with Sir Joshua Reynolds as an artist—he may stand a competition with any one; and so might he in respect of his general judgment in art. He, Mr. Otley, and Mr. Fuseli, were, perhaps, the best judges of art in this country. In this respect, he may be said to have had learning; for he was unlike his brother painters—he was not content with the “ignorant present,” but loved to trace back art to its source, and to dwell upon the excellencies of the ancient masters. He even professed a desire to paint history, and deluded himself with dreams about his “Satan;” but we think that he never, in fact, considered what his precise wishes were on this subject. Whether or not he would have succeeded, too, must remain a problem. The probability is that he would *not*. He was, indeed—like all good painters—an observer of character; but he was thrown by circumstances into the atmosphere of the court, and this—as courts and courtiers are now fashioned—diminished his chances of success. We think well of many of his portraits; they have mostly a dash of affectation, and are defective, as we have said, in that pure simplicity which constitutes the charm of Reynolds’s pictures—but they possess, nevertheless, good drawing and colour, and are (a rare quality) never deficient in expression. The expression may be bad at times—artificial or meretricious—but *there it is*. He never presented us with those blocks of heads—those oval daubs and vacant patches of colour, on which the artist and amateur are now but too often content to doat, and in which, because there happens to be the four cardinal points of the visage, they imagine that the “human face divine” must necessarily lie hid! Sir Thomas’s portraits were of a different order.—In regard to his talent for *historical* painting, we have nothing to say. If he had possessed the desire and power to paint “history,” there is no doubt but that he would have done so. As it is, he has left us nothing by which we may judge, except his “Satan,” and this, we think, presents no ground for anticipating that his fame would have become great in the highest department of the art.

And now—who is to be the successor of Sir Thomas Lawrence? His successor, as President, is already appointed: but on whom has his mantle of many colours descended?—who is to take his place in art?—

That seems to be as yet undecided. The only painters who are said to stand a chance of success are, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Jackson, and a young artist who has lately become known to the public—Mr. Rothwell. We are great admirers of Mr. Wilkie, in his peculiar department of art, but that is *not* portrait-painting. His touch, his knowledge of colour, his power of expression within a certain limit, are all such as to call forth our respect and excite the emulation of an artist—but he is deficient in grace and refinement. There is nothing striking or chivalrous in his men, nothing beautiful or graceful in his women. It gives us no pleasure to speak thus of an artist who has excelled all his countrymen in one line of art. In his humorous pieces he is equalled by none; and, indeed, we are not aware that any one, except Mr. Mulready, has approached him. His shrewd, subtle humour is far beyond the common-place, grinning visages which abound in the works of ordinary comic painters. Let him be content with his fame!—Mr. Jackson is a most effective artist. Some of his heads are, apparently, as good as need be; but we suspect that, were they compared with the originals, they would be found wanting in expression. There is that inexplicable something in a true portrait which makes you recognise it at once. You see that the *whole* man is before you; nothing has been omitted to suit the negligence, nothing misconstrued by the imperfect apprehension of the painter. We confess that we do not always feel this when we stand before Mr. Jackson's portraits. We think that they are occasionally wanting in truth, and we are sure that they sometimes want *gusto*—air. Yet he is a painter of merit, and in his colouring frequently reminds us—sometimes, indeed, too forcibly—of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Mr. Phillips is, we think, a less effective painter than Mr. Jackson, and exhibits less expression in his heads than Mr. Wilkie; but he is, probably, on the whole, a more equal artist, and has decidedly more refinement than either. We have exceeding doubts whether either of the others could paint a lady, properly so called, or a gentleman of ten descents, who carried the blood and bearing of the De Veres, or De Spencers, or Howards, in his countenance. We ourselves confess to no particular respect for high blood—it is a possession, we think, that has been desperately overvalued—but that there is generally a something *peculiar* in a “tentle transmitter” of a proud face,—in a man who, with his ancestors, have devoted their whole attention to *manners*, we are inclined to believe. At all events, there exists, in some of the titled class, the *air distingué*—and this, we think, Mr. Phillips would pourtray with more tact and fidelity than either of his rivals whom we have referred to.—In regard to Mr. Rothwell, he has exhibited so few pictures that we must look at him more carefully. We have less data to go upon than in the other cases; but what we have is good—nay, it is for the most part excellent. He has, it is true, done a very unwise thing in attempting to paint a family group of six persons, and has, as might have been expected, failed, to a certain extent, in that picture. It is a hurried and slight performance, and in one or two points is defective in drawing; but, taking into consideration the almost impracticable nature of the subject, he has shown undoubted talent and ingenuity in it, and has manifested a sense of the graceful in the principal figure (a young female) beyond any thing that the Exhibition affords. Were we a lady—

(which, unluckily! we are not)—were we, more especially, a young lady, striving to enchain our lover or our husband, or dying to bring the whole world to our feet, *we* would be painted by Mr. Rothwell. We assert, without fear, that he is a portrait-painter of greater promise than has appeared since Lawrence first became known; and it remains with himself either to surpass or to remain inferior to that very clever artist. He wants detail and finish, and some of the minute markings of character; but for general effect, for breadth of style, colour, and above all, for grace and simplicity, he need not yield to any one. We are not only sure of this ourselves, but we are sure that this will be the universal opinion (except among artists), if he will employ his time well during the next two years. Two of his portraits in the present Exhibition are proofs of unquestionable talent; one is a picture of Marshal Beresford, and the other of the late Mr. Huskisson; the last, if we recollect right, is a little wanting in the details, but is, generally speaking, broad and simple, and the former—which the hanger (who is the hanger?) has put almost on the floor of the anti-room—is in almost all respects good. It is able to look most others out of countenance, and to stand competition with *any* portrait in the Exhibition, notwithstanding its humble and unfavourable position; and this is saying not a little. And now,—leaving Mr. Rothwell to his pleasant task, which we confidently anticipate for him—of immortalizing the youth and beauty, the soldiers, and statesmen, and gentlemen of the United Kingdoms, let us turn once more, for a few minutes, to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The "Life and Correspondence" of this distinguished artist has just been published. It is principally valuable from its containing a multitude of the letters of Sir Thomas Lawrence. His addresses to the students of the Royal Academy are also set forth, and many particulars brought forward in illustration of his character and opinions. The writing or composition of the book forms but an inconsiderable portion of its contents, and this is so far well; for we would at all times rather that the objects of biography should tell their own stories, than that they should be indebted to any one. The author, moreover, is not infallible in his opinions. We, therefore, leave him, and look at the *main* feature of the book—the letters and memoranda of the late President. In these, it is impossible not to perceive (what we have already said) that Lawrence was a kind-hearted, excellent man—intelligent in matters of art, an observer of character, somewhat too great an admirer perhaps of rank, but free from all jealousy and pettiness, and free from all that offensive air and ambiguous greatness which indicates a man whose renown has outstripped his merit. His letters, his lectures, his general conduct, all exhibit a modest mind, sincere in the love of art, and anxious to elevate it to the highest possible pitch.

"Your judges, gentlemen," (he says, in one of his addresses to the students) "are but students of a higher form. Continuing our exertions at a more advanced station, the obstacles we have ourselves to encounter, remind us of the difficulties that await you; and we limit our expectations of your success, by the uncertainty of our own. It is a part of the triumph of our art that it is slow in progress; and that although there are frequent examples in it of youthful promise, there are none of youthful excellence. Proceed then with equal firm-

ness, humility, and hope: be neither depressed nor vain, but chiefly elated, because you *determine* to do better.

“The rising school of England ought to do much, for it proceeds with great advantages. It has the soundest theory for its instruction, the brightest example for its practice, and the history of past greatness for its excitement.”—Vol. i.

We are not in general admirers of Sir Thomas's writing; but the following is far from trivial or common-place. It is in fact a near approach to deep thinking, and would do credit to any one. He is speaking of Mrs. Siddons.

“There is a power of mind for which we seem to want a name: even that of Genius is inadequate. It is of a more close and compacted nature; heavier, therefore, and not so easily set in motion; but once moved, progressively increasing in force, as large and falling bodies acquire a velocity in proportion to the height they are dropped from. Mrs. Siddons is exactly of this stamp. The more she wills to do, the more she does. Give her but time in conversation, and a subject large enough for her mind, and nothing of brilliancy or wit could stand against her; the more she advanced in it, the greater would be her power of advancing.”—(Vol. ii. p. 100.)

Amongst other things that he gives the reader a pleasant account of, is his visit to Claremont, where Prince Leopold and the Princess Charlotte appear to have done every thing, to neutralize the distinctions between themselves and the artist. The following is his account of the Princess. His reference to “the good King,” her grandfather, was, we have no doubt, perfectly sincere. He knew and valued the domestic virtues of George the Third, but had probably never thought of his inveterate obstinacy, his love of the “divine right,” and other qualities, which (although Sir Thomas has not recorded them) will probably find their mention in history.

“The Princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden, or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her: her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt or coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good King, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does everything kindly.”—(Vol. ii. p. 74.)

The following extract from a letter of Lawrence (written by him to Mrs. Wolff, after he had been painting the portrait of a Persian, which was to be sent to Persia,) exhibits as fine a trait in character as we can bring to our recollection. It should be learned “by heart” by every painter, and carried into his practice upon all occasions.

“I have a peculiar pleasure and pride in the pictures I send to remote countries, which are unacquainted with the higher works and principles of art. They might with security be deceived and slighted by me. The judgment, the difficulty, (if I may say it,) the science of the picture will be lost upon them: but after they have, perhaps, for years liked and admired it as a resemblance, and been satisfied that it is a fair specimen of my talent, some great artist or true connoisseur may come among them, and then they will learn that, in every part, it is one of my most finished productions: that even for the monarch of my own country, I could not have laboured with more skill and vigilance, than I have done for strangers, whom I shall never see and from whom neither praise might be expected nor censure feared.”

We cannot do better than leave the above extract to sink into the mind of a reader. If he be of a generous and honest nature, he will never forget it, nor abandon his respect for Sir Thomas Lawrence.

NEWARK, AND THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

THE people of Newark have long and nobly struggled for the unshackled exercise of their constitutional rights, and, to the admiration and joy of the kingdom, they have triumphed. The circumstances under which they were placed awakened intense interest, and therefore demand from us a history of the contest—for never was freedom more ardently desired, never was the hope of it more tremblingly indulged; but now, its possession may well rouse those to effort who are yet in thralldom, and dismay the despots who have forged and rivetted their fetters.

In past years, there was a determined and vigorous resistance of aristocratical encroachment.* The *Blues* had then among them some of the most wealthy and influential inhabitants of the town; but these have long since been gathered to their fathers. Happily, however, their mantles fell on others; and it is delightful to observe the love of liberty now glowing in the bosoms of their children, while instances are many in which their virtues embalmed the cause they supported, and gave it a sacredness in the eyes of their dependents, which still binds to it them and their offspring. Here, then, we descry the germ of recent success.

That this may be correctly estimated, we shall first show the origin of the power long dominant; then the manner in which it was exercised, and, afterwards, the cause of its defeat, when the spirit of independence was aroused from its slumbers, and, putting forth its utmost energies, proved irresistible.

In the first year of the reign of George the Third, Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle, became First Lord of the Treasury, and in that year, or the following, obtained from the Crown a lease of land‡ (bounding Newark on all sides but one), which consisted of several manors, together with the lordship of fairs, markets, fisheries, and tolls of bridges; a lease, renewable from time to time, which recites that it was granted “by the advice of our well-beloved cousin and counsellor, Thomas Duke of Newcastle,” and which will expire in about five years and a half.

Other property§ was bought by his Grace for 60,000*l.* which consisted almost entirely of houses; and consequently there were no means of building others to compete with him, except on Crown land, or on a small quantity of land belonging to Lord Middleton. On this account the Duke has always refused to grant under-leases of the Crown-lands, but has let them from year to year, of course preventing, with some few exceptions, the investment of capital in erec-

* It has been erroneously supposed that the town of Newark was not represented in Parliament till it was empowered to elect burgesses by the charter of Charles I. The preamble to that charter seems fully to infer the contrary; and it appears that so early at least as 1592, one Holles opposed Sir Gervas Markham as a candidate. The first contest, after the granting of the charter by Charles II., immediately followed the grant itself. The subject of dispute in that instance seems to have been merely the validity of the new charter, and the consequent right of the inhabitants of Newark to elect burgesses under its authority. A majority of the House of Commons determined in favour of the charter.

† In a letter from Lady M. W. Montague to her husband, dated 1714, she says:—“I cannot be sorry for your declining Newark, being uncertain of your success: Lord Lexington has a considerable interest there. If you have any thoughts of standing there, you must endeavour to know how he is affected, though I am afraid he will assist Brigadier General Sutton, or some other Tory.”

‡ No struggle appears to have taken place, of any material importance, till 1751. Previous to this period, the Dukes of Rutland and Newcastle had acquired considerable influence in the town, and, from time to time, nominated the members, whom the corporation and inhabitants very submissively accepted.

§ The town was contested in 1754, 1774, 1780, 1790, and 1796, but always to the success of the Tory interest.—*History of Newark.*

tions; and those few, so far from creating competition, have prevented it, because individuals who had expended money on a yearly tenancy became thereby dependent on the will of the Duke, and subject to the loss of their property, their tenancies being determined.*

In conjunction with Lord Middleton, the "Red," or "United," interest has been formed, and to the power thus obtained other parties have contributed. The result is easily imagined: the nominees of these peers presented themselves to the electors † at the appointed time—they were returned by a show of hands; a few sentences were muttered by the aid of some friendly prompters, and the charring and banqueting followed—that is, there was the play of "Much ado about Nothing," succeeded by the farce of "Who's the Dupe?"

About five years since, however, another proof was given, that to think oneself safe is to be insecure. The late members, Gen. Clinton and Mr. Willoughby arrived; their countenances were radiant with smiles—their eyes sparkled with hilarity—not a fear agitated their bosoms—in imagination they were already seated in their splendid cars, receiving the congratulations of their friends, and regarding the murmurs which now and then assailed the ear as the rapid discontent of a contemptible faction, when there appeared—not a ghost—though "a spirit from the vasty deep" had been far more welcome—but a rival candidate! How shall the effect be described? At first there was anger, and then it might be presumed that the redness of their colours was transferred to their countenances; afterwards, there was mortification; and then they appeared to have changed sides, since none could look *bluer* than themselves. Aghast they stood when he demanded a poll; but though a considerable number ranged themselves on his side, he retired from the contest.

It should be remarked, that the means of opposing the Duke were now gradually increasing. His friend, Lord Middleton, exercising, happily, but little forethought, had recently sold a few acres of land to a speculating builder, on which several hundred houses have been erected, and have thus prepared the way for the Duke's defeat.

In one respect, at least, the epithet *good* may be applied to his Grace of Clumber—he is, unquestionably, to quote Dr. Johnson, "a good hater." He has a strong political aversion, and accordingly those of his tenants who voted for the unsuccessful candidate, had notice to quit their respective houses and tenements, free as they were in other respects from the shadow of a charge. He has also an unconquerable ecclesiastical hatred; he has a rooted dislike of all sectarians, despite of his solemn and oft-repeated declarations, that he is "in love and charity with all men." In proof it may be stated, that when he determined to let some part of Nottingham Park on building leases, he ordered a clause to be inserted in each, that no chapel, meeting-house, or conventicle, should be erected on any of his plots of land, and another which forbade the lessee to appropriate any room, chamber, or apartment, to any religious purpose not accordant with the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England! Even at this hour of the nineteenth century, these very clauses may be seen! We leave the fact without comment, for it needs none.

The agitation of a measure for the relief of Roman Catholics from civil disabilities is still fresh in remembrance, a measure which so revolted the Duke that he vented his spleen and indignation in a pamphlet, which the majority of its few readers pronounced remarkable merely for its arrogance of assertion and paucity of sense; reminding them of the observation on a certain song, which was declared to be good, only excepting the words—and the tune. Another

* So great has been the thralldom, that not a close nor a field could be obtained without submission to the dominant power. The hardship of this, in a town of more than ten thousand inhabitants, where immense quantities of malt and flour are produced, and which is the great thoroughfare to the north of England, will be at once perceived.

† The right of election is in the Mayor, Aldermen, and inhabitants, actually paying scot and lot.

instrument remained to be plied—the representative of his Grace, not of the people of Newark, in the House of Commons; and from a nook—seeing, yet invisible—we are prepared to give a sketch of the scene:—

The dining-room of the mansion in Portman-square. Seven o'clock. A table, with a dessert, &c. at which are seated his Grace and General Clinton.

N. My special object in sending for you, was to intimate my unalterable views on the abominable measure which relates to what is called Catholic Emancipation.

C. Of them I am aware; but I candidly confess they are not mine.

N. What! not yours, after all I have said and written! Why, *what* can infatuate you? Admit the Catholics—and the Constitution is destroyed and the Church is in ruins!

C. On the contrary, I should say, the Constitution will be renovated and the Church stand on a firmer base.

N. You would! Then I should not have thought you could have been such a fool. You, who have—you, who—you—you——. Then you don't mean to vote against this monstrous proposition—this—thus——?

C. Assuredly, I do not.

N. Then it remains that you accept the Chiltern Hundreds.

C. Agreed! my conscience is of more worth than my seat.

N. Conscience, indeed! Others know that a seat is valuable if *you* don't. But enough——.

As soon as the gallant General was thus “turned to the right about,” a grand question arose, which the peer found it difficult to solve, though it is admitted he can do with perfect ease what to many men of rank and talent, and honour, is utterly impracticable. “Whom shall I have!” was ejaculated again and again, with the anxious air of a man who has not even “Hobson's choice.” At length, on taking counsel, application was made to Michael Thomas Sadler.

His harangues at the Pitt Clubs on “our glorious Constitution,” and his violent declamations against Catholic Emancipation, needed no addition to gain the favour, *pro tempore*, of the Duke of Newcastle. There was, however, one circumstance which he ought to have known. His new nominee (estimable though he undoubtedly is for all private virtues, and the topic of remark only in what affects his public character) was once a sectarian, a member of a body abounding in conventicles—a body so obnoxious to his Grace that he will not allow them one, nor even a room, on any part of his estates—a body, on the neck of which he would gladly plant his foot.

No time was to be lost, and no incongruity between the manner and the act was to arise, and therefore about the same hour the Newarkeers heard from headquarters that General Clinton had resigned, that the writ was issued, and that Mr. Sadler had arrived. Attended by the Duke's agent, some members of the Corporation (who, from time immemorial, have happily accorded with the patron), and others, he proceeded on his canvass—when, suddenly, Mr. Sergeant Wilde presented himself, as the advocate of Catholic Emancipation and the Representative of the Popular Cause. In the election which immediately commenced, he succeeded in producing a powerful impression as to his character, talents, and principles, and polled, as the result, a far greater number than could have been expected, under the disadvantages of a late appearance and the overwhelming power of the “United Interest.”

For some, magnanimity has no attraction, and hence, as soon as it could be done—though the Duke had urged in Parliament an appeal to the people on the Catholic Question, yet for expressing an opinion on it, notices to quit were served on all his tenants who had voted against his nominee; and we are credibly informed that no exception was made in favour of a gentleman who occupied only a small piece of land at the rental of a sovereign. The re-acton, as it ought to be, was great; the injured parties assembled and determined on calling a public meeting, to which his Grace, Mr. Sadler, and Mr. Sergeant Wilde were politely and urgently invited. Only the latter came; but a letter was received

from the former, from which we make an extract, though the whole ought to be remembered :

“ If I rightly understand the object of the requisitionists, it is to assert the cause of Freedom and Independence. No man on earth values both more than I do ; but as I respect the liberty of others, so must I demand that others shall not attempt to interfere with that freedom and independence (the peculiar orthography is his Grace's, who now objects to the Ballot because it is *un-English*) which is my right as well as theirs. According to my interpretation of the advertisement, you meet, too, to deliberate upon an interference between my tenants and me. (How exquisitely accurate and beautiful is this sentence!) Is it to be presumed that I am not to do what I will with my own?”

The style of this document is that of “ Sir Oracle;” but the interrogation at the close of the extract, like his friend Hunt's blacking, is “ matchless.” The I stands out as prominently as a gigantic number one from a signboard ; it looks as if it had just emerged from the Vatican, and has the very port of infallibility itself. We like not this bearing in any case ; there are instances, however, in which the pompous and oracular admit of some excuse ; but we cannot take the noble Duke at his *own* estimate. We will give our reasons. We are not levellers ; we respect whatever is respectable ; we reverence whatever is venerable ; we honour whatever is illustrious ; nor do any hearts in this empire beat more loyally than ours. But we owe little to rank apart from virtue ; and if his Grace imagines that, because of his ducal coronet, he may demand submission, and look down on others, however distinguished for talent or moral worth, with supercilious contempt, because they occupy a lower grade in society, we feel something of the indignation which roused Lord Thurlow to tell the Duke of Grafton, that there are far higher objects of self-gratulation than that of being *the accident of an accident!*

A sound judgment inspires confidence, but we have no respect for the decisions of a monarch who wished to hear only one side of a cause lest he should be perplexed by the other ; or for the conduct of the peer, who, on a trial which will remain as a dark blot on the annals of England, gave his vote *against* the accused without listening to a jot of the evidence !

The notions of his Grace as to Parliamentary freedom are also worthy of—himself. A few weeks since, he gravely declared in the House of Lords that there was not a more independent member of the House of Commons than his well-known nominee for Boroughbridge ; on which the Duke of Richmond acutely inquired how long Sir Charles Wetherell would retain his seat, supposing he voted for Reform ? And what was the reply ? “ In that case, he would, doubtless, wish to resign it !”

Most admirable of reasoners ! liberty owes thee much for thy advocacy ! Thy members and thy tenants find thy will is law ! and, truly, they are *alike* free and independent ! One friendly hint, however, before we turn from the Parliamentary dilemma—“ silence is wisdom.” We have not forgotten the ingenious assertion, “ When I rise to address your Lordships, all my ideas are scattered !” and so true was it, that we wish it had remained on the tablet of thy memory. Associated with other things, it may yet be retained ; and two auxiliaries to recollection we would state—it may either be suggested by that celebrated couplet—

“ The Spanish fleet thou canst not see,
Because—'tis not in sight ;”

or, by the reply of an orator, who said, when it was proposed to send Mr. Sadler from Newark to Clumber, “ That it would be sending one heap of scattered ideas to another heap of scattered ideas ; or, as we should say, sending coals to Newcastle.”

It is required by the highest authority, that we should render unto all their due ; but this, unhappily, is often disregarded. For example, a certain individual took from a peer a wretched building, miscalled a house, since not a room was habitable, and at his own expense he gave it whatever was necessary to respectability and comfort ; and an inn, in which he was deeply interested, becoming the head-quarters of the opposite party during a contest, he gave no vote on

either side, but attended a public dinner in the place where a portion of his property was embarked, when, without delay, he was discharged, and received twenty pounds, in return for an expenditure of two or three hundred!

Another person erected buildings on land belonging to the same nobleman, and received from his steward a document acknowledging the amount expended, but on voting for the "Blue" candidate, he was discharged, and the premises actually let to another tradesman *in the same line*; so that he was compelled in self-defence to shut up the place for a time, after he had obtained another, lest his business should be destroyed; nor has he ever received a farthing for all he has spent! Has his Grace heard of such circumstances? Some have—others shall—need we say with what feelings?*

What a charm is there in philanthropy! It binds indissolubly man to man; but where does it appear on the Newcastle patrimony! On what spot does mercy fall, "as the gentle dew of heaven!"—where are the poor, who bless, in every morning and evening prayer, the peer of Clumber? We have often visited Newark, where knowing much, we are much unknown, but have never yet seen eyes brighten at his name, or heard lips breathe a wish for his prosperity. It is said, indeed, that at his last visit, a mob, amidst the darkness of the night—for in the daylight he is rarely, if ever, seen—resolved on a personal assault, and that one hurled at him a lighted torch. We deprecate the deed: goaded as some were by a sense of injuries, none should have so acted; but we feel that the steps of a benefactor are not thus tracked, and that to philanthropy even the heart of a savage is not callous.

So far, then, from admitting that what is done by the Duke of Newcastle *cannot* be wrong, we trace some resemblance between him and the nobleman of whom Junius said, "that he never did right but by mistake," and, strange to tell, "that the spirit of inconsistency had never betrayed him into an honourable action." How far there is a likeness let facts decide! To these, and these only, the appeal has been made.

If, however, the interrogation "Is it to be presumed that I am not to do what I will with my own?" gains nothing from its author, its author as certainly gains nothing by it; for most confidently do we answer it in the affirmative, on grounds which no sophistry can shake.

The days are gone for ever when a man might be seen with a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, except by a file; while on this singular gorget was engraven, in Saxon characters, "Gurth, the son of Beveswulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." Now we laugh at assertions of power, because of their folly, or weep over them under a sense of their criminality. Our apprehensions are not excited even when we hear that the patron of the borough of Whitehaven said, on certain individuals petitioning against an election return, "I should like to know who these persons are! I should like to know by what right they petition! For the land on which they live is mine, and I can turn them all out;—the coals are mine, and I can not only deprive them of fire, but sink them in the earth;—the wells and pumps are mine, and I can deprive them of water;—nay, the very air they breathe is mine, for with my coal-mines I can suffocate them!" The pretensions of the peer of Clumber to power are equally untenable and ridiculous.

* As a farther illustration of the spirit manifested, it may be mentioned, that an old man, between eighty and ninety years of age, a tenant of the estate before the present Duke succeeded to it, and never in arrear for rent, voted for Serjeant Wilde, and was discharged with the rest. When, however, this was stated to indicate a decline of the Red cause, it was alleged, that the act of voting was *not voluntary* of the part of this man, but that he had done it in a state of intoxication, produced by the partizans of the Blue candidate! The strong feeling excited by this prevented legal proceedings to enforce the notice, which had otherwise been adopted.

On the late dissolution of Parliament, Mr. Sadler resigned his seat in terror, stating, indeed, ill-health as the cause, but betraying the fact by contesting Norwich, from whence he was sent back to the Duke, like a dishonoured bill *noted and protested*—a thing of much promise but little worth—that he may make his “last dying speech” as member for Aldborough.

Sir Roger Gresley appeared at Newark as his successor in ducal favour, and intimated according to custom, that the limits of the address he issued, “would not permit him to enter into any detail of his political opinions.” The baronet may be regarded as a political “flirt,” for at the age of thirty-two, he has cherished a slight and transient attachment to various spots; having last sat for New Romney, at which he had been once when he went to be elected, about a fortnight before the dissolution, and which stands in schedule A; having contested Lichfield and been a candidate for Evesham; and having been summarily compelled to resign his seat for Durham, a balance of eight or ten pounds being found in the pockets of the outvoters, after all expences were paid! Yet, notwithstanding, a very fit and proper person to represent the Duke's interests in the House of Commons. Incredible as it may appear, a coalition was formed forthwith between him and Mr. Handley:—the coalition of a profound Whig with an inveterate Tory,—of a declared Reformer with a determined opponent of the present ministry,—of an avowed advocate of popular rights with the nominee of an arbitrary and ty-annical Peer! Had it succeeded, the result had been deplorable. A profound mechanician thought he had discovered the means of always giving a fair wind to his pleasure-boat, and therefore he placed an immense bellows in the stern; but the bellows and the sails acted against each other, and the vessel stood still; the effect, however, would not have been analogous, for the Duke's influence would have been uncontrolled. Happily, the moustrous coalition was short-lived; with mutual recrimination the two candidates parted in bitterness, and then did each of them cast supplicating looks towards the blue candidate, asking political life of him whose cause they had confederated to destroy.

Of principles too elevated for contact, he spurned them both; leaving the *red* to feed the flame of inextinguishable enmity, which, he declared, was kindled in his bosom against his recent coadjutor; and the *yellow* in jealousy of his powers and success, to increase his own majority, and to plant his *blue* flag on the ruins of the ducal power, where it had been said it should never wave.

So familiar have our readers now become with the ordinary circumstances of elections, that we shall not describe them. As early as the second day, Serjeant Wilde's return was certain; and at the close, he had polled *six hundred and four plumpers*, and eight hundred and forty-nine votes, giving him the ascendancy of *one hundred and seventy-three* over the Duke's candidate; and one hundred and three over his half-and-half associate. Immediately after, he was chaired amidst the rapturous acclamations of an immense assemblage;—Mr. Handley wisely declining the honour;—having won trophies for himself not to be surpassed by any that have been gained by his contemporaries.

In accounting for this triumph, reference should first be made to the conduct of the Duke. To him belongs the legitimate influence of rank and property, and to its exercise no man will object. It is the exertion of power, to the violation of every principle both constitutional and moral, that has raised against him the indignation of the country, and proved fatal to himself. No course could have been more impolitic. Like Wouter Van Twiller, he has been shut up in himself like an oyster, and has conceived every subject on so comprehensive a scale that he has not had sufficient room in his head to turn it over and examine *both* sides. Thus he looked at one part of the Reform bill, and said in his place, that the majority of the people in Nottinghamshire were against it; when, as Earl Grey prophesied, the general election has proved the contrary; and when it was there a matter of question, whether an address ought not to be presented to his Majesty to remove *him* from the High Shrievalty of the county! In reference to Newark, he dwelt merely on the exertion of authority; and like the unlucky magician, who, not thinking of the effect of his incantation, evoked a ghost, before which

he fled with terror and alarm;—he has called forth a spirit which has broken for ever the iron rod of his power.

The highest praise is due to his opponent. He has had to contend with the Duke, aided by the Corporation, and by the greater part of the men of property;—with a party, in fact, whose wealth was large, whose prejudices were deeply rooted, and who were so arrogant from long-continued domination as to assert that the blues never did come in and never should;—but he has triumphed gloriously. His noble powers—his urbanity, heartiness, and generosity—his varied and most impressive eloquence—together with his indomitable energy and perseverance—have at length secured success, where any other man, and perhaps every other would have been discomfited. His watch-words have been “liberty,” “fair-play,” “peace;” and, they have proved talismanic. He has won his “blushing honours” in a manner which has extorted respect even from his foes.

In such circumstances, it cannot excite surprise that the electors have exerted themselves to the utmost. Toil and sacrifice have been bravely encountered. Many have struggled hard to prevent receiving parochial relief which would have deprived them of their franchise; while clothes have been pawned and food foregone to pay their rates that they might vote. Justice for once, at least, has been done them. At the election last autumn, the Recorder of the town was appointed assessor, in opposition to the remonstrance of Mr. Serjeant Wilde (who, in consequence, appropriated his portion of the fee to the benefit of the poor;) and a large number of votes was rejected, which ought to have been received. On that just concluded, another gentleman occupied the station, to whom the acknowledgments of both parties have just been tendered—and but few comparatively were refused.

A conviction of the imperative necessity of Reform, has contributed to the result. Recent events have removed the film from many eyes; the lukewarm have been aroused; and those, who had engaged in former conflicts, were compelled to employ their best energies in a fresh struggle.

One word more of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. We have written of him as honest and impartial Journalists, with deliberate conviction for our guide, and with nothing but facts to influence our decisions. Praise would have been far more grateful than censure; and we ask him yet to give us this pleasure. We have set down nought in malice, nor will we shut our eyes should any good thing come out of Clumber. We hope that having failed in the exertions of unconstitutional power, he will henceforward try a more legitimate influence.

But should he not, let parliament do its duty. Let it show that the resolution passed at the commencement of every session, and *never yet acted upon*, is not to remain a dead letter. Let the proof be given: “that it is a high infringement of the liberties and privileges of the House of Commons, for any lord of parliament, or lord-licutenant of any county, to concern himself in the election of members of parliament.” This ought to have been done in the case of Newark before. A petition from the discharged tenants was presented about two years since, praying that a Committee might be appointed to examine its allegations, and that the lease of the Crown-lands might not be renewed to the Duke. Two strong reasons existed for this: One was, the unconstitutional and oppressive power which he exerted on their tenants; and the other was, the injury which the property of the country sustained, by his employing it, not as in duty bound, for its direct improvement, but exclusively, for the collateral advantage of parliamentary influence. While places with natural advantages far inferior, have rapidly increased in wealth and importance, Newark has declined; though favoured with an excellent navigation to Hull and Liverpool, in the vicinity of other large towns, and apart from its political vassalage, exhibiting one of the fairest scenes imaginable for industry and talent. All houses recently erected have been built for electioneering purposes, nor is there to be seen in the neighbourhood a cottage, villa, or mansion, where the retired tradesman is closing his days in peace.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has had the misfortune to be cast on the political world at the latter end of a feast and the beginning of a fray. He came into power just as the system of extravagance and misrule was giving way "bit by bit," to the spirit of Reform. He has had a sad time of it, but he has shown a disposition accommodating to the utmost, but unluckily only at the uttermost extremity. He has not well read the fable of the Reed and the Oak—he has acted but imperfectly according to the precepts of Bacon—"By all possible endeavour to frame the mind to be pliant and obedient to occasion; for nothing hindereth men's fortunes so much as this, 'Idem manebat, neque idem decebat.'" He has lacked the perfection of the *versatile ingenium*. "Nothing is more polite," says the same authority, "than to make the wheels of our mind concentric and voluble with the wheels of fortune.—*Fatis arcede deisque*, do not only turn with the occasions, but also run with the occasions, and not strain credit or strength to over-hard or extreme points, but choose that which is most passable; for this (adds Bacon) will preserve men from foil, not occupy them too much about one matter, win opinion of moderation, please the most, and make a show of a perpetual felicity in all they undertake, which cannot but mightily increase reputation." All this, Sir Robert has attempted, but he has not been successful. He has been pliant to occasions, but his pliancy has been too abrupt, and has seemed like a giving way more than a floating on the tide of circumstances. His conversions come too late, and are too sudden, and pass him over intervals of opinion too considerable. He does not glide from one side to the other, so that it is difficult to say where the opponent's part has ended and the advocate's has begun, but undergoes a pantomimic change. We see him stand over the trap-door, and fumble with his loops and strings, and—hey presto! away goes his old character, he kicks and tumbles together its apparel, shuffles it through the boards, and stands before us quite another sort of antic. He started in life on the bigot interest—why? not because it suited the bias of his mind, which is really liberal, where there is no motive of ambition the other way, but because Canning was in possession of the opposite field. After Canning's death, the opportunity presently occurred of passing into the tide of toleration; he did so, and was execrated by the Intolerants, and all but derided by the liberals. The same men who had worshipped Canning as the God of Liberty, then worshipped Peel as the God of Candour. It was blasphemy to say that he had either been insincere in his intolerant professions, or was insincere and interested in his conversion. Now, such has been his reverse, that those who were loudest in the praise of his greatness of mind in becoming an emancipator, and who attributed to him all pure and exalted motives, are the freest in sneering at the ductility of his principles, and refer to this very passage in his political life, as warranting every conjecture of shabby pliancy. Such is the injustice of party spirit. Read the *Globe* and *Chronicle* of 1829 on Mr. Peel's conduct on the Catholic claims, and read their cutting sarcasms at this moment in reference to it. The turn to Reform, for which he seems preparing, is not received with favour, partly because the effect of it is likely to be more inconvenient than his hostility, and partly because he is not now a minister—a circumstance which makes a vast difference in the estimate of actions. At the Tamworth election dinner, Sir Robert has shown signs of a disposition to listen to reason, as it is termed. He observed,

"He had never been the decided supporter of any band of political partisans; but had always thought it much better to look steadily at the political circumstances of the times in which they lived; and if necessities were so pressing as to demand it, there was no dishonour or discredit in relinquishing opinions or measures, and adopting others more suited to the altered circumstances of the country. For this course of proceeding he had been censured by opposite parties: by those who, upon all occasions, thought no changes were required, as well as by those who, in his opinion, were the advocates of too violent and sudden innovations. That middle course, however, he would continue to pursue [cheers.] He held it to be impossible for any statesman to adopt one fixed line of policy under all circumstances; and the only question with him when he dé-

parted from that line should be—Am I actuated by any interested or sinister motive, or do I consider the measures I contemplate called for by the circumstances and necessities of the country?"

In one of Mr. Galt's novels, ("The Provost," if we remember rightly,) there is a "pawkie" character who holds precisely the same language, and hopes to slide easily through the world by accommodating himself glibly to its shifts and changes; but Sir Robert has never succeeded happily in this watching the turn of the political market. He either wants sagacity or the opportunity to read the times, and is never forward enough in obeying its movements. His yielding point should have been the Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform. The pulse of the country was then felt, and a compliant politician, as Sir Robert Peel professes to be, should have been directed by the prognosis.

SPELLING.—There are distinguished names, upon the spelling of which, the world is resolved not to agree. They appear daily in the newspapers, and in one are spelt one way, and in another, another. Nay, the same journals in two days will give the two varieties. Of these, the most conspicuously ill-used are Althorp, or Althorpe; Lansdown, or Lansdowne; and sometimes Melbourne, or Melbourn.

IRISH MEN AND MANNERS.—Can we wonder at the barbarism of the Irish people when we see the barbarism of their gentry? What an example is the quarrel between Mr. Steele and Mr. O'Gorman Mahon! By the way, we observe that the latter person treats the addition of Mister to his name, as "a breach of courtesy," and certainly, from the conduct described, it would scarcely be supposed that it belonged to him. Mr. Steele, in the High-street of Ennis, spoke of Mr. O'Gorman Mahon as improperly, we dare say, as the public men of Ireland are in the habit of speaking of each other when there is any ill-blood between them. Mr. Mahon's brother instantly passed that word which the sons of the Green Isle so freely give on every occasion. A message was sent, a meeting appointed, but Mr. O'Gorman Mahon having heard what had occurred, hastened to the spot to take the quarrel out of his brother's hands, when the following scene was acted, according to his account.

"O'Gorman Mahon instantly demanded satisfaction for the insulting language which he had dared to use yesterday behind his back, and at a time when he was several miles from the town; but Mr. Steele, evidently endeavouring to avoid coming to the point, was about to enter into some conversation, when O'Gorman Mahon cut the matter short, by at once branding Mr. Steele as a *pusillanimous calumniator, a mean, low back-biter, a common swindler, a liar, a forger, a despicable bully, and a rank coward*; at the same time inflicting (*in the usual manner pursued by gentlemen*) the chastisement of public horsewhipping. This done, O'Gorman Mahon declared that neither his brother nor any other gentleman could condescend to meet Mr. Steele unless he instantly gave him (O'Gorman Mahon) satisfaction for his insulting language.

"O'Gorman Mahon then leaped from the road into the field, calling on Mr. Steele, if he had a particle of the courage he pretended to possess, to *follow him and take his ground*. Mr. Steele, however, after delaying on the road for a short time, instead of complying with the challenge thus given him, sneaked off from the ground, accompanied by his friends, amidst the hisses and groans of the people assembled.

"The horses were shortly afterwards taken from O'Gorman Mahon's carriage, and he with his brothers and friends, were drawn into town, amidst the acclamations of the people, occasionally interrupted by cries and groans of 'Steele, the cowardly bully!'"

This certainly is no very good example to a people sufficiently disposed to violence, and why is it an example?—Why cannot Irish gentlemen carry on their brawls without a mob at their heels? Why is it necessary to make a public scene of a quarrel and a duel? The effect undoubtedly is to let down the bearing of the parties to a level with the taste of the rabble. Mr. O'Gorman Mahon's bulletin says that he horsewhipped his man "in the usual manner pursued by gentlemen;" but if there be a manner of horsewhipping in Ireland peculiar to the usage of gentlemen, it must surely be the only refinement in their quarrels, above the practices of the mobs that witness and approve them. A public always forms the style of actors whether on the stage or the green sward,

and when the vulgar are called in as witnesses, (whence the passage is immediate to critics,) to the approbation of the low will the course of conduct be accommodated.

As a pendant to the O'Gorman Mahon fray, we shall cite the scene of a duel from one of the very clever "Tales of The Munster Festival," which most dramatically exemplifies the spirit and manner of Irish duelling. It wants, however, the finishing indecency of a mob of witnesses. A servant is the narrator.

"The Masther an' Mистер Doody over, that had a difference about a horse o' the Masther's, that he knocked again' Mистер Doody's chesnut mare, an faix if they had, they struck one another on the rights of it. Well, it was late at night, after they dining' together over at the Priest's house, an' so after they going, they agreed to fight one another in the middle o' the village, an' they havin' no seconds, nor nobody with 'em but meself. Indeed only Mистер Doody was drunk, I don't say he'd do it, for he was always very exact about discipline, an' to say the truth, fonder of the discipline then he was o' the fightin' (with a knowing wink). But the Masther threatened to post him, if he wouldn't do it that minute. So they borried a pair o' blunder pushes, and loaded 'em with slugs, an' they agreed to walk up to one another, from one end o' the street to the other, and to fire when they plazed. Well, when Doody walked away to his post, an' the night so pitch dark, that you wouldn't see a stem apast your hand; 'I'll tell you what it is now, Masther,' says I, makin' up to him an' whispering in his ear, 'walk away home with yourself now, an' lave him there, an' you'll have a joke again Doody for ever.' He made me no answer, only ga' me a kick that tumbled me in the gutter. I had no time to say more, only made a one side, an' hid behind the pump, for fear Doody would begin to fire unknownst. Well, it is'nt long till I hear the Masther crying out, 'Where are you, Doody, you scoundrel, are you skulkin anywhere in a corner? Let me know, till I blow yer brains out.' 'Here, you rascal,' cries Doody, 'out frontin' you in the street.' So they blazed at one another. 'Did you get it that time, you scoundrel?' cries the Masther. 'No, you rascal: did you?' cries Doody. 'I didn't, you Pig,' says the Masther; 'Let us load again.' So they stept on one side and loaded. 'Stand out again, you tinker,' cries the Masther, 'until I riddle you.' 'I'm here already, you ruffian,' says Doody. 'So they blazed again. 'Well,' cries Doody, 'did you get it now?' The Masther said nothing, so I crept out atcard, an' went over an' found him sittin' upon the ground, an' the gun lying anear him. 'Are you hurt, Masther?' says I. 'Batt,' says he, with a groan, 'I believe we're a pair o' fools.' 'Have you much pain, Sir?' says I. 'It went through the shoulder,' says he, 'an' lodged inside, I fear.—Where's Doody?' 'He run off,' says I, 'when he seen you down.' 'He was right,' says the Masther. 'Well,' says he, an' I puttin' him up on the horse, 'whatever comes of it, Batt, it's a comfort to know that we done the business like gentlemen.'

ITERUM O'GORMAN MAHON.

From the Limerick Herald of Thursday.

EXTRAORDINARY ENCOUNTER.—O'Gorman Mahon met Major Macnamara in Jail-street, Ennis, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon yesterday. He accosted the Major with his usual warmth of manner, and said that he, the Major, had grossly deceived him, and had violated his word; that he had promised to observe a strict neutrality, and that, contrary to such promise, he had formed a coalition with Mr. M. O'Connell. This Major Macnamara indignantly denied, and by his gestures seemed highly exasperated at a charge thus involving his character and honour. O'Gorman Mahon hereupon gave Major Macnamara "the lie;" which the Major, in his turn, retorted vehemently upon O'Gorman Mahon, adding, "Sir, you are an infamous liar, and every way unworthy the notice of a gentleman—from a gentleman you have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope from him but his scorn." Major Macnamara then declared that he had been long aware of O'Gorman Mahon's treachery in the House of Commons. He reminded him, that on the night of the division of the Civil List, he (O'Gorman Mahon) had told him (Major Macnamara) he would vote with Mr. Peel, notwithstanding his efforts on the first day of the election, as on other occasions, to make it appear that he had been shut out by accident, and that if he had been present he would have voted against Ministers.

O'Gorman Mahon did not attempt to deny this statement, every word of which was uttered in a tone which bespoke the strongest and most excited feelings. When the words "infamous liar" were spoken, O'Gorman Mahon took off his hat, and made Major Macnamara a low bow. As the parties separated, the latter gentleman exclaimed, that he now avowed his determination to oppose him. That he would never

suffer O'Gorman Mahon to be the Representative of Clare—that he should not now succeed, nor should he at any other time. “You have ceased,” said the Major, with indescribable energy and indignation, “to have a connexion with the county for ever.”

This description seems to be coloured in favour of Major Macnamara, but the frequent appearance of Mr. Mahon in the character of brawler, and the intemperance, of which there is ample indisputable evidence, raise a strong presumption that the account is substantially correct. Mr. O'Gorman Mahon, doubtless, thinks these extravagancies very fine—indeed his person, bearing, and conduct are precisely such as Lady Morgan delights to imagine in a Milesian hero; a gentleman with a big O before his name, and large black whiskers on his cheeks—half melancholy, half vivacity, all talent; very strong of back, and prone to violence of hand and tongue; who, talks incessantly of the sorrows of his country, and the by-gone glory of his ancestors—(which consisted in keeping some scores of idle knaves in meat, drink, and lodging,) in short an O'Donnell, or any other O'Hero of the Morgan creation. But how much of the effect of these jewels depends upon the setting! In a book they are all delightful to milliners' apprentices, and only tedious to people of taste and understanding, but in action they are rather too original for the business of the world. We should almost suspect that Lady Morgan had created Mr. Mahon—we mean in a literary way. We can imagine him formed after her *beau idéal* of a high-spirited Irish gentleman—*impiger, acer, iracundus*. In these cases we think the country ought to have a remedy against authors, who should be bound to take the charge of such unmanageable heroes as have formed themselves in imitation of their examples of perfection. How many young men Childe Harold stripped of their neckcloths and their social qualities, and made melancholy and scornful! but these were harmless creatures, whose sublimities exalted them above the vulgar mischiefs which the world, as it is, offers opportunity for. A stout Hibernian, formed on one of Lady Morgan's models, is, however, far too practical an eccentric, and we question whether the productions that have presented them might not be indicted for their tendency to provoke breaches of the peace. They are of decidedly disorderly tendency. As a general rule we should say that on the same principle of policy on which the Highlanders were obliged to wear anonymous clothing, the Irish should be obliged to leave off their O. No man with an O before his name will keep the peace. That round bawling letter seems to be a fore-wheel to carry its owners into mischief.

THE GOULBURN DISCOVERIES.—Pending the contest for the representation of the University of Cambridge, the Morning Post quoted a very remarkable instance, indeed, of Mr. Goulburn's scientific attainments:

“We understand, that although, owing to circumstances with which the public are not concerned, Mr. Goulburn declined becoming a candidate for University honours, his scientific attainments are far from inconsiderable. He is well known to be the author of an Essay in the Philosophical Transactions on the Accurate Rectification of a Circular Arc, and of an investigation of the Equation to the Lunar Caustic—a problem likely to become of great use in nautical astronomy.”

This reminds us of Goldsmith's story of the quack, who, on being asked whether the *syncope* or the *parenthesis* was the more dangerous disorder of the body, answered unhesitatingly the *parenthesis*. The simplicity with which the poor *Post* has swallowed the hoax is extremely diverting, and one quite envies the wag his wicked success;—“The equation to the lunar caustic—a problem likely to become of great use in nautical astronomy?” Oh, delightfully grave reflection! Doubtless the *Post* having heard (for our *Post* does hear,) of Lunar observations, and of caustic observations, supposed that Lunar Caustic might be compounded of the two, and of nautical use. The real discovery of Goulburn was the x^{th} power of brass, and the squaring the circle of an empty noddle to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

WHIGS AND TORIES.—When the Whigs coalesced with the Tories in power, or showed every readiness to do so in the early part of the Wellington adminis-

tration, the old distinction of the terms Whig and Tory was declared absurd, and very earnestly deprecated as unreal, unjust, and impolitic—a name of division when differences had ceased. Since the downfall of the Tories and the elevation of the Whigs to power, we have observed the ministerial prints reviving the use of these words, and employing them most freely where praise was to be claimed for the one denomination, or disgrace to be heaped on the other. Instead of Liberal and Illiberal, as so strongly recommended in 1829-30, it is now again Whig and Tory. Such again is party, and the difference of *in* and out.

THE LOYAL AND PATRIOTIC FUND.—The list of subscriptions to the Loyal and Patriotic Fund presents abundant examples of the truth of the saying, “Great talk and little do.” All the very small donations are accompanied with two or three lines of sentiment or explanation, as if the parties thought to compensate the slenderness of their offerings by the abundant patriotism of their expressions. The effect is, that a well-meaning person subscribes half-a-crown or five shillings, and a guinea is paid out of the fund for advertising it! The motives of these poor people have nevertheless been excellent, and they have been generous to the extent of their means, and in saying so much about a little service they have only followed the course of the world, whose talk is always inversely proportioned to deficiency. Rating profession and performance together at one hundred; when a man acts as ninety-nine he talks as one; and when he acts as unit he talks as ninety-nine.

To pick out a few instances from a list which was published on the 19th ult.

“Discordant notes from the Welsh Harp, Fulwood’s-rents, Holborn, per Mr. M’Cornac	0 16 8
“A mite from the Servant of ditto, a strenuous advocate for the opening of all close boroughs	0 1 0
“Oh, ho! my brother Charles, says Peter, you’ll teach me to beat you at last	0 2 6
“Twenty-six grains, to strengthen Russel’s Purgative, subscribed by a few persons using the Rising Sun, Shoemakers-row, Doctor’s Commons	1 6 0
“From one who has retired to the mountains, calmly awaiting the glorious emancipation of his county from Oligarchical bondage	0 10 0

The spirit of all this is very good, but if it had condensed itself in fewer words it would have better promoted the object. These good people have omitted to observe that the newspapers get the lion’s share of their contributions in consequence of the abundance of their words of preface. *Apropos* of newspapers: they are always vastly earnest in writing up subscriptions, doubtless with purely disinterested motives, and it was especially excellent during the late election to see them recommending sacrifices, as they did, and extolling professional men for giving their time and services gratis, but, while they so commended this course of conduct, they exacted an increased price for election advertisements! On that spirit-stirring occasion, Lawyers, even Lawyers, gave their labour without charge, but the journals clapped some twenty per cent. on the announcements of candidates! Such is preaching and practice. We know not whether all required a larger price for election advertisements, but we know that some most noisy in their professions of public spirit did so; and did any assist the good cause by reducing their charges to candidates of the right principles, or the principles they maintained to be the right?

CAPTAIN BEECHEY AND THE LOO CHOOS.—Among other idle stories of the Loo Choos, Captain Basil Hall said that arms were unknown to them—at which Buonaparte laughed. Captain Beechey, with amusing simplicity and superabundance of logic, thus disserts upon the question:—

“We never saw any weapon whatever; and the supposition of their existence rests entirely upon the authority of the natives, and upon circumstantial evidence. Ching-oong-choo, and several other persons, declared there were both cannon and muskets in the island; and On-yah distinctly stated that there were twenty-six of the former distributed among their fanks. We were disposed to believe this statement, from seeing the fishermen and all classes at Napa so familiar with the use and exercise of our cannon, and particularly so from their appreciating the improvement of the flint-lock upon

that of the match-lock, which I understood from the natives to be in use in Loo Choo; and unless they possessed these locks it is difficult to imagine from whence they could have derived their knowledge. The figures drawn upon the panels of the Jo's house seated upon broadswords and bows and arrows, may be adduced as a further evidence of their possessing weapons, and this is materially strengthened by the fact of their harbour being defended by three square stone forts, one on each side of the entrance, and the other upon a small island, so situated within the harbour that it would present a raking fire to a vessel entering the port, and these forts having a number of loop-holes in them."

This accumulation of proofs in support of a *disposition to believe*, evinces rather a ridiculously earnest desire to be safe and logical. Suppose a voyager from Loo Choo had raised a question whether animal food was known to Englishmen, and a later voyager had reasoned the matter, thus:—"We never saw any cattle whatever, and the supposition of its use for nourishment rests entirely upon the authority of the natives and upon circumstantial evidence. Sir Charles Flower, and several other persons, declared there were both beef and mutton in the island, and Captain Crammer distinctly stated there were barrels of the former, and coops of poultry distributed among their junks. We were disposed to believe the statement, from seeing the fishermen, and all classes at Portsmouth so familiar with the use of our pillau, and particularly so from their appreciating an improvement in the cookery, and unless they had eaten of such food it is difficult to imagine from whence they could have derived their taste. The figures drawn upon the signs of their eating houses, of shoulders of mutton and ribs of beef, may be adduced as a further evidence of their consuming meat, and this is materially strengthened by the fact of their houses being provided with square closed, presenting a view of cold joints of sheep and oxen, and fowls, ducks, and geese hanging up as if prepared for the spit."

"Jack Cade their old-time's meat to dress the Lord's wealth, and set a new nap upon it."—*Shakspeare.*

NAPOLEON'S HAT AT COVENT GARDEN.—To what uses may heroes come at last! The name of Napoleon, which once filled the world, is now employed to fill Covent Garden Theatre—

. . . I demens et savas eute per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

Heu Gloria!—it is made a melo-drama of at Covent Garden Theatre. The name at which the world grew pale is only good to adorn a play-bill! A life that involved the destinies of Europe is dull and tedious in seven short acts. The clothes give the interest to the pageant,—the advertised reality of the waist-coat and breeches, upon which we remarked in our last number. The Morning Chronicle says—

"The hat worn by Mr. Warde, in his personation of Napoleon Buonaparte at Covent Garden Theatre, is the identical hat worn by the hero himself. It was borrowed of the gentleman to whom it belongs, who is a resident in Paris, under a *solemn injunction* to return it at the end of the season.

The hat worn by the hero himself! Had he only one hat through life? But let that pass. Could he have dreamed that the hat which covered the head that governed Europe would be one day worn by a London actor representing his character, and the decline and fall of his greatness—how idly wild and improbable would have seemed the vision! Other circumstances apart, he could scarcely have supposed that so sold a nation as the English would fix curiosity on such trifles. But we are not a solid nation—we are the most trifling people on the face of the earth. There is nothing of which a toy cannot be made in England, down to a gibbet or a halter. A lock of an assassin's hair has been sold for its weight in gold (Thutell's); and a slip of a hedge-bush through which the murdered man had been dragged, has been more precious than silver. The pistol that did the deed was almost above price. A barn, in which a victim of seduction was butchered, has absolutely been sold in tooth-picks, tobacco-stoppers, and snuff-boxes. These are oddly chosen baubles, but they denote a luxury in irrational caprices to be observed among no other people. No

wonder then that a great man's hat is reckoned upon as an object of attraction—the original nap, the identical three-cornered beaver worn by Buonaparte on all heroic occasions! The Chronicle, always well-informed in these matters, says, "it was borrowed under a solemn injunction to retain it at the end of the season." We can easily imagine the solemnity of the transaction, and it would be pleasant to know the terms of the engagement of the hat. At how many guineas a night does it play—of course it has a box in the theatre, but will it have a benefit? Alas! its nap was brushed away, and past raising, by the rough handling of Waterloo.

It is a part of the judicious management of our theatres, to be always imitating each other. One of the Patent houses imitates a Minor, and the sister in the neighbouring street, the nymph of Drury-Lane, imitates it. Years ago, Astley's had its *Life and Death of Napoleon*, with the snuff-taking and snubbing, and brusquing, the grey coat and three cornered hat, (not indeed the identical one worn by the hero himself, and lent with a solemn injunction) the white horse, and the reins held in the right or the wrong hand; the marchings and countermarchings, the military show, and better done than any Major Theatre can get up such things; and now Covent Garden copies this sort of performance. Drury-Lane, instead of allowing the town a variety, instantly takes its cue from the other house, as we learn from this announcement.

"The Managers of Drury-lane Theatre are preparing for representation another version of the eventful life of Napoleon Buonaparte, which is intended to be prolonged, for the first time, on Monday next. Its chief incidents, in three parts, will be founded on Buonaparte's acquirements whilst he was at the Military School at Brienne, the Boyage of Lodi, and the entrance of the Allied Armies into Paris. Mr. Wallack will understand, personate Buonaparte, in the historical drama."

Mr. Wallack, the most illustrious of actors, is no doubt best qualified for the personation of the military character; but I should wonder, how can Buonaparte's acquirements be so well be made the subject of a drama? Shall we see him wringing silver pens, or slate in hand, applying himself to the reward of a case of mathematical instruments? Will he work problems or draw plans on the stage?

THE GENTLEMAN.—No people under the sun lay so much stress on the name of gentleman as the British, or put forth such odd clauses to it. At the Dorsetshire election this polite conversation passed—it is much what Shakespeare would have imagined of such worthies sticking for their honours.

"Mr. Phillips: Did you say that I was no gentleman? I should like to hear you say it again."

"Mr. Rutter: I say again you are no gentleman to behave in such a manner."

"Mr. Phillips: I say you are a liar, and if I were near you, I would pitch into you [confusion]."

"A reformer on the hustings: 'Don't use such language as that, but answer him if you can.'"

"'Ay,' from another voice, 'answer the Quaker; it is all gaudium to abuse him; answer him like a gentleman.'"

"Mr. Phillips: It is not my occupation [loud laughter]. I don't think addressing a crowd to be a gentlemanly occupation."

"Mr. Rutter: I do, and so there we differ."

"A voice in the crowd: That fellow is a butcher [a laugh]."

"Mr. Rutter: I am sure he is no gentleman [roars of laughter]."

"Mr. Phillips: If I were near you, I would make you repeat that language."

"Mr. Rutter: I shall never be afraid to say it, either here or elsewhere, or to bring a thousand persons, if need be, to prove that I said it. I am perfectly able to defend myself."

"Mr. Phillips here: *houted* Mr. Rutter."

"Mr. Rutter: I never saw a fellow with more effrontery than you have. Your very countenance bespeaks the vacancy of your mind."

In quarrels we generally observe that a repetition of any thing particularly unpleasant is desired by the patient. "Hit me again—I should like to see you do it."—"Did you say I was no gentleman? I should like to hear you say it again." The gentleman is indulged with the repetition of so pleasant a compliment, and he vindicates his title to the denied description by giving the lie, and

declaring that he only wanted opportunity to pitch into the party whose speech he had eulogized. We can remember the time when the word *gentleman* was not so exclusively coveted and applied—*lady*, too, has been going down in the world. Chimney sweepers and dustmen now “this gentleman” and “that gentleman” each other; and washerwomen and basket-women even in their brawl, never refuse the style of lady to those whose caps they tear, or whose place in the creation they traduce to a canine level.

CIVIC BARBARISM.—A correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* says:—

“Allow me, in the name of all that is venerable in antiquity and historical association, to request your instant interference to promote re-consideration, if not re-creation, of the barbarian order which has, I understand, been issued by some turtle-headed managers of the New Bridge works for the destruction of the Lady Chapel of St. Saviour’s Church, which, in their wisdom, is judged to have been an unwarrantably excessive, which Ecclesiastical architects of former days were guilty of permitting in our Churches.

“The building in question forms the Consistorial Court of the Diocese, and is peculiarly interesting, as the scene of the trials of many of the *St. Saviour’s*; its interior has always been highly prized and admired, and all that can now be said against it is—first, that externally it would cost something to repair it; and, secondly, that it may abridge room valuable for building purposes. An important consideration in the eyes of those who are expending what we must almost reckon by millions in renovating their bridge?

“Surely when it is considered that Westminster Abbey and St. Saviour’s Church constitute almost the total of Ecclesiastical antiquity left to the neighbourhood of London, it is not to be tolerated that City Aldermen are, in mere wantonness and simple ignorance of what they are about, to run riot on the precious remains left to our care.

“Where is the wealthy Bishop of the Diocese (Westminster), when his very Court is thus knocked about by eggs? I am told that it is upwards of 5000*l.* might be necessary to make this *St. Saviour’s* ought to be, if it is to stand. Those who are acquainted with such matters, on the other hand, that even 500*l.* would preserve it in very tolerable condition. But supposing five thousand pounds to be really a correct estimate in making this part of the Church what it was and ought to be, why should not such a sum be found? The Church will look miserably without it, and can a nobler ornament to the New Bridge works be imagined than the restoration of this beautiful Church, placed in a suitable opening? Let the Bridge Fund find one or two thousands out of the hundreds of thousands provided for the handsome completion of the works; let the City of London advance something out of their tax on our coals; let the Bishop tithe his revenues; the parish contribute; and the public, if necessary, subscribe; and if three times five thousand be wanted, they should be forthcoming, rather than this base outrage should be perpetrated.”

In the charges against Mr. Scales, we do not remember any allegation of such barbarism as is implied in this design. The plea of expense never prevailed against a feast, or a drift up and down the Thames in a floating-house bedaubed with gilding; but rather than spend a few hundred pounds, this tasteful city would sacrifice one of its most interesting antiquities? As for the estimate of five thousand pounds as necessary for the preservation of the building, we mistrust it, because it is probable that the Aldermanic idea of what is necessary differs much from the antiquarian’s idea of what is necessary. Perhaps they think it necessary to refit the chapel with cedar wood and crimson velvet, and to touch it up with gilt cherubim after the manner of that model of appropriate decoration, the Lord Mayor’s barge. *Sed non est his locus.* When the fine old Temple Church was refitted some few years ago, according to the directions of the Benchers, we remember that the robes of the ancient effigies of the abbots, and bishops, were painted a bright purple, and gilt, their grim visages were made as rubicund as Boniface, and altogether they were made to look,

Like beedles taking a snore,
With their holiday gowns about them.

And surely Aldermen have a right to be as void of taste, as Benchers of learned societies?

