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THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY 1, 1830.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

NATIONAL IMPROVEMENTS OF LATE YEARS.

trace out, in all its various bearings and details, the entire object of the title, would fill a volume, but we do not despair of rendering our article sufficiently intelligible, even in a single paper, and satisfactorily to show the immense progress in general improvement the European world has made, for example, since the battle of Waterloo. At all events we will be agreeable to turn from national distress, that has been so loudly sounding upon our ears for the last twelve months, towards a more cheerful amelioration. Matthews, in one of his *At Homes*, describes a man who has been round the world but never in it; now the difference between this ideal personage of the mimic's fancy and our readers will be, that the former, in his circuit, came home as wise as he set out; whilst the latter, at any rate, will be enlightened by facts, if they should not be by the inferences that are drawn from them; for the necessary objects for information in their voyage, in many cases, lie so completely upon the surface that "he who runs may read," and consequently, during our piloting, attention and impartiality are the only requisites.

A prominent feature in the present aspect of affairs is the disinclination to go to war.

Cobbett has somewhere given a *feminine grace* to that *incubus* upon our national resources, the public debt, provided it with the power of speech, and made it hold out a threat to the sovereign authority; "So long as I exist you shall never go to war." This, probably, in part, may be true; the National Debt may have done something to render us less quarrelsome; but the general disposition to cultivate the arts of peace, throughout the European family, has done, we believe, a great deal more. We are not going to discuss the increased pressure that our finances would suffer by the expenses of another war; all we are bound to notice here, upon this point, is the facility of raising money for the purpose. All wars have been generally popular in their commencement, and, if the sinews of them lay readily for the hand of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, every thing went on smoothly at first. We have gone to war in a hurry, and repented at leisure; that has been our constant practice, and, if cutting throats, without any thought as to the financial consequences that were to follow the exploit, were as much the fashion as formerly, none of his predecessors were ever better prepared for setting the thing going than Mr. Goulburn; for such is the abundance of money in the city, that he could, with the greatest

facility, raise a loan upon very advantageous terms of fifty millions in a week. We have the ready means as much as ever to go to war, and, therefore, if some higher motive, some more permanent cause than poverty, (which never has a powerful influence either upon nations or individuals, so long as they can raise money,) to remain at peace did not exist, we should scarcely have enjoyed it amidst all the changes and chances of the last fifteen years. It is out of the province of this paper to discuss foreign politics, or to allude to honour compromised, or faith broken; these subjects have been noticed somewhat broadly in recent publications.

Since the Peace, the great object of mankind seems to have been the accumulation of wealth, and, almost as a necessary consequence, general amelioration has followed in its train. It may be useful in the infancy of the undertaking to glance at its progress. We are not disappointed at seeing many rude efforts made that must prove abortive. Looking on calmly at a distance, we are under no surprise at individuals, statesmen as well others, proceeding with the great task upon false principles, the information necessary for the due performance of it has been till of late years very imperfect, but the inclination to turn seriously to it, is an immense point gained, and under the present circumstances of the world we have a confident hope that errors in policy will settle down, the true interests of nations be thoroughly understood, and their powers correctly appreciated. We shall then have no waste of valuable resources in the production of commodities in one country that could be raised better and cheaper in another; and every department of industry will be for the most part applied to its legitimate object.

In this sketch we begin with the minor States, because, in some of them, the improvement is as striking in proportion to their means of making it as among the larger communities; but, before we do so, let us for a moment refer to a period that has been constantly held up by historians, and turned to by other writers as one of splendid distinction, in which the arts extended themselves, rational liberty increased, and all the chief ingredients that compose the happiness of the human race were in active operation. We mean the close of the seventeenth century. The principles of rational freedom were, indeed, extending themselves in England during that period, and the commencement of the eighteenth century, and the consequent amelioration of the people was proceeding; for it is impossible that the spread of liberty should take place without other adequate social and political advantages. But what was the general improvement that then occurred, in commerce, in the life-spring of commerce, communication, in buildings, in education, and the various objects of national greatness? They proceeded, indeed, but at a snail's pace. If we turn to England's great rival, at the above period, we shall find her indeed making progress in elegant literature, and several important branches of industry; but still her chief object was in exhausting her resources, and bringing all the arts of peace and war to bear upon one point; to flatter the vanity and swell the ambition of Louis XIV. The splendour of the court, the immense scale of military operations, the celebrity of the generals employed in conducting them dazzled the senses, and the world believed that a more rapid progress was making in civilization than was really the case. Nations were not then in a condition for making rapid strides in refinement, as they now are. The ideas of statesmen, upon this point, even

had they been honest and unfettered, were imperfect and abstruse. The people were not in their right place. The power of those from whom alone national wealth can advance was not understood, and progress was made rather in defiance of than in accordance with the measures of government and general legislation. This state of things is now, happily for mankind, in rapid decay; but it is well to throw a shade over the false glare of a period that by many persons, who ought to know better, if their minds were not distorted by prejudice and bigotry, is held up as almost a political millennium. For the community of courtiers, we admit, it was a favourable season, but not for communities at large. It was the period for making great monarchs, not the period for making great nations. The world, we believe, is now arrived at that point of time, and the last ten years have produced (and those that will succeed them, if no great political convulsion take place, which by the progress of events is every day rendered more improbable, will produce) beneficial changes in the general condition of nations, that in amount and effect might have been looked for in vain during the preceding century. These changes were then like angel visits, they are now of daily occurrence; they were then brought into operation by casual circumstances, they are now proceeding under a settled system, as will appear from even the glance we are taking at European advancement. According to our arrangement, we will begin with two of the smallest powers—Sweden and Denmark; and first as to Sweden. The improvement that is taking place in this country is extraordinary, and can only be attributed to that general determination to ameliorate the condition of mankind that now appears so predominant throughout the world. There can be no particular local impetus among this unassuming people, no stirring principle that could especially have excited them, and yet we find them interesting themselves in a remarkable manner at this moment with regard to education, chemical and scientific improvements, agricultural pursuits, and manufactures. The increased exportation of salt within the last twelve months from England, has attracted the attention of those who attend to details of this nature with practical views; and it is found that a large portion of such increase goes to Sweden for agricultural purposes, for a spirit of strong rivalry is now existing as to the cultivation of the soil among Swedish landholders. A large subscription has recently been entered into at Stockholm, among private individuals of all ranks, for the encouragement of men of science, whether natives or foreigners; and the present intention of its projectors is, should it be found practicable with their means and other circumstances, to have agents in the different European capitals, from whom they may receive monthly reports as to the state of the sciences, and other objects connected with their institution. In the education of the peasantry, the higher classes, particularly in the towns, are evincing great zeal, and taking an active part themselves. At Motala there has been long established a manufacture for implements in iron and steel. This establishment has extended itself within these few years to more than double its former size, stretching, with its various branches, over a large extent of ground. Infant establishments of a similar kind are rising in other parts of the kingdom. The Danes are not behind their neighbours the Swedes in attending to education, commerce, and agriculture, whilst

they are taking somewhat more pains in facilitating communication. Great care is taken in Holstein, and indeed in all parts of Denmark, in raising wool; the improvement, as to fineness and quality, is considerable within a short time, and the trade consequently much more flourishing than it formerly was. Among other commercial movements, sugar refineries are establishing in Denmark, and, as a necessary consequence of these movements, buildings are in active progress. Even in the military state of Prussia, manufactures are extending themselves, particularly those of iron and steel goods. Carriages are also becoming a considerable department of trade in Prussia, and the breed of horses is strictly attended to. In Austria, the notice that is now paid to the breed of cattle, and especially sheep, with reference to the fineness of the wool, is remarkable; societies are forming throughout the Emperor's dominions for the encouragement of this source of wealth, and corresponding advances are making in other instances. The Bavarians and Saxons are closely attending to their respective manufactures of glass and woollen cloth, and are successfully proceeding with them, as every country must succeed when it applies itself to the production of such commodities as it is adapted to undertake. In the Netherlands, education is forming a principal object in the attention both of the executive and the community; and the King, acting in concert with the King of Prussia upon this important point, has formed two universities at Liege and Ghent, as the latter monarch has done in his kingdom; and the inhabitants of both those towns, the one in the manufacture of iron and steel goods, and the other in articles of cotton, are engaged in active industry. In Russia, agriculture, and its concomitants, care with respect to the breed of cattle, particularly horses, the amendment of roads, and education, are prominently regarded: manufactures also are in progress. Various artificers from Germany, especially from Hirschfeld, in Hanover, have been invited to Russia to extend and improve the fabric of fire-arms of all descriptions, chiefly fowling-pieces and muskets. Sugar refineries are also established at St. Petersburg, as well as at Hamburg and other places on the Continent.

Priest-ridden and devoted Spain, and even Portugal, under the ruffian usurpation of the vile and senseless tyrant Miguel, are proceeding in some degree. Till lately, the great roads of the former country were alone attended to; now those of minor importance are under extensive repair, which circumstance has increased the number of farm and other houses generally throughout the country; and from the augmented facility of obtaining materials, those that were previously formed are in a much better condition. An individual of extensive general information, intimately acquainted with the country, and only just returned from it, assured us, within the last month, that its face during the preceding ten years is greatly changed for the better. The lead that is annually raised in Spain, particularly near Almeria, is considerably increased in amount, and the manufacture consequent upon it is in much more active operation than formerly. In Portugal, we learn from an eye-witness, that the cultivation of the vine is improving. Could more, or even so much, be expected under such an accursed combination of tyranny and priestcraft as the lawless dynasty of Miguel produces?

If we turn our attention to France, what a mass of amelioration shall



we find in the midst of regulations that press upon the springs of industry and national wealth, which are still continued, and some that have been recently established, for what is blindly imagined the protection of commerce. If in this point of view we lament over the loss that the resources of a great nation are subjected to, it is gratifying to notice her struggling, though in many instances erroneously, in the arts of peace. It is gratifying to notice public opinion advancing, if not into the cabinet of her Ministers, into the chambers of her legislators, from whence it must, sooner or later, be heard in the inmost recesses of the Tuileries. It is gratifying to notice general knowledge advancing and science in progress; agriculture improving; manufactures in a state of activity; the means of communication rapidly extending, and all the energies of a great country, although not all properly directed, in prominent application. We should have been glad, if our space would have allowed us, to have gone into some details respecting the agriculture and manufactures of France, all tending to show the attention that is paid to them; but such details would carry us beyond our limits. However, passing events in France claim a moment's notice, for there is an extraordinary interest in her present state and prospects; although Great Britain might not, as heretofore, be dragged into a war to preserve a dynasty that has, to say no worse of it, and not to enter into particulars upon an ungracious subject, outlived the liking of those over whom it has borne sway. Should another revolution befall France, we have no expectation of a second Reign of Terror, with all the bloody paraphernalia of that period; for political massacres are now out of fashion; the world sees that the most important changes can occur without the aid of the guillotine; and the public mind, energetically directed, can produce alterations more remarkable than the efforts of all the executioners who sedulously laboured in their vocation during the Robespierrean ascendancy. Their great political convulsion, that had the honour or disgrace, which ever it may be regarded, of shaking Europe to its centre, and more or less unsettling every government in it, left the French their mercurial character in the lighter matters of life, but materially chastened them in affairs of graver import. Under every circumstance that can arise, the day is past for the French frontiers to be bristled with bayonets, and the English Channel studded with ships of the line, to enforce a strict political quarantine against the Bourbon subjects, lest the other members of the European family would be infected with their principles of anti-legitimacy. The time, we repeat, is past for this sort of mockery in defence of our altars and firesides; and the French, if they contemplate any change, will complete it more effectually, because they will pursue it more calmly than formerly. Rulers also, for the most part, unwilling as they may be to try the experiment because it interferes in official eyes with various good things of this world, begin to find out that it is safer for the state-vessel to steer with the tide of public feeling than against it; that measures founded on the basis of a sound, enlightened, and beneficial system of government, are better security than legions of bayonets. In this view of the question, if any alteration should take place in the French dynasty, which many well-informed persons anticipate when the day of trial for the Polignac Ministry arrives, although, we confess, that we are not of that number, in our judgment, it will not so materially affect Europe as is commonly believed.

Before we quit the contemplation of improvements in Continental Europe, the great undertakings that do not specifically belong to any state because they run over many, deserve a short enumeration. Independent of the rail-roads in Austria, and the canals of Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, recently formed; carriage-roads cross the Alps: others run from Nice to the Gulf of Spezzia, from Namur to Luxembourg, from Hanover to Deventer, from Hamburg to Hanover, from Mentz to Nimeguen, from Warsaw to Kalisz, and from Berlin to Leipzig. Indeed, the whole line of communication between St. Petersburg and Berlin is now excellent.

In regarding our own country in this rapid glance at European improvement, we have so often had occasion, and shall again have, to refer to her policy and resources, that we shall not dwell long upon them in this place. She has serious rivalry to contend against, but she has made rapid progress in the march of improvement. We will, in the first instance, take her tangible prosperity, if we may so express it, that which can be reduced to figures, and look at a few of her leading exports and imports.

In cotton-wool, that gigantic manufacture, the average annual importation in the four years immediately succeeding the Peace, was a fraction over 139 millions of lbs. The latest average return that is made up, raises the importation to 211 millions. The annual average export for the first period of cotton-wool, near 12 millions of lbs; for the second period, little short of 21 millions and a half. After the above export of cotton-wool, there was left for manufacture in this country in the first period nearly 127 millions and a half of lbs.; for the second, above 189 millions and a half. Cotton-yarn manufactured and exported in the first period, 20 millions of lbs.; in the second, 48 millions and a half. The annual average of cotton-cloth exported (computing six yards of cloth of all kinds to be produced from one pound of cotton) in the first period, was 255 millions and a half of yards; in the second, nearly 360 millions and a half. Cotton-cloth retained for home consumption in the first period was 227 millions of yards; in the second, above 399 millions and a half. In sheep's wool, the annual average of the importation in the first period was 14 millions and a half of lbs.; in the second, nearly 28 millions and a half; retained for home use in the first period 14 millions and a half of lbs.; for the second 27 millions and a half. Official value of woollens exported (annual average) in the first period, is 5,313,429*l*; in the second, 5,763,632*l*. Mr. Huskisson, in his luminous speech upon Mr. Davenport's motion respecting the national distress—a speech which has been designated by an official man of high authority as “the textbook for an English Minister”—makes the following remark upon the above item:—“Now, the principal quantity of the wool imported is of the finer qualities; and as the increase of export in the manufactured articles of woollen-cloth is very trifling, it follows that a great increase of consumption must have taken place in this country, unless it be maintained (which it certainly cannot, the reverse being the fact) that the growth of British wool has been diminished in a degree corresponding with the increased foreign supply. The increased home consumption is principally in fine cloth made of Saxon and the high-priced wools.” This last sentence, to the extent it goes, shows the increased demand for the better and more expensive fabric. The annual average

import of raw and thrown silk in the first period was under two millions of lbs.; in the second, nearly four millions. "The export of manufactured silk goods," Mr. Huskisson observes, "has varied very little, upon a comparison of these two periods."

The importation of flax in the first period was 368,371 cwt.; in the second, 830,421 cwt. We will only take one more article in this enumeration of proofs of increasing wealth, and we do so because it is always ready at hand with the disciples of despondency. We allude to fir timber; the annual average import of which, in the first period, was 289,379 loads; in the second, as nearly as it can be made up, 541,454 loads. This list might be greatly enlarged by items all tending to the same point. The shipping interest and its complaints would require, if it were necessary to enter into a minute investigation of the subject, a separate consideration; but it is not so; for Mr. Huskisson, in the speech to which with so much satisfaction we have referred, has completely answered, if he has not silenced those complaints, and shown the active and increasing employment of British shipping; not, indeed, at war freights, but at prices that are accommodating themselves to the circumstances around them.

It can scarcely be worth while to notice so shallow a deception; but as we are reminded of the circumstance by looking at the foregoing facts, we will allude to Alderman Waithman's notable motion for the return of documents to show the decline in the exports of the country. If the Alderman, who, by the way, declared some time ago in the House of Commons, if he were not misrepresented by the reporters, that he had read about political economy until he was quite bewildered, has any common-sense left beyond what is necessary for measuring a yard of tape in his own shop, he must know that the returns he called for are worse than useless to him; they positively upset his doctrine of declining exports. Is he not aware of the difference in the price of the raw material in his early returns and those of the present time—that cotton-wool was then two-thirds higher than it is now, and cotton manufactured goods consequently in the same proportion; and that the exports, to bear him out in his assertion, ought to have declined in the same proportion, instead of being within a mere trifle as high in amount, even when calculated in money, as they were when the manufactured goods exported were entered at the Custom-house at above double their present value? We beg pardon of the public for having occupied even this short space with Mr. Alderman Waithman.

If we turn from these minute calculations to the more imposing objects of national greatness; how extraordinary are the changes in buildings, not only in London, but throughout the country,—in institutions for education, for charitable purposes—for science, for commerce! England, in the short space of time to which we have confined ourselves in these remarks, has formed two new universities, besides establishments in the metropolis and various parts of the kingdom for the furtherance of mechanical and other sciences, for the advantage of those who are more immediately concerned in them, which, according to the instruction they impart to the sinews of the nation, the productive classes, will probably, in practical benefit to society, take precedence of the more dignified and learned societies now placed before them. Rail-roads, in many instances lighted with gas for a considerable distance, in one instance for sixteen miles, are more or less

traversing every district of the country. Steam navigation is brought to a high state of perfection, and increased facilities are given to communications both by land and water. New docks are just completed, more magnificent in appearance, and more appropriate in accommodation, than those which have been hitherto formed; a new Post Office has been erected, that at once forms an ornament to the metropolis, and has afforded the opportunity for completing, under the most perfect arrangements, that extraordinary process, the transmission and delivery of letters. If we turn from these objects to the progress of legislation, we shall find that all the relations of the country are thoroughly understood. Commerce is every session relieved of some of its fetters; the revision of the criminal and civil codes of the kingdom is in progress, and all the King's subjects are admitted within the pale of the Constitution; and this brings us for a moment to the consideration of Ireland. Her amelioration is the more remarkable and satisfactory, because it is of quicker growth. Her triumph was not until last year; her Waterloo was fought in Parliament. Our information from that country of late has been somewhat extensive, and the result of it highly interesting and satisfactory, for it proves in every instance the good effects of the recent great measure of policy. The people are becoming more orderly and contented, a good prelude to that industry to which they will be gradually called by the introduction of English capital, which we are aware from authentic circumstances is fast flowing into Ireland. Principal-money in England yields a bad return of interest, and capitalists are now looking wishfully to Ireland for a more profitable investment for it. In the midst of these positively gratifying events, another of negative advantage has just occurred in putting down the cabal under the denomination of the Society of the Friends of Ireland. If the administration of the Duke of Northumberland had not been hitherto marked by moderation, and sound sense, and firmness, the recent act we have noticed demands the national gratitude. The first object of the friends of Ireland is to take measures for the dissolution of the Union; from which we should infer this *patriotic* band is chiefly composed of Dublin shopkeepers, who fancy that a few more customers would be brought to their counters by disuniting interests that amity and good feeling are every day cementing. The dissolution of the Union cannot be proposed upon any other principle. In our eyes Mr. O'Connell's dimensions were never very large; but if he can seriously contemplate such a measure for the benefit of Ireland, his intellects must be more obtuse than his bitterest enemies ever regarded them.

Our politics must be too well known, we should imagine, for this article to be misinterpreted; but upon subjects of deep importance it is unsafe for publications of influence to run the risk of being misunderstood. We have drawn what we believe to be a faint sketch only of the present state of Europe in national improvement. Our firm conviction is, that Great Britain is in a high and palmy condition; and that if her resources be vigorously, honestly, and wisely governed, she will attain a degree of prosperity far beyond that which she has hitherto arrived at; but she is only in the commencement of proceedings that will carry her to that end, which she will never reach if the pressure upon the springs of industry be not relieved, and the national interest become predominant over every other consideration.

## LIVING WITH THE GREAT.

"Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est."—*Horat.*

— "Imi subœlii viros,

Plagipatinas, quibus sunt verba sine peno et pecuniâ."—*Plaut. Captivi.*

"THE hatred which the world entertains for favourites," says La Rochefoucauld, "is nothing but the love of favour. We console ourselves for not possessing certain advantages, by heaping abuse upon those who are more successful." They who are left behind in the race of life, no matter what their rank or station, almost instinctively become adepts in this branch of logic;\* and one might almost be tempted to believe that Providence has provided this little vengeance as a specific consolation for the unfortunate. Professional writers, who have almost as much vanity and personality as pretty women, are especially apt to indulge in a petty jealousy; and the greatest geniuses in every age have had to struggle with the hostility of the dull and the mediocre. To literary competition, however, we of the present generation are sufficiently accustomed, and are enabled to bear it with some exterior of decency; or at the worst, we may vent our rivalry in an anonymous review. But the susceptibility to fashionable distinction and aristocratic notice is more difficult to hide, and it is apt to break out in the form elucidated by La Rochefoucauld's maxim. Even the members of that peculiar sect in politics, which affects a stoical contempt for the accidents of rank and fortune, and places the abstract dignity of manhood at the highest, have occasionally betrayed an unnatural soreness on this point, and have declaimed against fashion and tuft-hunting with more acrimony than becomes a dispassionate view of the case. The railers at lords in general are, for the most part, indeed, sufficiently prone to exhibit a most deferential respect for lords in particular, when brought into personal contact with them; and it would be easy, were it not invidious, to point at individuals notorious for a republican cynicism in their writings, whose conduct in this particular would not bear examination, and who cover their unsuccessful efforts to "get on" with the great, by a double dose of clamour and vituperation against those who do. This inconsistency is more apparent than real. For the love of liberty is essentially the love of power; and the dislike of aristocracy arises in a strong sense of the value of the undue influence it confers. If we really thought little of aristocratic distinction, we should be less eager to remove it from society; and the same personal vanity which urges a man to war against privilege in others, may incline him to make undue efforts, in order to obtain for himself a reflected share in its advantages, by captivating the favour and the countenance of those in possession. To be above this weakness is indeed to be one man picked out of ten thousand. Aristocracy is most perversely inherent in human nature; and all the raillery in pen, ink, and paper, will not eradicate it. It is this which renders it a principle so difficult to control, and to keep within the bounds of common honesty. The passion for artificial distinctions, and the ready submission of the many to its claims, are independent of in-

\* "Puisque nous ne pouvons y atteindre, vengons nous en, à en mesurer."  
MONTAIGNE.

stitutions. They are as discoverable in an American trading town as in London or Vienna. The worthy citizens of the United States are quite as liable to split into castes and circles, as we of the mother country, and are fully as disposed to make much of a lord, when they meet with him. In Paris, they flock to the *salons* of the ministers with as much anxiety as a *petit Marquis de province*, or a *préfet* looking for promotion: no wonder then, that in England, all who have their fortune to make, should rate the advantage of great connections somewhat higher than a sound political theory will justify. As long as distinctions exist in society, (and distinctions of wealth and education must subsist even in the most republican communities,) the desire to participate in them will prevail; and instead of indulging in the *tartufferie* of indiscriminate abuse of a necessary propensity, it would be wiser and better to determine the circumstances by which it should be directed, and under which it may be indulged with safety and propriety. In this particular, every thing depends on the kind and the degree, the object and the manner. The *poco meno* and the *poco più* make all the difference between the gentleman and the parasite. It is, indeed, as much a question of taste as of principle; and there is as much danger of falling into a ridicule as a vice.

To the literary man, there are many circumstances which may make high association valuable. It is, in the first place, an affair of pounds, shillings, and pence. Mrs. Allspice and Mrs. Twopenny cannot endure low reading; and next to a novel by a titled author, they consume with the greatest avidity the works of those who dine with lords and sup with duchesses. This the publishers know full well, and they pay for manuscripts accordingly. Distinction, moreover, in itself, and for itself, is the great end of literary labour: nor is it enough, that a successful author enjoys in his own right a notoriety, with which he ought to be contented. "Chacun se bat pour ce que lui manque;"\* Nero strove to shine as a fiddler; and the Emperor of Austria is more proud of his pastry than his Pandours. All conditions, even the most elevated, affect distinctions which they do not hold in common with the rest of their class. Among the advantages of keeping good company, it would be wrong to overlook French cooks, elegant mansions, and well-lighted apartments, enjoyed "considerably under prime cost." These, indeed, are nothing to the stoic, who despises creature comforts; but a poor devil cannot help himself, if he has been thrust into the world "with all the elegant desires which fill the happiest bosom," and with a fortune out of all proportion to the refinement of his tastes. Such a motive, to be sure, is not very dignified; and it would be more respectable to content oneself, like Andrew Marvel, with a cold shoulder of mutton, than to forfeit independence in its indulgence. But even this is a begging of the question. Independence is not necessarily sacrificed; and within those bounds the evil is not of a very crying nature, nor is it very wise to rail against it, as a dog would bay the moon.

There is, however, another motive, for which still more may be said. It is possible to seek the company of superiors for the gratification of

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\* "Every one fights for what he wants,"—the reply of a Swiss officer to a noble Voltigeur, who reproached him with serving for pay, and not for honour.

a refined taste in society. However strange it may appear to a slovenly pedant, there are those to whom coarseness and vulgarity are physically painful. The literary man, so often educated beyond his fortunes, is peculiarly liable to this morbid delicacy; and he seeks the polished intercourse of high life as his natural element. In England, a refined taste in society is difficultly gratified out of the very highest circles. Widely as worth and talent are distributed in that country, agreeability is not equally common. If the English gentleman be a model of good-breeding, vulgarity is the besetting sin of the nation; and prejudice and purse-pride often throw the man of letters at a greater distance, in the company of the wealthier part of his equals, than in the most aristocratic circles. To confound the person who is influenced by such a motive with a vulgar sycophant and tuft-hunter, is to be wanting in all discrimination. The qualifications which fit a literary man to appear with credit in the circles of aristocracy, are not within the reach of all the world; and a conscious deficiency is frequently at the bottom of the sneers and sarcasms vented by the excluded against the exclusives. Wherever money-making is not concerned, fellow-feeling is the great basis of human associations. There are a thousand particulars of deportment and behaviour, peculiar to the different classes in life, which, though not quite as important to the species as virtue and honour, are more apt to work on the affections, and to generate sympathies and antipathies. On these points, the refined and polished are necessarily fastidious; and the circumstance has proved an insuperable bar to many ambitions, and has tended powerfully to widen the breach between heraldry and republican philosophy. If, however, the man of fashion be wrong in remaining insensible to "all the merit under the sun," when it will pick its teeth with its fork, or will not brush its coat, the said merit is equally to blame for standing out on such trifling observances. There is no such great condescension in a clean shirt; there is no derogation to speak of in a tooth-brush, or a comb; nor need a man be a positive bear in order to possess a reasonable purity of opinion, or to prove himself a commonly honest politician. There is not on earth a country more anti-aristocratical than France, nor one where privilege is more universally execrated; yet every Frenchman of decent education is as *presentable* as a Montmorency or a Crie, and he frequents the society to which his tastes lead him, without his selection being called in question by the most exaggerated republican. If it be unworthy to make too large an account of the outward man, it is almost insolent to refuse a reasonable compliance with the usages of the world in so insignificant a particular. No literary man of common conduct can by sheer poverty be compelled to dress like a blackguard; neither, with common powers of observation, need he be grossly ignorant of those forms of mental decency observed and respected in good company. There is nothing unreasonable in requiring attention to conventional practices, nor any thing unworthy in ridiculing their non-observance; for it is, in reality, essentially ridiculous. In this, the great are less difficult than the little. There are more literary men whom no influence could induce to clean their nails, or to abstain from bolding a neighbour by the button, in an argument, than there are noblemen who would exclude conspicuous merit simply on account of its rusticity. Johnson's hully-

ing insolence and outrageous *gaucherie* in feeding were tolerated by the very best company in London; and, in our times, Parr smoked his pipe under the noses of lords, by a prescription which set *misocapny* at complete defiance.

The frequentation of high society by the man of letters is in itself neither good nor evil. It may be rendered absurd by affectation and pretension, or infamous by sycophancy and want of principle; but where these are not, there is nothing in the matter essentially wrong. In one respect, indeed, the practice is desirable. The curse of English civilization is the insulation in which its several classes live, by which each remains in ignorance of the wants, desires, and sympathies of the others. All is coterie and exclusion, jealousy and suspicion. A liberal intercourse between the literary world and the world of fashion is mutually advantageous; and, if it be a mean and paltry feeling to seek the great for the mere sake of their greatness, it is no less little to imagine that sense and spirit are incompatible with nobility, and to confine all estimable qualities within the limits of the inferior classes. To suppose that it is impossible to live with the great without a sacrifice of independence and a perpetual deference to the opinions of others, is in itself a species of patriolatry; for it is nothing less than stripping merit of all intrinsic force in the presence of Aristocratic pretension. It is the glorious prerogative of advancing civilization to break down the artificial barriers which ignorance and brute force had raised between man and man; and every step of its progress has facilitated a frank and social intercourse between genius and exalted station. In the present day, to hang back from the proffered friendship of the great, is to abjure the aristocracy of mind; and it betrays either inordinate affectation, or inveterate prejudice. It must, however, be acknowledged, that unequal friendships are not the easiest to maintain; and that a vulgar tuft-hunting disposition is more frequent than a manly candour and simplicity of behaviour. To live in intimacy with superiors, requires not only a refined education, and some natural taste, but elevation of sentiment, and a profound self-respect. If judgment is necessary in the selection of ordinary friendships, it is doubly so in a *liaison*, which is not based in equality. A fool, or a scoundrel, in high life, is not a bit of safer intercourse than in the humbler walks of society; or more likely to understand that worth in others, which he does not possess himself. Some positive talent, some marketable merit of no inferior kind, must also be possessed by the man who would take his place with dignity in a rank from which his birth and fortune would naturally exclude him. To ride into high society upon a fiddle-stick, or to worm the way as a toad-eater or a buffoon, gives a claim to nothing but bare toleration; and it is much if even the worthy and the good forbear to heap upon such intruders all the contempt which greatness can shower upon servility. It is a common infirmity of the merely noble and rich, to love low company, and to surround themselves with a set of fetch-and-carrying sycophants to do their hiding,—or with “tigers,” to be the companions of their vices. These are the legitimate descendants of the Parasites of the ancients, and of the fools of the middle ages, who lent themselves to be kicked and cuffed, *ad libitum*, for the sake of a good meal. Between these persons, and the man of literature, there is nothing in common. To argue from the one to the other, is a manifest



injustice. But, unfortunately, genius is not always allied to conduct; and lords, like other men, will take advantage of the infirmities of their associates, in order to acquire and maintain an undue supremacy. Almost all the notable failures which have been recorded in attempted friendships between literary characters and their Mæcenases, may be attributed to a want of common prudence on the part of the former,—to faults which a man who knew how to respect himself, would naturally avoid.\* The treatment which Voltaire received from his friend the King of Prussia was prepared by the grossness of his flattery, and provoked by the vanity and womanish intrigue which he exhibited at Potsdam. In unequal friendships there is but one security for the weaker party, and that lies in a rigid observance of the distance which rank and etiquette have established. The presumptuous affectation of undue familiarity sets an example, which the superior, who can tolerate it, is never slow to follow; and then the game becomes any thing but equal. An unremitting, but easy politeness, will disarm the most haughty and insolent; and, what is more, it leaves no opening for the inroads of caprice. Here also Voltaire was in error. In the intercourse which subsisted between him and the king, this golden rule was perpetually violated, from the time when they became personally acquainted. In the orgies of Frederick's private suppers, an equality of licence was substituted for a noble freedom. Both parties had the weakness to take and to bear liberties, by which they obtained too intimate a knowledge of each other's foibles and infirmities of character. A rivalry of wit sprang up between them; the friend was sacrificed to the joke. The king, in the wantonness of his power, did not spare his chamberlain; the poet, in the petulance of his genius, was sarcastic on the king; and their friendship, as might be expected, terminated in a scandalous rupture. In their subsequent correspondence, neither party appears to advantage. The King of Prussia, like all depositaries of absolute power, so circumstanced, exhibits the tigrish playfulness of a cat, ever and anon putting forth its claws, and wounding in the midst of its caresses; and Voltaire, though sometimes roused to an angry reply, by the cutting insults and contempt of his royal correspondent, more frequently submits in silence to indignities, unworthy in a sovereign to offer, and in a genius to endure. In his friendship also with the Duc de Richelieu, the philosopher of Ferney does not better maintain the dignity of the literary character; and it is curious to observe, that the Duke, in point of intellect a very ordinary and mediocre personage, succeeded in preserving his state, and in keeping the literary dependent at a distance, more rigidly than Frederick, with all his ability, his military renown, and absolute authority: so powerful was a Frenchman's habitual deference for the aristocratic caste, and so repelling the atmosphere of a courtier's *hauteur*. At this period, however, literature had not acquired that credit and station which it afterwards enjoyed. The nobility were still condescending patrons, and the poets and wits but favoured dependents, admitted into society with the dessert, to take coffee, and to make conversation for

\* "Le commerce intime des grands avec les gens de lettres ne finit que trop par quelque rupture éclatante, rupture qui vient presque toujours de l'oubli des égards réciproques auxquels on a manqué de part, ou d'autre, peut-être même des deux côtés."—*D'Alembert, Essai sur les Gens de Lettres.*

the amusement of the guests. Although Voltaire, by the splendour of his talents, was early emancipated from this slavery, and subsequently, by his chamberlain's key, became entitled to a place in the best society on terms of perfect equality; yet, when the Chevalier de Rohan took offence at something he had done, he scrupled not to inflict on the *roturier* personal chastisement through the degrading hand of a menial; and when Voltaire sought redress at the point of the sword, a *lettre de cachet* made him feel that he bore his full part in the abject condition of his class, and taught him, in a way not to be mistaken, the immeasurable distance which society then placed between a noble without manners or morals, and the first author of his age. In farther justification, or rather excuse, of Voltaire's occasional cringing to Richelieu, it is but fair to call to mind the position in which his quarrel with the Church had placed him, and the necessity it imposed of conciliating, by every means in his power, the friendship of the Aristocracy, upon whose interference he could alone trust, to save him from the persecution he was daily and hourly provoking. To maintain a social equality with the great, the literary man must want nothing, and ask nothing. The moment he condescends to accept a favour, he is at the mercy of his patron; and though there are individuals high-minded enough to disdain taking an illiberal advantage of their own benefactions, yet human nature will not always stand the proof of such a situation. Dryden, with his remunerated dedications, could never have been received with the same respectful deference with which Pope was treated by his noble associates.\* Gay alone, in that age, managed to conciliate personal dependence with literary respectability; but Gay, from the extreme simplicity of his manners, was rather considered as a child in need of a guardian, than as a pensioner whose wants were to be provided for. Swift sought to cover out his craving solicitation for church preferment, and his own jealous consciousness of the distance it placed between him and his Right Hon. friends, by a saucy assumption of familiarity, which, though tolerated for the sake of his political services, did not win him the esteem of his superiors. He was sore, too, very probably, from the recollection of his early life of dependence, and of the servile tone of his first intercourse with the great. His manners, when he had established his reputation, were, indeed, those of an emancipated or rebellious slave, rather than of a man conscious of inborn worth; and they contributed, perhaps, to the neglect of which he so bitterly complains, and were quite as likely to have banished him to his Irish deanery, as the *mauvaise odeur* of his Tale of a Tub in the nostrils of the orthodox Queen. The intercourse between Pope and Bolingbroke seems to have been a perfect model of such unequal *liaisons*. Founded upon a similarity of tastes, maintained by an high tone of politeness, unchanged by prosperity or by adversity, their friendship took no cognizance of the relative circumstances of the parties—the lord was lost in the philosopher, and the poet in the man.

The manners and opinions of the age in which we live have triumphed, to a very great extent, over the genius of English institutions, and have broken down the *morgue* of the haughtiest aristocrats. The fre-

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\* The judicious reader will not confound the subscriptions to Homer with these mendicant dedications.

quency with which men of rank now appear in print, has also assisted to establish a reasonable equality in their intercourse with writers of humbler fortunes. To do the English nobility justice, they are more tolerant, even respecting the political opinions which touch the closest to the interests of their class, than many in inferior stations; and a slavish course of authorship is not the most likely to conciliate their respect and attention. It is totally and absolutely untrue that a writer need sacrifice one generous or independent sentiment in order to obtain admission to the society of the great; and those authors who have courted dependence by a voluntary surrender of their own opinions, are far from having succeeded the best in making their way into the circles of aristocracy. The very frivolity and love of pleasure which prevail among the higher classes are favourable to social equality. Agreeability is the great introduction to their acquaintance; and he who possesses conversational powers and the manners of a gentleman, has nothing to apprehend from their superciliousness or exclusiveness. To return to the point from whence we started, there is ordinarily much more of vanity and affectation, than of real high-mindedness, in avoiding all contact with the great; and Champfort has well demanded, "whether the philosopher who does all for vanity, has a right to despise the courtier who does all for interest?"\* much less to reproach the man who lays himself out to please that particular circle in which he himself finds pleasure. It may likewise be asked with as much reason, whether the politician, who is anxious to establish an absolute civil equality, does wisely in commencing by drawing lines of circumvallation and *cordons sanitaires* between the different classes of society, because he has not the power immediately to abolish all feudal distinctions? M.

THE SUBLIME PORTE IS TO REGAIN THE WHOLE OF WESTERN GREECE, NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE GREEKS.

*Note of the Ambassadors of England, France, and Russia,  
to the Reis Effendi, April 8, 1830.*

LET Acarnania weep,  
That Slavery's transient sleep  
Was not more deadly deep,  
But burst in vain!  
Let Europe's lifeblood boil  
That such a sacred soil,  
Despite that bloody toil,  
Is given again  
To Mahmood's "sacred right"—  
Yea! Karpenissa's height,  
Where Freedom's holiest fight  
But now was won!  
Where Botzaris expired,  
And Freedom's signal fired  
That torch-race † which untired  
E'en yet is run!

\* "Le philosophe qui fait tout pour la vanité, a-t-il le droit de mépriser le courtisan, qui fait tout pour l'intérêt?"—*MARINUS.* † Moore's National Melodies.

Through passes dark and damp,  
 Though lit by torch and lamp,  
 Rang many a charger's tramp  
 As Scodra\* past,  
 'Mid gongs and trumpets' swell,  
 And camels' tinkling bell,  
 Which ambush'd foes knew well,  
 Rang forth their last ;

These watch'd with ruthless smile  
 The gorgeous mob defile  
 Through many a winding mile  
 Of forest shade.

They cross'd themselves who saw  
 Rites of Mohammed's law—

'Twas in the lion's jaw  
 Those rites were paid.

Long couch'd in misty gloom,  
 And noiseless as the tomb,  
 They yell'd the Invader's doom,  
 Ere dawn of day,  
 Whose earliest beams were shed  
 Upon the unconscious dead,  
 Those turban'd hunters fled  
 Before their prey.

But sad at once and proud,  
 In sorrow deep not loud,  
 Karlili † o'er a shroud  
 Was heard to mourn,  
 For Botzaris was slain,  
 And widow'd ‡ eyes in vain  
 Long watch'd the Ionian main,  
 Ere quite forlorn ;

Nor felt e'en then the less  
 Ætolia's proud success,  
 Which babes unborn should bless,  
 And kiss the spot ;  
 For none had then foreseen  
 §  
 Blighting with frigid mien  
 Karlili's † lot ;

Nor dream'd that fearless men,  
 Who fought for every glen,  
 Beneath a statesman's pen  
 So soon must yield ;  
 ¶ When Protocols should *cede*  
 Bold breasts that dared to bleed,  
 Because the Turk had *freed*  
 A senseless field ! ¶

\* The Pasha of Scodra.

† "All Roumili is for the Turks, but Acarnania, Karlili, No." Turkish proverb.  
 According to Lord A.—"Yes." ‡ From Ancona.

§ Line dropped out. Half the 503 of "English Bards" might serve in rhyme, perhaps in reason.—*Priester's Devil*.

¶ Negropont, where there was no insurrection.

## MY COUSIN'S TOILETTE.

Why art thou thus attired?—*Titus Andronicus.*

See'st thou not what a deformed thief this  
Fashion is?—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

London, May 20th, 1830.

1 MY DEAR COUSIN :

MY horrible journey is at length achieved. Oh! what a tale of woe could I not unfold! what sufferings! what torture ineffable! An emblem of eternity, it seemed interminable! but "time and the hour wear out the roughest day," and night; the fearfullest passage of my life is accomplished; and safe amid the din and dust of this "dear, d——d, distracting town"—the loveliest jewel in the mural diadem of old Tellus,—I fling care to the winds, and am myself again. Yet, faithless among women, why subjectedst thou the son of my father to so fiery an ordeal? "In the name of him who died at Cberson," why didst thou allow me to enter that infernal machine? Coach! call you it?—pray what is your idea of a coach?—a locomotive breather-out of plague and pestilence!—a chartered stiffer of his Majesty's lieges!—a vehicle for the illicit transport of spirits in larger quantities than the Excise permits! If either of these definitions be your's, we are agreed upon the meaning of the terms; and I am content that C.O.A.C.H. should stand as the vicarious sign of the idea conjured up by that compendium of atrocity, that digest of abominations, the thing which brought me hither. Men, women, and children; "pocket-pistols" charged to the muzzles; a band-box; half a chest of oranges; a pound of peppermint; with cloaks and umbrellas uncounted, all in a cube of four feet! "Ye powers that shelter innocence!" what crime did I that night expiate? I slew not my father; I never fired a minster, or kicked my grandmother—and yet I underwent little short of the torments at Calcutta! The "reek o' the rotten fens" is "oppressed with perfume," in comparison with the atmosphere I then breathed: gin and oranges, rum and peppermint; the breath of man's nostrils, and soft sigh of woman, "in many a winding bout of linked sweetness long drawn out," rode the air in pestiferous rennion, and perfumed me well nigh to dissolution. But, there is yet consolation; verily I believe in the doctrine of purgatory, and that night took me a stage on the road to Paradise! On the strength of this I forgive you, and as the best proof of forgiveness, proceed to redeem my valedictory pledge of pointing out a few habilimentary incongruities into which, during my rustication among you, the practised vision of a metropolitan eye failed not to discover you to have been betrayed. First and foremost, off with that Mambrino's helmet which you are pleased to dignify with the appellation of bonnet; we live in the nineteenth century; in times inimical to cheek-by-jowl greetings in the market-place; such salutations went out with the farthingales of antiquity, and yet you walk beneath the shade of a regular "kiss-me-if-you-will:" cast it off for ever, for wwherefore lag behind the world? wwherefore be the lady in the straw, while Louise breathes, and Girat walks the earth? How eloquently could I discuss the bonnet—its nicest peculiarities—its most delicate imaginings—its loops suspending nothing—the flowing *contour* of its front—the obliquity of its crown—the rainbow hues without—the antagonist tints within; "aërophane

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and *couleur de soupir, d'un crapeau mort d'amour*, float before me!" "Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey, mingle, mingle, mingle!" But neither time nor space permits, and I pass at once to "the head and front of your offending." Your head, Dorothy, is good: physiognomically, phrenologically, calliginomically good: Nature has done much, but art must do more; it is not enough that "your alabaster forehead is hung with locks that glitter like Hyperion's," if those locks straggle as if "wooed by each Ægean wind," and float upon the gale, wild and ungovernable, the emblem of your own buoyant spirit. Think not that I would commend "that truculent distortion of the tresses" lately prevalent, the atrocious frizzing and giraffing of a deluded people; but I "applaud to the very echo" the simply elegant, the exquisitely graceful style, called the *toque*; the more general adoption of which would save us many a painful enumeration of "the various ways of dressing a calf's head."—"Will this, then, become all?" methinks I hear you exclaim "By no means: ringlets are endurable occasionally:" a few, the Junos of the creation, may emulate Pasta in Medea; and some almost venture upon a—no, not a crop; Hebe herself could not dare that with impunity. Oh! that "Croppies lie down" were the stirring cry of vengeance to ears polite!—oh! that it were the tocsin of "war even to the knife!"—oh! that mine enemy would wear a crop!\* Heads *en toque* become not all shoulders; but I recommend the style—albeit rejoicing most in the gloriously fronted—as a kind of refuge for the destitute,—a sanctuary to which your sex may fly from the visitations of depraved taste; for, with grief do I say it, women have no taste originally and aggregately, not a tittle. It is too divine an essence, too much sublimated for ordinary respiration: it shrinks from the gross wooing of the many, but breathes into its kindred votaries a pervading spirit of purity, that vulgarity and unfitness come not near.

Were you among those votaries, my nerves had escaped the shock of that plumed invasion of the hall-room at —, which harried the hearts of twenty bumpkin squires, and crushed a hudding passion in the breast of one sensible lover for ever. What was the design of it?—to dragoon men into liking? Believe me, they are not "bullied into love;" and "Cupid, perched upon a feather," is but a wavering god at best. At Court, in the presence of Sovereignty, he she "of the snow white plume;" for *there* three things only are necessary:—the first is finery,—the second is finery,—and the third is finery,—elsewhere you cannot be too sparingly ornamented. Strong as is my creed upon this point, there is another which I would maintain at the stake itself; namely, that ear-rings are an idolatrous and heathenish abomination. As the sun shineth, I believe them to be unsightly relics of a barbarous age. If we are to retain the customs of savages, why exempt the nose from its annular appendage? Why subject so delicate a feature as the ear to the tormentor, after the emancipation of its more obtrusive neighbour? The ear, independently of its abstract beauty, is no mean index of character: a bad one never hung from a good head:

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\* I would observe, once for all, that these remarks are general—every rule has its exceptions. I know one becoming crop, but the wearer of that would reconcile us to any thing: she is lovely in spite of her crop.

the path of the lop-eared, whether in the quadrille or the forest, I cross not willingly: be it mistress, or be it friend—be it woman, or be it man—the mark of the beast is there, and I flee incontinently!

The stream of narrative bears me to the *corpus delictum*, the delinquencies of your body corporate. "A sleeve," says Johnson, "is the part of a garment that covers the arm." Narrow-minded lexicographer! little guessed he the capacity of that portion of attire when he defined it thus: *certainly*, the mighty moralist took but confined views after all. "The part of a garment that covers the arm," quotha! say rather a thing that eclipses the figure from collar-bone to hip, falling below the finger-tips, as if to show, like a mandarin's gloves, that the wearer "does nothing;" scaring symmetry from the front, and when viewed *au derrière*, resembling the trailing wings of a fatigued fowl in full retreat. By the hy, you once told me, when arrayed in another species of the same genus, that you were *seduisante; pauvre petite!* if such be your weapons, "that compound of frail mortality they call a man," may safely risk his virtue in your company.

The sleeves being out of the way, I am enabled to get a glimpse of your waist. How unlike that of Prior's Emma, "small by degrees and beautifully less." Intestines are not to be trifled with, and time, which "at last sets all things even," will exact a fearful expiation for such outrages upon nature as you are now guilty of; remember the obnoxious innuendo of the poet,

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
But all so close the nymph hath laced it;  
Not a charm of beauty's mould  
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it!

Not satisfied with injuring, you would actually destroy, the mould. Think not, however, I am for "leaving every beauty free, to sink or swell as Heaven pleases;" no, no; Nature is far too loose a character to be trusted entirely. She is, in fact, a dowdy, who owes all her grace to the hallucinations of poets and other respectable lunatics—an impostor of unbounded pretensions, and most specious expedients; but in reality, and without the aid of art, a mere nonentity, a body without the animating soul. Feast with her in the hut of the Esquimaux—salute her when "o'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying," in the guise of a Scottish maiden; dissipate by an inspection of her characteristics the ennui of a residence among the Hottentots; but, in the glare of the world, keep a tight, though not a torturing, band upon her. Partial attenuation is indispensable in woman as well as man, and, from the bottom of my heart, do I pity the wretch whose musenteric habiliments run to convexity.

So much for latitude; now for longitude. "As you love me," exalt that band two inches. At present it is to you what the artificial horizon is to a globe, it cuts you into two equal parts, and, however convenient as a geographical arrangement, renders humanity somewhat abominable. The exaltation, moreover, will withdraw it from the disreputable vicinity of your downward peak, the exact point of which, by all that's unsophisticated! I never could for the life of me discover. That the pendant riband is to draw off attention is evident; as, however, it is now "a tale of other times" in the metropolis, and will doubtless

henceforth be matter of tradition even in the provinces, I forbear investigation. But I grow prolix; "come, bustle, bustle!" Magic sound! matchless suggester of all that is elegant! O, thou immortal bustle! Throne of Beauty, round which the Graces lead their train; Pedestal of Love, whence, as from a war-chariot, he showers his deadliest darts; who will raise his voice against thee? Heretics there may be who, in the insolence of imagined superiority, unawed by the frown of universal Fashion, would question thy infallibility. Sectarians who might accuse thee of "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," and hold thee up as a monstrous anomaly—an unsightly deviation from the line of beauty—a fit object for "the hiss of universal scorn." But far be such blasphemy from me. "My spirit bows before thee, to worship and adore thee!" unreservedly and unqualifiedly I acknowledge thee perfection. Coeval with civilization, borne down on the flood of ages, thou triumphest over chance and change, in whatever name rejoicing—whether in "back-curtain," or "rear-admiral," or more euphonous "bustle," be thou ever the "great Jove" of Taste's Olympus! Bow down, Dorothy; be a very methodist in worship; prostrate mind and body before the altar; load the shrine with offerings; "heap Pelion upon Ossa," rather than be deficient in what a once celebrated foreign secretary might have pronounced, the fundamental feature upon which the whole question of female beauty hinges.

My remaining space is small; but, to praise is so delightful, that I cannot refrain from saying, that to your understanding no reasonable objection can be made: your conclusions are decidedly unassailable. "Tant mieux pour vous,"—"All's well that ends well." For myself, I am better versed in the base than the capital of the female column. My first glance is turned in humbleness to the earth, and if satisfied there, I then, and not until then, pursue the investigation heavenwards, and trace the limb to its parent trunk. The practice may be unjust and impolitic; unjust, as bringing condemnation for a partial defect upon many an aggregately meritorious person; impolitic, as often cutting short a promising acquaintance. But, where is the man who can gaze with unshrouded eye upon the ponderous finales of sundry delicate forms? Whose is the "stomach of mowers" that would not turn at sight of the mathematical foundations of certain stupendous reputations? Odds triangles! a shoulder of mutton is perfect symmetry in comparison with some of them.

Thus, "with *nought* to hope, and *all* to fear," have I recorded my heresies. That they are founded in sincerity of belief you cannot doubt, for a man goes not to the stake a hypocrite. I am firmly convinced that attention to dress in woman is, at this moment, a paramount duty, the neglect of which cannot fail to prove detrimental to society. Mistake me not; I see no moral turpitude in its disregard; I mean not to rank its observance with intellectual or religious cultivation; but I feel that the time is arrived, in which all the energies of your sex must be exerted for the maintenance of your dominion; you must put forth all your beauty and your bravery to neutralize the pernicious attraction of Clubs—those selfish and unsocial enemies of society—that threatening constellation, beneath whose lurid influence the delights and elegancies of domestic life are already withering away. We surround ourselves with splendour, we repose in luxurious indolence, and are becoming



independent of your sway; your supremacy totters to its base; and will you not strike one blow for empire? Under the slavish banner of Fashion you have been worsted: quit her camp, and unfurl the standard of Taste! For what do you mingle with the world? in whose eyes do you desire to shine? whose approval to ensure? Prudery herself must answer, *man's*. And man, be assured, is no omnifarious digester; his appetite palls with the same eternal banquet; he seeks for variety in the ball-room as well as at the board; he sighs for appropriateness, and finds it not: long and short, thick and thin, dark and fair, are arrayed by the same rule—the absurdity is absolutely too glaring for serious exposure. Your object, then, being avowed, it is fit that you bring every resource to its attainment. “Rise up early, and late take rest.” Look well, at any rate; ay, even if you *rouge* for it. Not that I, individually, admire the surreptitious acquisition of colour—for me the lily possesses more charms than the rose—but I must enter my protest against the inconsiderate abuse of rouge. “Purchase your ringlets, pad as you list, pull in *ad libitum*, but, as you hope for mercy, paint not,” saith the world—Monstrous perverseness! what can be more inconsistent? what more illogical? You excuse the two first, but condemn the last, because, forsooth, it evinces vanity. Now, to my humble comprehension, it evinces no such thing. It strikes me, on the contrary, as a strong proof of diffidence in the wearer—of consciousness that she is not perfect—of a praiseworthy desire to supply the nigardliness of Nature—in short, of a determination to please—and if such be her honest end and aim, “by the poppy-coloured whiskers of Mahomet’s fifth wife,” I honour her among women!

Adieu, yours, &c.

A. C.

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#### HIBISCUS VARIOSUS.

THERE is a rose, a fragrant rose,  
Which oft perfumes the eastern gale,  
That in its changes can disclose  
The varied scenes of Life’s short tale;  
For when the dawn springs forth in light,  
Like Childhood’s first and earliest days,  
The rose’s blossom then is white,  
And early innocence displays.  
At noon, like man, the changing flower  
Shows all his heat, and blood, and strife,  
And flaming red in every bower,  
Pourtrays the ripening age of life.  
But like the darkening clouds at e’en,  
When sultry suns have scorch’d the morn,  
The rose in purple garb is seen,  
Life’s evening, when young Hope is flown.  
How often are our youthful hours,  
Our spring, our noon of life o’ercast,  
While darkness o’er our evening lowers  
In gloom of night, or winter’s blast!

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## DESCRIPTION OF THE GROTTO AT ADELSBERG.

From the earliest periods of my life, of which I can still retain any distinct recollection, my chief delight was to pore over the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and attempt to realize in miniature the scenes that had so deeply interested my boyish imagination, by sailing little boats, of rather a rude construction, upon a fish-pond near the house, and cutting sundry harbours and docks in the banks for their reception. Many an hour have I spent there, anxiously watching the course of my little vessel, which, perhaps, would reach the middle of the pond steadily and smoothly enough, when some unlucky gust of wind would attack it without mercy, driving it about in all directions, to the imminent danger of upsetting, and losing a valuable cargo of small pebbles that had been carefully selected from the bank on which I stood. When old enough to read them, my great pleasure was to retire to a favourite solitary corner, with some odd volumes of voyages, that had once formed a part of my father's cabin library when at sea; it was here that I would spend hours at a time deeply absorbed in the interesting perils and wonders that they contained, and would frequently run the risk of being too late at school, from having been unable to break away from the tempting book until I had finished the chapter.

Of all the celebrated voyages, the one by Commodore Anson round the World, stood paramount in my opinion, and I could not be easy until I was in possession of a Lilliputian fleet, answering in name and number to the ships of that renowned squadron. Few travels by land interested me much, although it must be owned, that when older, the beautiful and lively description given by a traveller of the grotto of Antiparos, and which almost every child reads in some of the English class-books, excited my wonder and admiration to the utmost. How often did I long to have been of the party in this delightfully adventurous excursion, and would look at the intervening countries between England and the Archipelago upon the map, and despair of ever being able to see this extraordinary cavern. I little thought, at that time, that at less than half the distance between it and home there existed one many times larger and more magnificent. It was in later years that I first learnt something of it from Russel's Tour in Germany, and determined to myself, that, if ever it was my good fortune to travel, and penetrate so far into the dominions of his Austrian Majesty as to reach the district of Carniola and Isteria, I would make a point of visiting the wonderful Cavern of Adelsberg. What I then looked upon as little better than a castle in air, has been since rather unexpectedly realised, for being on a journey from Vienna to Trieste, an opportunity occurred of gratifying my curiosity.

I left Vienna in the beginning of July, 1829, in the Eilwagen; it was at night when we started, the coach was full, and my fellow-passengers, with myself, formed a strange *melange* of nations and languages. At my side sat a Jew merchant from Constantinople, in full Turkish dress, with a servant in a similar costume opposite him; a young Greek from Odessa, but in European clothes, sat opposite me, and an Austrian conducteur occupied the coupée. Little or no attempts were made at conversation that evening, and each quietly nestled himself into his own corner of the coach, to doze away the dark and tedious hours of a

night's journey. For the first few miles the Turks kept up an animated dialogue, but in a language with which I was totally unacquainted; they seemed to be not a little indignant that a large quantity of luggage, loosely and awkwardly tied up in shawls, &c. had not been permitted to accompany them, being far beyond the weight that is allowed to each passenger, and were evidently venting a little spleen against the conducteur for not permitting them to exceed the fixed quantity; however, after half-an-hour's discussion of their grievances to each other, they seemed inclined to follow our example; the servant accordingly crossed his legs upon the seat of the coach in true Turkish fashion, with a degree of flexibility of joint that I could but envy, and thus affording his master more room to stretch out his legs, we saw or heard little of each other till day began to dawn. The appearance of the country had undergone considerable change during the night, and now presented the mountainous but richly clad character of the Carinthian scenery; the road wound along a deep valley, the steep sides of which were covered with irregular masses of pine woods, whose dark sombre green, contrasted beautifully with the brilliant verdure of the meadows beneath, intersected in numerous directions by the winding and contorted course of a mountain-torrent, which rushed along, foaming at every impediment that might chance to obstruct its course.

We kept company with it during the whole day, and it was curious to see how its character changed as it gradually increased from a mere rivulet to a river of considerable size; in the morning, when small and puny, it would dispute the way with every little fragment of stone and rock that ventured to oppose its progress, and, having fretted itself in vain into angry froth, would, like a true hully, expend itself in noise and spray; the larger it became the more quiet was its stream, and, although it still glided onwards with considerable rapidity, it did not allow its surface to be ruffled at every little obstacle, but, as if conscious of its own superior strength, would proudly flow past, not condescending to notice it. My opposite neighbour, the young Greek, spoke French and Italian fluently, but neither of us were able to have any communication with the Turks, except by signs, and here and there an occasional word in Italian or Greek, which, from being in frequent use, they happened to understand. We stopped the night at Grätz, and, having travelled all the next day and night, arrived the following morning at Laibach. It would be foreign to my purpose, as well as uninteresting to my reader, to run into a long description of a journey to the quicksilver mines of Iddria, or of the country on my way thither: suffice it to say, that having gratified my curiosity in this respect, I proceeded to Adelsberg, to visit the celebrated cavern there, a short account of which I will attempt.

The town itself lies between Laibach and Trieste, in an extensive plain, at the foot of a long range of hills, a part of that great chain of mountains which form the natural barrier between the Tyrol and Italy.

As it is necessary to comply with certain rules before permission can be obtained to visit the Grotto, it may not be amiss to mention them for the benefit of any future travellers who may feel inclined to explore its recesses. To prevent accidents and preserve the beautiful sialactic formations from injury, the entrance has been closed by a door, the

key of which is deposited in the hands of a respectable shopkeeper in the town. Eight or ten men, who, from their intimate acquaintance with the interior of the cavern, are well qualified to act as guides, have been appointed to attend strangers; a book is kept for the purpose of inscribing their names, and a fee of two Gulden Münz, or four shillings of our money, is demanded from every visitor—this sum goes to defray the expense which the Government has been at for making flights of steps in different parts of the Grotto, and erecting a substantial wooden-bridge over the river that flows through it; it also includes the charge of oil for lamps, and the attendance of the guides. Having made these necessary arrangements, I left the town, accompanied by three guides, each furnished with a miner's lamp; we proceeded along the foot of the range of hills already mentioned until we came to a little stream, which, after flowing across the plain, suddenly enters the mountain through a natural archway in the rock; a large mass of stone seems, as it were, to have made a slip downwards over the aperture, thus lessening the arch considerably, and giving it a triangular form. The path here leaves the river, and ascending a little way up the hill, leads to a small door among the rocks by which we entered the cavern. My guides now lighted their lamps, but it was some time before my eyes became sufficiently accustomed to the darkness to enable me to discern the surrounding objects; the first part was very gloomy, and the dark sides of the cavern only served to increase the night that reigned around; the floor formed the roof of the archway under which the river flowed, and the hoarse rushing murmur of its stream, echoing from the distant depths of the cavern, did not diminish the feeling of immense space that was enveloped in impenetrable darkness before me. As we advanced, the cavern became wider, and the roof now rose considerably; two or three short, but massy pillars of stalactite, were visible at the sides, giving the roof, which was here lower than in the centre, an appearance of groined arches. One of my guides went along each side of the cavern, while the other accompanied me in the middle, and this improved the effect remarkably; for it not only showed me the great breadth of the cavern, but by thus interposing the various stalactite pillars between themselves and me, I was enabled to distinguish their forms much better than I otherwise should have done. The farther we proceeded, the higher the roof rose, until I could scarcely discern it from the profound darkness of the cavern, the light from our lamps not being powerful enough to produce a sufficient reflection from the vast arch above; nor is the colour of the rock itself at all favourable for that purpose; for being more exposed to the action of the external air at the parts near the entrance, it has lost its original white, and assumed a dirty stone colour.

At one point the guide desired me to stop, and the man on my left hand began to descend an immense pit or shaft, by means of numerous flights of steps that wound round its sides; it must have been from sixty to seventy feet deep, for I lost all sight of him, being only able to distinguish the light of his lamp, which twinkled like a small bright star in the distance. Suddenly the light vanished beneath us, and after a few seconds reappeared in another part; we were, in fact, standing upon a natural bridge of rock, under which he had passed. To heighten the effect, a guide placed several short bits of lighted candle

along the edge of the rocky parapet, so that when we descended I might be better able to estimate the vast extent of the cavern, which at this part attains its greatest height, being said to be nothing short of 200 feet perpendicular. Although standing at a very considerable elevation above the part to which the guide had just descended, the gigantic vault rose still farther above us, vanishing here and there into complete darkness. The man now proceeded along the bottom of the cavern towards the river, the distant rushing of which I had heard from the first moment of entering. To stand thus in a dark rocky vault of such vast dimensions, and hear the distant smothered dash of a large body of water, excites one's imagination forcibly with the great extent of the place, and contributes not a little to increase the feeling of admiring awe, that such a mighty cavern, wrapped in profound gloom, impresses upon one's mind.

I could trace the light flickering upon the rippling surface of the water as he passed along the bridge, and watched it slowly ascending, by a long flight of steps, the opposite and nearly perpendicular wall of the cavern, until he arrived at the entrance of the new grotto. It was now our turn to descend the abyss, and when we had reached the bottom, on looking up, we could just distinguish the light of the candles, that had been left above upon the rocky parapet, dimly glimmering, and, as it were, insulated in the immense space of darkness in which the upper parts of this vast arch were enveloped; the roof was quite invisible, and the sides of the grotto as they rose melted gradually from our sight. We crossed the bridge, but I could see but little of the river, for my eyes had not even yet become sufficiently accustomed to the surrounding gloom to enable me to trace its course far; on the other side of the river, the wall of the cavern rises at once nearly perpendicularly to a great height, and along this steep slope we ascended some fifty or sixty feet, by means of steps that led us to the entrance of the new grotto. As far as this point the grotto had been known from the earliest times, but the dark rushing current of the river, rising as it were out of the misty gloom on one side, and again disappearing in it upon the other, together with the nearly perpendicular wall of rock that forms the opposite bank, had hitherto presented insurmountable obstacles to farther research. It was, I believe, in 1822, that a young peasant, either fancying he saw an opening above, or merely tempted by the love of adventure, having waded across the river, and with considerable difficulty climbed the rocky ascent beyond, succeeded in discovering the entrance to this new and magnificent cavern. He was one of my guides upon this occasion, and proved a very civil, intelligent fellow.

On entering the new grotto, how shall I express my astonishment and admiration at the indescribable splendour and beauty of this extraordinary freak of Nature? It was more like entering a large sacristy of fine alabaster, profusely ornamented in the richest manner that can possibly be imagined; stalactites of milky whiteness, in all directions, and of every size and form, presented themselves to my view—from the delicate needle-shaped spiculæ, that clustered in countless bristling groups along the lofty ceiling, to the huge, ponderous columns of the same material many feet in thickness. Stalagmites were not less numerous, especially along the sides of the cavern, rising from the ground in shapeless masses, and frequently forming large pillars, by uniting with

the stalactite that had produced them from above. In one place, an immense stalactite depended from the roof, forming a correspondent mass of stalagmitic matter beneath, both ribbed and fluted in a manner that would defy all the art of a statuary to imitate. A number of smaller stalactites descended from behind, coalescing to form a broad sheet of white petrification that served to unite these two masses, thus producing the appearance of a highly-ornamented pulpit, the sound-board formed by the lower surface of the stalactite depending over the huge stalagmite that formed the desk beneath. If one could fancy a stream of melted wax, of the purest whiteness, to have trickled down in all directions from the ceiling, hardened as it fell upon the masses beneath, it would convey some faint representation of the innumerable delicate flutings and endless variety of the most exquisite tracery that covered these magnificent natural productions. The whole roof and sides, wherever there were no stalactites, were coated with an incrustation of the same matter, which, from its beautiful white colour, added not a little to the splendour of the grotto. In a similar manner to the pulpit, a place had been formed by a large overhanging mass of stalactite, not unlike an open shop window or booth, and, from its fancied resemblance, had been called "The Shambles."

The cavern now became gradually more extensive, both in height and breadth, and so full of these magnificent stalactitic formations as entirely to conceal its sides from our view. To the right was a narrow archway leading to a small chamber called "Ferdinand's Grotto," which may be fairly called a *bonne bouche*; every thing might be said to be in diminished proportion; the roof was lower, and the stalactites smaller and more delicately formed; the ceiling was a perfect brush of thorny petrification, while the sides were lined with delicate columns of considerable length, some not even so thick as my wrist.

A large stalactite had formed a species of inverted funnel-shaped mass, depending over a short broad stalagmite, so that when the guide seated himself upon the latter, he seemed to wear the former as an immense head-dress; at the same time grasping a small delicate column that stood by his side, he afforded by no means a bad illustration of the reason for its being called "The King's Throne." Many of these long slender columns were so thin as to vibrate upon percussion, and produced a deep, powerful sound when struck with the hand: farther on, the roof and floor of the cavern gradually approached each other till they united; and here, for some yards before reaching the extremity of the grotto, it became nearly impossible to walk, on account of the forest of small stalagmites that sprouted up in all directions.

The entrance to Ferdinand's Grotto was of considerable length, and at one part rendered very narrow by the presence of a huge mass, beautifully fluted, not unlike the pipes of a large organ; close by this a long row of slender pillars, formed as it were a railing, or grated window, behind which one of the guides crept, and thrusting through his broad-brimmed peasant's hat, attempted practically to demonstrate a prisoner begging for alms. At another part was a nodulated cushion-like mass of stalagmite, tinged of a deep red colour from the presence of iron in its composition, and covered with small crystalline laminae, that at a little distance sparkled with surprising lustre. It was scarcely possible to persuade oneself that it was merely stone; diamonds, thickly

spread upon a broad Ottoman of crimson velvet, could not have produced a more brilliant effect.

On regaining the main cavern we proceeded along slowly; every step I took disclosed new wonders; every fresh object that presented itself to my view surpassed the others that I had just admired, and far exceeded the wildest and most extravagant ideas that my imagination had ever formed of this magnificent natural temple. It seemed almost as if Nature had determined here to imitate the works of man after her own fashion, and show him what *she* could perform as an architect and statuary, and thus shame him with his own insignificance. On one side stood a splendid stalagmite, bearing a remarkable likeness to a large font covered over with the richest tracery, and ornamented at the sides with elegant slender pillars of the most delicate form: well did it deserve the name of "Taufstein," or "Stone of Baptism;" no human art could imitate the exquisite elegance with which this stalagmite was formed, and its delicate colour, of pure, semi-transparent white added not a little to its beauty.

In a small low chamber on one side, full of the most grotesquely formed stalagmites, was one that bore an astonishing resemblance to a small taper pediment, surmounted by the bust of an old man with a long beard falling over his breast. The proportions were exact, and the expression really excellent. Another was pointed out to me as forming a shadow upon the opposite wall, the outline of which was said to resemble the Virgin and Child; and indeed it required no great stretch of the imagination to find out the striking resemblance which the shadow of this stalagmite bore to a female figure supporting a child; nor do I think that, even if the guides had not called my attention to it, I could have gone away without noticing it. As we proceeded along the main cavern, we came to a very considerable mass of stalagmite, that had been formed by the gradual dripping of a large thick cluster of small stalactites from above. It had evidently consisted formerly of numerous small ones, that had gradually grown together not unlike a huge mass of madrepore, and presented a specimen of Nature's carving perfectly inimitable by art. From its appearance it had received the name of "the Cauliflower," although certainly rather of Brobdignadian dimensions, being not less than ten or twelve feet in diameter, and some eight or nine feet in height. The little stalks which divided and subdivided themselves, were very beautiful; one could peep in between them to a great depth, and see, as it were, little grottoes, in miniature, with their pillars and long avenues of milk-white columns, and grotesque formations, like those of the vast cavern in which we stood. Speaking of pillars, I must not forget to mention one noble column in particular, that supported the middle of Ferdinand's Grotto, or one of the lateral passages, for it was indeed magnificent, and I am sorry to confess that I am now no longer able to recollect its exact situation, although its singularly beautiful form has been so vividly impressed upon my mind that I could almost fancy I see it at this very moment. In size it was not much larger than the body of a stout ship mast, and rose majestically in the middle of the cavern. Its sides exhibited the same delicately-fluted tracery that I have before attempted to describe, but in the richest degree; each little fluting was terminated at a certain height by a small nodule, of the same white deposit, producing

the appearance of wreaths of flowers minutely carved, and hung round it at irregular distances. The guides called it "Trajan's Column," but it would be difficult for human art to produce a pillar like this, some thirty feet long, from a single stone. But to return to the cavern, which continued to present an inexhaustible store of objects to excite one's admiration and astonishment: my attention was next called to a thin, broad plate of stalactite, behind which a guide placed his lamp; it was so transparent as to resemble ground glass in the facility with which it transmitted light, and had been dignified by the guides with the title of "The Moon," although in this case I could not consider it a very good resemblance; perhaps if I had viewed it quite from the opposite side of the cavern, which is here of some breadth, I might have felt more inclined to agree in the correctness of their comparison. I must, however, do them the justice to say, that beside the most perfect civility and cheerful attention which they showed me, they seemed to take pleasure in letting me pass by nothing unobserved, and constantly exerted themselves so to dispose their lights, and choose a position for me, that I might be enabled to see every thing to the best advantage. Close by, a stream of stalactitic matter, deeply tinged with the presence of iron, issued from the side of the cavern, and rolling its stony mass along a slope, had gradually spread itself upon the floor to a considerable extent, like a streamlet of water gushing from a rock and expanding itself into a large pool upon the level ground. It was beautiful to see how the red petrified torrent had wound itself among the broad, shapeless stalagmitic rocks that formed its banks in miniature, contrasting its own deep crimson dye with the delicate lily white of the surrounding masses. On the other side of the grotto a stream of white stalactitic matter flowed from the very ceiling over rocks covered with a similar substance, dividing itself exactly like an angry cataract, and uniting again, and again subdividing itself into numerous small cascades, till it once more united into a single broad stream at our feet. I observed several of these beautiful formations in different parts of the cavern; they had, of course, been produced by the continued trickling of stalactitic matter over some irregularly-shaped rocks, where, dropping from stone to stone, as the deposit gradually increased, had produced the beautiful cascade-like appearance in question.

We now came to the "Taus Saal," or ball-room, where the cavern suddenly expands into a hall of gigantic dimensions. It would be impossible to form an accurate estimate of its extent from mere recollection, although I find in a journal which I kept at the time, that I considered it to be at least one hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and twenty broad, and between eighty and ninety in height; nor do I think that I am very far from the truth, when I state these numbers as its real dimensions. This mighty vault, unsupported by a single column, stands a magnificent proof how feeble and puny are even the greatest efforts of mortal man in comparison to those of Nature. The sides, especially the right, were lined with rows of stalactitic pillars, and small pendant ornaments, of a similar substance, clustered over its lofty roof; at the farther extremity the ground rises, and gradually meeting the roof, which sinks proportionably, disappears in a forest of short slender pillars. On the right-hand was a continuation of the cavern; in fact, this part of the Taus Saal seems to have been once of



much greater extent, being here partitioned off, as it were, into several alleys, or rather chambers, by the numberless stalactites and columns that obstruct the path in every direction: many of these are not only the common pointed stalactite, but hang down in thin, broad, shapeless masses, many feet in length, which, when struck, emit a deep powerful tone—one especially, which is designated by the name of "the Bell," gives an almost deafening sound, when rapidly struck with the fist. It is in this vast hall, far removed from the light of day, and in the very bowels of the mountain, that the inhabitants of Adelsberg, and peasantry of the neighbouring villages, assemble once a year, on Whitsun Monday, to celebrate divine service; the place is illuminated for the occasion, and the rest of the day and night is spent in dancing and other festivities: on this day only is free ingress given to all, after which the grotto is again closed till the following year. On leaving the Taus Saal, the cavern resumes much of its former character. As we proceeded, the guides pointed out a very pretty species of stalactite that was entirely new to me: instead of dropping from a single point, it had oozed out in a long line, as if from a fissure in the rock, forming a thin broad wavy plate of stalactitic matter, so precisely like a large shirt frill, that one could not but be forcibly struck, at the first glance, with the resemblance. Its surface was full as delicately plaited, nor could a strip of wax, finely modelled, have given a better representation of it. Several of these singular, but elegant, stalactites having been formed near each other, produced an appearance as if the rock was covered with wet linen that had been edged in different places with broad frills. In this manner we continued to proceed for some distance, the cavern sometimes broader, sometimes narrower, but throughout of very considerable height, until it again opened into another hall, which, although not of such enormous dimensions as the Taus Saal, was nevertheless of great extent. In the middle rose a column, some fourteen or fifteen feet high; but the chief object of curiosity was a stalactitic formation called the "Vorhang," or curtain. From a point of the rocky wall that overhung considerably, depended a large thin sheet of the same species of stalactite that I have just described, only of much greater size. It resembled a long white curtain suspended from the rock and thrown into very graceful folds; along its lower edge was a delicate border, or hem, where a layer of stalactitic matter had consolidated during its descent, producing a narrow ridge that was thicker at this part than the rest: the whole was semi-transparent, nor could even a Canova have wished for a more perfect model of drapery than that Nature herself had here so beautifully displayed.

The guides now asked me if I intended to proceed farther, for in that case one of them must return for more oil, as the lamps would not serve to any very considerable distance. We had walked about two miles, and from stopping every instant to admire the various objects that I have just been describing, our progress as far as the Vorhang had been unavoidably rather slow. Still I hesitated to return; for feeling conscious that I should, in all probability, never again have an opportunity of visiting this beautiful cavern, I determined, if possible, to make the most of the present moment. "How long would you like to stay, Sir?" said one of the guides; "it is now four o'clock: would you like to go on till eight this evening, or till midnight, or even till

to-morrow morning? because we must supply ourselves with oil in proportion to the time you intend staying in the grotto—indeed, if you choose, we could go on till to-morrow night, for we could keep you in a brisk walk the whole time." By their accounts, the cavern is of such immense extent, that it takes full fourteen hours to reach the farther extremity. Several of the lateral passages have not yet been explored, as it is too expensive for the guides to make these journeys of discovery at their own cost, on account of the quantity of oil and other necessaries with which they must be furnished; and strangers do not often care to go farther than the Vorhang, since the character of the cavern does not materially alter: it is the same splendid hall of white marble from beginning to end, and two miles are sufficient to give them a good idea of its extraordinary magnificence. I was strongly tempted to proceed, but knowing that I had still to visit the Magdalene Grotto, another cavern about three miles off, where the celebrated Proteus anguinus is found, and that my carriage was engaged only for one day more to take me to Trieste, I unwillingly gave it up. We now hastened our return, for it was getting late, and I had still much to see. For some time before we approached the river, I felt the temperature of the air increase sensibly, with a degree of moisture that was very perceptible. The temperature of the cavern is uniform throughout the whole year, and is therefore, in winter, considerably above that of the external air. As we passed by the various beautiful objects that I have been endeavouring to describe, I could not but feel that I was taking leave of them in all probability for ever, and stopped several times, half involuntarily, to snatch my last parting look of farewell to this magnificent natural temple.

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FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES, NO. II.

SCENE.—*Junior United Service Club.*

CAPTAIN BIGGS AND LIEUTENANT WILKINS.

*Captain.*

COME, Charles! another glass, my boy!  
 I've gain'd my end, my point is carried;  
 One bumper more to wish me joy,  
 When next we meet I shall be married;  
 I knew you'd stare,—but can you guess  
 Who is the object of my passion?  
 Oh! she's the pink of loveliness,  
 The very paragon of fashion!

Nay, do not try—you'll guess in vain—  
 And yet, upon consideration,  
 I own the case is pretty plain,  
 You must have noticed the flirtation.  
 'Tis Fanny Miles! the reigning belle!  
 The all-accomplish'd, pretty Fanny!  
 You must confess I've managed well,  
 To win a prize sought by so many.

*Lieutenant.*

I am surprised, I must allow,  
 I thought the girl was too capricious.

*Captain.*

Nay, nay, she never *loved* till now.

*Lieutenant.*

Well—but the mother 's so ambitious,  
She *will* make up to Earls and Dukes,  
And now and then is disconcerted  
By chilling slights, and such rebukes  
As glasses raised, or eyes averted.

*Captain.*

That may be over-anxious zeal,  
To elevate her only daughter ;  
You cannot feel as mothers feel.

*Lieutenant.*

No—but the girl, you 're sure you 've caught her ?  
You think she loves you ?

*Captain.*

*Think* she loves !

How can you ask so cold a question,  
Her pallid cheek, her passion proves—

*Lieutenant.*

Pooh ! that may all be indigestion !

*Captain.*

Oh ! do not jest—she doats on me,  
There ne'er was woman so devoted.

*Lieutenant.*

Since she came out—stop—let me see,—  
On one—two—three—four—five she 's doated.  
Her *dotage* may pass off.

*Captain.*

You wrong

The kindest of all earthly creatures !  
Did frailty ever yet belong  
To such a set of faultless features !  
Don't smile, for I 'll convince you yet,  
A patient listener entreating,  
I 'll say *how*, *when*, and *where* we met,  
And all that happen'd at the meeting.  
It was at Almack's ; she had got  
*One* ticket, and she begg'd another ;  
But Lady C. declared she 'd not  
For worlds admit the humdrum mother.

*Lieutenant.*

And yet the daughter went !

*Captain.*

Oh yes !—

You know—that is—what *should* prevent her ?

*Lieutenant.*

If 'gainst my parent, I confess,  
A door were shut, I 'd scorn to enter.

*Captain.*

*One* ticket came—*how could* it please  
Maternal feelings not to use it ?  
A ticket for the Duke of D.'s—  
Or even Almack's—who 'd refuse it ?

*Fashionable Eclogues.**Lieutenant.*

Are girls so mean! Well, well—proceed.  
She *went*, it seems—and there you met her?

*Captain.*

We met—we waltzed—and we agreed  
To meet again—*could* I forget her?  
I call'd next day, and Mr. Miles,  
And Mrs. Miles, seem'd charm'd to know me,  
Contributing with many smiles  
Each kind attention they could show me:

And I was ask'd to dine and sup,  
And cards for balls were never wanting;  
The carriage came and took me up—  
We went together, 'twas enchanting!  
I saw at once it was their aim  
That she and I should be united,  
For every morning when I came  
To something gay I was invited.

In purchases, she sought my taste—  
Where'er we went, 'twas I escorted—  
In gallopadés, I held her waist—  
In morning walks, my arm supported.  
I saw the time was come, in fact,  
When *honour* bade me to disclose all,  
So in the Opera's last act,  
Last night—I whisper'd a proposal!

*Lieutenant.*

And what said Fanny?

*Captain.*

Oh! she sigh'd—  
And raised her fan a blush to smother;  
I gently breathed, "Oh! with what pride  
Shall I present you to my brother."  
She started—(timid pet!) the word  
Was premature—the thought a bad one:  
"Brother!" she said; "I never heard—  
You never mention'd that you *had* one."  
"My *elder* brother!" I exclaim'd—  
She turn'd away—(sweet bashful creature!  
To hear *her* future brother named,  
No doubt had crimson'd ev'ry feature.)  
Then pleading earnestly I stood,  
With half-averted face she heard me,  
And answer'd, "Sir—you're—very—good—"  
But to her "dear mamma" refer'd me.  
I hurried home, and quickly wrote,  
As 'twere with wand of necromancer;  
To Mrs. Miles I sent the note,  
And now I'm waiting for the answer.

*Lieutenant.*

Sit down, my friend—don't fidget so—  
Those men at breakfast will observe us—  
Sit down, I beg of you—

*Captain.*

Oh I no,

I really can't, I am so nervous.

Ha! what is this!—a note for me!

'Tis it!—"No answer did the man say?"—

\*Now then my longing eyes will see

All that sincere affection *can* say!

(*reads*)

"Sir—your obliging note—high sense—

My daughter has—of the great honour—

Of good opinion—preference—"

There, my boy!—there—'tis plain I've won her!

(*reads again*)

"But—you're a younger brother, Sir!

And I *must* say—you will excuse it—

You were to blame to *think* of her—

And your proposal—*must* refuse it.

"I think it best to add at once,

That in declining your acquaintance—"

I'll read no more!—Oh, idiot! dunce!—

How shall I bear this cruel sentence!

*Lieutenant.*

Be calm, my friend.

*Captain.*

Alas! till now

I *never* knew what blighted hope meant.

*Lieutenant.*

Be pacified!

*Captain.*

Ah! tell me how

I best may manage an elopement.

I'll seek a druggist—happy plan!

And I will ask him—

*Lieutenant.*

Pray be placid!

*Captain.*

For Epsom crystals—but the man

I'll bribe to give oxalic acid!

*Lieutenant.*

Nay, seek amusement—it is right.

*Captain.*

I'll tell my man to load my pistols.

*Lieutenant.*

Come to the opera to-night—

*Captain.*

I'll go and buy the fatal crystals.

*Lieutenant.*

I've got two tickets—'tis a sin

To die despairing—come, my crony!

*Captain.*

Well—to please *you*—I'll just drop in

And take *one* peep at Taglioni.

B.

## SPECIMENS OF GERMAN GENIUS, NO. IV.

SCENE—CLARA'S HOUSE.\*

CLARA and her MOTHER.

*Mother.* Such a love as Brackenburgh's, I never saw. I did not believe there were such, except in romance books.

(*Clara walks up and down the room, humming an air between her lips.*)

"Happy alone  
Is the soul that loves."

*Mother.* He suspects your attachment to Egmont, and yet I do believe, if you would but appear a little kind to him, he would marry you, if you would have him.

*Clara, (singing,)*

"To be joyful,  
And sorrowful,  
And thoughtful;—  
To long,  
To dread,  
In doubtful pain;  
High as heaven exulting,  
Sad unto death;—  
Happy alone  
Is the soul that loves."

*Mother.* Leave off that nonsense.

*Clara.* Don't despise it; it is a song of wonderful virtue. Many's the time I have lulled a great child to sleep with it.

*Mother.* Ay, you have nothing in your head but your love; I wish you did not forget all for one. You ought to have more respect for Brackenburgh, say I. He may make you happy some day or other.

*Clara.* He?

*Mother.* Oh, yes! there'll come a time;—you children don't look forward, and you disregard our experience. Youth and bright love,—all come to an end; and the time comes when we thank God if we have any hole to creep into.

*Clara (shudders, is silent, and walks away).* Mother, let that time come—when it must—like death. To think of it beforehand is horrible! And if it should come—if we must—then we will bear our-

\* The above scene from Göthe's splendid tragedy of Egmont probably suggested to Sir Walter Scott an incident which will be present to the recollection of every reader of "Kenilworth." Impossible as it is for even the ablest and most practised hand to communicate to the English reader any conception of the inimitable grace and charm of Göthe's style, which is totally devoid of all striking points, and all rhetorical or emphatic passages, and flows on, like a lovely and majestic stream, in equal, unbroken clearness, and beauty, and melody, it is perhaps courting failure to attempt to translate a disjointed fragment like this. It were to be wished that some more competent hand would attempt the whole of this noble and manly drama. The character of Clara has no resemblance to that of Amy Robsart. She is, though of the humblest birth, and the sweetest and tenderest nature, a creature of proud, heroic spirit, loving in Egmont not only her lover, but the champion of the freedom of the Netherlands. Her death is worthy of the love she felt and inspired—the love of high and devoted hearts. The closing scene of Egmont is one of the finest efforts of Göthe's genius, and would have been preferred here but for its length.

selves as we may. Egmont, I live without thee? (*Weeping.*) No, it is not possible—not possible.

*Enter Egmont in a soldier's cloak, with his hat slouched over his face.*

Clara!

(*Clara cries out and steps back*)—Egmont! (*she flies to him,*) Egmont! (*embraces him, and rests her head on his bosom.*) Oh you kind, dear, sweet one! Are you come? Are you there? Are you really there?

*Egm.* Good evening, good mother.

*Mother.* God bless you, noble Sir. My poor child has nearly fretted herself to death because you have stayed away so long. She has been talking and singing about you again the whole day long.

*Egm.* But you will give me some supper, won't you?

*Mother.* You do us too much honour. If we had but any thing to offer you—

*Clara.* Be at ease about that, mother. I have taken care of all that already. I have prepared something. (*Aside.*) Don't betray me, mother.

*Mother.* (*Aside.*) There's little enough.

*Clara.* (*Aside.*) Stay.—And then I recollect;—when he is with me I am never hungry; so that he cannot have much appetite when I am with him.

*Egm.* What are you saying?

*Clara.* (*Stamps with her foot and turns away pettishly.*)

*Egm.* What is the matter with you?

*Clara.* How cold you are to-day! You have not offered me one kiss yet. Why do you keep your arms swathed in your mantle, like those of a babe a week old. It ill becomes either soldier or lover to have his arms muffled.

*Egm.* Sometimes, darling, sometimes; when the soldier stands in ambush, watching to fall upon the enemy, he gathers himself together, folds his arms, and ruminates on his attack. And a lover—

*Mother.* Won't you be seated? won't you make yourself comfortable? I must go into the kitchen. Clara thinks of nothing when you are by. You must take the will for the deed.

*Egm.* Your good will is the best sauce.

[*Mother goes.*]

*Clara.* And what, then, is my love?

*Egm.* Whatever you will.

*Clara.* Come, liken it to something, if you have the heart.

*Egm.* First—so—(*Throws off his mantle and stands disclosed in his splendid dress.*)

*Clara.* Ay, me!

*Egm.* Now my arms are free! (*Clasps her to his heart.*)

*Clara.* Don't; you will spoil yourself. (*Steps back.*) How splendid! I dare not touch you, now.

*Egm.* Well, are you satisfied? I promised you that I would come once dressed as a Spaniard.

*Clara.* I have never reminded you of your promise. I thought you did not like it. Ah! and the golden fleece!

*Egm.* Ay, now you see it.

*Clara.* And did the Emperor hang that round your neck?

*Egm.* Yes, dear one; and this chain and device endow their wearer

with the noblest privileges. I acknowledge no judge of my actions on earth, save the Grand-master of the Order and the assembled Chapter of Knights.

*Clara.* Oh, you might let the assembled world judge you! How magnificent the velvet is! and the fringe-work! and the embroidery! One can't tell what to admire most.

*Egm.* Well, now look your fill.

*Clara.* And the golden fleece! You told me the whole story; and you said it was a badge of every thing grand and precious—every thing that man can deserve, or win, by labour and industry. It is very precious. It seems to me like your love. I bear that, just so, upon my heart—and yet—

*Egm.* Well—what?

*Clara.* And yet—again it is *not* like.

*Egm.* How so?

*Clara.* It is not by labour or pains that I have won your love—not deserved it.

*Egm.* In love, the case is different. You deserved it, because you did *not* strive for it; those people are generally most sure to win it, who do not hunt about for it.

*Clara.* Did you learn that from yourself? Was it from yourself you drew that proud reflection? yourself, whom all the people love?

*Egm.* Oh! that I had, indeed, done something for them! that I *could* do something for them! It is their good pleasure to love me.

*Clara.* You have been with the Regent to-day, doubtless,—have you not?

*Egm.* I have.

*Clara.* Are you on good terms with her?

*Egm.* It seems so. We are friendly and obliging to each other.

*Clara.* And in your heart?

*Egm.* I like her. Every one has his own peculiar views—but that is nothing. She is an excellent woman, knows the people she has to deal with, and would see deeply enough, if she were not somewhat suspicious. I give her plenty of occupation; for she always searches for some secret behind my conduct, and I have none.

*Clara.* What, none at all?

*Egm.* Why, true, dear,—one little exception. All wine leaves lees in the cask, if it stands long enough. Orange is, however, a more amusing person to her, and an ever new problem. He has got credit for always having a secret, and now, she is constantly trying to read on his brow what he is thinking,—in his step, whither he is going.

*Clara.* Does she dissemble?

*Egm.* A Regent,—and you ask that?

*Clara.* Pardon me, I meant is she false?

*Egm.* Neither more nor less so than every one who seeks to obtain his ends.

*Clara.* I should not know what to do in the great world. But she has a manly spirit; she is another sort of woman from us sempstresses and housewives. She is great, brave-hearted, resolute.

*Egm.* Yes, perhaps that goes a little too far; she is a perfect Amazon.

*Clara.* A majestic woman! I should dread to come into her presence.



*Egm.* And yet, you are not generally so timid! It would not be fear—only maidenly shame.

*Clara.* (*casts down her eyes, takes his hand, and leans her head upon him.*)

*Egm.* I understand you:—Dear girl!—you may raise your eyes. (*kisses her eyes.*)

*Clara.* Let me be silent!—let me clasp you!—let me gaze in your eyes, and find in them every thing—comfort, and hope, and joy, and sorrow. (*She embraces, and looks at him.*) Tell me—tell me—I do not understand—are you Egmont?—Count Egmont?—the great Egmont, who makes so great a figure, whose name is in every newspaper, on whom the Provinces place their whole reliance?

*Egm.* No, my Clara, I am not.

*Clara.* What?

*Egm.* Look you, Clara—let me sit down. (*He sits down—she kneels before him on a footstool, leans her arms on his knees, and looks up in his face.*) That Egmont is a stern, unbending, cold Egmont, compelled to shut himself up, and to assume now one aspect, and now another;—fretted, misunderstood;—constrained, when people think him gay and joyous;—beloved by a people who knows not what it wishes;—honoured and exalted by an impracticable multitude;—surrounded by friends to whom he dares not commit himself unreservedly;—watched by men who would avail themselves of any means to rival him;—labouring and toiling, often without end, almost always without aim, generally without reward—Oh, let me not say how it fares with him,—how he feels and thinks,—what spirit he is of. But *this* Egmont, Clara, the tranquil, open, happy,—beloved and understood by the best of hearts, that heart which he fully understands, and with entire love and confidence presses to his own—(*embracing her*) this, is *your* Egmont!

*Clara.* So—let me die! The world has no joy after this!

*Goethe—Egmont, Act III. Scene 2.*

The institutions of a country depend in great measure on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of man are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these wants, manners, laws, and religion, must shape and accommodate themselves. The division of land and the rights attached to it alter with the soil; the laws relating to its produce with its fertility. The manners of its inhabitants are in various ways modified by its position. The religion of a miner is not the same as the faith of a shepherd, nor is the character of the ploughman so warlike as that of the hunter. The observant legislator follows the direction of all these various circumstances. The knowledge of the natural advantages or defects of a country thus form an essential part of political science and history.

*Justus Möser, Osnabrückische Geschichte.*

Character is a perfectly educated Will.

*Novalis.*

This Ranz des Vaches at once awaked his blooming childhood, and she arose out of the morning dew, and out of her bower of rosebuds and slumbering flowers, and stepped before him in heavenly beauty,

and smiled innocently, and with her thousand hopes, upon him, and said, "Look at me—how beautiful I am! We used to play together! I formerly gave thee many things—great riches, gay meadows, and bright gold, and a beautiful long paradise behind the mountains; but now thou hast nothing of all this left—and how pale thou art! Oh play with me again!" Before which of us has not childhood been a thousand times called up by music? and to which of us has she not spoken, and asked—"Are the rosebuds which I gave thee not yet blown?" Alas! blown, indeed, they are—but they were pale, white roses.

*Jean Paul.*

Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love, and piety, ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought—many more, to be spoken.

*Novalis.*

Extract from a Discourse on the Advantage of Dialects in the Greek Language, spoken at Munich, Oct. 12, 1808—the Birthday of the King of Bavaria.

The land of ancient Greece has indeed utterly deserted those boundaries which formerly encircled its free and intelligent inhabitants. The life of the most vivacious and active of all people is extinct. Her cities, once the resort of high and unequalled virtues, the worthy abode of Gods, the rich garden of every art, are sunk into melancholy villages, in which an ignorant and needy people heedlessly build their hovels on the ruins of antiquity, without any reverential sentiment—almost without any recollection of the heroic times of which those stones yet bear witness. The ancient streams, some of which still retain their former names, glide mournfully through a desert country; the Gods, who dwelt on their banks and in their grottos, have departed from them; and the wondrous songs which recounted the story of every fount, and bill, and grove, to the ears of a free and susceptible people, are all hushed.

Their strong and manly, their tender and graceful, language, survives only in a faint and melancholy dissonance. But what that ancient land and her degenerate inhabitants no longer afford, the memory of the days of her glory still affords in rich abundance. Still do the deeds of Grecian antiquity bloom in all spirits; still are the remains of her art the joy of the world, the possession of them the pride of the conqueror; still do the noblest drink from the exhaustless fountains of her science; still are kindred spirits enkindled at the flame of her genius: and, as of yore her pious sons sought instruction and comfort at the sanctuary of her oracles, so does every noble mind, whose aspirations the present fails to satisfy, seek comfort and tranquillity in the calm asylum of Hellenic wisdom. Here does her language still bloom in the immortal charms of its youthful and manly beauty; and as the spirit of Grecian antiquity reigns over the whole domain of modern art and science, so does her language breathe over us an air of nobler and more finished perfection. Wheresoever this vivifying breath has been felt, it has elevated all minds, has unfolded the blossoms of beauty, and ennobled the tones of language.

*Fr. Jacobs.*

Extract from a *Lecture*, introductory to a Course on Universal History, delivered at Jena, 1789.

The plan of study which the trader in science and literature proposes to himself is one; that of the philosopher is another, and a far different. The former, the only aim of whose industry is to fulfil those conditions under which he may become qualified for his post or profession and participant in its advantages, who has set the powers of his mind in activity only for the bettering of his external circumstances and for the satisfying of a small ambition; such a man will, on the entrance to his academical career, have no more weighty concern than most carefully to sever those studies which he regards as means of subsistence, from all those which delight the mind as mind alone. All the time devoted to these, he would think subtracted from his future profession, and would never forgive himself for the theft. He would turn his whole industry in the direction of those acquisitions which the future masters of his fortune would be likely to require at his hands, and would think he had accomplished every thing if he could meet these demands without fear. Has he run through his academical course, and reached the goal of his wishes? He abandons his guide; for why should he trouble himself farther? His main object is now to bring to view the treasures he has accumulated in his memory, and at the same time to use his utmost endeavours that they may not decline in value. Every extension of the boundaries of the science by which he earns his bread is regarded by him with anxiety, since it occasions him fresh labour, or renders his former labours useless: every important innovation or discovery alarms him, for it breaks down those old school formulæ which he had taken so much pains to acquire; it endangers the entire produce of the toil and trouble of his whole previous life.

Who have raised so loud an outcry and clamour against reformers as those who turn science and learning into daily bread? Who so carefully and so effectually obstruct the progress of useful revolutions in the empire of science as these men? Every spark of light which is enkindled by some happy genius, he it in what science it may, renders their barrenness and poverty visible. They fight with bitterness, with malice, with desperation; for the forms and systems which they defend are identified with their very existence. Hence there is no more implacable enemy, no more envious colleague, no more zealous inquisitor, than the man who has set his talents and knowledge to sale. The less his acquirements reward him *in and for themselves*, the larger remuneration does he crave from others; for the merits of the artisan, and for those of the man of science, he has only one standard—labour: hence there are no greater complainers than such men. Not in the deep and hidden treasures of his own thoughts does he seek his reward; he seeks it in external applause, in titles, and posts of honour or authority. Is he disappointed of these? Who is more unhappy than the man who has cultivated knowledge with no purer and higher aims? He has lived, he has watched, he has toiled in vain; in vain has he searched for truth, if he cannot harter her in exchange for gold, for newspaper applause, for court favour.

Pitiable man! who with the noblest of all instruments, science and art, can design, can execute, nothing higher than the artisan, with the meanest! who, in the empire of perfect freedom, bears about the soul of a

slave! But still more pitiable is the young man of genius, whose natural disposition is turned aside by pernicious doctrine and example into these miserable bye-ways; who has suffered himself to be persuaded to concentrate his whole mental force upon this merely professional perfection. He will soon regard his professional attainments with loathing, as a mere piece of hotchwork; wishes will arise within him which can never be satisfied; his genius will rebel against his destination. Every thing he does, now appears to him fragmental; he sees no aim to his labours, and yet he cannot endure their aimlessness. The irksome, the insignificant, in his employment, press him to the earth, because he cannot oppose to them that high and cheerful courage which accompanies only a clear insight into the objects of research, a confident anticipation of its success. He feels himself cut off, torn-up by the roots, from the universal harmony and connexion of things, because he has neglected to direct his mental activity to the Great Whole. The lawyer abhors law, as soon as a glimmer of better culture throws light upon her nakedness and deformities; instead of striving, as he ought, to become the creator of a new and more perfect form, and to supply her now-discovered wants out of his own internal affluence. The physician becomes disgusted with his profession, as soon as important failures show him the uncertainty of his system; the theologian loses his reverence for his sacred calling, as soon as his faith in the infallibility of his own system of doctrine is shaken.

How far different is the philosophical spirit! Just as sedulously as the trader in knowledge severs his own peculiar science from all others, does the lover of wisdom strive to extend its dominion and restore its connexion with them. I say, *to restore*; for the boundaries which divide the sciences are but the work of the power of abstraction. What the empiric separates, the philosopher unites. He has early come to the conviction, that in the dominion of intellect, as in the world of matter, every thing is enlinked and commingled, and his eager longing for universal harmony and agreement cannot be satisfied by fragments. All his efforts are directed to the perfecting of his knowledge; his noble impatience cannot be tranquilized till all his conceptions have arranged themselves into one harmonious whole, till he stands at the central point of arts and sciences, and thence overlooks the whole extent of their dominion with satisfied glance. New discoveries in the field of his activity which depress the trader in science, enrapture the philosopher. Perhaps they fill a chasm which the growth of his ideas had rendered more wide and unseemly, or they place the last stone, the only one wanting to the completion of the structure of his ideas. But even should they shiver it into ruins,—should a new series of ideas, a new aspect of nature, a newly discovered law in the physical world, overthrow the whole fabric of his knowledge, *he has always loved Truth better than his system*, and gladly will he exchange her old and defective form for a new and a fairer one. And, even if no external shock should disturb his mental structure, yet is he compelled by an ever-active impulse towards improvement, to be the first to pull it down and separate all its parts, that he may rebuild it anew in a more perfect form and order. The philosophical mind passes on through new forms of thought, constantly heightening in beauty, to perfect, consummate excellence; while the empiric hoards the barren sameness of his school attainments, in a mind eternally stationary.

There is no more equitable judge of the merits of others than the philosopher. Acute and inventive enough to take advantage of every kind of active power, he is also reasonable enough to honour the author of the minutest discovery. For him, all spirits labour; to the empiric, their toils are hostile and ruinous. The former knows how to make all that is done or thought around him, his own; an intimate community of all intellectual possessions prevails amongst real thinkers; whatever one conquers in the empire of truth, he shares with all; while the man whose only estimate of wisdom is profit, hates his cotemporaries, and grudges them the light and sun which illumines them; he guards with jealous care the tottering barriers which feebly defend him from the incursions of victorious truth; for whatever he undertakes, he is compelled to borrow stimulus and encouragement from without. The philosophical spirit finds in its objects, nay, even in its toils, excitement and reward.

With how much more ardour can he set about his work, how much more lively is his zeal, how much more persevering his courage and activity, since each labour starts in all the freshness of youth from the bosom of its predecessor. The Small acquires magnitude under his creative hand, for he keeps the Great steadily in his eye, and all his conceptions are tintured by it, while the empiric sees only minute details, the Small, even in the Greatest. Not *what* is his pursuit, but *how* he handles whatever he pursues, distinguishes the philosophical mind. Wherever he takes his station, whatever is the field of his activity, he always stands in the centre of the Whole; and, however widely the object of his pursuit separates him from his brethren, he is near and allied to them by a mind working in harmony with theirs. He meets them on that point where all clear spirits find each other.

*Schiller.*

The sun sinks—and the earth closes her great eye, like that of a dying god. Then smoke the hills like altars;—out of every wood ascends a chorus;—the veils of day, the shadows, float around the eskindled, transparent tree-tops, and fall upon the gay, gem-like flowers. And the burnished gold of the west throws back a dead gold on the east, and tinges with rosy light the hovering breast of the tremulous lark,—the evening bell of nature.

*Jean Paul.*

What is there in man so worthy of honour and reverence as this—that he is capable of contemplating something higher than his own reason; more sublime than the whole universe; that Spirit which alone is self-subsistent;—from which all truth proceeds—without which is no truth.

*F. H. Jacobi.*

The critic of art ought to keep in view not only the capabilities, but the proper objects, of art. Not all that art can accomplish, ought she to attempt. It is from this cause alone, and because we have lost sight of these principles, that art, among us, is become more extensive and difficult, less effective and perfect.

*Lessing.*

The ideal of Ethical Perfection has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of the Highest Strength—the most intense vital energy—which has

been called (rightly enough with reference to the fundamental meaning of the term, but very falsely as regards that which we now attach to it,) the Ideal of Æsthetic Greatness. It is the Maximum of barbarians, and has, alas! in these days of wild irregular culture, obtained very numerous adherents, precisely among the feeblest minds. Man, under the influence of this Ideal, becomes an animal spirit,—a combination, whose brute intelligence possesses a brute attraction for the weak.

*Novalis.*

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Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so. *Goethe.*

Ordinary people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lap-dog, who wags his tail, and licks the hand, and cringes at the nod, of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them.

*Merkel.*

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The heart of man is older than his head. The first-born is sensitive, but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted if he would avoid falling.

*Fred. Will. Ziegler.*

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The most reckless sinner against his own conscience has always in the background the consolation, that he will go on in this course only this time—or only so long—but that, at such a time, he will amend. We may be assured that we do not stand clear with our own consciences so long as we determine, or project, or even hold it possible, at some future time, to alter our course of action. He who is certain of his own conduct, feels perfectly confident that he *cannot* change it, nor the principles upon which it is founded;—that, on this point, his freedom is gone,—that he is fixed for ever in these resolves. *Fichte.*

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One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people. *Isaak Iselin.*

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The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is, tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

*Jean Paul.*

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#### LUNATIC LAYS, NO. 1.

“ I must and will an actress wed.”

I must and will an actress wed,  
 Still smile away all shadows,  
 The voice of Love is eloquent  
 In green-rooms—not green meadows:  
 Talk not of rural hills and vales,  
 They suit my optic sense ill,  
 The only scenery I prize  
 Is that of Stanfield's pencil!

The Earl, my father, storms at me,  
 And says it is a queer age,  
 When comic first appearances  
 At last lead to the Peerage :  
 And my maternal Countess vows  
 That nothing can console her,  
 If I disgrace the family  
 By marrying a stroller !

But, oh ! I'd scorn such prejudice,  
 Although 'twere universal,  
 For I have been behind the scenes  
 At night, and at rehearsal :  
 No titled heiress will I ask  
 To be my benefactress ;  
 I'd rather elevate my wife,  
 So I will wed an actress.

Oh, first I burnt for tragic queens,  
 My passion scarce is cool yet,  
 I teased each Mrs. Beverly,  
 Euphrasia, and Juliet ;  
 And if by Belvidera's frowns  
 A little disconcerted,  
 I flew to Mrs. Haller's side,  
 And at the wings I flirted.

But Colonel Rant, (the gentleman  
 Who's always amateuring,)  
 Behind the scenes came every night  
 With language most alluring :  
 And he had such a way with him,  
 He won their hearts by magic,  
 So I resign'd Melpomene,  
 And Rant reign'd o'er the Tragic !

To Lady Bells and Tearles next  
 I turn'd—and Lady Rackets,  
 Who put their rouge and spirits on  
 (As boys put on their jackets) ;  
 Whose smiles, professionally sweet,  
 Appear when prompters summon ;  
 Who keep, in fact, their bloom for best,  
 While *sallow* serves for common.

And then I sigh'd for the soubrettes  
 In aprons made with pockets,  
 Who frisk about the stage like squibs,  
 And then go off like rockets :  
 But at their beck I always found  
 Some beauteous Bob or Billy,  
 With whom they lightly tript away,  
 And left me looking silly.

To prima donnas then I turn'd,  
 The Pollys and Mandanes ;  
 Made love to *she* Don Carloses,  
 And *female* Don Giovannis !  
 But soon came one with higher notes,—  
 They left me—*allegretto* !  
 They sought him—*volti subito* !  
 Forsaking me—*falsetto* !

But now a love for figurants  
 Within my bosom rankles,  
 I doat upon extended arms,  
 And sigh for well-turn'd ankles :  
 Enchanting girls! how dark their hair!  
 How white and red their skin is!  
 I love them all—though wicked wits  
 May call them "spinning Jennies."

In Peter Wilkins I have sigh'd  
 For sylph-like forms, whose trade is  
 To hang suspended by the waist,  
 And act high-flying ladies :  
 The Country Curate may abuse  
 My loves because they *lack* dress,  
*He'll* choose a wife from private life;—  
 But *I* will wed an actress.

B.

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THE MISERIES OF "THE HAPPIEST FELLOW ALIVE."

I AM rich—well-born—decently good-looking—and not much stuper than my neighbours. It was after three years of the riotous head-aching kind of life of "a gay man" at Cambridge, to which every person not born to poverty and a parsonage is conventionally condemned, that I changed the modest bowers of Barnwell, and the elegant inebriation of milk punch, for the beauties and the festivities of the Metropolis.

Lord Charles C —, who was destined for the Church, looked spitefully at my new britsks, and swore there was nothing like a commoner's wealth. My rich fellow-collegian, Sir Tobias —, sighed, as he said that I should no doubt find it a delightful thing in the world to be "well connected;" and my poor friend Stanhope, who was going to the bar, squeezed my hand till the tears came into my eyes, and emphatically said,—I was the happiest fellow alive.

Under these joyous auspices, and the vivifying inspirations of a Wednesday morning in May, I descended from my carriage at Fenton's Hotel, where I expected to find two friends in the Life Guards, who were lodging there.

They were just come from duty at barracks, and I found them up-stairs, robed in splendid silk dressing-gowns, and in the full enjoyment of their pipes and the Morning Post.

"What a lucky fellow you are," said Mr. Carlton Smith, "to have Lady — for an aunt. You are certain of a ticket, and it will be the best Almack's this year decidedly."

A ticket accordingly I got—danced with two beauties, was introduced to three patronizing dowagers, received in the course of the next day nine invitations, and soon became one, of what novelists would call, "the *élite* of the fashionable world."

I certainly was a happy young man. The mothers said I was a good match—the daughters declared me very agreeable—the dandies swore I was a d—d good fellow—I was received at Crockford's, and refused by one blackball only at White's.

I certainly was a happy young man. I don't remember being excluded from one party, however select, or cut by one dandy, however consummate, during the whole of my first season in town.



Every body told me I was happy, confoundedly happy, and therefore I could not help feeling a little surprise at finding myself bored.

"Well," said I to myself one night at half past twelve, as I was lazily drawing on my silk stocking, and yawning most hideously at the idea of the *delightful party* I was dressing for—"Well," said I, "it will certainly be a very good ball, and I suppose I must go, or else—it is very late, Jrmin, is it not?"

"Pardonne, Monsieur! one exactly."

I sent for my invitation, and vainly looked for "early" in the corner. I was in time, there was no alternative, and my toilette was continued.

The razor, however, would not cut—the left whisker drooped in despondency—five neckcloths were ignominiously cast away; and, by various misfortunes and manœuvres, I contrived to get through two hours before the toilette was completed.

"Thank God," said I, as on arriving at the door, the last carriage drove off, and thus saying, I very quietly went home, drank my accustomed glass of soda-water, and retired to bed.

Various sage and philosophical ideas passed through my brain the next morning as I was sipping my coffee. "What is the great object in life?" said I, looking considerably down at my slipper; "is it not happiness?" and directly the word was pronounced, I thought of the slipshod, dressing-gown ease and comfort I was enjoying.

It was luxurious, very luxurious; and contrasted well with the thoughts of the tight pump and well-buttoned pantaloons of the preceding evening. "And why," said I, "should I go to a hall or a *soirée*? does it make me happy?"

The question was perplexing. But as I had received the advantage of a mathematical education, I was not altogether incapable of a logical style of reasoning. "We do not yawn when we are happy," said I. "I yawn perpetually, therefore I am not happy. But happiness is the object of my being. Let me consider what is the first step towards happiness." I considered, and exclaimed, "To find out the impediment to pleasure."

Having arrived at this conclusion, I looked out of the window—regretted there was no fire—glanced at the political article of "The Times"—thought again, and found that the impediment to pleasure was ennui.

The proposition therefore now stood thus:—

To obtain happiness, find out the impediment to pleasure.

The impediment to pleasure is ennui.

Without ennui, there would be no impediment to pleasure.

Without an impediment to pleasure one would be pleased.

This was a very important discovery; and I began to reflect how it would be possible to profit by it.

With a facility of thought, which can only attend an easy digestion, I quickly perceived that I was not pleased in society, because I was ennuied; and that I had only to cease to be ennuied, in order to be pleased.

Though not of a studious turn of mind, I immediately gave myself up to the study of metaphysics; and in a very abstruse work chanced to discover that ennui proceeded from a want of excitement. The ingenious reader, therefore, will immediately perceive that since I was

ennuied in society, and ennui proceeds from a want of excitement—it was a want of excitement in society which ennuied me.

If I got rid of this want, I got rid of ennui; if I got rid of ennui I was happy—what a delightful conclusion.

Now the only social excitement I could think of was—love; and therefore I philosophically and metaphysically determined to become “un homme à bonnes fortunes.”

As soon as I determined that it was a wise thing to fall in love, I very sapiently concluded that the sooner I did a wise thing the better. My declaration, therefore, was made that very evening. I shall pass over the little difficulties that postponed the moment of my triumph, since it was only from the time that I was what is vulgarly called happy, that I can date the commencement of my sorrows.

The lady of my love was not one of those whose husbands consign them to the world in a perfect conviction or carelessness of their virtue, and whose favours therefore are so easy of access, that they can scarcely be considered worth obtaining. Lord D—— was stately and cold, but attentive and jealous. Lady D—— was young, fashionable, in the bloom of her second season, and one of the best dressed women in London. It was impossible to have an affair more desirable, and as soon as the first whisper of my success circulated, every body said “what a happy young man I was.”

For myself, as I had never leisure to reflect on the state of my mind, for a long time I took what people said of it for granted. I had never leisure to reflect, for I was always in an ecstasy of pleasure or disappointment. Lady D—— had the most ardent attachment for me, but the most perfect respect and friendship for her husband. She would not think of compromising his dignity, or hurting his feelings, for the world. She could not help people suspecting she had a lover; but she would not put the matter out of doubt by the slightest decrease in her conjugal endearments.

She spoke to Lord D—— in as sweet a voice when she wanted her carriage at the opera, and hung as tenderly upon his arm when she entered a *salon*, as in the first month after their marriage. Every tender look on her lover was atoned for by some particular mark of domestic devotion.

How often have I paced to and fro in a certain walk at Kensington Gardens, to receive, after three hours expectation, not my beloved, but a beautiful billet on rose-coloured paper, stating her inexpressible distress at being unable to relieve herself from Lord D——’s provoking attentions. Then the perplexities of finding indulgent friends, and proper rendezvous; of temporizing with the world, and keeping up appearances. At length the hurry and the harass, the fever and the fret of this state of existence, not only preyed upon my heart, but was too much for health. I had a violent nervous attack; and on my recovery was told, in a beautiful lisp, by the object of my affections, that hers were unfortunately transferred.

I swore that the hearts of women in society were cold and polluted, and consoled myself by a *danseuse*. *La petite Emille* had a beautiful little foot and ankle, and a diamond necklace given her by the King of Prussia: she wore the best corset, and made the best pirouette of any lady in the “foyer.” She was never known to have a poor lover, or

to choose one entirely from his riches. There could not be any thing more *difficile*, or more *comme il faut* in its *genre*, and I was still considered one of the happiest young men in London.

I had always thought there was something allegorical in the fable of Cinderella, and now I became convinced of it.

I know no change so marvellous or so mournful, as the one between the beautiful being whom we see all life and limb, surrounded by the magical decorations of the theatre, and the languid, dishevelled, slipshod creature, lounging on a greasy sofa, in a dirty lodging, up two pair of stairs, in Gerard-street, Soho. The apartment which smells of mutton fat,—the mother who washes silk stockings,—and the insolent and filthy *coiffeur*,—so ardently expected, and so enthusiastically received, are repellant and unwholesome images, which imagination sickens at, and memory never perfectly digests. For my own part, these things are still acid and inconcrete recollections, which cause a kind of mental nausea whenever they occur to me.

I am of a mild and generous disposition, yet it certainly gave me occasional pangs both of avarice and ill-humour to find that I was the only person who did not profit by the milliner's bill I was expected to pay. On the stage, nothing could surpass or equal the toilette of my fair Emille; not a pin nor a patch was omitted that could fascinate the eye of the public. It was only with me that *mon amie* claimed the privilege of being *mal habillée*.

At all events, however, I expected the quiet disposition of my time. I rejoiced that there were no *egards* to consider, no servants to deceive; that at all hours I could command the society of my mistress: the hope was in vain!

The most devoted husband in the world is a commodious animal, when compared with a *maître de ballét*.

Representations—Repetitions;—the soft sulkiness with which they were attended; the sudorific languor by which they were succeeded.

The necessity of quitting the most interesting *tête-à-tête* at the striking of the clock—the impossibility of disarranging a ringlet after the departure of the *coiffeur*, were worse in their way than any thing I had before experienced. Thus, with the courage of a man told that he is in the height of enjoyment, I dragged through three months of exquisite misery, when, one evening, I happened to praise the gentle Emille's dearest friend, with whom she had quarrelled that morning: "Bete!" "ridicule!" "animal!" "ahsurde!" shot from one pair of lips, and were answered with as much dexterity as delicacy by the other. In two minutes, I was *glisséd* to the door; in three, kicked down-stairs by a *pas de zephyr*.

And now, for the first time, I felt the truth of the observation, when, on relating my misfortune to a friend, he swore that he was sure that it would make me "a d——d happy fellow!"

Women, of low and high degree, I forswore for ever; yet I was still absorbed by my favourite idea of excitement.

The turf was open to me, and cards and dice still remained untried. I kept a book and a stud of horses, and was elected a member of Graham's. My hook was considered the best of the year; I had so arranged it that I was certain to be a winner. One defaulter, however, changed the whole of my calculations; and my only consolation on re-

turning from Newmarket, after losing 10,000*l.* was, that my companion, who took the coach that night for Dover without remembering his engagements, said, when I told him of my loss, "that I was too happy" to be able to pay it. In regard to my stud, nothing could be more fortunate; my second-rate horses carried away all the country sweepstakes, and Selim was the winner at the Derby. My groom's book, however, eased me of all the profits of the former; and not being a rogue, I had but severe odds against the latter.

At Graham's I was universally allowed to be the luckiest person that ever existed—since Lord Granville played whist at least as well as myself, and his losses doubled mine in the course of the season.

Gambling, however, with me was a short-lived passion. I found that the pleasure of winning, even heightened as it was by the rareness of the occurrence, was not to be compared to the pain of losing; and after making this reflection, I burnt my book, sold my stud, and bade adieu to Graham's for ever.

I was now inspired with the ambition of a senator; and after expending 30,000*l.* in a contest, in which, by the by, I had my nose knocked on one side, and was near losing the sight of my eye, I was so "fortunate" as to be returned member for —shire. This pleasure was but of short continuance. The King died within two months after my success, and I was ousted by my opponent at the next election.

Nothing remained for me now but to turn author, and this accordingly I did. My three volumes were very milk-and-water stuff; but a fashionable bookseller engaged to publish them, and I made up my mind to be "popular" for the rest of my life.

In every journal for the next three weeks I was held up as the libeller of all my acquaintance; my talents were declared to be sublime—my principles stigmatized as diabolical. My novel was asked for every where, and I was passed in the streets by my best friends without a salutation.

I called on my publisher, endeavoured to expostulate, and begged him to retract his assertions. He smiled at my reproaches—would not believe in my dissatisfaction, and assured me, with his hand upon his heart, that I was the most "fortunate writer" that had appeared within his remembrance.

Thus far, then, have I proceeded in my progress to bliss. My fortune is going—my nose is on one side—I have nobody to love—my friends cut me, and I am still universally reckoned the happiest fellow alive!

Y. X.

#### THE ROOMS AS THEY ARE, AND THE ROOMS AS THEY WERE.

See the Correspondence of the Proprietors of the Rooms and the Ball Committee in the "*Bath Herald*" of Dec. 12, 1829.

THE *Airs* and the *Graces* were once near allied,  
And moved in our Rooms, hand in hand, side by side;  
'Twas grateful to see so becoming a set  
Hand in hand, in the dance or the promenade met.  
They look'd not for lounges, nor floors to be spread  
With covers and carpets of crimson or red.

The Marquis of A — and the Duchess of B —  
 In the Octagon took up their station and — tea —  
 The bare boards alone were under their feet,  
 And they sat on the forms, content with their seat;  
 The Fiddles made music, the coal fires gave heat.  
 Then those who had places alone took a place;  
 Their Rank was acknowledged, as due to their race,  
 At the head of the Room — for each knew their own; —  
 Would it still were the same, but those good times have flown!  
 An M.C. in his own little Court was then KING;  
 Times are changed — it is now quite a different thing.  
 Dethroned from his power he no longer bears away,  
 And Bath, I much fear it, will yet rue the day!  
 If Committees then met, they met as they should;  
 Not for the *Exclusive*\* but *general* good,  
 To support the elected M.C. on his throne;  
 Broke up, and left not for Dissension a bone.  
 If the air was then colder, 't was still hot enough;  
 The people were made of a hardier stuff.  
 The Rooms they were full, and in that was the charm;  
 Cold Pretension kept outside, those inside were warm.  
 No Lady Patroness,† then was desired,  
 Each Belle to be pleased, and to please but aspired.  
 With Pride and its Patrons came in a cold air;  
 The result is — rooms empty — the benches all bare.  
 Cold airs and hot airs together have met,  
 Yet they cannot make up one Gallopade set.  
 The Lodgings are empty — and so is each Street,  
 And if Visitors come, they as quickly retreat.

A FRIEND TO BATH.

## THE LAND OF CAKES, NO. IV.

Aberdeen awa'.

A CONSIDERABLE number of years ago, there was a great deal of writing among the Aberdonian professors, and a school-book, a volume of sermons, or a polemical tract, still occasionally makes its appearance: but their best living book is Dr. Hamilton's on the National Debt; and though it be an able work, the subject is not popular. They look back to the times of Campbell, Gerrald, and Beattie, as their Augustan age; but though Campbell and Gerrald were men of talents, their writings do not suit the taste of the present times; they partake so much of the logic of the schoolmen, and have too little of practical application in them. Beattie was better and worse, though more worse than better. He was a perfect contrast to the present Principal of Marischals.

Whether it be the fault of their scholastic habits, which cramp the mind, and prevent that elasticity which men show when they write about persons and things in the way that ordinary people speak of

\* An abstract term which, of late, has been in much use.

† Nothing could be more absurd than the idea of putting a Bath ball upon the footing of those held at Almack's. If ever the thing should be attempted, there then would indeed be some excuse for the introduction of hot air.

them,—whether it be that there is actually something Lethæan in the air of a college, when breathed for too long a time,—or whether it be that the learned doctors are afraid to measure their literary powers against the mass of the people,—or whether it be from another and an occult cause, I know not, but it is a remarkable fact, that not one of the universities in the three kingdoms has ever been able to establish a literature; while there have been instances in which a single bookseller has done it. Even Oxford and Cambridge are “vestal virgins” in that way; if they keep in the fire, “they produce nothing.” Trinity (Dublin) sends forth men by the gross, but it never sends forth a book. It is the same with Edinburgh,—the literati that are there are as often out of the college as in it; and that college never gave the tone to so much as a newspaper, or did the calculations for an almanack. As for Glasgow, any little *brochure* which does get itself betrayed into types there, is just as likely to issue from a spinning-jenny as from the *Senatus Academicus*. As for the aged city of St. Andrew’s, if there be a printer there at all, the most classic emanation from his press is likely to be “Grass parks to be let!”—if it be even as classic as that. Then what should be expected from Aberdeen, hemmed in as it is by the sea and the Grampians, and doomed to the ceaseless routine of manufacturing country parsons and parish schoolmasters?

It is true that there have been at each and all of these places men who have written books, and good readable books too; but so have books been written by tailors and breeches-makers, but not professionally, any more than they have been so written by professors. That fact is an important one. It is not what those who have not thought upon the subject would expect; and it explains another fact, why London, without any learned institution of note, should have been the grand focus of literary talent. That talent is like all other produce, of use and value not where it is grown, but where it is consumed.

But though any occasional literary talent that has displayed itself in the Aberdeen colleges has thus had no obvious connexion with these, yet the place is not without literati, and itself is the standard subject. Within the last twenty years, there have been three distinct histories of the city; and one of these is, both physically and metaphysically, a very ponderous tome,—a fair load for a body of ordinary strength, and more than enough for most minds.

The author of that book is one of the Dons of the city; and if not the very brightest of wits in himself, has yet been made not a little conspicuous by those spirits, of whom there is a pretty regular succession in Aberdeen, and who carry their practical waggeries farther than would be either safe or seemly in most other places. I have mentioned, however, that the delight of the whole district is fun; and if the people can but get it, they care not much at whose expense.

The personage in question is a very respectable member, I believe Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, that is of attorneys, practising before all the courts in the place; but he has some peculiarities. In matters of profane learning, he is a *Binitarian*; and the two idols of his adoration are black-letter and his own understanding, and the cause is probably the same as to both. The wags used to be aware of this amiable weakness, and play him tricks.

Once when the assize was at Aberdeen, Jeffrey, the late editor of the "Edinburgh Review," attended professionally. He and some of the Aberdonian wags, when taking their wine after the labours of the day, got a piece of old parchment, which they greased and smoked, to make it look still older; while it was hot, they scrawled it over with a burnt stick, in marks as little like any known characters as could be, and having dried and folded it, and rubbed the folds upon the hearth, till it was worn through in some places, they gave it another smoking, and wrapping it up with the greatest care, sent it to the black-letterman, with a long eulogium on his powers, an intimation that it had foiled all the antiquaries in the south, and that he alone could prevent the precious relic from being lost to the world. As this came with the compliments of the Editor of the "Edinburgh Review," an answer was immediately sent back, full of gratitude for the honour, and of assurances that that very night the labour of deciphering it should be begun. To work he set, and spent the whole night without being able to decipher one word; so he wrote in the morning, returning the relic, and adding, that, though the interpretation was beyond his powers, it was invaluable,—certainly of a date anterior to any of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The messenger carried it back to him, with a polite note, stating, that as he knew more about it than any one else, no one could be so worthy of the possession,—it was therefore his, to have and to hold in all time coming. Never was man more delighted: the donor, the gift, the circumstances under which he had possessed it,—all were rather too much for mortal man. The house could not contain him, and he sallied out proclaiming his great fame and fortune. But though the propagation was speedy, and the congratulations warm, the period of both was brief; for his tormentors were on the watch, and followed him so closely, that before he had carried the tidings to the last friend, all the others were in possession of the real case.

It is in these practical jokes, which it must be admitted have a little wickedness mingled with their waggery, that the chief peculiarity of the Aberdonians consists. They are played off upon parties who are as nearly as may be on a level with the wags in rank; but they are keenly relished by the whole community. There is one other, which was practised on the same gentleman by the same characters, which it may not be improper to mention.

The shore immediately to the south of Aberdeen is wild and precipitous, advantageous for fishing, and the high rocks thronged with sea-fowl, though the land is barren in the extreme. Shooting these fowl is an amusement with the Aberdonians, who, upon those occasions, usually have a fish dinner at the village of Skaterow, a place almost destitute of vegetation. Two of the wags, after a suitable eulogium on the sporting powers of the historian, prevailed on him to accompany them there. One rode a fine spirited horse, and the other went into a post-chaise with the historian, whose vanity he worked about the shooting, and also the figure that he would make on the horse, which the owner kept caracoling before the post-chaise. They reached the place, and with some difficulty got, at low-water, to a spot where they said the sport would be most successful. To the historian it was remarkably so; for though he was so near-sighted that he could hardly

have seen an elephant at the top of the rock, every time that he fired the birds fell around him like thunder, and splashed him with their fall; so that for one that the others got, he had at least fifty. The fact was, that they had employed two men for a week, and had at least a cart-load of dead birds on the top of the rock, of which a man threw down an armful every time that the historian fired. He was delighted, and kept firing away, hardly perceiving that the point on which he stood was completely surrounded, and beginning to be covered by the tide, and his associates were shouting from the beach that the horn had blown twice, and the dinner would be spoiled; at the same time, a big stone had been put into the boat, which had filled, and was under water. The historian now shouted for deliverance; and a stout fisherman and boy were instantly in the water. The latter took the fowling-piece, and was soon on *terra-firma*, but the other had to hoist the sportsman on his shoulder. When they came to the deepest place, the fisherman roared that his leg had been bitten by a shark, plunged his charge into the water, completely to the bottom, and as that charge thought into the very maw of the sea monster. He roared, but there was instant relief; and, all dripping as he was, he was borne to the inn by the fishermen. Arriving there, the dinner was on the table, and the historian must take the chair: but change of clothes was necessary, and male attire was not to be had. No matter: they were all friends; and the chairman took his place equipped in a red flannel petticoat, linsey-wolsey bed-gown, and mob cap: the last had become necessary, from the loss of his hat and wig in the sea, and the care of his friends that his head should not suffer.

The Aberdonians say that one may "gyang far'er an' fare war'" than by getting a dinner at Skaterow, and I can certify the fact. An *Ichthyophagus* can nowhere fare better, either as to fish, or something to make it swim; and as there was abundance of the sauce that he liked best, the historian was now in his glory, nathless the oddity of his costume. But *surgit amari aliquid*,—who can control the fates? A messenger well known to the chairman hurst into the room:—"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, the next house is on fire, the engines are out of order, and the Dean's library will be in flames!" and with that he mounted his smoking steed, and vanished in the direction of the city. There was not a moment to be lost—"My kingdom for a horse!"—He was on the hack of one in an instant—the post-chaise was at his heels; and "helter-skelter" to save the library. The historian was no horseman, though, from the morning's lecture, he fancied that he was. The stirrups had been shortened—his feet were pushed into them up to the ankles—his body was recumbent, and his hands delved alternately under the saddle and into the mane. His heels kicked out, the red flannel petticoat fluttered, the steed pranced, the post-boy smacked his whip, the two wags sat holding their sides, the country people shouted "Gueed God!" and the town, as the cavalcade scoured along, was crowded with people, who received it with peals of laughter. When the historian reached his domicile, he found that the alarm had been raised, and not the fire; and the demonstrations of anger, and threats of vengeance by his two associates knew no bounds.

Notwithstanding the number and the uneasiness of these disasters,



and the fact that they had fallen exclusively upon the historian, the wags had the wit not only to get themselves exculpated from all concern in the alarm of fire, the only part of the matter that was not wholly accidental; and they did not leave him till they had worked him up to the necessity of challenging to mortal combat an individual upon whom they laid the blame. That he might be successful in that, one of his friends undertook to give him lessons in pistol-shooting, and that no time might be lost, the practice was commenced on the very next morning. But that practice changed the relative position of the parties; the pupil became so certain a shot that at the usual *duello* distance he could hit a water for any number of times running; and so the wags were constrained to desist, lest he should turn against them in earnest that power which they had communicated to him in sport.

But they were not without others upon whom they could exercise their powers. There was an official man with a body and mind singularly out of proportion to each other, who had been chief conscience-keeper to the Corporation, as himself once said before a Committee of the House of Commons, "Ay, sin' his father dee-ed," who was well adapted to their purpose. He was remarkable for good-nature and credulity; and though he was secure in a decent living, and perhaps felt the sting of a practical joke less than any other man, one feels some compunction at the thought that so very harmless a personage should have been officially placed in Aberdeen. But placed there he is, in a public office, and therefore the cabinet of curiosities would not be complete without him.

As the stories that have been repeated to me of tricks played to this official person would fill a volume, I shall content myself with mentioning one. As no Corporation stands charged with the sin of too determinedly muzzling the mouths of its official steers, they are in general very fond of conviviality; and it is far from being uncommon that they whose conversation rates the lowest in quality, are the most desirous to make up the difference in quantity. The wags in question knew this was the case with the man who got office "when his father died," and thus they invited him to an evening party at one of the hotels, when they encouraged him to become thirsty with speech, and to quench that with wine. In the end he was overpowered, and sank into the embrace of the leaden god. They had previously turned the conversation to the place of final retribution, with the horrors of which they had deeply impressed his mind. When they found that he was fairly asleep, they stretched him out on the table, covered him with a white cloth, arranged the room and candles in the way which is customary there when death has ensued; at the same time they placed the glasses in such a manner as that by the least motion these should fall with a crash and awaken him, and they set open the windows. They then left him to his fate, and went to another apartment to await the issue.

At the silent hour there was a tremendous crash of the glasses, at which they hastened to the scene, and found that it had awakened the sleeper, but had not produced all the effect they had expected, as they found him thus soliloquising with himself:—"Well, that I'm deed is a clear case: a leevin' man was never laid out this gate; but I'm very

thankfu' that it's sae waar. I'm deed, but I'm nae damned, that's certain; this canna be hell, it's sae awfu' caul!"

But perhaps the most singular instance of credulity on the one hand, and waggery on the other, was that of "Baillie Nicholas Jarvie;" because that took place under circumstances that might, one would think, have rendered it impossible. Scott's novel of "Rob Roy" had been published for at least a year and a half; it had been very generally read in Scotland, and it is not easy to suppose that it had not been heard of in Aberdeen, or that in so short a time it would have been forgotten; and even though that had been the case, the drama founded upon it had been acted almost nightly in the city for a whole season. Taking all that into consideration, it is not easy to imagine how the greatest ignoramus in the world could be deceived respecting the Baillie; yet I was assured that such was the case with an official gentleman connected with the Aberdonian Corporation, and connected with it solely on account of his presumed wisdom and learning.

That official personage was appointed to go to Glasgow, *ex-officio*, which he regarded as an event in his life, and he was at great pains in promulgating it. During several days previous he was found constantly in the streets and public places, where he accosted all that he knew, informed them of his impending journey, and asked their commands for Glasgow; and every evening he paraded the Athenæum or public reading-room, announcing the great exploit that was before him. Late on the eve of his departure, two gentlemen accosted him in the room, congratulating him on his journey, and on the great height to which the character of Aberdeen would be raised by his appearance in the city of the West; but they added that the people of Glasgow would be afraid to "come out," if he had not a personal introduction to some official person, regretting at the same time that they were not sufficiently acquainted in Glasgow to supply what he wanted. At that moment a third joined them, as if by accident. "Hal!" said the other two, "you are just the man we wanted; you know Mr. Jarvie of Glasgow?"—"What, Nicholas Jarvie, the bailie of the Salt-market? most intimately; many a happy hour hae I spent in his company. The Baillie is a glorious fellow."—"Will you give our friend a letter to him?"—"With the utmost pleasure; as I am sure I cannot confer a greater favour on my friend Mr. Jarvie." The letter was instantly written, couched in the most familiar terms, and with high encomiums on the bearer, who was told that he might make Mr. Jarvie's his first place of call, and his house during his sojourn, as, in Glasgow, that was accounted far more respectable than lodging at an inn.

The official personage was delighted, and kept the letter a secret, in order that he might turn the Baillie's hospitality the more to his own account when he returned. Meanwhile the conspirators despatched an express to Glasgow to prepare for the reception of their dupe; and in the morning that personage took coach for Glasgow, blessing himself all the way on account of his introduction to "a Glasgow magistrate!" which in his sense of the words did not mean "a fresh herring."

From the high hopes of the traveller the journey seemed more than usually long, though he deferred all his calls upon his official brethren in the intermediate towns till his return, when he would be able to re-

peat to them the attentions that he had received from Bailie Jarvie. But how much so ever expectation may lengthen time, it does not make it last for ever; and so the stranger in Glasgow at last bowed to the statue of William in the Trongate, and the jolting ceased at the Tontine.

"Now for Bailie Jarvie," thought he to himself, asking the way to the Salt-market, and if the Bailie lived there. He did, but the informant did not know the number; any body would point out the house. A porter absolutely anticipated the stranger's wish by shouldering the portmanteau and following. The description had been accurately given, and the Glasgow agents had found their man. The porter did not know the Bailie's house, but that caused no suspicion. The Salt-market is the Petticoat-lane of Glasgow, with something to boot; and the stranger and his porter trudged three-flight high upon every common stair in it, where the former run the gauntlet after a most annoying fashion; but no Bailie Jarvie could be found; and they were marching back to the starting-post when a stranger bowed most politely to our traveller. "I hae been lookin' for Bailey Jarvie, but be's nae in a' the Saat-market."—"Sold his house there two years ago, and lives out of town; but I saw him in the public coffee-room this moment, and I know that he is there still reading the papers; any body will point him out."

Now though there was no real Bailie Jarvie in Glasgow, the name had no sooner become celebrated than the wags of that town applied it to one of the bailies there, who gave them very little thanks for their trouble; and was so very wroth that he would neither read the novel nor attend the play. He was reading the paper when the stranger entered asking for "Bailie Jarvie." There was no need of pointing him out, for the sound no sooner reached his ears than he started up to inflict punishment on the party by whom, as he supposed, he had been wantonly insulted, but the size and respectful deportment of the stranger, and, above all, his northern accent, as he stood bowing, and presenting his letter, suspended the ire of the magistrate; and the appearance of the three gentlemen who had aided him in seeking the bailie, and who now introduced the two to each other by their respective names and offices, completely removed it. The result was an adjournment to the Black Bull, where the official man found, in the substantial hospitality of Glasgow, that the introduction was not wholly a hoax. Upon the traveller's return to Aberdeen, those who had played the first act of the farce tried to laugh at him; but his reply was, "Let those laugh that win; and when I go back to Glasgow, I shall be glad to have a letter to another Bailie Jarvie. You were right, the Bailie is 'a glorious fellow.'"

I must confess that it is rather melancholy to be obliged thus to record the intellectual state of a city which carries on a very extensive and successful trade; which contains, in consequence, a great deal of wealth, and of which the inhabitants amount to little short of fifty thousand,—I must confess that it mortifies even me to be obliged to record anecdotes like these, as the only means of showing that there are in the city any talents except trading ones. Incidentally, this furnishes a very important rule of judgment when we compare the character of

nations, and one which I have never seen noticed, though it is obvious to very slight observation. Without any attempt to examine the causes, we take superficial views of the conduct of nations, and then out comes the note-book, and we have a definite character, the truth of which is never doubted. The very same mode of procedure would lead two assertors who had seen the same people differently affected, to give them opposite characters. They might be laughing when seen by the one, and crying when seen by the other; and if the one set them down as a merry people, and the other as a sad, they would be about as true as most of the national and local characters that we see drawn. Upon this principle it is often said, that the Irish have more glee, and the Scots more humour, than the English; but the fact is, that they have only scope for the profitable exercise of a greater range of talent; and the quantity and quality which, in Aberdeen, lead to those practices that have been mentioned, can find no more useful channel there, or we may rest assured they would run into it.

## STANZAS.

WHEN, on my couch, at midnight's chime  
I count accumulated years;  
To Memory's glance, insidious Time,  
How swift thy fluttering wing appears!

Soon wilt thou steal my youth's soft prime,  
And soon must chilling age creep o'er me,  
And yet it seems, impatient Time!  
As if thou'dst hasten'd on before me.

In my heart's waste fresh fountains flow;  
Still beats the thrilling pulse of joy;  
Imagination's vivid glow  
I feel thou canst not quite destroy.

'Tis better live in Fancy's dream,  
And spend an intellectual day,  
Cheer'd on by Feeling's partial gleam,  
Than drooping, yield to life's decay.

Then let me not reproach thee, Time,  
Since my heart still is fresh and green;  
So in the cold and sunless clime,  
The Arctic light in Heaven is seen. M.A.C.

## CHAMOIS-HUNTING ; BY AN ALPEN-JÄGER.

BUT I fear my reader must by this time have become quite tired of my personal adventures ; I will therefore, with his good leave, venture a few general remarks upon chamois-hunting. I have already alluded to the temptations it presents to the mountaineers of Switzerland and the Tyrol ; and from my own experience, am convinced that its fascination would be acknowledged by any young man fond of any sport at all, and with a soul capable of feeling the sublimer scenes of Nature. Many are the native chasseurs who sacrifice their lives to its perilous joys. To the young, the most fatal accidents usually occur from new fallen snow, which both makes their footing insecure, and hides the crevices in the glaciers. But the old often perish from attempting dangerous springs, or passes, which they had been accustomed to accomplish in safety, while their limbs possessed the strength and elasticity of youth.

There is no hunter of any experience but must have many wonderful instances of preservation to record. To follow the sport, as I have done, there is just such a degree of danger as to invest it with a spirit of adventure that is highly delightful to a youthful mind, in these unchivalrous, matter-of-fact days. It is impossible to go through a single day of real chamois-hunting without passing many hundred places in which one false step would be inevitable destruction. But with the knowledge of this danger, there is at the same time a consciousness of one's powers, and a proud confidence that they are equal to encounter and overcome the hazard, which excite emotions of satisfaction unknown to any but a chasseur. This satisfaction may very possibly arise from pride, or vanity, or any other amiable feeling to which modern philosophers are so fond of *elevating* the motives of human actions ; but whencesoever its source, I only know that it is deep and heart-felt. Then, the object of the chase being an animal possessed of all the senses in the greatest perfection, it requires the utmost exertion of the human faculties, under the guidance of reason, to outwit him. This difficulty of course gives to the pursuit additional zest ; which is also doubtless enhanced by recollecting how few of one's countrymen have succeeded in it. For which of the sons of men can forbear feeling a conscious pride in doing what no one else has done ? Is it not this same principle that has inspired some with the noble ambition of wearing a coat like no one's else ; and taught others to descend from the throne of half the world ?

But after all, its highest and purest gratification arises from the grandeur of the scenery, in which alone this sport can be followed. The chamois has been confined by its Maker to those icy palaces of Nature, amidst which that Maker's presence is more immediately and sensibly felt. It has always struck me that the ocean is the fittest emblem, and conveys the deepest impression of God's immensity and eternity ; the Alps, of his unapproachable power, and everlasting unvariableness. In the sea, wave succeeds wave for ever and for ever ; billow swells upon billow, and you see no end thereof. But magnificent a spectacle as ocean ever is, at all times, and under all aspects, it still cannot be enjoyed without some alloy. It must be seen either from a

ship, in which man enters too much; or from the land, which again breaks the unity of the idea.

The effect of the scenes among which the chamois-hunter lives, is weakened by no such intrusion as this. Man's works enter not there. From the moment he quits the chalet in which he has taken his short rest, until his return, he sees no trace of man; hut dwells amid scenery stamped only with its Creator's omnipotence and immutability. Nature is always interesting. *Elsewhere* she is lovely, beautiful: *here* she is awful, sublime. *Elsewhere* she shrouds all things in a temporary repose, again to clothe them with surpassing beauty and verdure. But *here* there is no change: such as the first winter beheld them, after they sprang from the hands of their Great Architect, such they still are—like himself, unchangeable and unapproachable. Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold, have any effect on their everlasting hues; nor can the track or works of man stain the purity of their unsullied snows! His voice may not even reach that upper air to disturb "the sacred calm that breathes around"—that stilly silence which holds for ever, save when the lawine wakes it with the voice of thunder! In such situations, it is impossible not to feel as far elevated in mind as in body, above the petty cares, the frivolous pursuits, "the low ambition," of this nether world. If any one desire really to feel that all is vanity here below; if he wish to catch a glimpse of the yet undeveloped capabilities of his nature, of those mysterious longings, after which the heart of man so vainly yet so earnestly aspires;—let him wander amongst the higher Alps, and alone.

Scenes like these must be seen and felt; they cannot be described. Languages were formed in the plain; and they have no words adequately to represent the sensations which all must have experienced among mountain scenery. A man may pass all his life in towns, and the haunts of men, without knowing he possesses within him such feelings as a single day's chamois-hunting will awaken. A lighter and a purer air is breathed there; and the body, being invigorated by exercise and temperance, renders the mind more capable of enjoyment. Though earthly sounds there are none, I have often remarked, amid this solemn silence, an undefinable *hum*, which yet is not sound, hut seems, as it were, the still small voice of Nature communing with the heart, through other senses than we are at present conscious of possessing.

But not to analyze the cause of its charm, there is doubtless a fascination in the lonely sublimities of Alpine scenery, which nothing else earthly, to my mind, can approach. And if the Arab feels such ungovernable rapture when launching his courser into the bosom of the desert, is it to be wondered that the same transport should swell the Alp-hunter's breast, who enjoys the same sensation of freedom, the same absence of man, with the addition of scenery of unparalleled magnificence?

Seldom or never have I experienced such thrilling, yet tranquil delight, as when reposing beneath some over-arching rock, in full view of Mont Blanc, or Monte Rosa, with my chasseurs at my side, and perhaps a dead chamois at my feet.

All was calm and silent. Nothing near us spoke of animated life, except perchance a hutterfly, borne by the storm far from its native

flowers. We seemed alone in the world; but how different is this loneliness from that felt by those "who, shut in chambers, think it loneliness!" It was a solitude that exalted, not debased, the mental faculties; that soothed, that purified, that invigorated the soul; that taught one to forget this world indeed, but that raised the thoughts to another and a better world.

If ever my earthly spirit has been roused to a more worthy contemplation of the Almighty Author of Creation, it has been at such moments as these; when I have looked around on a vast amphitheatre of rocks, torn by ten thousand storms, and of Alps clothed with the spotless mantle of everlasting snow. Above me, was the clear blue vault of heaven, which at such elevations seems so perceptibly nearer and more azure: far below me, the vast glacier, from whose chill bosom issues the future river, which is there commencing its long course to the ocean: high over head, those icy pinnacles on which countless winters have spread their dazzling honours: who is there that could see himself surrounded by objects such as these, and not feel his soul elevated from Nature to Nature's God? Yes, land of the mountain and the torrent! land of the glacier and the avalanche! who could wander amidst thy solitudes of unrivalled magnificence without catching a portion, at least, of the inspiration they are so calculated to excite? I wonder not that thy sons, cradled among thy ever-matchless scenery, should cling with such filial affection to the mountain-breast that nursed them, and yearn for their native cot amid the luxuries of foreign cities; when even a stranger, born in softer lands, and passing but a few months' pilgrimage within thy borders, yet felt himself at once attached to thee as to a second home; nor yet can bear without emotion the sounds that remind him of thy hills of freedom! How has my heart beaten as, slinging my rifle at my back, and with walking-staff in hand, I have turned me from the evil cares and worse passions of cities, to meet the breeze, fresh from Heaven, upon thy mountain's side, and listen to the *Kühreihen* of thy pastoral sons! "*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!*" I would not exchange the recollection of the hours I have passed among thy more hidden sublimities, for the actual and visible enjoyment of the tamer beauties of other countries! The future none can command; but deeply grieved indeed should I be if I thought I were never more to view thy pyramids of eternal snow hung in mid-heaven above me, nor tread again, though perchance with less elastic step, thy wide-spread fields of ice!

I must not conclude my little memoir without giving some short account of the poor animal which is the object of the chase.

The chamois may be considered the antelope of the Alps. Its form is light and graceful, and its movements most elegant. It stands high upon the hind legs, which are remarkably strong. The feet are protected by a very hard horn, which being hollowed in the centre forms a sort of rim, that enables the animal to avail itself of the least footing. It is quite astonishing from what distances it will spring on to the smallest ledge imaginable, and I never could hear of an instance of one being known to fall. The skin is of a brownish-yellow colour, but becomes much darker with age and on the approach of winter, when also the fur grows considerably thicker. Its eye might rival the gazelle's;

and the head is furnished with two short black horns, that curve sharply back, and give it a very smart and intelligent look.

The value of a chamois may be usually reckoned at about twenty francs, but this, of course, varies considerably, according to the neighbourhood of a good market and the size of the animal. A small young doe will weigh about 25 lbs. but I have killed one old buck in the Pyrenees that weighed very nearly 100 lbs.: the common weight of the does is between 30 and 40 lbs. The flesh tastes to me something between hare and venison, though it is perhaps rather coarser than either: it is generally dressed like jugged hare.

The bucks, except during the rutting-season, in general live separate from the does and from each other. The old ones especially, who are not so fond of clambering amongst the higher rocks, are usually to be found lower, and not unfrequently in the extensive fir forests. These are always the finest and fattest.

The does, with their kids, flock together in herds, varying according to the number of them in the district. In the Grisons, I have seen as many as fifty together, and in the Pyrenees at least three times that number; though these last, perhaps, which were scattered along the sides of a very remarkable valley in the bosom of the Vigne Male, could hardly be said to form a single herd. Such numbers, however, are rare; in general, from five to twelve are found together. The chamois follow the line of the lowest snow. As the summer advances, that line of course recedes higher and higher; and the soil thus exposed to the sun's vivifying influences, almost instantaneously produces a profusion of Alpine herbs, that amply suffice for a chamois' "slight munchings." Its powers of abstinence must be very great; for a herd, on being shot at, has been known to retire to an unapproachable citadel of perfectly bare rocks, whence it did not come down for seven days. There are every where throughout the higher mountains insulated plateaux (something like the "Jardin," near Chamouni), which, though surrounded on all sides by perpetual snow, are themselves covered with the finest herbage; and these are the favourite resorts of the chamois, especially when these plateaux are found, as they often are, at the upper end of any large glacier that penetrates deep into the bosom of the wilder Alps. As winter approaches and the snow-line descends, the poor chamois are obliged to come nearer their great enemy, man; who is himself compelled to retreat still lower by the general foe, frost. They usually, I believe, pass the rigours of winter in the pine forests which skirt most of the lower Alps; but on this point, as I have never been in Switzerland during that season, I can only speak from hearsay. In the summer, they generally feed from day-break until ten or eleven o'clock. They then lie down in the shade; often in clefts, on the northern side of some precipitous cliff, till three or four in the afternoon, when they again feed till night. If the weather be very hot, they will frequently lie down at eight or nine in the morning, and will then feed for an hour before noon, at which time Marchietti assured me he had killed the most. I have sometimes seen one evidently acting as sentinel to the rest; but in general, it seemed to me that every eye and ear was on the watch.

This knowledge of their habits, of their feeding-grounds, and of their



passes, is indispensable to the chasseur, both in order first to find them, and afterwards to get within shot. The chamois, as I have said, possesses all the senses in perfection. None, perhaps, can see, and hear, and smell, farther than this animal, though this last seems to be its acutest sense. Indeed, in point of mere seeing, I should say the marmot is quicker than the chamois; and I have more than once lost a shot at the latter by the marmot's perceiving me in the act of cautiously stealing to my shooting-post, and giving his sharp whistle as he scuttled into his hole, whilst the chamois were yet feeding totally unconscious of their danger.

It sometimes happens that the hunter comes unexpectedly in sight of a herd; in which case, if the distance be considerable, and he remain at once perfectly motionless, I have seen them stand stupidly staring at him for a long time, and then quietly move off to other ground at no great distance. But if they once *smell* him, they dart off instantly with the utmost rapidity, and are irretrievably lost.

It may, perhaps, serve to give a clearer idea of the nature of chamois-hunting, if I shortly detail the plan I usually pursued. I generally had with me one chasseur, who accompanied me through a whole district; in addition to whom, I always took the best I could hear of in each particular spot where I intended to shoot. I agreed with them for a crown a-day, with which they were invariably content; but at the end I commonly added a gratuity, according as I had been satisfied with them. Having fixed with them the scene of the chase, we usually went up the evening before to the highest chalet in the neighbourhood, taking with us a supply of wine, white bread, and cold meat; as black bread and milk, with a hearty welcome, were the only things to be expected in the Sennman's summer cottage. There we slept as well as we could. Many a time has my bed been a sheepskin thrown upon a hard board; or, at best, some hay covered with a clean sheet; and rarely was my bed-room in any way divided from the sleeping, eating, and cooking-room, of my guides and the whole family. Yet seldom have I slept more soundly, and the insight these adventures gave me into the genuine Alpine life, together with the unaffected anxiety of all to make the "Tremden Herr" as comfortable as possible, their simplicity of character, their curiosity, and extraordinary speculations as to me and my country, all combined to excite most strongly my interest at the time, and are not amongst the least pleasing of my present recollections.

The next morning, we were always up at least two hours before sunrise; and having made a good breakfast on all sorts of "Bergspeisen," (mountain delicacies,) such as curds, whey, &c. hastened to reach our shooting-ground before dawn. The chasseur then conceals himself behind a rock; and, directly that it is light, patiently examines every likely spot, within two or three miles, through his telescope. It is here that the general knowledge of their habits, and local acquaintance with their favourite haunts, are of so much use.

Experience enables the eye to discover the animals at great distances. The first time I was in Switzerland I could not distinguish a chamois until it moved, although I knew the very spot where it was lying. But the second summer, (having passed an intermediate apprenticeship in

the Pyrenees,) I discovered them at least as often as my guides; for which, no doubt, I was much indebted to an excellent telescope that I had purposely brought from England.

When, therefore, you have found a herd, you watch to see whether they are tolerably stationary, and then carefully examine the surrounding country to determine how you can best approach within shot. In doing so you must invariably take care to keep to leeward of them; and never, if possible, expose the person at any distance. The clothes should be of a uniform light stone-colour, which will enable you sometimes to pass, for a short distance, in sight, without being perceived. But this must always be done with the utmost caution, and should never be resorted to except when absolutely unavoidable.

To reach the herd thus without exposing yourself, you are often obliged to make a détour of several miles, in anxious ignorance all the time, whether the chamois be still remaining or not. I have invariably found it to be infinitely the best plan to approach them from above, as they always direct their eyes downwards. But when you come near the spot where you expect them to be, you must be particularly careful of your footing, as a single loose stone rolling down may alarm them, and defeat the whole day's labour. You then examine your artillery, to see that all be right; you doff your cap, and cautiously creep up the rock that interposes between you and your prey; and with drawn breath and beating heart slowly advance half your eye above the ledge. Should you discover them still in their place, and within shot, you must already consider yourself amply repaid for all your exertions; but should you succeed in killing one, you must not think that a month's labour has been thrown away. The herd, at first, not knowing whence the danger comes, jump about in all directions; and their movements, at this time, are particularly elegant. Meanwhile, the attendant chasseur endeavours to imitate their whistle, and gets the best shot he can. In a few seconds one takes the lead; and they all set off with astonishing speed. When disturbed, they almost invariably mount up the rocks; but seldom, in a steep ascent, go more than twenty yards without stopping for an instant to look back at their enemy; which is, of course, the moment to shoot, if you should have been unable to get a shot before.

If a chamois has been killed, he is taken down to the nearest glacier, gutted and washed; his four legs are then tightly bound together, and the chasseur carries him home upon his head.

It sometimes happens that the herd is so placed as to render it quite impossible to approach within shot. In this case you must patiently wait for hours, until they move off to a more favourable position; or if they show no disposition to stir, and the day be wearing apace, you station yourselves in the most likely places for them to pass, and one of the party is sent round to endeavour to drive them towards you. But though the hunters often display extraordinary sagacity in divining the passes they will choose, this method is always uncertain, and the shot unfavourable.

The chasseurs of the Alps are usually interesting companions. They are almost always the most intrepid and superior young men of their respective neighbourhoods; and, with very few exceptions, as far as I have seen, may be depended on for honesty and fidelity. I have men-

tioned that Marchietti Colani is not altogether to be trusted : and I was much surprised in the Valley of Herens,—where, by the way, there are plenty of chamois,—to be warned by my host, the Curé, that there were few of his parishioners who would not shoot me for the sake of the few Louis d'ors I might have about me. But these are exceptions and must not injure the great body of Swiss chamois-hunters, who are almost universally open-hearted and trustworthy. From the life they lead, it may well be supposed they have many strange things to relate that have happened to themselves ; and more, still stranger, that have existed only in their own imaginations. Every lake has its dragon ; and every mountain contains hidden treasures, which are guarded by legions of evil spirits. The solitary life they lead ; the ever-varying forms that mists, &c. are constantly giving to familiar objects ; and doubtless, also, the wonderful escapes they often experience—conspire to nurse these superstitious feelings. They are necessarily ignorant, and will, therefore, ask ridiculous questions, as well as credit ridiculous marvels ; but they are hardy, honest, good-humoured, obliging, hospitable ; and often display a strength of character, and power of mind, which want but cultivation to shame many a lowlander. To some of them, I own, I became much attached. Lord Byron is right in observing that nothing so soon attaches people to each other as scrambling over mountains, and encountering dangers together. Of both these incentives to friendship, one is sure to find plenty in chamois-shooting. Sometimes you are obliged to climb up or down almost perpendicular cliffs—sometimes to creep along a narrow ledge on the brink of a frightful precipice—sometimes to pass over crumbling ground where a single slip would hurl you down many hundred feet. For these and similar difficulties, a steady eye, cool head, and firm foot, are indispensable.

But, after all, the chief dangers are on the glaciers, particularly if there be any new fallen snow which bides the crevices.

The danger is usually the greatest as you enter upon or are leaving a glacier, as the rents are most numerous near the sides. I remember once crossing a vast glacier at the foot of Mount Velan, where we were long puzzled how to get off it. The only practicable place we could find was a sort of promontory of ice, which projected between two crevices of unfathomable depth. This crystal bridge was at first about a foot broad, and gradually tapered off to a point. Along this narrow and slippery causeway we had to pass sideways, until it became about two inches broad, and there to change our standing for a sitting position (a most difficult and perilous feat in such a situation), and then to slide down six or eight feet to a point where one of the crevices was closed over. I wished to perform this dangerous trajet *astride*, but my guides (Anselm Trouchet, of Chamouni, and Le Gros Pierre, from the neighbouring village of St. Pierre,) urged me to *foot* it, as they did, and I was fool enough to do so. It reminded me most strongly of the Mahometan bridge of Al Sirat, except that, instead of "the burning flood" beneath, I saw on either side of me a yawning abyss of cold blue ice, that became gradually of an intenser azure, till it at last melted into rayless darkness.

Another time, when out with the Jacquets, near Mont Blanc, we were obliged to pass along the steep side of a mountain coated with

ice, over which there was a slight covering of new-fallen snow. My guides made steps for me in the snow; but when I came to pass, the snow slipped from the substratum of ice, and down I rolled at a most uncomfortable rate. I fortunately kept my seat and equilibrium, and kept striking my iron-shod pole with all my force against the ice; by which means I was at length able to stop myself before I reached any of the crevices, which we knew there were directly as the inclination became less precipitous. In less than half an hour afterwards, we had to jump across a fissure some feet wide, with most insecure footing on both sides. As I sprang over the yawning chasm, my eye, in spite of me, was caught by the dark blue depth beneath; and my blood, even now, runs somewhat chilly at the very recollection.

I mention these one or two instances to give an idea of the sort of dangers that are met with in chamois-hunting; but far from their serving as a bar to the chase, they, on the contrary, add a zest to the pursuit. As the body soon becomes inured to the fatigue, and the eye and foot familiar with the path of peril, so is the mind not long in accustoming itself to view with unconcern dangers which at first would have appalled it. Each difficulty overcome inspires confidence for the future. The constant necessity for their exertion, calls forth and invigorates the nobler powers both of body and mind; and the ardour of the sport, the spirit of adventure, and the magnificence of the scenery, so occupy and elevate the heart, that, without boasting any superabundance of physical courage, I can safely affirm that the feeling of fear was a greater stranger to my bosom among the rocks and glaciers of Switzerland, than it would be in the crowd and hustle of London.

But these are not the only dangers to be encountered: there are others, perhaps less formidable in appearance, that are to be more dreaded by a young and active Englishman. It is, of course, out of the question to carry with you into the mountains any large wardrobe; neither can you always command a first-rate lodging. You are, therefore, sometimes compelled to sleep in wet clothes, on a cold, hard couch, which is likely enough to give you the rheumatism. I was once shooting in the mountains of Berne, above the Siebenbrünnen, where we had killed a very fine buck; but all the latter part of the day had been exposed to heavy storms of rain, which had of course drenched us to the skin. In this miserable plight, we could find no better place in which to pass the night than a deserted chalet of those horrid Valaisans, only just below the line of perpetual snow. It consisted of nothing but four bare walls, with a roof that admitted half the rain, and doorway and windows perfectly open to every wind of heaven. The things I had in my havresac were as soaked with the rain as those I had on. I was, therefore, obliged to lie down on the damp clay floor, in my wet clothes, before a fire which the guides at last coaxed up with some moist fir branches. The mind has such power over matter, that I did not suffer from this and other similar adventures, whilst under the excitement of the moment, but I cannot help thinking I have since experienced their effects in my constitution.

But it is high time for me to conclude my remarks. I will, therefore only add, that if any one should be smitten with the love of this most fascinating sport, I would recommend him to provide himself

with a good small telescope from England, with a leathern case, and strap to sling it at his back. Good rifles he will find either at Berne, or Geneva, or in other Swiss towns; the longest are the surest, hut the shortest are much the most convenient in the mountains: he should make a point of its being a detonator, and should practise very constantly in shooting with it at all distances. The next requisite is a pair of very strong iron-sheathed mountain-shoes, which are indispensable for both comfort and safety, and may be got very good in Switzerland. And the last, hut very important, equipment is a jacket and waistcoat, of a light stone colour, with cap and trowsers to correspond. Thus prepared with all at least that money can command, I would recommend the intended chasseur, if he can speak German, to fix his headquarters at Hinterrhein, and to make friends with Christian Loritz. But if he is only acquainted with the "schönen Sprache von Oc," I would advise him to introduce himself to the two Jacquets, near St. Gervais.

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute."

After having been one day out at the chasse, the young hunter will find his fears and his unskilfulness rapidly vanish, and will best learn on the spot for what point he should next make. The best with which I am acquainted, in addition to Hinterrhein and St. Gervais, are Macugnaga, Siebenbrunnen, Herens, and Zermatt. In all or any of these places, I can only wish him a bold heart and a firm step when he crosses the glacier or climbs the rock, together with a quick eye and a steady hand when he levels his rifle.

#### NEGLECTED TALENT.

Thy lot has fallen, my gifted love,  
 Amid those who ill requite thee;  
 Thou art raised their grovelling ken above,  
 And their sordid spirits slight thee.  
 Thine is the sunshine of mental day,  
 And the beams of soul surround thee,  
 But they cast no warmth, and they shed no ray  
 On the dull cold hearts around thee.  
 They are slaves to Mammon's servile toil,  
 And his dark base spell is o'er them,  
 And they grasp at a low and drossy spoil,  
 With *thy* mind's vast wealth before them.  
 Like a lovely tree upon desert land,  
 Thou canst win no passing duty;  
 But thy blossoms fall on the barren sand,  
 In a mournful waste of beauty.  
 I cast a laurel wreath at thy shrine,  
 I give it in grief and weeping,  
 To think that no step, no eyes but mine,  
 At that shrine a watch are keeping.  
 And that talents splendid, rare, and bright,  
 As e'er graced romantic story,  
 Should be doom'd to die by the fitful light  
 Of their own neglected glory I

M. A.

## SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, NO. VII.

*Recollections of certain French Actors concluded.—Mlle. Desbrosses.—Philippe.—Gardel.—Madame Dugazon.*

"Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Come like shadows, so depart."—*Ibid.*

"*Théâtre Royal de l'Opéra-Comique.*

*Au Bénéfice de Mlle. DESBROSSES, après 47 ans de service !"*

It is now eight or nine years since this extraordinary announcement appeared, and the lady is still extant. I saw her acting, with unabated spirit, in 1826, when she had been upwards of half a century before the public! It was not until a few months ago that she retired from the stage. The professional career of Mlle. Desbrosses, whilst it furnishes a remarkable instance of theatrical longevity, is curious also in another respect. It commenced long before, was coeval with, and endured beyond, a period singular in the history of the world. She had frequently contributed to the amusement of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoniette, and performed in the Court entertainments given upon the occasion of the accession to the throne of those unfortunate personages—*nineteen years PRIOR to their execution in 1793!* She had acted in the presence of Robespierre and the other sanguinary heroes of the Reign of Terror; she had received the plaudits of Buonsparte-Consul, and joined in the Court plays in celebration of the coronation of Napoleon-Emperor, and of his marriage with Marie-Louise; still quietly pursuing her professional avocations, she had witnessed the restoration of the house of her earliest master, and again been called upon to entertain a Bourbon, in the person of Louis the Eighteenth; and, having lived through these wonderful changes, she is now the pensioned servant of the second of the restored dynasty! Consider the length of its duration, the memorable events with which it was in some degree connected, and the inextinguishable interest attached to the names of the greater number of the persons for whose entertainment it was from time to time engaged; and it may be affirmed that no performer living, or that ever lived, could boast of a career so remarkable as that of Mlle. Desbrosses.

As an actress, this lady was not sufficiently distinguished to warrant an extended notice of her in this place: I introduce her chiefly as a specimen of theatrical virtù.\* The characters she played were the duennas, the old country-women,† the antiquated aunts, and others of

\* Should the printer choose to add even one single letter to this word, I warn him that he must do so upon his own responsibility.

† The first part I saw her perform was that of an old servant at a village inn, in Götter's opera, *Les Méprises par Ressemblance*. She comes on the stage, and suddenly meeting a person who bears a resemblance to her master's son, so striking as to perplex her provincial senses, she sings her astonishment in these words:—

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

The use of the Sacred Name, as an exclamation, is so common in French conversation (the very children haping it in their little fits of impatience), as positively to another one's sense of its impropriety; yet I must confess that, upon the occasion in question, my unlicensed organ was somewhat shocked at hearing it sung to a comic tune, forty or fifty times, without the intervention of another word.

the same age and cast, to which she succeeded upon the retirement of Madame Gauthier. The latter I never saw; but if she fairly deserved the praises lavished on her by the French critics—if she was really as superior in talent to her successor as her encomiasts would maintain, (for Mademoiselle Desbrosses, though not excellent, was by no means a bad actress,) she could have been nothing less than a MRS. DAVENPORT.

*Philippe*—the original Richard in Grétry's opera, *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*.\*

I met with him at the village of Saint-Martin, in Normandy, where he was then living (1819). He was nearly eighty years of age; and his appearance sufficiently confirmed the reputation he had formerly enjoyed of being one of the handsomest men of his time. He was tall, robust, and perfectly upright; and so active (notwithstanding the gout, which was just then coquetting with him), that I found him in the fields busily engaged in snaring birds. He had lately married a young wife—(for as he spoke of the lady as “Madame mon épouse,” it was impossible there could have been any lapse or informality in the ceremony)—and was gaily looking forward to the plagues and pleasures of paternity! Philippe, at one period of his life, had enjoyed a flattering, though somewhat dangerous celebrity: his visits to the *Petit Trianon*, the favourite retreat of the Queen, being of too frequent occurrence to pass without exciting malicious observation. Indeed it was hinted in the scandalous chronicle, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, it formed one of the accusations broadly urged against Marie-Antoinette, that the numerous attendances of the player at Trianon were for a less innocent purpose than merely to assist in the preparation of the private theatricals at that rural palace. To prove, or to disprove, the charge, would now be scarcely possible; but a trifling anecdote which I will relate would induce one to discredit it altogether. One morning I called upon him at his cottage. After a little conversation upon ordinary topics, he abruptly adverted to the French Revolution; and presently, rising from his seat, he opened a little drawer in his *escritoire* and took from it a miniature portrait which had been abstracted from its setting. “Do you know who this was?” said he.—“Yes; the late Queen.”—“No doubt you have heard something about that affair?”—There was no great difficulty in guessing at what affair he alluded to, so, without hesitation, I replied that I had. Now when an affair of gallantry, of which he was, or of which he would fain have it believed he was, the hero, happens to be the question—of all earthly coxcombs, a French coxcomb is, beyond all manner of comparison, the most accomplished, the most profound, the most imperturbable; and Philippe, upon the present occasion, maintained, with exemplary devotion, the claim of his countrymen to that distinction.† He, continued;

\* First produced in 1784.

† The richest piece of coxcombery I ever witnessed was displayed at a *soirée* in Paris. A young French officer was leaning over the chair of a newly-married lady, talking to her with considerable assiduity and earnestness, whilst the lady's husband (by many years her senior) was at a little distance from them, engaged at *Ecourté*. It was easy to read in the lady's countenance that she was but little interested in any thing the fop might be saying to her; but he, perceiving that his attentions had excited the jealous notice of the husband, persisted in addressing her. No sooner was the game ended

"This portrait was presented to me—it was then set in brilliants—by the divine Original! Oh, my God! when I recall to my mind all that—! But don't believe any thing you may have heard about us. Her Majesty presented me with this in token of her approbation of me in my professional character—nothing more; and, whatever may be told you, don't you be wicked enough to think any thing to the contrary." The latter portion of this sentence he uttered with a particular emphasis upon each word of it: drawing himself up at the same time, and accompanying his abnegation with a smile which clearly indicated the sense in which, whether true or false, he wished it to be taken.

Not only as having himself been an eminent actor was Philippe a desirable acquaintance to any one interested in theatrical history, but also as he had been the contemporary of most of those whose names have been rendered familiar to us by Grimm and other memoir-writers of the time. Living in a secluded village,\* he was delighted to meet with any one with whom he could talk upon his favourite subjects—music and the drama; and his memory being clear and his manner vivacious, he would "fight his battles o'er again" with all the energy of youth. An old man of celebrity, separated, as it were, by a long series of years from the period in which he earned his fame, be he politician or player, poet or soldier, seems like a link between the living and the dead; and one cannot converse with such a person (not having known him in those days) without a sensation bordering on that which one might be supposed to experience should some historical character rise from the grave to gratify one's own special curiosity. The name of La Fayette, for instance, figured in the lessons in history received by many of us in our earliest youth: it was connected with events which, even then, were long gone by and had become historical: think of that—and then—behold the identical man! Thus, I saw Philippe and I thought of Sterne, and of his visit to the *Opéra-Comique*, and of the French officer and the tall German, and of the scene with the beggar in the long dark entry—for it was the theatre at which Philippe had acted (many years ago demolished) that was visited by Yorick—and from even this slight connexion with one of our own long-departed worthies, additional interest attached to him. \* \* \* He abounded in anecdotes of the literary men and artists of his time. But he, of whom he spoke most frequently, and whom he most delighted to honour, was Grétry—certainly the most exquisite melodist, the most natural and *intellectual* † composer France has ever produced.

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than *Monsieur le Mari* rose from his seat, walked towards his lady, and deliberately led her to the other side of the room. The young officer, with the utmost coolness, turned towards a looking-glass; and just drawing his fingers through his hair, adjusting his cravat, and (with an air of *suffisance* which none so well as a Frenchman can assume) eyeing his exquisite reflection in the mirror, he negligently muttered—"J'aime faire des *jaloux*, mot."

\* In his immediate neighbourhood resided Nivelon (formerly a celebrated dancer), the mention of whose name may probably revive recollections of the pleasures of their early days in those who remember the Opera (in London) in the blessed times "when Venus wore a hoop and flowers, like a lady of quality, as she is; and Apollo a pink satin jacket, and a powdered wig, as a gentleman ought to do."

† This epithet is used without reference to the question of the *Intellectuality* of music (as an art). Nothing more is intended than that the music of Grétry accomplished the object of conveying, or of assisting, *Ideas*, more frequently and more distinctly than



He related to me an anecdote connected with the production of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, the most popular of Grétry's works: and as that opera is well known in this country (and, indeed, I believe it is the only one of the same composer known at all,) I may venture to repeat it here. Grétry was anxious to infuse into the celebrated romance (by the singing of which Blondel makes his vicinity to the Castle known to the royal prisoner,) the antique spirit of the music of the Troubadours—to fashion it to the character of the time of the Crusades—and he succeeded. But this one little melody, so remarkable for its apparent ease and simplicity, and almost unrivalled for tenderness and pathos, was the result of extraordinary labour: it was upwards of a month in hand, and cost the composer more time and thought than nearly all the rest of the opera taken together! "Your easy writing's d—d hard reading;" and, as a corollary to this assertion, it may be remarked that few, when they praise a passage in a work of literature or of art for its ease, reflect upon the intense study by which such an effect may have been achieved. Grétry, in this instance, was heartily seconded by his performers. The situation alluded to was, at that time, new to the stage. The scene was so contrived, that although both Richard and Blondel were visible to the audience, they were unseen by each other: hence the arrangement of, what is technically termed, the "by-play" between the actors, was difficult; and Philippe assured me that, independently of the general rehearsals, which were numerous, he and Clairval (the Blondel) remained in the theatre sixteen days successively, after the other performers had left it—practising various modes of executing this one scene, till they had perfectly satisfied themselves as to which would be the most effective. This labour was not without its reward: the extraordinary sensation excited by the performance has been recorded by the critics of the time, and alluded to by Grétry himself in his Memoirs. It has always appeared to me that the French actors, even of the present time, are well-studied in their business: every thing is prepared; not the most trifling point is left to chance; besides which, although each does his best, they seem to act less for individual display than for general effect; and to these circumstances, perhaps, rather than to any real superiority in the French actors, as compared with some of our own, may be attributed the superior effect of their performances.† Philippe, however, (whom shortly after my meeting with him at Saint-Martin, I saw at Paris,) thought that the same care was not bestowed upon the "getting up" of pieces as in his days. The last time I ever met him was one evening after he had been amusing himself at a rehearsal at the Comic Opera. "Ah! it was no longer the same thing! It was pretty well,

that of any other French composer. In proof of this, numerous examples might be cited from his works.

\* I do not mean merely that they are perfect in their words, for, as Talma once replied to a question of mine upon that point—"How! perfect in what he has to say! a French actor would no more dare to show himself before his audience imperfect in what he has to deliver, than to appear before them drunk!"

† I had the gratification of sitting next to Mr. Kemble in the orchestra of the Théâtre Français, during the last theatrical performance which that great actor ever witnessed. The comedy of *La Fille d'Honneur* was played by Mlle. Mars and the *élite* of the company. At the conclusion of the performance I said, "This is fine acting, is it not, Sir?"—"Yes," he replied, "it is very fine acting, but I have seen as fine; though 'tis very long since I saw a play altogether so well acted."

but he had detected negligences which in his time—! No matter; there was no help for it: acting was less an art than formerly; it was becoming a trade." This might have been partly true; but it was his part to be attributed to the querulousness of age, and to the natural partiality of an old man for the by-gone time: the generality of French actors, for the study they bestow on their profession, still deserve to be ranked as artists. Poor Philippe! his earthly engagement is cancelled!

*Gardel*.—Since, to use a French idiom, this name has acquired a renown altogether European, it were needless to explain that it is the property of the inventor of the exquisite Ballets of *Psyché*, *Télémaque*, *Proserpine*, *Paul et Virginie*, *Le Jugement de Paris*, and many others; most of which are familiar to a London audience, and all of them remarkable for their elegant taste and classic purity. In addition to the reputation he enjoys as author of these charming works, he is remembered as a first-rate dancer, at a period when (in France, at least,) dancing was considered a first-rate art. He had the honour of attending professionally his present Majesty when Prince of Wales (an honour of which he is not a little proud), and of teaching him—and he lays particular stress on this point—the *Menuet de la Cour*, which the young Prince performed with surpassing grace. "In what essential particular, Monsieur Gardel, does the present style of dancing differ from that of the old school?" It is about eight years since I asked him this question: were the same question proposed to him now, his answer, I apprehend, would be even less favourable to the existing manufacturers of *Pirouettes* and *Entrechats*. He replied: "Formerly we had three distinct styles: the Serious, the Comic, and the *Demi-caractère*; now they are all confounded into one, and that one is faulty. With the exception of"—(here he cited four or five names, amongst which were those of Albert, Mademoiselle Bigottini, and Fanni Biss)—"With these exceptions, our dancers seem to think that the perfection of the art consists in *Pirouettes* and *Tours de force*. This is *jumping*; which is to *dancing*, what a melo-drame of the Boulevard is to a tragedy of Racine. To dance well requires not only the exercise of the legs, but the body, the arms, the head must dance: ay, the inside of the head as well as the outside. Your jumpers (*sauteurs*) may do very well without brains; but to become an accomplished dancer, a little of that commodity is requisite." But, truly, that is a commodity in which dancers do not abound: *Vestris* the Great possessed but little, and *Vestris* the Greater, still less: and since the deficiency cannot, in so great a number of cases as exist, be attributed to original mal-organization—for dancers do not come pirouetting into the world—I shall ask leave to account for it by a short and simple theory of my own. It is this: that by incessant jumping and hopping, and skipping and twirling, the seat of intellect is shaken down from the head into the heels; and there, undergoing certain changes, its produce, which otherwise would have taken the form of wit, sense, judgment, and so forth, is given out in *petits battements*, *entrechats*, and *coups d'aplomb*. There! and if Diderot were alive again I would defy him to disprove it.—But *Noverre*, who wrote a paper in the French Encyclopædia on the History of Dancing, and was, besides, a correspondent of Voltaire's? Gardel himself? *Deshayes*, too? and *D'Egville*, who has preserved, in their proper case, as sound a set of brains as any in England? True. But they are

brilliant exceptions—(they are composers, too)—to which might be added two or three names from amongst our English professors—and the rule is not affected by these. And, indeed, the French themselves, who must be allowed to have enjoyed peculiar opportunities for observation, have summed up their notions on the subject in a phrase which has become proverbial: for when they would say that such-a-one is uncommonly stupid, or a greater fool than any one has a right to be, the expression is "*Il est bête comme un danseur.*" As for my ingenious theory, should it be found incapable of standing alone, it may be propped up with this fact: that very many of the professors of the pleasing art are the offspring of persons of the lowest condition—the children of house-porters, washerwomen, &c.—and are, from a tender age, kept closely at a laborious exercise, to the neglect (sometimes) of the rudiments of mental education.\*

The French are not to be compared with the English for their management of, or their dexterity in, field sports; yet are they fond of sporting—after a fashion of their own. I had been passing the day with the Premier Maître. After dinner—it being a fine summer's evening—"Come," said he, "let us go a-shooting." Though not a very expert marksman, I assented to the proposal, wondering, as I did, at the time of day selected for such an amusement, and still more, as to whereabout any good shooting was to be had in the ancient city of Paris! I was not long in doubt; for bats and guns being brought, Monsieur G. accompanied by Madame and another lady, and followed by two gentlemen and myself, led the way into his own garden—a tolerably spacious one—at the back of his house. *There stood six chairs placed in a line.* We took our seats (the ladies attending as spectators), and sat gravely popping at the sparrows for a good hour—much more, I believe, to their alarm than their injury. The sports ended, our talented host went to the Opera to superintend the performance of one of his own delightful ballets.

If I thought this slight notice of a man eminent in his way required an apology, I should seek it in the opportunity it has afforded me of recording his opinion of a style which is evidently leading to the destruction of an agreeable art—an opinion which, proceeding from such an authority, may serve to confirm the principles of criticism maintained by some of our most intelligent writers on the performances at the King's Theatre, and (aided by the illustrations of Mlle. Tagliopi) to correct a vitiated taste in the public.

*Madame Dugazon.*—She was the original Nina (a character well known here through the affecting performances of Madame Pasta) at the *Opéra-Comique* in 1786. I have seen a picture of her, painted

\* M. Gardel having once forgotten an appointment at the Opera with a celebrated dancer, he received a note from her intended simply to acquaint him with her own punctuality—that she had been to see him. Owing to a slight error in orthography, and a contempt for the dignity of capitals, it appeared in the following equivocal form:—"*Mlle. A—y est Pénus pour Monsieur Gardel!*"

As a pendant to this, I will place a specimen of the unaffected impudence of a dancer. A young lady had just made a tolerably successful debut at the Académie-Royale, where she was dancing for about thirty pounds a-year, (700 francs!) A friend of Mr. Waters proposed to her an engagement for London. "I will tell you," said she; "I have just refused 8000 francs from Bordeaux; I have been offered 20,000 to go to Naples; propose to me something worth accepting, and we'll talk about it."

at the time, wherein she is represented of a form resembling Miss Mordaunt's: I saw her a few years ago—she had then long quitted the theatre—and her figure exceeded that of—any two of our most extensive ladies now on the stage. On the only occasion of my seeing her, Philippe was present. It was many years since they had met; and the meeting of two persons apparently at the point of terminating lives, the business of which had been to amuse, had something really affecting in it. They seemed to feel this themselves, for, without speaking, they both burst into tears. After a little while, Madame Dugazon smilingly said, "Well, Philippe, should you have recognized Nina?"—"Sing me the romance," said he, "and I'll tell you." Without a reply, she sang it; and, though in a voice faltering from age, she threw into it an expression of such profound pathos, that it was easy to perceive there was no exaggeration in the praises bestowed upon her by those who remembered her performances. Having finished it, she again burst into tears; and taking Philippe by the hand, she said, "*Voilà, mon vieil ami—Voilà la dernière fois que la pauvre Dugazon la chantera.*" She soon resumed her accustomed gaiety, and amused herself at cards during the remainder of the evening.

I have no more to tell of her; and my principal motive for mentioning her is, that it gives me an opportunity of relating a dream—and, at the risk of receiving my diploma from the College of Old Women, I will relate it.

I had neither seen nor heard of Madame Dugazon for many months. On the night of the 21-2 of September, 1820, I dreamed a dream. Methought—that, I believe, is the orthodox beginning—methought I ascended the steps of the Church of St. Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré. As I reached the portal, which was hung with black, the *Suisse* advanced, saying, "Once in, Sir, you must remain in." I entered; and, having made the tour of the church, roundabout which were lying corpses prepared for interment, I again reached the door. There still stood the Swiss.—"I told you, Sir, that once in, you must remain in."—"What is the reason of that?"—"There is to be a funeral."—"Who is dead?"—"Madame Dugazon."—At the same moment a funeral procession ascended the steps and—I awoke. This was at about *three o'clock in the morning*. The dream tormented me, I could not sleep again, and, at an earlier hour than usual, I arose. Whilst at breakfast a brother of Talma called; I related my dream, and (as I deserved to be) was laughed at for my pains. He left me; and within an hour afterwards, I received a message from Talma himself, requesting I would go to him immediately. I found him walking about his garden, considerably agitated. After a few moments' silence, he exclaimed—"This confounds all my notions. While I was laughing at your dream, which my brother related to me—these English are almost as great dreamers as the Germans," I said—in came my friend R—. I asked him the news. 'There is nothing,' said he;—"O—yes—poor Dugazon died at three o'clock this morning."

I desire no more, good reader, than that you would place this in your collection of *extraordinary coincidences*: for an extraordinary coincidence—at least—it unquestionably was.

P\*.

## ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.

IN Russia, literature may be said to be in its infancy; the censorship is so severe, that I scarcely can mention a single foreign work which is entitled to be admitted, with the exception of a Bible or a dictionary. The newspapers undergo the most rigid examinations; and should any article on religion or government be therein, if the paper is allowed to be circulated, it will be crossed with red and black lines in about one thousand directions. The English who resided in Moscow some years ago subscribed for a weekly paper, which they calculated would cost less, and give as much news as they would require. Out of the fifty-two papers which arrived in Moscow for the year, only eight were allowed to be circulated; in the second year they received ten, and very wisely gave up the concern, as a losing one, on the commencement of the third. They would as soon admit an importation of carriages free of the tariff, as admit Clarke or Cox; and certainly his Satanic Majesty would have an equal chance with Anselot, Rae Wilson, Jones, or Chantreau. A late traveller thought his work would be admitted, in consequence of the flattering manner in which he spoke of Russia, its sovereign, the nobles, and the Neva water; but he is and was mistaken: there is one unlucky and very old anecdote of the Emperor Paul, and these few lines were sufficient to prohibit the circulation of the flattering work. In point of fact, I do not know one work on Russia which is admitted. Even poor Green, who some years back wrote a modest and innocent work, entitled "Green's Journal from London to St. Petersburg," is not admissible, although, poor soul! he has most truly mentioned the palaces, and the price of meat in the capital. I do not deny that it is possible, in spite of the censor and the police, sometimes to purchase "Travels in Russia." I bought Chantreau in the Gostinnoi Dvor myself; but it was wisely and carefully concealed from public view, and was only exhibited when the exorbitant vender found I would not purchase any of the trash he offered. Sir Walter Scott's novels, although very generally read in Russia, are not allowed to be circulated; but, in Russia, bribes and smuggling are on a magnificent scale, and, consequently, with a little care and perseverance, prohibited books may be procured.

To this rigid censorship, and to the air of Siberia, may be attributed the cramped genius of Pouchkin, and the almost silent Mickiewicz: the one has inhabited distant parts of the empire much against his consent, and the latter, a Pole by birth, is somewhat very closely resembling a prisoner in Petersburg or Moscow. Of the former, it is impossible to speak too highly; he has all the vivacity, all the imagination, and all the originality of some of the greatest poets; he is styled by the Russians the Byron of Russia, and is by them believed the greatest poet in existence. To the unfortunate, barbarous country in which he was born may be attributed the little, the very little knowledge even of his name in more civilized nations: and who, in the name of Allah, would go through the fatigues of learning the Russian language, which out of Russia is never heard, even for the gratification of reading this great poet in his own language? All translations are faint copies of original pictures; and those who have read some of the translations of Shakspeare into French, even by Voltaire, may know the truth of

this assertion; but my readers are perhaps not prepared to believe that a Russian poet has translated several of the tragedies of the bard of Avon, and is allowed (*by his countrymen*) to have surpassed the original. I confess, when I heard this, all my national vanity exhibited itself in a trice; and in spite of the guarded manner in which I had conducted myself, this last communication from the Anacreon of Russia was received with a "Poh!" which quite startled my northern friend.

Mr. Bowring, in the Russian Anthology, has given translations of the principal Russian poets, in very good English verse, and has not translated, as Lord Byron said was Mr. Hoole's practice, "with a crab-stick." The poets are satisfied with the production, as far as they can understand it; and many gentlemen who have arrogated to themselves the distinguished title of "Poet," are pleased to be enrolled in the same work with some very creditable Russian rhymers; but, in general, the Russian poetry is sad trash, merely little songs, and not half so good as the generality of English ballads. There are exceptions,—Devzhavin, Boydanovitch, and a thousand other hard names, unknown or forgotten in every other country but Russia. Of the present date, are—Zhukovsky, Pouchkin, Batinskof, and a Pole, now a Russian prisoner, Adam Mickiewicz, Wrasemki. The minor songsters are not worth mentioning; but the partial Russian historian, and author of reams of bad poetry, Karamsin, is entitled to a place: he is a pretty flatterer in either prose or verse.

It will be seen by a study of Russian poetry, that the German school has been followed in preference to the rest; so closely followed, indeed, that one might be mistaken for the other. Look at Zhukovsky's "Svetlina," it is nearly, in some parts, word for word; "Leonora:" it ends differently, and begins differently, but the *visus* is nearly the same, and the ideas decidedly borrowed: it certainly does not merit the eulogiums bestowed upon it by Granville, or Ancelet,—the latter translated it into French prose.

Pouchkin is entitled to all praise; and it is much to be regretted that no English author has translated his works. Kasloff, a blind poet, and an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Byron, undertook to translate one of Pouchkin's poems into English verse, and to dedicate it to his Lordship. Kasloff told me he had forwarded some of the translation to him, but had not received an answer: the fact is, Byron died about this period, and poor Kasloff's poetry has met the same fate. He was anxious I should see some of the poem, and he forwarded to me the following lines, a pretty fair specimen of the style, measure, and beauty of the original; and when it is considered that Kasloff taught himself English, is as blind as a bat, and his lower extremities paralysed, it is quite wonderful how his head could have produced any thing half so correct. I give the verses, without the slightest alteration, as sent to me in Kasloff's hand-writing:—

"But where is she, Zarema bright,  
The star of Love, the harem's light?  
Alas! she lingers, weeps alone,  
Her sweetest dream for e'er is gone;  
To her what wretchedness belongs!  
No jocund tales, no playful songs.

Like the young palm; whose tender bloom  
 Was blasted by the tempest's gloom,  
 So stood that fair and lovely maid,  
 Ere yet forsaken or betray'd.  
 Yet still in beauty who can be,  
 Poor Georgian slave, compared to thee?  
 That forehead beams divinely fair,  
 As sparkling through the raven hair;  
 Those eyes, so lovely and so bright,  
 Are clear as day, and dark as night;  
 What voice so fondly could impart  
 The bashful wish of woman's heart?  
 What form could yield such magic bliss,  
 Or lips bestow a warmer kiss?  
 The man who sigh'd within those arms,  
 How could he dream of others' charms? \*

Much in this style the poem continues throughout, and I sincerely regret that I omitted to bring the whole manuscript which had been offered to me by Kasloff. The fact is, that foreign poetry is very little relished by the generality of readers, and I should have had many scruples of conscience before I gave the Russian's English translation to the public. Kasloff does not confine himself to the translations into English; he has, in Russian verse, published several of Lord Byron's poems, such as the Prisoner of Chillon, Parisina, &c. and is, in my opinion, a much more talented man than the famous Zhukovsky, who is not only poet-general to the court, but the tutor of the young Grand Duke. Poor Kasloff! I always remember him with sincere pleasure, and feel his misfortunes as much as a friend can do. He informed me, that when afflicted by any sudden attack, he calmly recited stanzas of Childe Harold, until he estranged his mind from the feeling of pain, and thus became indebted to Byron for his pleasure and his cure. He is a fine old man, and universally respected in the Northern capital. I had a very ludicrous scene with this Milton of the North. My travelling companion had never been accustomed to the warm embrace of the men, at either meeting or parting. At Moscow, one night, a friend of ours took leave of all his Russian friends with two most loud and hearty kisses inflicted on both cheeks; my friend evaded the compliment by dancing round the room and keeping an equal distance always from the distributor of affectionate regards, swearing lustily, on quitting the room, that no slave of the Emperor's should ever kiss him. The night, however, previous to our departure from Petersburg, we paid our last visit to Kasloff, Zhukovsky, and a score of other great characters. When the final separation was undergoing the necessary preliminary conversation, Kasloff, extending his arms, implored the pleasure of embracing his dear friends who had contributed so much to his amusement. I went on, and got kissed to my heart's content, well satisfied to have escaped the accompaniment sometimes used in Italy; but the variations of my friend were truly laughable; his body underwent as many distortions as a snake when in motion, and, when he received the second well-planted and audible kiss, he darted out of the room swearing he would forego the pleasure of the poets, poems, and friends for ever, if he were doomed to be so embraced, and most heartily damning all classes of society in which a man was to be kissed by

any body else but a young and agreeable woman. In Moscow we likewise underwent an infliction of another sort. A very celebrated poetess (according to Granville) gave literary *soirées* every Wednesday; to these we were of course invited, and there I went once. The owner of the magnificent residence, the Princess Zenaïde Volkonsky, is the author of divers Russian songs, misnamed poems, and a prose work in French, entitled "Tableau Slave," printed in Moscow in 1826. How the Tableau Slave finishes I cannot say, as I fell asleep over the book six different times, and never could get farther than the 171st page, at which part, no doubt, the work begins to be interesting. The party were doomed to listen to the recital of poems concocted during the week, each speaking in his turn, and each occupying, as much as possible, the time and patience of his neighbour. It was a most miserable, dull, and stupid business, only relieved by a young lady of the name of Yenith, who, knowing how preposterously ridiculous the whole affair was, kindly spared us the misery of her own muse, and read some French songs of De Berenger when it came to her turn. I was asked for an English verse, and recited the poem of "Young Bill he was a Waterman," to the admiration of the multitude, not one of whom understood a syllable of English, and who voted it critically correct, and harmoniously beautiful.

Miss Yenith, however, towards the end of the evening, kindly hinted that she had undertaken a translation of Mickiewicz's whole poem of 'Konrad Wallenrod,' and produced a close written book about the size of one of those awful volumes seen on the shelves in Drummond's bank. I was seized with a sudden giddiness and expected to faint, but the promise of only reading the most beautiful song in the whole world, taken from this voluminous production, inspired me with some hope that I might survive the evening's entertainment. Mickiewicz is a Pole by birth, and the poem is written in the Polish language; Miss Yenith translated it into French, and from French it has dwindled into English. This song is set to music by Mademoiselle Simionofski, a Polish lady, who some years back resided in England, and was known for her beauty and talent, and album. The musical album has original music by all the great composers of the last thirty years in their own hand-writing, and the poetical album can boast the hand-writing of Moore, Camphell, and many others. I am sorry to be under the necessity of inflicting some verses on the patient reader: they are translations of songs from the French, done by a friend of Mickiewicz and under his own superintendence; the English is the work of a young gentleman, written after dinner, to satisfy Mademoiselle Simionofsky, and who now does not publish them from any nonsensical idea that they will contribute to his fame, but from the wish of giving a general notion of the poet's style, and how very far superior he is to all mentioned in the Russian Anthology.

#### *Alpuhara.*

THE dwellings of the Moors o'erthrown  
 Can scarcely show a stone on stone:  
 The fetter'd limbs proclaim their end—  
 Around the Spanish army league,  
 For some Grenada still defend,  
 But in Grenada is the plague.



From Alpuhara's towers are seen  
 The turban'd host in red and green ;  
 Almanzor still defies the foe,  
 Though few the arms which give the blow.  
 Close to the breach the Spaniards fight,  
 They plant their banners near the wall ;  
 And with to-morrow's gleam of light  
 The assaulted town must yield or fall.  
 Fiercely they rush'd at break of day  
 To mingle in the desperate fray ;  
 Nor ditch, nor rampart, can defend—  
 The Cross above the Minah glows,  
 The strife of blows at last must end,  
 The Christians triumph o'er their foes.  
 Through swords and arrows' mingled flights  
 Almanzor still retreats and fights,  
 Hurls back the foremost enemy,—  
 The victors for a moment fly,—  
 Escapes with those who fight the most,  
 And leaves the town for ever—lost !  
 Now had the victors dress'd the feast,  
 Mid slaughter'd foes and captive slave,  
 They pledge with rosy wine each guest,  
 And share the spoil amongst the brave.  
 Amid the shouts of victory,  
 The song of war, and revelry,  
 The distant sentry's sudden cry  
 Warns an approaching stranger uigh.  
 His garb was of a foreign land,  
 As worn by chiefs of high command ;  
 He brought some great intelligence  
 Of those who were the fort's defence,  
 And claim'd immediate audience.  
 The stranger bends his weary steps  
 O'er crumbled walls and bloody heaps—  
 'Twas Almanzor, the Moorish King—  
 But why should he the tidings bring ?—  
 Yet ere the victor silence broke,  
 The Moorish King advanced and spoke :  
 "Spaniards, I come from my ahode,  
 To serve your Prophet and your God !  
 Grant me but this—to spare my life,  
 Already rescued from the strife—  
 That all the world may henceforth know  
 An Arab king—a conquer'd foe,  
 Has of the conqueror ask'd that boon—  
 Nay, wish'd a brother to become—  
 Left his own people, here to stand  
 A vassal of a foreign land !"

Well did the Spaniards know the might,  
 The Moor's stern valour in the fight,  
 And pleased to gain an enemy,  
 For once without a treachery,  
 Embraced the King, and kiss'd his brow,—  
 His foe before, his brother now.  
 Apparently o'ercome by this,  
 The Moor return'd the welcome kiss ;

*Anecdotes of Russia.*

He press'd the Spaniard to his side,  
 Like lover with his lovely bride,  
 His arms around his neck he threw,  
 His lips unto the Spaniard's grew—  
 Then press'd his haud with warm embrace,  
 And kiss'd again the victor's face.

A sudden flush his cheeks o'ercame,  
 His limbs refuse to bear his frame,  
 And as he knelt upon the ground,  
 His turban to the chief he bound,  
 And holds the end with either hand,  
 Like slave, as crouching at command.

The Spaniards gazed in wild surprise;  
 Around he glanced his blood-shot eyes,  
 A livid paleness now appears,  
 A frantic laugh an instant cheers,  
 And o'er his quivering lip there grows  
 A horrid laugh, the sneer of foes.

"Look, Gisors! infidels in race,  
 Look on this pale and livid face.  
 I have deceived your utmost care—  
 Observe me well—the Plague is here!  
 Soon through your veins the poison'd blood  
 Shall urge along its deadly flood;  
 My Judas kiss shall art defy,  
 'Tis thus that you must writhe and die!"

Again he strives to kiss the face,  
 And give the chief a last embrace.  
 The maniac shouts, with horrid yell—  
 He laugh'd, and as he laugh'd, he fell—  
 He laugh'd and died—but still in death  
 You saw the sneer which lurk'd beneath;  
 The open eyes, the lips declare  
 The vengeance of the dying there;  
 And o'er the icy features play  
 The maniac's smile—the King's decay!

The Spaniards fly Grenada's walls,  
 And pleasure quits the splendid halls—  
 The plague begins its poisoning breath.  
 In vain they fly—the avenger, Death,  
 On Alpuhara takes his stand.  
 In vain they urge their utmost flight,  
 Their bones still whiten in the land,  
 Their names are lost in endless night.

This is one specimen of Mickiewicz's style: the vigour of the original is lost in the enfeebled verse of the translator, leaving, however, a correct delineation of the Pole's ideas; and it will be remembered that the above is a double translation.

Throughout the whole of the poem, songs are introduced; and almost all have been set to music, and are become national airs in Poland. In every society consisting of the Poles alone, Mickiewicz's poetry was always sung; and often have I seen him assisting at the piano, and endeavouring to instill into the mind of the singer the different passages of his song. The following is a translation of one of the most popular:—

*Lithuanian Song.*

WILIA, the mother of streamlets ! 'tis true  
 That thy sands are of gold, and thy waters are blue ;  
 But the virgin who bathes in thy water so clear,  
 Her heart is much purer, her features more fair.

In the sweet vale of Kowno thou rushest along,  
 The tulip, the rose, the Narcissus among ;  
 So the fair Lithuanian may see at her feet  
 The youths of her country, more blooming and sweet.

Through the valley thou murmurest, scorning the flower,  
 To join in the Niemen's impetuous power ;  
 So the fair Lithuanian her countrymen flies—  
 'Tis a stranger the beautiful maiden does prize.

The Niemen receives thee with vigorous arms,  
 Through rocks and through grottoes it hastens thy charms ;  
 O'er its bubbling surface the lover must flee,  
 And the Wilia and Niemen are lost in the sea.

Thus the stranger shall bear thee from valley and glen,  
 And be lost in the waves of forgetfulness then ;  
 But thy sorrowful destiny soon shall be known—  
 Thou shalt perish forgotten, and perish alone.

How needless the counsel to torrents or hearts,  
 The Wilia flows on—the young stranger departs ;  
 The Wilia is lost in the quick Niemen's power,  
 And the young female weeps in some far lonely tower.

'Konrad Wallenrod' is his great poem ; and his songs of the Crimea may be ranked next ; some of them (the Tomb of Potocka for instance,) are beautiful, and deserve a better poet and translator than the two already inserted.

On the return of Pouchkin from exile, the present Emperor was kind enough to desire the poet to continue his labours, saying at the same time that he (the Emperor) would be his censor. Pouchkin had had quite enough of that good-natured censorship, and found it impossible to write verses when his situation was not much unlike that of Damocles ; the hair might break, and the sword fall, and one ill-judged expression might again have consigned him to the guardianship of the Governor of Siberia. Latterly, therefore, we have not heard much of the productions of the northern Byron.

Mr. Dobell, who has lately published his *Travels in Siberia and China*, speaks in high terms of the beauty of the former country, the charms of its society, and the splendour of its climate ; but in following the author (who likewise asserts that banishment to that distant colony is rather a benefit and a luxury to any one but a Russian) rather closely, it will be observed that he complains in every page of the rascality, the shameful depravity, and the cruelty of the inhabitants in the vicinity of Igu, and in all that part of Siberia ; and this is again followed by the snow blindness, and prospects of daily starvation. I have heard some anecdotes of Siberia from people who have resided there much against their inclination, which have convinced me that the dreary abode in those distant parts, however fancifully decorated by Mr. Dobell, (Counsellor of the Court of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia,) is by no means equal to the delights of Petersburg, or the independence of Moscow.

Thus it is with every Russian author, high or low, rich or poor: the most degrading servitude, the most abject slavery, the most miserable tyranny will be defended or praised; the cruelties, the extortions, the banishments, are forgotten in the general history, and nothing but the good, if there be any, is left to survive. From authors of this class the truth cannot be gleaned, and I refer any man to the History of Russia by Karamsin as a proof of the assertion, for it is equally to be credited with the History of France by the Jesuits.

Amongst the living poets of the north, Kriloff, if transplanted to a better soil, would be much esteemed; but he, like all the rest, knows the wish of the master, and the impossibility of publishing any free opinions in Russia; but the day may yet arrive when the genius of Russia will be freed from the shackles of tyranny, and then we shall see that the poets of the North are not so destitute of liberal feelings, not so sluggish in the cause of liberty, not so tame and spiritless as they appear to be at this moment. When Pouchkin's poem of "The Poniard" was first published in Ancelot's "Six Mois en Russie," it spread like fire through the discontented in Moscow; it was bought, copied, circulated, and admired; but the author had a cold reward for the spirited composition, and he is not likely, while he remains a watched inhabitant of Petersburg, to indulge his muse in such flights of vengeance, or such unbounded praise of a dagger.

Konrad Wallenrod occasioned the attendance of the police on the person of Mickiewicz, and latterly his harp has been unstrung, and his voice silent: he is "every inch a Pole," a man of a liberal mind and of great talent. I am in very great hopes that Mr. Bowring will yet give a translation of his poems to the public, which I am certain will add to the fame of the poet and the translator, and adorn the Russian Anthology much more than the sickly, fulsome flattery of Karamsin:—

"Oh thou noble King and Tzar,  
Earth ne'er saw so bright a star;  
Tell me, have ye ever found  
Such a prince the world around?"\*

If Mr. Bowring is right when he asserts that "Despotism is that which provides for a small minority by the sacrifice of the mass of society; it is that which arms itself with the greatest possible sum of authority, and leaves no strength, and will communicate no intelligence to the people;" then I say that as long as the government of Russia continues what it now is, the intelligence which might be circulated for the benefit of society will be so cramped as to be perfectly useless; that the song of liberty will be unheard, and what I once read in a Russian's book,—

"'Tis freedom makes life doubly dear,  
But hush—that word is treason here,"—

be known, and acknowledged as a truth.

When the Russians shall have emancipated themselves from the thralldom of their present despotism; when, instead of being slaves, they dare to be men; when, instead of bowing with blind and servile obedience to the will of one man, they start into new existence in the character of free and independent subjects, free in their persons, and only

\* Bowring's Anthology—Song of the good Tzar.

dependent on the laws formed by themselves; then, and not till then, may we expect the dismal melancholy which pervades their poetry to be exchanged for the lighter and more manly song of liberty; and then may we expect to see developed the flower of that genius which now in its germ is so conspicuous, although nipped and retarded.

This event cannot be so very distant; as the Russians improve, so they champ the bit with greater fury. The last revolution was a proof of how far they were resolved to go; and those who have travelled and who have tasted the sweets of liberty in other countries, are little disposed to return to their own country, to yoke themselves again to slavery and despotism, and linger out their lives as watched and degraded beings.

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THE YOUNG POETESS.

ALL silently and solitary rear'd,  
 Like a pale snowdrop rising 'midst the frost,  
 Leafless, and by no genial sunbeam cheer'd  
 Affliction's chilling wind hath o'er her past;  
 And many a vanish'd dream of youthful joy,  
 Of love unanswer'd, and of hope delay'd,  
 And all the various woes that slow destroy,  
 Eternal traces on her brow have made.

Yet might those flinty hearts who daily rove  
 Through Pleasure's courts, neglectful of her fate,  
 And cause her ardent soul such pangs of love  
 As ne'er but in the grave shall cease, too late;  
 Oh, they might envy still the visions bright,  
 The spirit's converse to her wrapt soul stealing;  
 E'en through the darkness of her gloomy night,  
 All heaven's harmonies to her revealing.

Glorious and fair the destiny of fate  
 Shines forth, the cheering rainbow of the flood  
 The rushing-tide of evil doth abate,  
 And wither'd hopes again spring forth and bud.

See, o'er her ashy brow a radiance flashing  
 Of brilliant thoughts with glorious fancies join'd,  
 Earth's cold realities so far surpassing  
 From seraphs' harps that tone must be purloin'd!

The drooping rose, pale nursling of the shade,  
 Doth yet exhale a fragrance to the air,  
 E'en though the zephyrs seek the sunny glade,  
 And man, as void of sense, the gay *parterre*.

The languid flow'ret of Misfortune's gloom,  
 Blighted by sorrow in her early course,  
 Though heirress of a dark and cruel doom,  
 Knows yet a joy beyond each mortal source.

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## LETTER FROM THE SIAMESE BOYS.

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

" Hæc duo——

Reliquias veterumque vides monumenta virorum."—VIRGIL.

SIR, Having now resided some time in your wonderful country, and carefully studied your laws, usages, manners, and customs, (being two of us, you know we can advance twice as fast as our neighbours,) we have come to a conclusion that in order to be or to do any thing great among you, it is necessary to be connected with the elective interest, and either to sit in Parliament ourselves, or to possess the power of returning others, to sit there as our nominees. The desire of being somebody is held to be a laudable ambition in those who have but one portion of the frailties of the flesh to answer for; and it surely will not be thought unreasonable in us, who are fairly entitled to a double share of high-mindedness, if we are anxious to enroll ourselves in the enviable list of those who, in serving their country, are allowed also not to forget themselves. We are well aware that the notoriety we have enjoyed, through the singular privileges of our structure and organization, may be by many considered as giving a right to as much fashionable distinction as is necessary to the enjoyment of existence, even in your fashion-hunting community; and it must be admitted that there are many gentlemen with whom we are acquainted, who have the *entrée* at Almack's, D—— House, and other places of exclusive aristocracy, upon much more slender grounds than those on which we stand. But if any persons are justified in seeking to have two strings to their bow, we are the most so; and, moreover, we find that there are few fashionable reputations that are durable; and that to be constantly influential with the public, it is necessary to be often before the public. Already, to let you into a secret, our little notoriety is beginning to wear out. John Bull is so accustomed to duplicity of all sorts, that he has almost ceased to be astonished at that which is so remarkable in our persons; so that, unless we can do something to distinguish us in a new *genre*, we may soon walk down Regent-street without drawing more attention than any other two dandies who tread the pavement arm in arm, and go to the theatres, without interrupting the performance more than the commonest box-lobby corinthian. This idea, therefore, of stepping into Parliament, with a view of preserving our popularity, and getting on in London society, has been rolling in our minds for some time; and we now write to you to obtain your opinion of our case, to state our claims to naturalization, and eligibility, and to discuss with you the difficulties which stand in the way of our accomplishing a seat in the Commons House.

In talking over this subject with our numerous visitors, we have learned that the first step to be taken, is to raise a sufficient sum to carry on the election with spirit. For this purpose there are many means within our reach; if, indeed, we cannot meet with some patriotic proprietor who would put us in for a snug borough, free of expense—an event the more likely, as our appearance in the House would raise several important questions, which would embarrass the Ministry more than the Forgery Bill, or the provision of retiring allowances for

right honorable clerks in office. Mr. Cobbett, it seems, expects to obtain ten thousand pounds from the public for placing him in Parliament; and in all modesty, we cannot but think our chance in this respect as good as his. He can hope for nothing from his political enemies, and many of his friends are not more than lukewarm in his cause; whereas we, not having declared our sentiments on public affairs, and being, as the phrase is, "open to all parties and influenced by none," may presume on finding all classes alike interested in promoting our return. After what Sir F. Burdett has declared respecting the Duke of Newcastle's price, there can be no doubt that half the sum Mr. Cobbett requires would do our business effectually; and there would be no difficulty in procuring the money in the City, on the security of the receipts of our exhibition, which would be much better attended when we have M. P. attached to our names. As, moreover, we are prepared to support the emancipation of the Jews, this would be a strong additional motive to Messrs. Rothschild to accommodate us with the cash.

The next difficulty which has been started to us, is the establishment of a precedent that exactly suits our case. We had at first considerable efforts to make, in order to comprehend what this meant. In Siam, the wisdom and expediency of a public measure usually decide upon its adoption; and provided a thing be in itself good, we never trouble our heads whether it be the first, or the fiftieth time, of its being tried. But we are told that this is not your way of proceeding in England; and that a precedent with you supersedes all considerations of policy, justice, and common-sense. Much as we admire the superior civilization of Europeans in every other respect, we were, it must be confessed, especially struck with this discovery in political philosophy. Nothing but the wonderful genius, and long-continued practice of Englishmen in legislative and judicial matters, could have elucidated a doctrine so transcendental and surprising! To prove that any individuals in our precise situation ever actually sat in the English Parliament, is certainly difficult. Hitherto, our researches in the archives of the country have been ineffectual; but as the early parliamentary history is avowedly involved in much obscurity, it cannot be said that such a contingency positively never occurred. Sure it is that we have discovered no instance in which an umbilical hand has been adjudged papistical, or on any other ground been made a plea for exclusion. Upon the whole, then, we think our case at least as good as that made in favour of annual parliaments, universal suffrage, or your *lex non scripta*, which all rest very much upon the absence of contradictory documents. But if, Sir, we take a wider range, and penetrate into a remoter antiquity, strong analogies will be discovered, abundantly favourable to our claim; and such proofs can be offered of the importance and pre-eminence of our predecessors in duality, as must needs predispose the House to admit of our eligibility, even if they do not tempt our gracious Sovereign to call us to the House of Peers.

In the first place, we need not remind you, who as an editor must know every thing, that many theologians have declared for the double nature of Adam at his first creation: "Male and female," says the Hebrew text, "created he him." Now, though many married men would think it hard to be in this sense one flesh with their wives, and

never to be beyond earshot of their admonitions, yet is it not on that account to be disputed that this *prima intenzione* of Nature was not the wisest and best, or that the separation of the sexes was not a signal punishment inflicted upon Adam's disobedience. Duality, therefore, is the perfection of human nature, and man is never so much a man as when he is two. Your trivial expression of a person beside himself, to indicate a lunatic, is a mere product of popular ignorance; and we purposely cite it here to show how little we have to fear from so ill-founded a dictum. But "Sir Robert Filmer, in his preface to his observations on Aristotle's politics, tells us that a natural freedom of mankind cannot be supposed without the denial of the creation of Adam;"\* and thereupon he builds the theory of the first man's sovereignty, and the consequent right of the tax-gatherer to put his hand into any man's pocket, as often and as deep as he pleases! Without, however, going the whole length of this corollary, it is sufficient for our purpose that Adam was "every inch a king;" for though, when his fig-leaves became the worse for wear, he might have been only a "king of shreds and patches," still this sovereignty, joined to his duality, would give us a claim to sit in parliament, which none but an atheist would deny. We are told, by the by, Mr. Editor, that in your country, when a man can call his adversary atheist, it is always deemed conclusive in his favour; and that if the person so called bad all the truth in Euclid on his side, you would not give him a hearing; we expect therefore, that when you have read this last argument, you will say that we have made a case, through which the crown-lawyers cannot quite drive a coach-and-six. If none, Sir, but an atheist can deny the sovereignty of Adam, "omne majus" (as an University tutor explained to us the other day) "in se continet minus:" the kingship includes the representative eligibility; or rather may we not say that, previously to Cain's coming to years of discretion, Adam was King, Lords, and Commons, all in one? In this conclusion we are strengthened by the conduct of the King of France, in his present crusade against popular rights. We all know that he holds his crown by the grace of God, and tradition from King Adam; and it is to be presumed that he would not try so hard to overturn the freedom of election, and to subdue the Chamber of Deputies to his absolute will, if he did not feel within himself all the corporate faculties, rights, and dominions, enjoyed by his predecessor at the period contemplated. But, Sir, when, turning from the abstruse wisdom of theology, we look into the less recondite subject of grammar and philology, it seems to us very clear that Adam's duality was not strictly confined to his own person, but that it descended, through some of his children at least, to the Deluge, if not afterwards. The existence of the dual number in the Greek, and some other tongues, is proof positive on this point;† for, in the present constitution of the world, the dual is utterly useless, being too much for any ordinary subject, and not enough for a sovereign prince, who, though he be but a mediatized German, disdains any form of allocution less dignified than the plural.

\* Locke on Government.

† "Dualis numerus," (says Moor, in his Grammar,) "de iis usurpatur quæ vel nascuntur gemina vel censentur."



Nay, Sir, the most insignificant editor of the merest twopenny trash would not condescend to take up with the paltry *ṛwī*. How could the idea of a dual number have entered men's minds, if there had not pre-existed a physical type on which to form it? Or, if we admit that the invention was a pure affair of caprice, how comes it, we ask, that, besides the dual, there was not a quintal and a decal number, to which the analogy of notation directly leads, and of which the people had the originals (forgive the pun) at their fingers' ends? Nor is the bare existence of a race of congenital twins or duads sufficient to explain this odd phenomenon of language. Our predecessors must have been persons of great distinction and weight in society, to have put it to the trouble and expense of such an invention. A law, Sir, is much more easily made than a rule in grammar. The whole force of the Roman empire, when brought to bear against language, was found insufficient to introduce a new letter; and Ginguené tells us that Mahomet himself, though he menaced the grammarians with eternal fire,\* had no power to deprive them of their supreme authority in these matters. But laws, Sir, are only made for the benefit of the rich and the powerful; and, *à fortiori*, the dual number could not have been invented for the use and commodity of the *canaille*, of persons who belonged to nobody, or were nothing. It follows, therefore, that the Siamese youths of antiquity formed an aristocratic corps in the state, and must have had a considerable share in the governments of those times.

Not, however, to rely altogether upon speculation thus curious and remote, we beg to call your attention to some recent cases of at least intellectual twinship, which seem to make much in our favour. The moral and political rights of man, it is well known, are derived altogether from the nobleness of his intellectual nature. It is in his quality of an immortal soul, and not on account of the baser wants and desires of his physical nature, that the citizen is a person, and not a thing. A member of Parliament sits there in right of the "*animula, blandula, vagula*" of himself and his constituents. The natural law, like Falstaff, exclaims—"Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man?—give me the spirit, Master Shallow." If this be so, and who shall say that it is not, we would submit to you, that at this present moment a vast many mental Siamese boys already occupy the first places both in the legislative and administrative corps. Are not the Solicitor and Attorney-General *ex-officio* duads, one soul in two bodies? Are not the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel the Siamese boys of the Catholic question?—and Lord Eldon and Sir Charles Wetherell the Siamese boys of Law as it is? So, on the other hand, every public man is an unpersonated duality, two souls in one body. It is an admitted verity that all such persons may be, politically and publicly, as great scoundrels as ever merited a gibbet, and yet privately, and in their own proper persons, be men of honour and gentlemen; and it is farther ruled, that the public half of a man may be accused of the seven deadly sins with impunity, provided nothing be said or insinuated against the integrity and respectability of his private moiety.

\* "Mahomet avait menacé les grammairiens du feu éternel pour le déplacement d'une seule lettre du Koran."—*Hist. Litt. d'Italie*, vol. i. p. 197.—yet the text was revised and amended by the Imams.

The public monad, as if it had neither a soul to be saved nor a rump to be kicked, is not entitled to redress either in a court of law or a court of honour; but woe betide the man who libels the domestic monad: fine, imprisonment, and a pistol-ball, are the least he may expect for his indiscretion. That we, Sir, have two souls as well as two bodies, we are ready to prove against all impugnors, by experiment, by ratiocination, and at the point of the sword, if any two gentlemen of unquestioned honour should presume to doubt the fact; and thereupon we have (being duly returned) as good a right to sit in Parliament as any double-conscienced member of that honourable house.

Still the question is surrounded with many difficulties; and it is concerning these that we principally desire the benefit of your advice and assistance. Supposing, Sir, that, to save charges, one of us only purchases a seat, will the other be liable to the pains and penalties of intrusion? or, if the non-elected be allowed to sit silent in the body of the house, will he be permitted to go out on a division, without incurring the fine for voting unsworn? It has been distinctly proved that the current of electricity passes freely through the nervous systems of both of us; and who shall say that the virtue imparted by the free election of the people is a less subtle element? Who shall presume (be he as clever an anatomist as he may) to point out the exact mathematical line of separation between us; and determine precisely where the franchises of the elected stop, and where the parliamentary power ceases? What metaphysician will be bold enough to define between two individualities so closely connected? Then, Sir, supposing that, to avoid these difficulties, we become the twin representatives of some rotten borough, and that each of us, in his own individuality, obtains the rights of a member, it will not follow that we shall both be of one way of thinking in politics. We have not been such ill observers of public affairs as to have passed over the advantage of taking opposite sides of the question. How many noble families are there that always contrive to have a friend in court, "let who will be minister," simply by having one of its branches attached to every distinct faction and fragment of opinion. Now, Sir, if we follow this example, it will be somewhat difficult for us to take our seats on the opposite sides of the house; and, though we may pair off on a division, it would puzzle a conjuror to enable us to vote in person. Then, if one of us gets up to speak, how will the other sit quiet? and, if both rise at a time, there will be no end to the cry of "order, order!" Besides, do you not think, Sir, that it will be a breach of decorum on our parts, if one makes a speech diametrically opposite to the other? Many honourable members, to be sure, are in the habit of contradicting themselves. If one brother, also, should be rash enough to impute improper motives to the other, will not the House be too apt to take him at his word, from a notion of some natural sympathy and intelligence between the two brains? Again, Sir, if the Speaker should ask one of them to dinner, would both be entitled to go? or if one of them should himself be elected Speaker—by no means an impossible case—would both be obliged to look grave and wear a wig? There is also another case which puzzles us considerably. If the radical moiety should incur the censure of the House, and be sent to the Tower, like Sir Francis, what would they do with the Tory half of us? To punish loyalty would be

terrible injustice; and yet to give impunity to the disorderly would let such a quantity of home truths into the body of the House, as would be exceedingly unpleasant to the feelings of the members; to say nothing of the danger it would occasion to social order, and all that sort of thing. These are points well worthy of the Wynns and the Manners's consideration. A Committee to search for precedents would come back as wise as it went. Yet any mistake of the House upon any one of them, might give the constitution such a shake as might knock down the three per cents, frighten the country gentlemen out of their no-wits, and introduce a torrent of Jacobinism sufficient to overflow all the landmarks of ancient usage. Even Paddy Holmes would be distracted in the discharge of his duties, and could not whip in the ministerial half of us, without heating up a recruit for the Opposition. Pray, Sir, give these matters a serious discussion, and, at your earliest convenience, let us know the result of your deliberation in our behalf.

Signed, in the name of the Siamese boys, and by their procuration,  
By your obedient friend and correspondent,  
M.

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THE OLD STORY.

*A "Psychological Curiosity."*

I do not remember if in that amusing collection of the minor calamities which beset frail mortality, entitled "The Miseries of Human Life," there is preserved any record of that weariful complication of annoyances which fall to the unhappy lot of the solitary guest of a dull man in a country house. Perhaps the situation, even under its milder forms, may be too full of serious distress to find an appropriate place in that very humorous production; but imagine the dull man, surrounded by a dull family, residing at a dull house in a dull country, and let the time of the visit be in the month of November, and I am certain that it will deserve to be treated in a much graver manner than that in which the lively pen of Mr. Beresford has sported with misfortunes of a less grievous description. The situation which I have imagined has been mine, and I live to relate it. There is a pleasure in looking back upon misfortunes, in proclaiming oneself "a man who has had losses," which has been felt, if not owned, by every story-teller from Æneas to the present time; and I have ever thought (if I may venture parenthetically to express such an opinion), that the affected reluctance of the Trojan worthy to relate his adventures to his Majesty of Carthage, was a piece of prudery very characteristic of that most hypocritical of all heroes. I cannot, like Æneas, profess any unwillingness to retrace the history of my "infandus dolor;" but I may be allowed to say that I should not have been induced to render it thus public but for a circumstance connected with it which will be duly disclosed in the progress of my tale. The instrument of my social martyrdom last winter was D——, of Foxcote. He was one of those good persons, who having bestowed their tediousness upon their neighbours, till frequent inflictions had produced caution and they can scarcely obtain a patient hearer for love or dinners, are ever on the watch for

unsuspecting strangers of decent demeanour, whom they may draw within the insatiate maw of their hospitality. He had seen me once, and, unfortunately, liked me. He found that I possessed a quality which was invaluable in his eyes. I am (to my sorrow I say it) a good listener. He gave me a general invitation should I ever happen to come into his neighbourhood, to which I bowed assent—and man, neighbourhood, and invitation, were soon forgotten. A year afterwards my ill luck led me into the county where he lived. I met him unexpectedly. The general invitation was followed by a special one. "Would I come to-morrow? he had nobody with him, and would be delighted to see me." Conscientiousness and poverty of invention conspired to fix me within his clutches. I had no excuse, and could not make one; and in an unguarded hour I answered "Yes!"—"I pity you from the bottom of my soul," said a friend, to whom I soon afterwards communicated my case. "Are you well acquainted with your host?"—"I know little of him, and less of his family—perhaps you can help me to a *carte du pays*?"—"I can; but it will be like the map of a flat—no hills and vales—no lights and shadows. D——'s character is a dead level, with staunch prejudices like stiff straight hedges, and interminable stories like the long miry lanes that crawl across it."—"A pleasant prospect! Is he, then, a teller of long stories?"—"Inordinate; therefore beware. Being a stranger, you will probably be treated with the oldest and longest."—"Your caution," said I, "will be of little use, unless you can teach me to avoid these story-tellers' pit-falls that are ready to receive me."—"You want to know the paths that lead to them? Let me see; beware how you touch on shooting, for thereby hangs an endless tale. It might be told in two minutes, and is made to occupy more than twenty. It is about——" "Nay," said I, "don't tell it to me. Let it at least have the recommendation of novelty whenever it may be inflicted." I went to Foxcote, on a cold afternoon, under a monotonous drab-coloured sky, in a hopelessly unvarying drizzle. I was dragged along roads ignorant of Macadam, up to the door of a square brick building, constructed with sovereign disregard of the gewgaws of ornament, and duly according with the wholesome advice which was given to the architect, "to let it be as plain as possible." It was one of those many mansions which, not content with allowing to encumber this beautiful land with their ineffable tastelessness, are now thrust forth in this book-and-print-making age among goodly collections of what really forms the peculiar boast of English scenery, as if to inform the too partial foreigner that a "chateau Anglois" is not always externally a paradise. Why should I commemorate my reception, differing little from ordinary meetings among persons of sluggish inventions, who, having few common topics in which they are mutually interested, talk only of those which are interesting to neither? Why should I attempt to describe the indescribable common-place insipidity of Mr. D——, and the four plain and heavy-visaged daughters? Suffice it to say, that my first half-hour was not exhilarating, and that I escaped, with a thankful feeling of relief, to the solitude of my room, to prosecute the usual labours of ante-prandial adornment. Having more time than was necessary for the accomplishment of this task, I endeavoured to beguile a few minutes with an odd volume of an old novel, one of the forgotten swarm of tenth-rate imi-

tators, which tried to combine the perplexities of Madame D'arblay and the romantic verbiage of Mrs. Radcliffe. I was soon involved in the inexplicable distresses of a blue-eyed heroine, who spends her nights in apostrophizing the moon, and her days in flying from the pursuit of her enamoured persecutors, when a summons to dinner brought me once more into the company of my host. I will not dwell upon the accumulated labours of that dinner—the labour of talking to listeners slow of comprehension—the labour of listening to talkers slow of delivery, and the labour of carving, which, by that inimitable social practice, which is handed down to us by the wisdom of our ancestors, is entailed with merciless severity upon the unlucky wight whom the lady of the mansion "delighteth to honour." It did come to an end, and the time arrived when, by another equally admirable custom of English society, I was left by the female portion of the party to bear alone the brunt of D——. It was winter—the wind howled mournfully without, and a blazing fire was roaring and crackling in the well-filled grate, and D——, after a congratulatory glance at the closed doors, which hid from our sight Mrs. D—— and her four daughters, invited me to install myself by the side of a small semi-circular table, at one corner of the blazing hearth. Methought, as the ruddy glare illumined the heavy masses of my host's broad countenance, it assumed a more distinct character of ponderous prosiness, and while he sipped and surveyed his claret, and slowly pronounced some old solid maxims about the folly of chilling wine, and the superiority of the last well-aired glass in the bottom of the bottle, I felt a shuddering presentiment that, till I arrived at that glass, I was not to be released, and that I should be made to feel, in protracted misery, the unmitigated wearisomeness of being the solitary guest of a very dull man. I saw an ominous satisfaction in his countenance as if he felt that the time was come when he might securely, and without resistance, crush me beneath the weight of his heaviest story. I remembered my friend's warning, and, anxious to parry the coming evil, and enter upon a field as remote as possible from the threatened narrative connected with shooting, I forthwith turned my discourse upon London. The subject was evidently uncongenial to my host; and I felt for some time a rather uncharitable pleasure in leading him back, in spite of his attempted escapes, to topics which afforded no opportunities for the introduction of a favourite anecdote. At length I unguardedly remarked that I had once shot—London Bridge. The opening was seized with an alacrity and presence of mind for which I had not given my companion credit. He saw with the eye of a Wellington the opening which my one false move had given him, and, with admirable generalship, availed himself of it in an instant. "Now you talk of shooting," said he,—and then followed a preamble, from the very tone of which I felt convinced that I had at length arrived at the threshold of the threatened calamity—"the Old Story"—I will tell you," said my companion, "a circumstance that happened to me one day, when I was out shooting, many years ago, somewhere about this time of the year—it was in this month, and, I think, it was the 22d, but I won't be quite sure of that—it was such a sort of day as this—rainy, and rather cold, but not a bad day for exercise, and the wind was in the north-east—I particularly remember *that*. I had a single-barrelled gun with me, (I always shot with a

single-barrelled gun,) and one dog, a brown setter, with a white spot on his nose." Reader, the day had been cold, the fire was warm, my chair was easy, the light was rather dim, and the voice of the narrator soothingly monotonous. Marvel not, therefore, if, under the combined influence of these various causes, I became, as I sat bolt upright with the candles at my back, and my face thrown into deep shadow by the fire-screen before me, gradually and overpoweringly drowsy. The words of the speaker became, for a time, less distinct, and, though I never ceased to hear his voice, I do not think I could have been quite conscious of the meaning of some part of his story; for when I did begin again to hear and understand him perfectly, it strikes me that the tale was not only very different in character and language, but did not connect itself very well with the part at which I had lost it. The voice of the narrator never ceased, but the style of his narration had been imperceptibly changed, and he proceeded nearly as follows:—"I was wending my uncertain way through a tangled maze of dew-besprinkled foliage, when the low sound of mingling voices in deep and earnest converse broke through the hushed and stilly air upon the fearful hollow of my startled ear, and arrested the speed of my advancing footsteps. One was a voice I knew full well, a voice whose gentlest accents could awake with magic influence the tumultuous throbbings of my impassioned heart. It was the voice of my cousin Angelica. Surely, if on this sublunary earth there was a being of ethereal mould, it was she. Her form was one of sylphid symmetry: and the liquid lustre of her mild blue eye danced bright with joy, or drooped with tenderness. I loved her; for three long years I had been enamoured in secret, and had never ventured to declare my passion. I seemed to love her only with a brother's love, and she regarded me not but with the calm affection of a sister. But the time was come when I resolved to break through the benumbing chain which bound my tongue in timid silence. I had resolved to pour forth at her feet the long-treasured secret of my overburthened bosom, and was seeking her intoxicating presence for this too-agitating purpose. Judge, then, my horror and surprise, when, in the voice which was mingling with her's, I recognized the hated accents of a rival. 'Let us fly, my Angelica,' he exclaimed, in tones of soul-ensnaring tenderness; 'let us fly from the garish haunts of shallow worldlings, who would pollute your modest ear with the hollow-hearted breathings of an ephemeral passion! let us fly to a calm and blissful solitude, where 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' we will realize the fondest aspirations of a poet's fancy!' I awaited in trembling her reply. 'Yes, Ferdinand,' she exclaimed—and then her voice dropped so low that her words escaped me—but, alas! I doubted not that they were words of assent. 'To-morrow!' said the deceiver eagerly. She gently murmured forth, 'To-morrow.'—'Heavens!' thought I, 'is she then about to fly on the morrow, to fly with my detested rival? to fly I know not whither?' A tumult of conflicting passions struggled for mastery in my agitated breast; and overcome by the violence of my emotions, I sank insensible on the ground. When my senses returned, I found myself still in the same place, but the voices had ceased. I arose, and with stealthy steps approached the bower from whence they had proceeded. It was vacant; but a rose was lying on the ground, which I took up and

placed in my bosom, and then walked forth to cool my fevered brow with the refreshing breath of the western breeze. I hurried onward deep in thought, till the sound of footsteps struck my ear. I looked around—a distant figure was seen to cross the path I was pursuing—it was the form of my detested rival, it was the form of Ferdinand Fitzalbert. As I viewed his graceful bearing, his finely-moulded person, his flashing eye and animated features, bright with anticipated triumph, the demons of revenge and jealousy lashed my excited feelings into fury. With silent steps, I followed him unseen—a loaded rifle was in my hand—I watched my opportunity—I raised the deadly engine to my shoulder—I fired, and Fitzalbert fell! Here I gave a sudden start; I thought I had heard the report of the rifle, but it was only a cinder which had fallen upon the fender. My host was still proceeding with his tale, but I thought with a slight difference of voice, which seemed less melodious, but more distinct. "Ay," pursued he, "he was a fine fellow; but the fact was, I did not shoot him—he had been shot by somebody else."—"I thought," said I, with no little surprise, "you said, just this minute, that you had—a—"—"Yes, I thought I had shot him; but he was certainly shot by somebody else."—"Indeed!" said I; "that must have been a great relief to your mind." D—— stared, and hemmed, and gave a little short, dry laugh, which I thought extremely unfeeling. "Won't you take any more wine?" said he, with all the composure imaginable. "No"—"Then suppose we go to the ladies."

I walked, shocked and bewildered, into the drawing-room. Heavens! what a recital, what a confession had I heard! What, D——! plain, quiet, passive, thick-headed D——! the husband of insipid Mrs. D——! the father of the gentle Miss D——! had he been the victim of an unhappy passion? had he been the wilful destroyer of a rival? Had the homespun figure that toddled by my side been the deadly foe of a Ferdinand Fitzalbert! It seemed like a delusion. Had I heard his words aright? had I not been dreaming? Impossible! I never sleep after dinner; and besides, I heard him talking all the while—and besides, were not his last words, as we were leaving the room, a paltry attempt to shift his crime to the shoulders of another? And with what cool effrontery had he made this horrible event the subject of an after-dinner story to a comparative stranger! This, then, was the tale connected with shooting which my friend had warned me to beware:—truly, with some reason. It is not every one who chooses to be the partaker of such a confidence. I was much agitated by what I had heard, and became silent and abstracted. I cannot describe—indeed, I can scarcely remember what passed during the remainder of the evening, except that, by way of a lively amusement, I sat down to a game at "Double-patience" with the eldest Miss D——. The time dragged heavily, and I was glad to retire to repose. When alone in my own apartment, the communication to which I had been a listener returned with increased vividness to my recollection. This awful question again began seriously to intrude itself, "Was I, or was I not, beneath the roof of a murderer? Was I not within a dwelling which might be exposed to the nightly visitation of the perturbed spirit of Ferdinand Fitzalbert?" While thinking thus, my eye fell upon the odd volume of the *Mincerva* press novel, which I had been reading before dinner. Though the facts

mentioned by my friend D—— were unlike any which I had found in the novel, the style of his narrative bore a considerable resemblance to the flowery periods of that interesting production. Had he been imposing on my credulity by a borrowed tale? or had I——psha! I defy any body to say I was asleep; and if not asleep, how could I have been dreaming? “I will think no more,” said I, “of this horrible and perplexing tale;” and I continued to repeat this to myself as I lay awake more than half the night; and when at length sleep did come over me, I dreamed of D—— with his murderous rifle, and the bleeding corpse of Ferdinand Fitzalbert. Morning came, and breakfast, and, after our repast, our host proposed to show me the house. There was a gallery, he said, which I had not seen, with a good many curious family pictures in it. Now, though I hold that it is not by any means a delectable recreation to have a long line of family portraits explained to one by the owner, yet, as there was nothing better to be done, I closed very willingly with D——’s proposal. Wearisome was the array of well-wigged worthies, upon whose wooden visages I was doomed to gaze while D—— deliberately expounded their names, birth, parentage, and education; and with these was a goodly show of plump, ruddy, thick-lipped, sleepy-eyed matrons, their spouses. At length we came to a portrait of later date, and of “metal more attractive.” It was the portrait of a pretty, pensive, delicate-looking girl, seated out of doors, in a sort of pastoral attire, with a lamb by her side. There was a sentimental air about it, which made me think it would be no bad representation of the heroine of some such novel as ~~that~~ which I had found in my room. “That,” said D——, “is the portrait of a cousin of mine. She is dead, poor girl!—she died young—a Miss Angelica D——.”—“Angelica!” said I, and started. “Yes,” said D——, looking surprised, “Angelica: did you ever hear of her before?” With some confusion, which was much heightened by D——’s unaccountable composure, I admitted that I had. “Then, perhaps,” pursued he, “you know her history. She was to have been married to a very fine young fellow, who died suddenly—she did not long survive him—he was shot—by accident.” I was much distressed, and turned away. “Did you know him?—was he related to you?” said he, observing my emotion. I replied to the callous-hearted wretch with an indignant “No.” “But you have heard of the circumstance before?”—“You told it to me yourself,” said I. “Not in this house?”—“Yes, Sir, yesterday, after dinner.” “No—upon my honour, no—ha, ha!—I beg your pardon—but—I thought so at the time—I believe—excuse my saying so—I believe you were dozing.”—“Sir, I assure you——” “Well, perhaps not; but you remember what I mentioned about shooting the woodcock?” I shook my head. “What! not remember what I told you about my shooting a woodcock, and finding him stiff and cold when I picked him up, as if he had been killed two or three days, and finding out afterwards that he was not my bird, but a bird that somebody else had shot and left there!—oh, I must tell you all about it.” I listened for fifteen mortal minutes, and heard every word of “the old story.” Now, with respect to the tale which I thought I had heard, had I been dreaming without going to sleep? This is a fact which I want to ascertain!



"Do you know," said a friend to whom I related my adventure, "that the circumstance you have mentioned is a very interesting addition to the science of Psychology?"

"Of what?"

"Psy-cho-lo-gy," said my friend, repeating the word syllabically for my better information.

"The deuce it is! Then perhaps you think I ought to publish an account of it?"

"Unquestionably."

Having a high opinion of my friend's judgment, I have followed his advice,—whether wisely or not, my readers must determine.

#### THE FREE ADMISSION.

A FREE Admission is the *lotos* of the mind: the leaf in which your name is inscribed as having the privileges of the *entrée* for the season is of an oblivious quality—an antidote for half the ills of life. I speak here not of a purchased but of a gift-ticket, an emanation of the generosity of the Managers, a token of conscious desert. With the first you can hardly bring yourself to go to the theatre; with the last, you cannot keep away. If you have paid five guineas for a free-admission for the season, this *free-admission* turns to a mere slavery. You seem to have done a foolish thing, and to have committed an extravagance under the plea of economy. You are struck with remorse. You are impressed with a conviction that pleasure is not to be bought. You have paid for your privilege in the lump, and you receive the benefit in dribblets. The five pounds you are out of pocket does not meet with an adequate compensation the first night, or on any single occasion—you must come again, and use double diligence to strike a balance to make up your large arrears; instead of an obvious saving, it hangs as a dead-weight on your satisfaction all the year; and the improvident price you have paid for them kills every ephemeral enjoyment, and poisons the flattering illusions of the scene. You have incurred a debt, and must go every night to redeem it; and as you do not like being tied to the oar, or making a toil of a pleasure, you stay away altogether; give up the promised luxury as a bad speculation; sit sullenly at home, or bend your loitering feet in any other direction; and putting up with the first loss, resolve never to be guilty of the like folly again. But it is not thus with the possessor of a Free Admission, truly so called. His is a pure pleasure, a clear gain. He feels none of these irksome qualms and misgivings. He marches to the theatre like a favoured lover; if he is compelled to absent himself, he feels all the impatience and compunction of a prisoner. The portal of the Temple of the Muses stands wide open to him, closing the vista of the day—when he turns his back upon it at night with steps gradual and slow, mingled with the common crowd, but conscious of a virtue which they have not, he says, "I shall come again to-morrow!" In passing through the streets, he casts a side-long, careless glance at the playbills: he reads the papers chiefly with a view to see what is the play for the following day, or the ensuing week. If it is something new, he is glad; if it is old, he is resigned—but he goes in either case. His steps bend mechani-

cally that way—pleasure becomes a habit, and habit a duty—he fulfils his destiny—he walks deliberately along Long-acre (you may tell a man going to the play, and whether he pays or has a free admission)—quickens his pace as he turns the corner of Bow-street, and arrives breathless and in haste at the welcome spot, where on presenting himself, he receives a passport that is a release from care, thought, toil, for the evening, and wafts him into the regions of the blest! What is it to him how the world turns round if the play goes on; whether empires rise or fall, so that Covent-Garden stands its ground? Shall he plunge into the void of politics, that volcano hurnt-out with the cold, sterile, sightless lava, hardening all around? or con over the registers of births, deaths, and marriages, when he may be present at Juliet's wedding, and gaze on Juliet's tomb? or shall he wonder at the throng of coaches in Regent-street, when he can feast his eyes with the coach (the fairy-vision of his childhood) in which Cinderella rides to the ball? Here (by the help of that *Open Sesame!* a Free Admission), ensconced in his favourite niche, looking from the "loop-holes of retreat" in the second circle, he views the pageant of the world played before him; melts down years to moments; sees human life, like a gaudy shadow, glance across the stage; and here tastes of all earth's bliss, the sweet without the bitter, the honey without the sting, and plucks ambrosial fruits and amaranthine flowers (placed by the enchantress Fancy within his reach,) without having to pay a tax for it at the time, or repenting of it afterwards. "He is all ear and eye, and drinks in sounds or sights that might create a soul under the ribs of death." "The fly," says Gay, "that sips treacle, is lost in the sweets:" so he that has a free-admission forgets every thing else. Why not? It is the cheap and enviable transfer of his being from the real to the unreal world, and the changing half his life into a dream. "Oh! leave me to my repose," in my beloved corner at Covent Garden Theatre! This (and not "the arm-chair at an inn," though that too, at other times, and under different circumstances, is not without its charms,) is to me "the throne of felicity." If I have business that would detain me from this, I put it off till the morrow; if I have friends that call in just at the moment, let them go away under pain of hearing my maledictions with them. What is there in their conversation at one to me for the loss of one quarter of an hour at the "witching time of night?" If it is on indifferent subjects, it is flat and insipid; if it grows animated and interesting, it requires a painful effort, and begets a feverish excitement. But let me once reach, and fairly establish myself in this favourite seat, and I can bid a gay defiance to mischance, and leave debts and duns, friends and foes, objections and arguments, far behind me. I would, if I could, have it surrounded with a balustrade of gold, for it has been to me a palace of delight. There golden thoughts unbidden betide me, and golden visions come to me. There the dance, the laugh, the song, the scenic deception greet me; there are wafted Shakspear's winged words, or Otway's plaintive lines; and there how often have I heard young Kemble's voice, trembling at its own beauty, and prolonging its liquid tones, like the murmur of the hilly surge on sounding shores! There I no longer torture a sentence or strain a paradox: the mind is full without an effort, pleased without asking why. It inhales an atmosphere of joy, and is steeped

in all the luxury of woe. To show how much sympathy has to do with the effect, let us suppose any one to have a free admission to the rehearsals of a morning, what mortal would make use of it? One might as well be at the bottom of a well, or at the top of St. Paul's for any pleasure we should derive from the finest tragedy or comedy. No, a play is nothing without an audience, it is a satisfaction too great and too general not to be shared with others. But reverse this cold and comfortless picture—let the eager crowd beset the theatre-doors “like bees in spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides”—let the boxes be filled with innocence and beauty like beds of lilies on the first night of *Isabella* or *Belvidera*, see the flutter, the uneasy delight of expectation, see the big tear roll down the cheek of sensibility as the story proceeds—let us listen to the deep thunder of the pit, or catch the gallery's shout at some true master-stroke of passion; and we feel that a thousand hearts are beating in our bosoms, and hail the sparkling illusion reflected in a thousand eyes. The stage has, therefore, been justly styled “a discipline of humanity;” for there is no place where the social principle is called forth with such strength and harmony, by a powerful interest in a common object. A crowd is everywhere else oppressive; but the fuller the play-house, the more intimately and cordially do we sympathize with every individual in it. Empty benches have as bad an effect on the spectator as on the players. This is one reason why so many mistakes are made with respect to plays and players, ere they come before the public. The taste is crude and uninformed till it is ripened by the blaze of lighted lamps and the sunshine of happy faces: the cold, critical faculty, the judgment of Managers and Committees asks the glow of sympathy and the buzz of approbation to prompt and guide it. We judge in a crowd with the sense and feelings of others; and from the very strength of the impression, fancy we should have come to the same unavoidable conclusion had we been left entirely to ourselves. Let any one try the experiment by reading a manuscript play, or seeing it acted—or by hearing a candidate for the stage rehearse behind the scenes, or top his part after the orchestra have performed their fatal prelude. Nor is the air of a play-house favourable only to social feeling—it aids the indulgence of solitary musing. The brimming cup of joy or sorrow is full; but it runs over to other thoughts and subjects. We can there (nowhere better) “retire, the world shut out, our thoughts call home.” We hear the revelry and the shout, but “the still, small voice” of other years and cherished recollections is not wanting. It is pleasant to hear Miss Ford repeat *Love's Catechism*, or Mrs. Humby\* sing “I cannot marry Crout:” but the ear is not therefore deaf to Mrs. Jordan's laugh in *Nell*; Mrs. Goodall's Rosalind still haunts the glades of Arden, and the echo of Amiens' song, “Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,” lingers through a lapse of thirty years. A pantomime (the Little Red Riding-Hood) recalls the innocence of our childish thoughts: a dance (the Minuet de la Cour) throws us back to the gorgeous days of Louis XIV. and tells us that the age of chivalry is gone for ever. Who will be the Mrs. Siddons of a distant age? What future Kean shall “strut and fret his hour upon the stage,” full of genius and free from errors?

\* This lady is not, it is true, at Covent-Garden: I wish she were!

What favourite actor or actress will be taking their farewell benefit a hundred years hence? What plays and what players will then amuse the town? Oh, many-coloured scenes of human life! where are ye more truly represented than in the mirror of the stage? or where is that eternal principle of vicissitude which rules over ye, the painted pageant and the sudden gloom, more strikingly exemplified than here? At the entrance to our great theatres, in large capitals over the front of the stage, might be written *MUTABILITY!* Does not the curtain that falls each night on the pomps and vanities it was withdrawn awhile to reveal (and the next moment all is dark) afford a fine moral lesson? Here, in small room, is crowded the map of human life; the lengthened, varied scroll is unfolded like rich tapestry with its quaint and flaunting devices spread out; whatever can be saved from the giddy whirl of ever-rolling time and of this round orb, which moves on and never stops,\* all that can strike the sense, can touch the heart, can stir up laughter or call tears from their secret source, is here treasured up and displayed ostentatiously—here is Fancy's motley wardrobe, the *masks* of all the characters that were ever played—here is a glass set up clear and large enough to show us our own features and those of all mankind—here, in this enchanted mirror, are represented, not darkly, but in vivid hues and bold relief, the struggle of Life and Death, the momentary pause between the cradle and the grave, with charming hopes and fears, terror and pity in a thousand modes, strange and ghastly apparitions, the events of history, the fictions of poetry (warm from the heart); all these, and more than can be numbered in my feeble page, fill that airy space where the green curtain rises, and haunt it with evanescent shapes and indescribable yearnings.

"See o'er the stage the ghost of Hamlet stalk,  
Othello rages, De-demonia mourns,  
And poor Monimia pours her soul in love."

Who can collect into one audible pulsation the thoughts and feelings that in the course of his life all these together have occasioned; or what heart, if it could recall them at once, and in their undiminished power and plenitude, would not burst with the load? Let not the style be deemed exaggerated, but tame and creeping, that attempts to do justice to this high and pregnant theme, and let tears blot out the unequal lines that the pen traces! Quaffing these delights, inhaling this atmosphere, brooding over these visions, this long trail of glory, is the possessor of a Free Admission to be blamed if "he takes his ease" at the play; and turning theatrical recluse, and forgetful of himself and his friends, devotes himself to the study of the drama, and to dreams of the past? By constant habit (having nothing to do, little else to think of), he becomes a tippler of the dews of Castaly—a dram-drinker on Mount Parnassus. He tastes the present moment, while a rich sea of pleasure presses to his lip and engulfs him round. The noise, the glare, the warmth, the company, produce a sort of listless intoxication, and clothe the pathos and the wit with a bodily sense. There is a weight, a closeness even, in the air, that makes it difficult to breathe out of it. The custom of going to the play night after night becomes a relief, a craving, a necessity—one cannot do without it. To sit alone

\* "Mais vois la rapidité de cet astre qui vole et ne s'arrête jamais."—*Nest: Eloise.*

is intolerable, to be in company is worse; we are attracted with pleasing force to the spot where "all that mighty heart is beating still." It is not that perhaps there is any thing new or fine to see—if there is, we attend to it—but at any time, it kills time and saves the trouble of thinking. O, Covent Garden! "thy freedom hath made me effeminate!" It has hardly left me power to write this description of it. I am become its slave, I have no other sense or interest left. There I sit and lose the hours I live beneath the sky, without the power to stir, without any determination to stay. "Teddy the Tiler" is become familiar to me, and, as it were, a part of my existence: "Robert the Devil" has cast his spell over me. I have seen both thirty times at least, (no offence to the Management!) and could sit them out thirty times more. I am bed-rid in the lap of luxury; am grown callous and inert with perpetual excitement.

— "What avails from iron chains  
Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast?"

I have my favourite box too, as Beau Brummell had his favourite leg; one must decide on something, not to be always deciding. Perhaps I may have my reasons too—perhaps into the box next to mine a Grace enters; perhaps from thence an air divine breathes a glance (of heaven's own brightness), kindles contagious fire;—but let us turn all such thoughts into the lobbies. These may be considered as an Arabesque border round the inclosed tablet of human life. If the Muses reign within, Venus sports heedless, but not unheeded without. Here a bevy of fair damsels, richly clad, knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance, lead on "the frozen winter and the pleasant spring!" Would I were allowed to attempt a list of some of them, and Cowley's *Gallery* would blush at mine! But this is a licence which only poetry, and not even a Free Admission can give. I can now understand the attachment to a player's life, and how impossible it is for those who are once engaged in it ever to wean themselves from it. If the merely witnessing the bustle and the splendour of the scene as an idle spectator creates such a fascination, and flings such a charm over it, how much more must this be the case with those who have given all their time and attention to it—who regard it as the sole means of distinction—with whom even the monotony and mortifications must please—and who, instead of being passive, casual votaries, are the dispensers of the bounty of the gods, and the high-priests at the altar?

#### JOURNAL OF A PARISIAN RESIDENT.

THE procession of the Reliques of St. Vincent de Paul to the Chapel destined to receive them, is an event more worthy of commemoration than is usually the case with things of a similar description. St. Vincent de Paul is not a mere Catholic saint famous for miracles, and unknown out of the missal; his canonization was the result of a life spent in active benevolence; of a long series of years employed solely for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. The *Scours de Charité*, and the *Hôpital des Enfants trouvés*, are institutions which will hand his fame down to all generations. This procession had been long announced, and great curiosity was exhibited to witness it; all Paris, indeed, was collected in the streets through which it was to pass. Every parish in the metropolis sent a deputation of its curates and other functionaries; and all the clerical colleges in Paris were united in the procession. After the colleges, which were so numerous as to take nearly an

hour in passing, followed the *Sœurs de Charité*, who were on this occasion regarded with peculiar interest. To them succeeded the various bishops who assisted at the ceremony, with the archbishop of Paris at their head; and in the midst of a deputation of the foundling girls and boys, appeared the splendid *chaise*, or shrine, which inclosed the reliques; it is of solid silver, and independently of its immense value, is an admirable specimen of art. On it, in a glass case, is a waxen image of the saint. The day being fortunately fine, or at least only interrupted by occasional showers to lay the dust, nothing was wanting to the *éclat* of the scene, which, both as an object of intrinsic curiosity, and as connected with the associations to which it gave rise, was deeply interesting to all those with whom benevolence is an universal religion.

I know not whether all my readers are aware that the quarter of Paris, of which the Rue de la Paix may be considered the centre, is denominated the English quarter *par excellence*: there reside the wealthy members of the Bull family; there is the establishment of George Willis and Co. tailors to his Majesty, &c.; there, in fine, the cabalistic words "English spoken here," stare the passenger in the face at every turning. In passing through this very Rue de la Paix this morning, I was struck with a superb frame, gilded in all the exuberance of Parisian taste, and intended as a trap to catch our lounging countrymen, and entice them to exchange their solid portraits of his Majesty for the gilded mirrors of Paris. This frame contained, in large gold letters, the following announcement in French and English, which I give *verbatim et literatim*:—"Le doreur est à côté Rue Neuve St. Augustin No. 48."—"The gilder dwell New-street St. Austin Number 48." This is the march of the knowledge of languages with a vengeance!

May 18.—I have frequently had occasion to remark that the French are a theatrical people in their actions, in their feelings, in their whole organisation; they carry this characteristic even into their crimes; if they are to be guilty at all, they appear to glory in pushing guilt to extremity; and, like the lady of old, are proud of having "no small vices." The case of M. Charles Bouquet, which for the last week has occupied the attention of every circle of society in Paris, strongly illustrates the position. The circumstances of this trial are altogether so remarkable that they may hold a rank in interest among the *causes célèbres*, not much inferior to the memorable affair of Fualdes; and I make no excuse for presenting a detailed account of it to my readers. The principal events detailed by the indictment, or "acte d'accusation," (which in France contains a *résumé* of the whole life of the prisoner, if at all bearing on the subject of the trial,) are as follows:—Charles Bouquet was born at Rheims in the year 1772, of obscure parents; at the Revolution he entered the army, and in 1795 was condemned by a court martial to imprisonment for five years for peculation in his official employment as Commissary; a defect of form enabled him to set aside the sentence, and, on a subsequent trial, he was acquitted by a small majority of the jury: he was, however, dismissed the service. In 1799 he married a young lady of good family, from whom he was very shortly divorced, and continued from that period, until the year 1821, to lead a life of great dissipation, by which he became embarrassed in his affairs, although he had recourse to the business of an usurer with some success. About this time he made proposals of marriage to the sister of his former wife, but was rejected with horror. In 1824, he became connected in business with a M. Lecourt, whose sister had considerable expectations from her brother: allured by these prospects, Bouquet married her, but Lecourt, having been unfortunate in his speculations, was unable to give his sister any fortune. On the 25th of August, immediately succeeding his marriage, he set out with his wife on a journey to Nogent-sur-Seine; here they alighted at the house of a M. Frugé, who happening to be out at the time, kept them waiting two hours, during which time Madame Bouquet partook of some refreshment; she had also eaten a *couillon* at an inn at which they had stopped *en route*; in the evening Madame Bouquet was taken ill with a violent cholera, which continued to increase until the 30th, when she expired, exclaiming that she was poisoned, and attributing her death to the *couillon* which she had eaten, and which she sup-

posed to have been prepared in a copper vessel. It does not appear whether her husband partook of these refreshments or not, but at any rate he was not affected. The bad character of Bouquet, added to the pecuniary disappointment which he was known to have suffered respecting his wife's fortune, was more than sufficient to attach suspicion to him, and the body was opened by the direction of Government; nothing, however, appeared which could strengthen the supposition of his guilt, and he was set at liberty. After the expiration of a few months he began to look about for a new matrimonial connection; but such was the notoriety of his character, that none of his offers were accepted, until, in July 1827, a Mademoiselle Duperray was induced to give him her hand. It does not appear with exactness what was her fortune, but it is certain that a sum of twelve thousand francs was, by the marriage contract, limited to Bouquet in the event of the death of his wife without issue. In March 1828, Mademoiselle Bouquet was delivered of a son, who appeared healthy and strong until the end of May, when an extraordinary alteration took place in him; he was seized with violent cholics and fits of vomiting, in one of which (during the absence of his mother) he threw up substances of a singular and unusual nature, and amongst them two pins. Bouquet removed the linen soiled by these ejections, and forbade the servants to mention them to his wife. In the month of May, Dr. Bezains ordered the child to be removed into the country, where his health rapidly improved; but, on being sent for to Paris by his parents, the same symptoms immediately re-appeared, and continued until December, when the infant died. The mother wished the body to be examined, and the father joined apparently in the wish, but privately forbade any dissection, on the pretext that, should any more pins be found, the circumstance might occasion uneasiness to his wife, as she might think it the result of some negligence on her part. A dissection was, however, ordered by the authorities, and M. Bouquet's impressions appeared perfectly well founded, as two more pins were found in the body, and Dr. Bezains stated that he also perceived every appearance of the aid of poison having been invoked to render the destruction of the little victim more certain. No proceedings, however, appear to have been instituted, and the mother seems to have had no suspicion of the facts. Her health, always delicate, declined rapidly after the death of her infant, but the symptoms of her illness were of the most uncommon nature; violent vomitings, intense pains in the stomach, a constant thirst, and other similar affections, occasioned the greatest alarm, and gave rise to the most painful suspicions in the minds of her medical attendants, more particularly as it was always immediately after she had taken medicines or food prepared by her husband that the symptoms displayed themselves with the greatest violence. They enjoined her strictly to preserve for their inspection what came from her during these attacks, but their injunctions were always eluded. At length, on the 4th of May 1829, Madame Bouquet sent for Dr. Rique, who together with Dr. Bezains had attended her during her illness, and having received him in a half-distracted state, revealed to him that the preceding night her husband had presented her with a cup of *tisane*, which he begged her to drink; that while she was kissing the hand with which he was presenting it to her, she observed him with the other hand pour something into the cup; that she then begged her husband to leave the *tisane* by her side, and that she would drink it presently; he did so, and left the room; she immediately saw something white floating on the liquid, which she took out and put into the saucer; that her husband, on returning to her room the next morning, and seeing her tranquil, asked with a frightened air, what she had done with the *tisane*; she replied, that thinking the cup did not look clean, she had thrown it out of the window; that this reply apparently tranquillized him, and opening his desk he took from it a small packet wrapped up in white paper, which he put into his pocket, and then went off to Versailles. Madame Bouquet then delivered to Dr. Rique the white substance which she had preserved in the saucer, which he immediately ascertained to be arsenic; she also gave him a phial containing the remains of a potion which he had prescribed, but which her husband had himself procured for her, and of which she had taken a few spoonfuls, which had produced violent vomitings, an effect directly con-

trary to that intended by the physician. On hearing these atrocious details, Dr. Rique advised Madame Bouquet to retire to the *Maison de Santé* of Dr. Blanche at Montmartre, which she accordingly did. On Bouquet's return home he learnt where his wife had taken refuge, and immediately wrote her a letter begging for an interview, which took place in private on the 6th of May. In this interview he appears to have had sufficient influence over the affections of his wife to induce her to resolve to save him if possible; and accordingly, on the same day, she wrote to the Drs. Rique and Bezains, begging them not to enter into any particulars with Dr. Blanche as to the nature or cause of her illness. On the 7th of May, Dr. Bezains saw her at Montmartre, in the presence of Dr. Blanche, when she repeated all she had before told Dr. Rique, but added that she had determined to save her husband, who had agreed, on those conditions, to separate himself from her, and to secure to her 40,000 francs. This statement she repeated the next day, adding that, in order to silence suspicions, she had resolved to return to Paris to her husband's house, and would even, if necessary, accompany him as far as Calais. On her return to Paris she gave each of the physicians a letter, retracting all her accusations and suspicions against her husband, of which letter she sent a copy to Bouquet, which was found among his papers, inclosed in an envelope containing these words, "I send you (*je t'envoie,*) a copy of the letter which I have written to Messrs. Rique and Bezains, of which you have (*tu as,*) need to enable you to regain esteem and friendship." The following night Bouquet was taken into custody in consequence of the disclosures made to the authorities by the two physicians: when taken, a passport for Italy was found in his possession. A subsequent analysis proved that both the saucer and the phial above-mentioned contained poison. Madame Bouquet then asserted, that, several months before, some arsenic for the rats had been placed by mistake in a cluset, where it had become mixed with the sugar, and found its way into the sugar-basin from which the tisane was sweetened; but on analysing the contents of the basin, not the slightest trace of poison was discovered; in addition to which, all the family had used the same sugar without any evil effects resulting. As a motive for the attempt on his wife's life, and for the gradual manner in which it was to be carried into effect, it is stated, that a short time before, Bouquet had insured his wife's life for 20,000 francs; this assurance had only been completed in the month of April 1829. A treaty for the assurance of the life of his infant daughter Caroline was also in progress, but had not been completed. The "*acte d'accusation*" then concludes in the following terms:—"Thus the prisoner, from the commencement of his career, censured in his public capacity; branded in his private life with a sentence of divorce pronounced against him; making his avarice and his libertinism by turns the panders to his pleasures; speculating in every thing, in marriage as in debauchery, contracts a second union, which is soon broken by a violent death which excites in every one, even in the wife herself, the suspicion that she is poisoned; having then exhausted all the chances of the gaming-table, and all the calculations of usury, he arrives, by a thousand stratagems, to a third marriage; this union is soon followed by scenes of horror—poison found in the beverage which he presents; his wife's life insured for his advantage, his daughter's on the point of being so; and in addition to these horrors, the tomb of his infant child is re-opened, that as father, as well as husband, he may appear equally guilty. Such is Bouquet—such is his life—such are the accusations from which he is to clear himself." The formal accusation is then divided into the four separate heads, of having, in August 1824, administered poison to his second wife: 2nd, of having, in 1828, occasioned the death of his infant child: 3rd, of having, during the years 1828 and 1829, administered poison to his present wife: and, 4th, of having, on the 3rd of May 1829, offered to her a deadly poison. Sixty witnesses were summoned for the prosecution, and twelve for the prisoner, amongst whom was his wife: her appearance excited the greatest interest. The first day was occupied in hearing the witnesses on the subject of the death of the second wife, which was detailed nearly in accordance with the indictment. The testimony of Dr. Bezains occupied nearly the whole of the second day; the circumstances,



as detailed by him appeared to press even more hardly on the prisoner than as developed in the indictment; the prisoner, however, imputed this to personal hostility felt towards him by the Doctor, in consequence of having been dismissed from his attendance on the child. The third day, Dr. Rique detailed at great length his conversations with Madame Bouquet, which were in strict accordance with the indictment; her accusations of her husband were most definite and minute; he also detailed some conversations which he had with the prisoner, in which he asserted his innocence, and refused to take flight. He then repeated the circumstances under which Madame Bouquet represented she had resolved to write a letter of retraction, and the letter itself was produced: it states that her own imprudence had caused the disaster, and that no one else was culpable; that any accusations she may have made against any one must be considered as the result of madness only. All the evidence of this witness was in strict conformity with the indictment. The remainder of this day was consumed in hearing evidence as to the general dissolute conduct of the prisoner, the proofs of the presence of poison in the substances analyzed, and other minor links in the chain of evidence. On the fourth day the case for the prosecution was closed, and some witnesses were examined for the defence, partly to establish a good character for the prisoner, and partly to prove that Madame Bouquet was in a state of delirium on the 3rd and 4th of May, in which, however, they were wholly unsuccessful. The fifth day presented a spectacle of the most intense interest; an immense crowd besieged every avenue leading to the Palace de Justice as early as six o'clock in the morning, and the greatest difficulty was experienced in getting the counsel and officers to their posts. At the sitting of the Court Madame Bouquet was introduced; all eyes were fixed on her; she demanded to be heard as a witness for her husband: this was objected to by the prosecutor; and the Court, after some deliberation, decided that she could not be examined upon oath, but that she was at liberty to state any circumstances she liked for the information of the Court and jury. She replied that she was too agitated to make a collected statement, but begged the President to interrogate her as to the circumstances which had brought her husband to the bar. He did so, and the examination lasted until past four o'clock. The witness appeared determined at every hazard to save her husband if possible, and her whole evidence declared that she had always experienced the greatest attention and affection from him; that their domestic circle was "un menage modéle;" that her illness arose principally from her child's death; that her intense mental suffering had produced partial paroxysms of insanity, and that she had not the slightest recollection of any thing that was stated to have passed with Dr. Rique. On being asked whether she had given that gentleman the saucer containing the poison, she replied, "No, never did I give any poison to M. Rique! my husband is innocent! I protest it in the face of all this assembly! I swear it before God! hut I alone am culpable, if ever I have given utterance to such things! Yes, gentlemen, if M. Rique ever heard what he says he did, I am a horrid and detestable woman, for it is not vrai!" Twice during the examination she was compelled to retire. On one occasion, the Court desired the medical men in attendance to assist her; but on M. Rique approaching, she repulsed him with every sign of horror. The three physicians who had been examined were again questioned, and persisted in the truth of every part of their former evidence. The audience of this day terminated here, and the sixth commenced with the pleadings of the counsel on both sides; the speech of the Avocat-Général concluded with these words:—"The fact is proved; the culprit is before you; justice and society feel re-assured by the oath you have taken!" An universal murmur appeared to reprove these expressions, and the prisoner commented on them with indignation. The speech of M. Bouthe for the defence was eloquent and ingenious. The jury retired at midnight, and at half-past three this morning returned a verdict, acquitting the prisoner unanimously on the first three accusations, and stating, that on the last (that of the poison administered on the 3rd of May) the voices were equally divided. This, by the French law, amounts to an acquittal, and the prisoner was accordingly set at liberty. Thus has terminated a trial which,

both in its antecedent circumstances and the nature of the evidence, is almost unparalleled in interest. It is unnecessary to say with which half of the jury the opinion of the public is in accordance; but the devoted affection of the unhappy Madame Bouquet cannot fail to enlist the sympathy of every heart in her behalf, and makes us almost rejoice at the result with which it has been attended. That the verdict is in direct contradiction with the evidence, is only part of the romance of the whole incident, which appears throughout more the offspring of the imagination of a novelist or poet than an event of real life. The prisoner is a man of rather pleasing physiognomy, and of mild and prepossessing manners; at times he exhibited irrepressible marks of indignation, particularly during the first two days; but afterwards he contrived to restrain his feelings. On the verdict being pronounced he was perfectly unmoved, merely remarking with great *sang-froid*, "I expected it; I was certain of it; it could not be otherwise; it was impossible to convict me:" and on being reminded that the voices were equally divided, he replied, "Yes, *pardi*, Calas and Sirven are both dead." Madame Bouquet was with great difficulty supported through the crowd by her friends.

June 18.—Since the period at which I transmitted to "The New Monthly Magazine" the slight sketch of the state of parties in France, published in the Number for May, events have occurred wholly unexpected at that period; which, though they have not materially changed the external appearance of affairs, have placed the aspect of the future in a very different point of view. At the period to which I allude, the exaggerated state of party-feeling had given rise to two sets of alarmists, who, on their respective sides, did all in their power to frighten the nation with evils contradictory in their nature, but equally groundless. While Prince Polignac remained the real, as well as the nominal head of the Administration, it was clear that no decisive blow was to be apprehended; if, on the other hand, he conquered his pride sufficiently to induce him to give up the helm to M. de Villele, it was equally certain that the sound policy of the latter would produce the same effect as the timidity of the former, namely, an abstinence from any *coups d'état*; at least until it was certain that they could be executed with effect and impunity. Under any circumstances, therefore, the political horizon appeared clear and free from any presage of a storm, at least until after the issue of the Algerine expedition was known. An unexpected turn of chance has, however, entirely altered the face of things. M. Chabrol, the Minister des Finances, a man whose principles are more moderate than those of any other member of the Administration, became alarmed at the immense expense incurred, without the sanction of the Chambers, for the expedition to Algiers; he was aware that as the *bons royaux* which supplied the funds for that purpose, must be signed by him in his official capacity, he would become more immediately and personally responsible to the nation than any of his colleagues. Alarmed at this prospect, he tendered his resignation, which was accepted after some little delay, and was accompanied in his retirement by M. Courvoisier, the Garde des Sceaux, the only minister whose principles at all partook of the moderation of his own. This was the juncture at which the friends of M. de Villele considered his return to power as certain; the Gazette de France, the organ of that party, was already sounding their triumph, when Prince Polignac, alike unable to go on alone, and unwilling to acknowledge his inferiority to M. de Villele, cast his eyes on M. de Peyronnet, as a coadjutor and ally. This minister, the most unpopular member of the Villele Administration, from being the colleague, had become the rival of his late premier; and, eager at once to regain his ascendancy in the state and mortify his rival, did not hesitate to accept a seat in the Cabinet under Prince Polignac, aware, probably, at the same time, that whatever office he might nominally hold, his talents would secure him the real power of Primp Minister. M. Montbel was, therefore, removed to the Finance Department, and M. de Peyronnet appointed Minister of the Interior,—a situation giving the immediate and direct control of the arrangements preparatory to the approaching elections. This step was unpopular with all parties: the Villele faction, a powerful and numerous body, saw their hopes of power suddenly and most unexpectedly blasted, while the Liberals saw an administration,

already personally odious to them, strengthened by the accession of a man of real talent, to whose advice and influence are generally attributed some of the most obnoxious acts of the Villele administration. The issue of the elections becomes now a question of the most painful and intense interest. If a Chamber is returned similarly constituted with the last, and an Address of a similar character is again presented to the King, M. de Peyronnet is too firm and decided a character to adopt half measures. Prince Polignac might be frightened out of his policy; M. de Peyronnet is accessible to no such influence, he will at once dissolve the Chamber, and the supplies must then be raised by Ordinance—a measure which cannot fail to give rise to disturbances of a serious nature, the issue of which it is impossible to contemplate. M. de Peyronnet is evidently well aware of the vantage-ground on which he will stand with the rest of Europe, if he is driven to that step by the personal hostility of the Chambers, and has, since his appointment, acted with a great show of moderation. Even in the formation of the list of the Prefets of the Electoral Colleges of the Departments, an appearance of impartiality has been preserved: many of the Deputies who voted against the Address have not been nominated, while, in one instance, the name of a Deputy who voted for it figures in the list. The Royal proclamation, too, which accompanies the list, is couched in a tone of great moderation, though not deficient in energy. Great delay was experienced in the preparation of this proclamation in the first instance, and still greater in deciding whether it should be issued in the name of the King alone, or be countersigned by one, and which, of the Ministers. The latter course was at last adopted, and the name of Polignac appears appended to the document. It would be to be hoped that a Chamber might be returned, which, though comprising a majority of men of liberal principles, would not adopt the personal course of a hostile address, but content itself with closely watching the conduct of Ministers, and defeating every attempt which might be made to introduce improper or unconstitutional measures. Were this course adopted, either the Ministry must bring forward nothing but good measures, which would be so much gained for the country, or, finding themselves outwitted in every attempt at innovation, they would be compelled to resign, or, if they attempted to remain in power by means of a dissolution, and the consequent *coups d'état*, they would have no pretence for grounding their proceedings on justice, and abandoned to their individual resources, the issue of the conflict would not be long doubtful. But, from the tone assumed by the leading Liberals, and the present appearance of the Electoral lists, there is but little ground to hope that any thing like moderation will prevail in the Chamber, and unfortunately the French nation is not one in which a popular commotion can be excited with impunity. A great deal has been said about the late disturbance in the Palais Royal, on the occasion of the Duke of Orleans' fête, but I am perfectly certain that it was unpremeditated, and wholly unconnected with political objects. The Duke of Orleans is decidedly popular here, but he prudently keeps aloof from any interference in public matters, which might occasion him to be regarded with a jealous eye by those now in power. What might be the effect of a popular movement, in changing his conduct, it is not now expedient to investigate. Public attention here is most anxiously directed towards England, as a great deal will probably depend on the turn which affairs take there. Should a change take place in the English administration, and any thing like the Lansdowne party come into power, the confidence of the Polignac administration would be materially diminished; and they might, probably, be induced to avoid instead of braving the storm. If things remain quiet, the safeguard of the present Administration is the difficulty which would exist in forming a new one from the present existing parties; the opposition, though powerful in itself, is so divided into small independent groups, that it would be impossible to form an administration from any one of them. An examination of this question would, however, lead me far out of bounds at this moment, and I must, therefore, defer it for another occasion.

## THE EAGLE.

Dows from that peak superb,  
 The Righi's granite brow,  
 I look'd upon the world ;  
 No life in beast or herb

But lay afar below,  
 A distant scroll unfurl'd—  
 A microcosmic show  
 Of forest, lake, and glacier high,  
 Mimicking rich embroidery.

And there I stood alone  
 Above all living things ;  
 My heart exulting beat,  
 My soul in haughty tone,  
 Felt borne on deathless wings  
 To some superior state,  
 From earth for ever flown—  
 As if my mortal foot were free  
 To tread a bright eternity.

Vain sense of feeble man !  
 A thousand fathoms higher,  
 In the warm eye of day,  
 Sailing along the wild gale's van,  
 Swift as a star-shot fire,  
 An eagle wing'd his way  
 After his own desire,  
 Along the boundless realms of light,  
 That to my view were infinite.

Lord of unbounded air,  
 His fiery eye shone down  
 On the cold Alps below,  
 Whence I survey'd him there  
 In his own power alone.  
 He knew, or seem'd to know,  
 How vain my feelings were,  
 As steering through the heavens high  
 He saw my mock sublimity.

I watch'd him on his flight,  
 The courier of the sky,  
 Now wheel ten thousand feet,  
 Now scale a starry height,  
 Now falling rapidly,  
 On wings than thought more fleet,  
 Baffle my dizzy sight,  
 Monarch of all the blue serene,  
 Where man's vain march had never been.

I found how sight had err'd,  
 Trying the realm of space ;  
 I thought upon the spheres,  
 And how the kingly hird  
 Wing'd but a little race  
 To that each orb careers  
 With flight unseen, unheard—  
 I thought how little sense can see  
 Where spirits' wing expatiates free !

C. R.

THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A GOVERNMENT, OR PLAIN  
 QUESTIONS UPON THE UNHAPPY STATE OF THE  
 PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.\*

THE object of this pamphlet is to menace the Duke of Wellington out of his solitary possession of Ministerial power, and to force him to share it with others. What are the means by which the writer indicates that this end may be accomplished? Who is the author of the pamphlet, and under the auspices of what party has it come forth?

To the first of these questions, an answer may be deduced from the following words in the production itself:—"Those adversaries of the Duke of Wellington (that is, the Whigs, Canningites, and Ultra Tories) having been hitherto disunited, what could they be in concert?" There is a lack of logic in giving this posture to the question, not unlike that of the advertisement of Mr. Flannagan, who, *having lost considerably by his last benefit, was thereby induced to take another*. As the Whigs and Ultras have been hitherto disunited, it is asked what they would be if they once came into concert?—Why, most probably, we should think, very soon disunited again. Our pamphleteer, however, opines differently; and overstepping, as if it were a mole-hill, every difficulty of discordant principles in the parties, and all the disgust that would fill the world, to see men mass themselves heterogeneously for the mere acquisition of power, proceeds to terrify the Premier with the boldest strategical metaphors. He speaks of artillery, masked batteries, Mr. Brougham, and lighted matches, till our nerves shake at the expected explosion that is to blow the Duke of Wellington to atoms. After which, he gravely remarks of his Grace's opponents, "*The Duke has some experience of their power in occasional co-operation, he may conjecture what it could compass if consolidated into a regular coalition.*"

With what agitation or composure the Duke of Wellington may receive this warning we neither know nor care. Our disgust at the suggestion arises from a regard to individuals, and to a cause, who concern our sympathies much more nearly than the Duke of Wellington and his Cabinet. Those individuals are the purer part of the Whigs, and that cause is the Liberalism of England, which would be contaminated and disgraced by any such coalition. Where there is coalition, there must be compromise, and the very word coalition sounds balefully to an English ear. It matters not what might be the immediate consequence of such an union. The Duke's threatened demolition might or might not take place; but if his present removal were an unqualified good, it would be purchased at too dear a price by the sacrifice of all faith in public men, and by the new convulsions that would instantly succeed, in which the Whigs would be the greatest sufferers, under the stigma of having compromised with the Ultras. But, fortunately, the idea is as improbable as it is revolting. Much can be done by the Whigs—we mean the staunch and better part of them—in thwarting whatever may be censurable in the Duke's measures; but whatever they can do, will be best done with the most distant possible appearance of party spirit. In this light they have hitherto appeared, that is, in the light of men acting

\* London, published by T. Ridgeway, Piccadilly.

with no view to the sweets of place. The public esteems them on this account; and they are too sensible to part with the vantage-ground on which they stand, a vantage-ground, at all events, with regard to the dignity of their political character. No, the supposition must be revolting to every sound Whig in the country, that their best leaders could for a moment think of marching into office with a rabble of Tories in their train. The suggestion is too ridiculous to be gravely annoying. The Whigs have assuredly no such alliance in view. This we argue from no pretension to be in their secrets, but merely from the sagacity of their characters, which assures us, that if they cannot carry the Administration by their own force, they will never call in such Indian allies as the Ultras.

Now, if our pamphleteer's allusion to such an event be not a threat, it is the very froth of verbiage; and if it be a threat, it is unwarranted and presumptuous. Our writer asks what the Duke's enemies would be if they were in concert? It may be safely and simply answered, that they never can be in concert. In coalition they might be, if the Whigs were to lose their senses; but in discord and degradation they would for ever be. Lord Winchelsea seated in council with Lord Holland, and Mr. Sadler with Mr. Brougham! The chimera is only to be laughed at.

Who is the writer that threatens us with this coalition? We mean, to what class of politicians does he belong? for it matters not who he is individually. That he is not a staunch Whig is evident from the thought of such pollution to his party having entered his imagination; that he is not of that respectable party the Canningites, is manifest from his iniquitous treatment of Lord Dudley, who was one of the best foreign ministers England ever possessed. He must be one of two things—either some toothless old personage, self-called, and very improperly called, a Whig, or one of the tribe with entire propriety called Ultra-Tories. The former class of politicians have about the same right to be called Whigs that white wine vinegar has to be called wine because it was once wine. They were once Whigs, but their principles, without spirit to preserve them, grew stale and sour, and they are now sticklers for supporting Government by the great families, and starving the people by the Corn Law.

There is, however, a furious debility in this pamphlet that would rather incline us to impute it to some of the Ultras—and the manifesto is worthy of their cause. The very title of the pamphlet is absurd. England without a Government! Have we lived, then, through such halcyon times of gagging bills and grinding taxes, unemancipated fellow-subjects and untouched abuses? have we been blessed with such a suite of popular administrations as to turn up our noses at this degenerate period, and pronounce the Ministry that has abolished taxes—enfranchised Ireland—saved us from a paper deluge—commenced retrenchment, and that is looking to the reformation of law—a *non-entité*? Are we to be told, too, that this non-entité is so provoking as to justify a monstrous combination of all parties to pull it down? For the perfect faultlessness of this non-entité Government, we are by no means either competent or disposed to plead; we only deprecate its being attacked in bad faith, and on false pretences; and it is foul play, it is injurious

to the cause of all candid and rational resistance to what may be objectionable in his policy, to assume that the Duke of Wellington is either "de facto" unpopular, or "de jure" unentitled to any degree of confidence. It is equally silly to accuse him of bringing to the Cabinet no knowledge but that of sieges and battles. His hand, though it held the marshal's baton, is quite as firm in its political grasp as if he had all his life handled a brief; and his head is quite as free from chicanery as that of the most upright and full-wigged lawyer in the kingdom. He is decidedly popular, and not the less so that he does not court popularity; for though he has not much *bonhomie* in his character, yet he has what is of more importance to a minister, candour, determination, straightforwardness, contempt of party intrigue, and, though an aristocrat himself, a superiority to aristocratic influence.

This writer, whose mind is, apparently, unable to comprehend the existence of any popularity that is fairly and naturally acquired, says that the Duke is not so popular as even Addington was, for Addington fed the prejudices of the multitude as he pampered those of the Court. *He was the champion of the Church as of the King. No such chivalry is the Duke's.*" How easily extremes may meet, and how fairly met here are intended detraction and actual praise. True praise. Not what a parasite would offer to the Premier, but the very points in his character which a judicious friend would commend, and which a candid enemy would concede. The Duke of Wellington feeds no prejudices of the multitude—he pampers no prejudices of the Crown. He is the champion neither of the Church nor King. His chivalry is of another order. And is this a reproach to Wellington? Beware, enemies of the Duke, lest by blunders that so dexterously bring out the better parts of his character, you make the people but too much in love with him. He is undoubtedly popular from the perfect manliness of his character. Not popular to enthusiasm, certainly, but to a degree that promises stability from its very moderation.

In saying this we are far from attributing to the Duke a popularity that either is, or deserves to be, unalloyed. His Cabinet contains members who are any thing but on a level with the liberalism of the age. Most reluctantly are we forced by the subject to allude to one individual pre-eminently learned, accomplished, and amiable, and who would be an ornament of the world in which he lives, if it were not a political world. But he is a pupil of Metternich; and though he is personally all that is estimable, yet his politics are unfortunate. Mr. Goulburn is another attaché to the Cabinet, who has brought it no good. Wholly unacquainted with that gentleman, but sincerely deprecating the slightest intention of personality, we must express our belief that he accepted an appointment, the duties of which he did not perfectly understand, and that his career as Chancellor of the Exchequer proved him to have no aptitude for improvement. When he proposed the Sugar Duties, they were found inexplicable by himself, and unintelligible to every other member of the House of Commons.

Farther—no impartial man can help lamenting that Mr. Huskisson and his friends were so rashly got rid of by the Duke of Wellington; for though it is certain that the Duke has adhered as closely as circumstances would permit, to Mr. Huskisson's policy, and though Mr. Vesey

Fitzgerald, immediately after he received the seals of the department of trade, told Mr. Huskisson that he should continue his system; and though he kept his word, so that Mr. Veners, Mr. Fitzgerald's *locum tenens*, has not of course ventured to depart from it; yet still the liberal system of trade would have been better supported in the immediate hands of its first proposers.

What is worse, our foreign policy has not raised the name of England. This is the most painful subject of all, the most doubtful and the most delicate. On the one hand it may be argued that Canning threatened and was feared. He made England the centre of enlightened diplomacy, and the umpire of the civilized world. But, if that civilized world had taken Canning at his word, who can tell what might have been the issue—a war, increased taxes, a bankruptcy, and a revolution. It is not to be disguised that the pupil of Metternich, from seeming to sanction our policy by his own Austrian opinions, gave the worst possible grace to the line of conduct pursued by England. But still the Duke's desire to avoid war entitles him to the most indulgent consideration. It is easy for men in Opposition to talk about the national dignity, as if Britain, ever and anon, could lay her hand on the hilt of her sword; but the minister who has to provide funds for that war, may well be excused for reluctance towards it. To-day he is called upon to remit a tax, and to-morrow twitted with a national insult that would require many taxes for the means of its expiation. At this moment we hear the first breathings of a commencing clamour for war with France about her occupation of Algiers. Most piously do we wish for Wellington's continuance in office, that he may persevere in the pacific system.

The Duke's small majorities in Parliament, and his independence of Aristocratic support must, in the eyes of sensible men, be any thing in the world but objections to his administration. He has no English nobleman of weight, we are told, dependant on Government by the tie of office. What a panegyrist in the mask of an enemy is this accuser! He convicts the Duke of his noblest claim to popularity. As to the smallness of his majorities, the most terrific ministries have been those who, before a question was debated, could count most securely on overwhelming majorities.

The Duke has, no doubt, ample scope for improvement in his system, by discharging his Cabinet of its unpopular members, and replacing them, without distinction of Whig and Canningite, by the ablest men of a wide political circle.

His future fortune as a Minister we pretend not to divine, but this may be pronounced undeniable, that his Administration hitherto has been on the whole beneficial. It has repealed the Test and Corporation Acts, and emancipated Ireland: It has had its attention constantly engaged in the improvement of the civil and criminal code. Commissions have been appointed for ascertaining the best mode that can be adopted for improving the practice and proceedings of the Canon Law as well as Ecclesiastical Courts. Another Commission has been appointed to inquire into the laws affecting real property, and extensive inquiries are in progress as to the continuation of the practice and proceedings of the Court of Chancery. The criminal code has been softened down to



meet the enlightened spirit of the times; and the treatment of lunatics has been the special care of Lord Lyndhurst, who, by the way, be he good or be he bad, was Mr. Canning's Chancellor, and afterwards Lord Goderich's. The Duke found him in office, and continued him, as he wished to continue every other member of the former Cabinet. Lord Lyndhurst is entitled to the thanks of every friend to humanity. He has instituted the most minute inquiries as to the receptacles for those who labour under mental infirmities, with a view to meliorate their condition. He was taunted in the House of Commons with attending more to cases of Bankruptcy than of Lunacy, because the former produced him fees, the latter none; but he has triumphantly repelled this calumny, and proved that he has paid unexceptionable attention to cases of Lunacy.

The Duke of Wellington has ameliorated the Corn Law. The Corn Law of 1815 only allowed the import of grain if the price were at a certain scale at the beginning of a quarter. No price, however high, in an intervening period of that quarter, could plead permission for importation. The Duke's measure admits foreign corn at all times, at a graduated scale of duty: so far his bill is better than the original, though we trust he does not mean to stop at this point.

The reduction of expenditure has been considerable since the Duke's accession to power. Be it recollected that, up to the death of Lord Londonderry, in 1822, scarcely any reduction had taken place; and the interest of the public debt has been since reduced, according to Lord Goderich's showing, in the House of Lords, in amount equal to the dividends required for one hundred and fifty millions of capital stock. A large portion of this reduction has been accomplished under the Duke of Wellington's Administration. He has taken off the leather, beer, and cider taxes, during the last session—three out of nineteen heads of the Excise revenue. The deliverance from the beer-tax is most important, as it destroys the licensing system, and relieves the productive classes not only from a tax of three millions, but from drinking unwholesome beer.

Nor is it a small merit of Wellington's government, that it has firmly resisted all the clamours that have been raised against the return to a sound metallic currency, and consequently supported the people against monopolists, and the necessary evil which they entail—high prices. Had the Duke's government given way, and let loose a paper currency, we should be at this moment beholding bankers assuming the royal prerogative of coining, and speculators who were never worth a pound failing for a hundred thousand. That the Duke's reductions have reached the *acmé* of our necessities, is not probably one of his own self-congratulations; but, before we complain that they are so few, let us ask, What Minister before him ever made so many?

C.

## THE INCONVENIENCES OF A CONVRNIENT DISTANCE.

"HUMBOLDT," said a certain Captain in the West-Middlesex militia, "Humboldt is an over-rated man; there is very little in him; and he knows *nothing* of geography!"—"How! that celebrated traveller knows nothing of geography?"—"No more than my black terrier there, Sir. I met him once at a party at the Russian Ambassador's at Paris, and put him to the proof. As long as he was talking about the Andes, and the Cordilleras, and places which nobody but himself had ever heard of, he carried it all his own way; but the moment I put a straight-forward question to him, which any school-boy might have answered, he was floored. 'Now, Baron,' said I—taking him by surprise—'Now, Baron, can you tell me where Turnham Green is?' Upon—my—honour, he knew no more about it than I know about Jericho!"

Now, for the information of Baron Humboldt, and of such other persons whose education in that important branch of knowledge called geography may have been neglected, it will be useful to state that Turnham Green is a village situated on the Western road, distant about five miles from London, and two from the well-paved and agreeable town of Brentford. Its chief produce is *Genteel Education for young Ladies*, which is supplied by numerous manufactories bearing the various designations of seminaries, establishments, institutions, &c. or, as—ere the march of intellect began—with vulgar propriety they were termed, hoarding-schools; and its population consists of about—But away with the hundreds and the thousands! for since the Wadds have abandoned the place, the remaining *souls* are mere *nobodies* in our estimation.

Who that has ever journeyed from the giant metropolis towards the town beloved of surgeons, wheelwrights, farriers, and blacksmiths, the one and unparalleled Brentford, hut must have observed, on the left-hand side of the road, at the farthest corner of the rural Alma Mater I have described, a house remarkable for an air of snugness and comfort, and an appearance, altogether, bespeaking respectability and solid wealth in its owner. It stood alone; that circumstance told of independence: it was no more than two stories high, and was as square as a chess-board; to these would the intelligent observer at once attribute snugness and comfort: and for an indication of wealth, there it stood, as plain as a pike-staff, in the plate-glass which filled the sashes of all the principal front-windows. But from the adoption of this one of the necessaries of life—for it is idle to rank plate-glass windows amongst the superfluities—it was evident, also, that the owner was a man of sound common sense: he was resolved to see things *as they are*; and he well knew that so to behold them through the common material used for excluding wind and weather, was scarcely possible. Who would endure to sit during fifteen consecutive minutes in a room where the tables and chairs were standing in and out, like so many inexperienced dancers in a quadrille; where the lustre was suspended right away from the centre, and left lackadaisically drooping six inches lower on one side than on the other; the carpet ill-joined, so as to present the pattern in bold confusion; the ornaments on the mantel-piece thrust lovingly together in one corner; the paper hangings presenting,

here and there, a crooked straight line; and where the pictures—oh, ye gods!—were hung with so intrepid a disregard of both the horizontal and the perpendicular, as would induce you to suppose they were intended to illustrate some geometrical problem concerning angles varying from fifteen to forty-five degrees. Who *could* endure all this, and not die of vertigo? He alone who would venture to dance a hornpipe on one of the arms of the cross of St. Paul's! Yet are there many persons, whose characters in other respects are unimpeachable, who are daily guilty of a look-out through a material which distorts every object seen through it—zigzagging the opposite buildings; thrusting the heads of the trees a foot to the right, or to the left, of the parent stems; cutting in twain every unfortunate being that happens to pass; and (if at the sea-side) twisting the grand, even, line of the horizon into all manner of fantastic shapes. But to return. Perfect in its kind as was this edifice, a taste severely critical might have objected to two of its accessories, namely, a common little plaster cast of the Duke of Wellington stuck in the fan-light over the door; and the leaden figure of a Cupid standing in a bed of tulips, in front of the house, squirting up a thin thread of water to the height of some eight or ten feet. And yet were these not altogether devoid of utility, for they saved a world of questions, and plainly told you that the inhabitant was, or had been, a gentleman of the city. Besides, since few fortunes would suffice to rival Versailles, a private individual who is fond of cascades, fountains, and *jets-d'eau*, must be content with what he can reasonably accomplish in that way; and, in spite of Pennant, who, somewhere, says, "I hate your drip-drip-a drips, miscalled cascades," a good-natured observer would consider these tiny hints at fine art and ornament as indications of the gigantic scale on which their perpetrators *would* execute, were they provided with "the appliances and means to hoot." For my own part, notwithstanding these trifling drawbacks, I never passed this happy-looking mansion without a feeling of admiration of the genius which had directed its construction, and something, perhaps, like envy of its cosy occupant. "Mr. Rufus Wadd," have I often thought, "must be the happiest man in the King's dominions!" Alas! alas! for human happiness!

The last time I saw this abode of bliss—It has since been demolished, its fair garden has been uprooted, and the little squirting Cupid is inhumanly exposed for sale at a plumber's at Hammersmith; and nought remains to mark that such things were, but a heap of rubbish, and a notice, stuck upon a pole, that the ground is to be let on building leases. Such is the instability of worldly brick and mortar! The last time I passed the house I was astonished and alarmed at finding the window-shutters closed, the plaster Duke removed from his niche over the door, and poor dusty Cupid with his chubby mouth, which had heretofore ejected the bounteous stream, full of withered leaves, as if in mockery of his apparent thirst. The desolation was awful! "Can Wadd be dead?" I exclaimed. But I was presently relieved from this apprehension by a notice, painted on a board, which I had not at first perceived. It was in these precise words: *This house to be let or sold, with or without the furniture, on very moderate terms,—with immediate possession—THE OWNER GOING ABROAD. For*

*farther particulars, &c.*—The inscription was conceived in the spirit of profound melancholy. It conveyed an idea of resolved and total abandonment, which was affecting in the extreme. It left no resting-place for Hope. The resolution it announced was immutable. It was so framed as to meet and to overcome all objections and difficulties. The house might either be purchased or hired; it was indifferent to Wadd; the furniture might be taken, or not; Wadd cared not; the option, in both cases, was left with the other contracting party; to Wadd even the terms were of trifling importance: it was his object to rid himself of this property and quit his country, and it was clear that nothing was to stand in the way of its fulfilment. What was the cause of this? I knew nothing of Mr. Wadd; we were total strangers to each other; yet the desire I felt to learn what could have happened to induce mortal man to quit this terrestrial paradise, was irresistible. It was a moral phenomenon which called for explanation, so I went to Mr. Stiles. Mr. Stiles was the auctioneer to whom all inquirers were referred.

"I perceive, Sir, that Mr. Wadd's house is to be disposed of."

"It is, Sir. It is a most desirable and commodious residence, comprising——" Here followed an auctioneer's flourish of considerable length.

"But, surely, there must be something wrong about it; else why is its present owner so anxious to part with it?"

Mr. Stiles hesitated for a time; at length he replied, "Why—ye—yes, Sir: it is situated at so *very* convenient a distance from town.

"But if that be all——"

"Why—a—no, Sir; to be candid with you, the dining-room is capital, and will accommodate eighteen with all the comfort in life."

"I do not see *that* in the light of an objection, Mr. Stiles; and if there be no other——"

"Why then, Sir, to speak out like an honest man—those Omnibuses, Sir: it was the Omnibuses that forced Mr. Wadd to sell his house and fly his native land—for, between ourselves, he is already gone—he could stand it no longer."

The connexion between self-expatriation and a Turnham-Green Omnibus not being quite evident, I requested of Mr. Stiles to explain it; whereupon he very obligingly favoured me with the melancholy story of the sorrows of Wadd, to the effect following:—

Mr. Rufus Wadd had been, for many years, head of the respectable firm of Wadd, Brothers, Wadd and Co. (the Co. comprising a couple of the Junior Wadds,) carrying on a profitable business in Lawrence-Pountney-lane, near Thames-street. In this same house the Wadds had been established time immemorial; it was here that Rufus drew his first breath; and here, following the good old city custom, in the house of business, did he resolve to dwell, until he should have acquired sufficient wealth to warrant his relinquishing the cares of commerce altogether. By "solid wealth," (a phrase already used) nothing more was meant than a real, *bonâ-fide* property, producing a certain income of some hundreds, in contradistinction to "immense wealth" in mining speculations, foreign bonds, &c. which cannot, strictly speaking, be termed "solid;" and Mr. Wadd's notion of "sufficient" extended not beyond a clear and unencumbered seven hundred and fifty pounds *per*

**ANON.** Till he had attained the uttermost shilling of this sum, not all the entreaties of his wife and his daughter, nor his own secret longings after rural retirement, could induce him to quit *the House*, as he emphatically termed it; and the merit of maintaining his resolution will appear the greater when it is stated that, from his earliest youth, his most earnest wish had been to lead the life of a country gentleman. Many of our most profound desires may be traced to some trivial circumstance operating constantly, though imperceptibly, upon the mind. In a large enclosure (somewhat resembling a burying-ground) in Lawrence-Pountney-lane, stands a huge tree, in form resembling the elm; though, as its leaves are usually black, (excepting after a heavy rain, when they assume a dingy brownish-green colour,) a cautious observer would hesitate before he referred it decidedly to that class. However, it certainly is a tree; and the windows of the bed-room formerly occupied by Mr. Rufus command an agreeable view of it. There would he sit for hours, after the cares of business were ended, reading Thomson's Seasons—his only book, and a work of which he possessed every known edition—and listening to the wind, as it elbowed its way through the numerous stacks of chimneys, and just ruffled the topmost leaves of the tree. To this habit, no doubt, is to be traced his settled wish for rural life; and that this wish was early engendered, may be inferred from a pastoral song of his own composition, written on a blank leaf of one of his Thomsons: for, since his morality was inflexible, and his fidelity to Mrs. Wadd unquestioned, the third and fourth lines of the second verse may be taken as proof that the poem was composed *prior to his marriage*. The song has been justly characterized as a *sweet* song, and as such it will be acceptable to all poetical readers.

'Tis sweet to be a Shepherd-boy,  
 And sweet the Shepherd's labour;  
 Sweet lambkins all his cares employ,  
 And sweet his pipe and tabor.  
 How sweet his frugal meat to eat  
 By sweetly-shaded mountain!  
 Sweet fruits his fare, with water sweet  
 From sweetly-flowing fountain.

'Tis sweet when Evening spreads her shades,  
 Through some sweet grove to wander;  
 And sweet, amidst its gentle glades,  
 On maiden sweet to ponder.  
 At night, the sweet green grass his bed;  
 His lull-song sweet the billow;  
 A moon-beam sweet to wrap his head,  
 A daisy sweet his pillow.

Pity that a being like Wadd, formed by Nature for the enjoyment of the Sylvan solitudes of Turnham-Green, should have been hunted from their precincts ere he had scarcely tasted of their pleasures!

There are persons who, when they contemplate an abandonment of the Capital, send their imaginations full gallop across the Pyrenees; others, of less ardent temperament, dream of nothing beyond Geneva or Lausanne; some again, of colder constitutions, stop short in Wales—some, even at Walthamstowe. Of this, the most moderate class, was Mr. Wadd. He did not intend, upon his quitting Lawrence-Pountney Lane,

to become either a bear or a hermit. He knew that old habits are not to be put off like an old garment; consequently, that he might, now and then, feel a longing to visit his old haunts, and see how things were going on at Garraway's, on 'Change, or at "the House;" and to this end, a convenient distance from town was desirable. In evil hour, he found precisely the thing he wanted: some demon thrust under his very nose an advertisement of "A house to be sold, most delightfully situated at a convenient distance from London, enjoying the super-eminent advantage of commanding coaches, up and down, four times a-day;" and he fell plump into the snare. The seven hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* were completed, and away to Turnham-Green went Mr. Wadd. He had never been fond of company, thereby missing visitors, occasional droppers-in; they interfered with his habits. His mornings were, of course, secured against such intruders by the imperious duties of business; besides which, in his neighbourhood, every man had his own to attend to. But his evenings were by no means so safe; and it had frequently happened that his intercourse with his favourite Thomson, and his sly dallings with the Muses, were interrupted by the unwelcome call of some acquaintance, who had kindly resolved to come and spend a couple of hours with him. Yet was he fond of society—that is to say, whenever it exactly suited his own good pleasure and convenience; and once a month, or so, he would invite a few friends to a family dinner, which, in due time (and as it was but fair it should be), was regularly accounted for by an invitation from each of the guests. Here, at his rural residence, no such unexpected invasions as those alluded to could be accomplished: he was protected—like the New Hollanders from an incursion of the Cherokees—by distance. But, it may be inquired, how did Mr. Rufus Wadd intend to spend his comfortable income, with no one but a wife and daughter to provide for? and how pass his mornings, which, to a man formerly used to occupation, must press wearily on his hands? Why, with respect to his income, he did *not intend* to spend it: on the contrary, he had resolved, by severe economy, and by sundry dabbings in sundry matters, whenever he paid a visit to the City, "to make this mickle more;" and with respect to his time, he had devised a variety of methods of passing it entirely to his own satisfaction. His mornings would partly be occupied in his garden, in carefully counting the gooseberries on his hushes, and picking the sufficient number for the day's pudding—for gardeners are great rogues, and are not to be trusted; and partly in inspecting the washerwomen's bills, and visiting the various chandlers' shops in the village, in order to purchase hearth-stones, sand, and matches for the housemaids, at as little above prime-cost as possible—for washerwomen are not all of them honest, and chandlers are scoundrels, who would cheat you of a halfpenny as soon as look at you. His evenings he would devote to amusement—chiefly his own: he would perfect himself in Thomson, undertake the study of other moral poets, and make up the daily account of his out-goings and his savings. Then, once a year, on his daughter's birthday, which fortunately occurred in July, he would give a splendid entertainment—a breakfast on the back lawn—to all his friends and acquaintance. This would be a *handsomer-looking* thing than a dinner, less troublesome, less expensive; and at that particular season he should

have such an abundance of fruit—of which, as he kindly considered, Londoners are so passionately fond—that if his friends did not eat it, his pigs must. But there was beneath this scheme of the “splendid annual,” a politic intention altogether worthy of Wadd, and one which his head alone perhaps could have conceived: it would serve as a set-off against the dinner-scores he might run with his City friends, whenever his affairs might call him Eastward; and his friendly reminder on any such occasion, “Remember, we shall expect you at the Green on the 27th of next July,” would also serve as a hint, at which no one could reasonably take offence, that they would not be expected till then.

These, however, were but projects, few of which were destined to be fulfilled.

It was on the fifth of August that the Wadds took possession of the new mansion. On the sixth (Friday), as the clock struck five, and just as they were sitting down to dinner, the stage-coach stopped at the door. The servant announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wadd and Master Tom. Rufus stood like one transfixed—like his royal namesake, if you please. “By Jingo, Rufus,” exclaimed his cousin Bob, “you are at the most convenient distance! delightful! Fine afternoon, nothing to do, at half-past three Betsy and I took it into our heads to come down, no sooner said than done,—capital loin of veal that, upon my word,—took little Tom with us—Tom, my dear, don’t be picking the edges of that tart, they’ll give you some presently—jumped into a Turnham-Green coach at the Goose and Gridiron, and here we are, just in pudding-time.” There was no parrying this blow, but Rufus resolved to avail himself of the sweetest vengeance that occurred to him: knowing that his visitors were fond of a little of the kidney, he swallowed the whole of it himself.—“Capital port this, Rufus.—Now see, Betsy, my dear, ’tis, as I told you, a most convenient distance: plenty of time to take one’s wine comfortably, get a cup of—Ha! where’s Tom? O, I see him amongst the strawberries. [Rufus’s heart sank within him.] Can’t leave the little fellow with you to-night, but he shall come and spend a month with you before we lose the fine weather: nice distance for the boy. As I was saying, time to take our wine and coffee; at half past eight the stage calls for us, and at ten there we are at home. Charming distance, isn’t it, Betsy, my dear?”—Half-past eight came, and the guests went. This won’t do, thought Rufus. But he not only thought it, he said it and swore it too. That night he slept not.

The next day (Saturday) he gave strict charge to the servants that, if any one should come to dinner, they were to say the family were all out. The order happened to be needless, for no one did come, and Rufus began to resume his usual good humour. At eight o’clock a stage-coach drove up to the gate, and down jumped a little, round, red, fat man, with a small portmanteau in his hand. “*Who—the—devil—is—that*, and what can he want?”—It was Mr. Wobble, the underwriter, one of the pleasantest fellows in the—city, and one whom Mr. Wadd was always delighted to see—at other people’s houses. “Ha! Wadd, my boy! Mrs. W. I’m yours—Ha! Miss Jemima! Delightful house, I declare; comes up to all I have heard of it! And

the distance! Stage sets you down at the very door, *the—very—door*. Nice house, indeed, and—Bow, wow, wow! that'll never do. You must chain up that dog to-night, Wadd; I can't sleep in a house where there is a dog barking."—"Sleep!" echoed Wadd; "why surely you are not come to sleep here?"—"I'm not come to lie awake all night, I can tell you that. Ha! ha! ha! you know my way: I always take the bull by the horns. Ha! ha! ha! first come, first served. Ha! ha! ha! you may have the house full to-morrow—Sunday, you know,—and then Sam Wobble might come off second best. But don't put yourselves out of the way; any thing will do for me; a garret, any thing, only let me have a good bed and plenty of pillows. I leave that to you, my dear Mrs. W.—I have a short neck and must sleep with my head high, else I might go off suddenly in the night, and a funeral in a newly-furnished house would make such a mess, wouldn't it, Wadd? I suppose you have dined? So have I. I know you are supping-people, so I dined early. Well, I'll just go and make myself comfortable and come down to you. Charming house, delightful distance, I declare!"—"Where can we put him?" inquired Mrs. Wadd; "we can't turn him out now he is here."—"There is the blue bed," replied Wadd; "It has never been slept in, and may require airing in case I should want to use it myself; the very thought of a damp bed makes me tremble, so put him into that."

The next day was, as Mr. Wobble had sagely foretold it would be, Sunday, a day of all others dearest to Rufus Wadd, who liked to have his time, as, indeed, he liked to have every thing else—to himself. But to him this "Sabbath was no day of rest." The twelve o'clock coach brought Mr. and Mrs. William Wadd, who *apologized* for not getting down in time to breakfast, the distance being so short it was shameful to lose the fine of the morning; but then the one o'clock coach made ample amends to the amiable host, for it brought Mr. Parkins (the carrier) and his son, just in time for luncheon. "The distance is so convenient," observed the latter, "that one can calculate one's time to a moment; and then the luxury of being set down at the very door!" I'll set fire to the house, thought Rufus. The next conveyance introduced Peter Wadd. "I'm sorry your wife is not with you," said Rufus, putting the best face he could on the matter, yet heartily glad at seeing him *solus*. "You know how it is, Rufus; women are never ready; but as the distance is positively not worth mentioning, I left them to come by themselves by the next stage."—"Them!"—"O—ay—the two Miss Praters are staying with us, so we couldn't do less than invite them to come with us. As I said to Jane, where two can dine three can dine, and—besides you can make an addition to your provision with so little difficulty at this charming place—you are at such a convenient distance!"

These two or three days are types of most of those which followed. Mr. Wadd saw his projects frustrated, his hopes of leisure and retirement destroyed. He was seldom left alone, except when he would have given one of his ears for society—that was when it rained a deluge, and he was constrained to remain in-doors, and seek amusement in beating the devil's tattoo with his fingers on the plate-glass windows of his front parlour, or watching the little circles, made by the little rain-drops, in the little cistern wherein Cupid stood.



His temper, his patience, his health, and perhaps his income, would not much longer have held out against the daily importations of visitors, consigned to him through the medium of those moving lazar-houses, the Turnham-Green stages, carrying only six inside; and he began to think of stealing a mile or two lower down the road. One morning at breakfast, while Rufus was reading the Morning Post, Mrs. Wadd and Jemima were alarmed at hearing a sort of rattling sound in the good man's throat. The paper had fallen from his hand, and a piece of toast was sticking in his mouth: he was within an ace of choking, but their attentions presently revived him. He spoke not, but pointed to the paragraph which had so fearfully affected him. It ran as follows: "We are happy to learn that four Omnibuses, each carrying sixteen inside, will run daily between the City and Turnham-Green."

It is supposed that Mr. Rufus Wadd is gone with his family to reside at one of the most distant settlements on the Swan River. P\*.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A GÖTTINGEN STUDENT, NO. VII.

OF the students who had already left the University, there were but few who had the hardihood to go back immediately and look like fools among their more sensible comrades; many, therefore, continued their proposed tour, (it was luckily vacation-time.) My friend S—— went with a party to the Brocken; another Scotchman of my acquaintance had started for Greece, where he was going to join Lord Byron in taking up arms for the patriotic rebels. I got as far as Einbeck on my way to Hanover, where I thought of staying the rest of the time I was to be in Germany; I remained, however, at Einbeck for five weeks, and then, in accordance to the wishes of my friends at home, returned to Göttingen. I had not returned sooner, though I had heard of the subsiding of the tumult, for my motives in leaving the University had not been the same which had actuated others. I was in Germany almost solely for the purpose of learning the language of the country; and, after a three months' stay at Göttingen, I was convinced *that* was as bad a place as could have been selected for *such* a purpose: independent of the hindrance to such a study which, as an Englishman, I met with in the naturally preferred society of my countrymen; independent too of bad German acquaintance, with whom I had weakly let myself get entangled—there was the obvious objection that the principal society, the only society wherewith daily intercourse can possibly be had by a student at Göttingen, is that of other students coming from all the different provinces, and kingdoms, and divisions of Germany, and all speaking the same *language*, to be sure, but with varieties of pronunciation as many as the countries from which they come,—varieties which, to an ear acquainted with the language, are readily discernible, but to a foreigner are highly calculated to puzzle and mislead him. Add to this the system of dissipation, I suppose without exception existing in every University among the greater part of the students;—and at Göttingen it was certainly of the least refined nature, and in this case (of acquiring language) uncounterbalanced by any great advantages—and

I think there are few who will not agree with me, that Göttingen is not the best place to select whither to send a young man to learn the German language. On this latter score alone, no one would advise a young foreigner to go to Oxford or Cambridge to learn English. Most of my Scotch acquaintance, who were at Göttingen to study the Roman law, had been for some months previously residing with a family in some German town, and thus had become masters of the language before they came to the University, which they attended for the purpose of availing themselves of those peculiar advantages which a University offers to students. I would confidently recommend to any one wishing to learn German accurately a six months' residence at Hanover, rather than one of double that length at Göttingen. At the former place he would have the best society, free from all the disadvantages I have pointed out as existing at Göttingen, he would find living equally cheap, he would certainly be much more comfortable, and, if a young man, less exposed to temptation—and he would have the best means of daily acquiring the language, as it were, instinctively, by hearing the conversation of well-bred individuals, and by attending the theatre—a place, of which, I think, all who have experienced the advantages of it, cannot fail to speak highly. But I am digressing too far. To return from this disquisition, and my five weeks' sojourn at Einbeck and Göttingen:—when I did so, I found all was quiet enough; a few duels and drinking-bouts had soldered up all disputes among the students, and they had been compelled to succumb to the powers that were. Count Kalkeuth was relegated for his active share in promoting the welfare of the students; and so enraged was his father, that he would not allow him to return home: what became of him afterwards I never heard.

'By Sec. 40, all injuries to lanterns, wells, and such like public conveniences, are punishable with mulct and incarceration. *Breaking windows* is to be visited in the same manner, only more strictly. If the real doers of the injuries are not discovered, those who have been only present at the time are to be punished as participators!'

This seems rather severe, but it is, in fact, just in the extreme, compared with the regulation contained in the following paragraph, viz.:—

"If many of such excesses, occasioned by students, happen *one soon after another*, the participators in the last riot are to make good the mischief done not long before, the originators whereof remain undiscovered!"

The lanterns, or street lamps, are not lighted on those nights when the moon either does, or, by the almanack, *ought* to shine: if she does not do her duty, that is no reason why the University should have to burn more than their monthly allowance of oil.\*

\* Among the many ingenious reasons which Schlegel and other philologists have given for the genders of the German Sun and Moon—so diametrically contrary to those which we have assigned them from the classical examples of Latium and Greece—I remember hearing one from a friend, which struck me as being at least rather amusing. He contended that when the Germans were arranging their *Propria quæ maribus*, they gave, from a motive of gallantry, the female gender to the Sun, as being the brightest and most beautiful object in creation; and, if possible, to heighten the compliment, they made the Moon a male, thereby intimating that all the lustre and splendour which could fall to the lot of man, must emanate from woman! The Indians make the two great luminaries brothers: and Euripides, on one occasion at least, has called them father and daughter, instead of brother and sister.

From Sec. 41 to 43, are contained ordinances for the students' quiet behaviour at church(!) at public academical festivities, and in the lecture-rooms; and for their proper conduct towards the military, either resident or passing through.

There was a regiment of Jaegers stationed at Göttingen, more for show than for any use they could be; for if the students were to have taken such a fancy, they could have driven them all into the Seine as easily as the Irish peasantry were to have driven the military quartered in their country into the sea, if such a measure should have been advisable.

By Sec. 47, 'Public processions, either with or without music, are not to be allowed, even with the permission of the Protector or of the Deputation, but only with that of the Academical Senate, and that not without especial cause and in very particular cases.'

"Utterly forbidden also are all theatrical exhibitions, all mummings, all outcries, calling out *vivat* or *percat*, loud singing, or noise of any kind, either in the streets or in houses—inasmuch as even the latter might inconvenience the inhabitants and neighbours."

The latter part at least of this regulation was but loosely attended to: outcries of every sort and kind—singing, so to call it, of the loudest character—to say nothing of screaming, yelling, and squalling, in all possible rage and tones, were of hourly occurrence; increasing in number and dissonance as those hours were of nearer relation to midnight. The calling of *vivats* and *percats* was not so frequent; but on the last night of the old year it was the custom for bodies of students to parade the streets, and stopping under the respective windows of different professors, in this manner to express their approval or disapproval of his general conduct.

Blumenhach, who was a universal favourite, was sure to receive on these occasions—as far as noise went—the most gratifying testimonies of regard; and the old man really was gratified by them, and used to present himself hare-headed at the windows, and bow as graciously to the rioters beneath, as any English gentleman of fortune might do to a herd of tag-rag and bob-tail, for whose votes he was returning thanks on the hustings at a county election.

"All excesses in drinking parties, or commerces (*commercen*), as they are called, are punishable; and the undertakers of such, as well as the owners of the private rooms in which they are holden, will be called to 'severe reckoning'—as indeed they might calculate upon, if they should prefer holding such meetings at more public places of entertainment.

"He who so far forgets himself as to get drunk, will, for the first offence, be expressly admonished; in case of frequent repetition, he will, according to circumstances, be punished with incarceration, or even removed from the University. An especially severe incarceration will be inflicted on those who induce others to immoderate intoxication."

I have not a word to add *here* on this section.

(Sec. 49.) 'Throwing out any thing into the street is a punishable offence, even visitable with incarceration. Smoking in the streets also is forbidden under a penalty, as well as the carrying of pipes or cigars in the mouth, even without smoking, or the hearing of lighted pipes or

cigars in the hand, or the blowing the burning ashes of the same, either in the streets or at the house-doors.'

This law is rather strictly acted upon, for I remember, a few days before my departure from the University, I was standing in one of the streets waiting for some friends, and thoughtlessly tapping my teeth with the horn mouth-piece of a pipe which I had in my hand, when one of the *Poodles*, to my utter consternation, stepped up to me and inquired my name and abode. I was subsequently, I may say *consequently*, cited to the Concilium-house, where, as I was so soon to be removed from the petty sphere of academical power, I should certainly not have attended, had it not been from sheer curiosity to see how a body of men, arrogating to themselves the title of Senate, would punish so singular an offence: my curiosity cost me two thalers, and no assertion on my part that the bowl of the pipe had been positively unoccupied by either tobacco, fire, or smoke, could avail me any thing: the Prorector very solemnly decided that I had brought myself within the letter of the law, and that I had been guilty of carrying a pipe in my mouth.

Any student making his public appearance in his dressing-gowns, "or otherwise indecent apparel," is likewise to be punished with two thalers penalty.

By Sec. 53, the students are forbidden to keep any dangerous, "and especially any great dogs."

But "great dogs" were nevertheless kept—they were, in fact, quite the rage—and one by which very many students were bitten, morally speaking; and the dogs one daily meets at Göttingen, without noticing them, would have excited a considerable sensation of curiosity, if not terror, in the streets of our metropolis.

By the same section, also, dogs of all denominations are forbidden to be introduced into the lecture-rooms; and, indeed, no man who had any—the slightest—regard for his dog would ever think of introducing him where he would run a sad chance of being kicked, pelted, hooted, and hurried out of his wits, and driven mad in downright canine earnest. Dogs were at Göttingen, as I believe they are all over the civilized world, fertile sources of quarrel; and many a battle, begun between two curs in a kennel, has been "made out" with cold steel between their masters. So kingdoms have gone to war ere now, in pursuance of the bickerings of two insignificant villages.

There is a large district belonging to Göttingen and "her six villages," where at the fitting season, the students, under certain regulations, are allowed to shoot; but the allowance of sport is very scanty, for, as a German once observed to me, there are generally more men than birds about upon such occasions. Pointers are the only dogs permitted. The season is from the 1st of October to the 31st of January.

## PROVERBS.

“What's one man's meat, is another man's poison.”

Did any one hut a hermit, shut out by woods and rocks from all intercourse with his fellow men, ever pass a single day without encountering something to remind him of the above proverb? It is not necessary to recur to foreign or to ancient manners in order to exemplify it: we need not remember that the Romans ate caterpillars and fat puppies—that the Cochín-Chinese prefer eggs with chickens in them, and begin their preparations for a feast by making their hens sit—that the Scandinavians had so warm an admiration for leeks, that he whom we should term “the flower,” was by them entitled “*the leek*” of his family—or that the only dainty which could tempt the delicate appetite of a sick old Brazilian woman was the finger of a Tupuyan boy;—our own age and country can supply us with sufficient examples to prove the truth of the adage; and the first time we dine out, it is highly probable that half of the company will, during the repast, eat with very conspicuous relish, what would make us extremely sick. Politeness, indeed, that ruthless pioneer who, in his anxiety to make society a bowling-green, plays destructive work with its original and picturesque features, forbids all outward demonstration of strong dislike towards any thing; and perhaps, as far as regards our dinners, this is quite as well. In good company, there is a general tacit agreement not to make faces when your next neighbour eats something which nearly turns your stomach; and I can view without apparent surprise or disgust, ragouts steaming with garlic fill the plate of a lady on my right, while the fair, delicate, lisping creature on my left elegantly conveys to her mouth small morsels of the putrid leg of a raw woodcock. Not a shudder escapes me; I merely pretend to be ungallantly interested in the less fragrant contents of my own plate, and turn my head as little as possible when obliged to reply to the remarks of my neighbours.

The ineffectual attempts of a dentist to extract a lady's decayed tooth occasioned from her French admirer the following rather curious compliment:—“*C'est que rien de mauvais ne peut sortir de votre bouche.*” Would that it could be said that “*rien de mauvais*” enters the mouths of our young ladies: the *old* ones may do as they please; but to see half-maggoty venison and decomposed game find their way to the fresh rosy lips of a pretty girl, produces as uncomfortable a shock as a wrong note in the most touching part of one of Mozart's songs. But if such is the effect on my prosaic mind, how distracting must be the sight to a poet! A mass of agreeable associations is at “one fell swoop” destroyed, and his vocabulary spoiled of a host of favourite images; the new-made hay, the violet's perfume, and the breeze of early morn, will no longer suggest to him the same pleasing comparisons: he dares no longer sing of the “*halmy treasure*” of rosy lips—the connexion of “*breath all incense*” with “*cheek all bloom*” is for ever destroyed—and for him the bees have sipped their last nectar from their old-established storehouse of sweets. This is, however, a free country, and the ladies may eat offal if they please, or stain their teeth black like the Siamese women, or stick bones in their under lips,

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like those of Prince William's Sound. The gentlemen could have no redress, but might perhaps be driven to introduce the ancient custom of kissing by touching ears, or the New Zealand one of bringing noses into contact instead of lips. But to return to our proverb. From morn to night we are each of us acting a part surprising to some of our fellow-men, making our meat of their poison, or our poison of their meat. He who rises to enjoy the "sweet hour of prime,"

———"when every grassy blade  
Droops with a diamond at its head,"

and who loves that freshness of summer morning which seems to impart happiness as well as health, pities the strange creatures who prefer coaxing themselves into insensibility among curtains and blankets till the dew no longer sparkles on the hedges, the early song of birds is over, and the world is hot, noisy, and dusty again;—while the *strange creatures* themselves turn self-complacently on their pillows for that morning nap in which the half-roused mind seems to be just sufficiently awake to taste the full pleasure of indulged drowsiness, and to know with keenest conviction "*quam suave est*" "*sic sine vitâ vivere, sic sine morte mori,*"\* and sneer as they turn at those mistaken persons who imagine satisfaction in walking among wet grass at an hour when only labouring ploughmen or restless lunatics are out of their beds. Breakfast, again, gives to one red herrings and "*The Times*;" to another, milk and water and "*The Morning Post*;" and an exchange of fare, either corporal or intellectual, would excite loathing and disgust. Thus passes the day; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to select a single species of food, a single employment or amusement, which would not be hateful as poison to some individual even of our own nation and rank. Perhaps we might be safest when eating good bread and butter, smelling a full-blown rose, and reading "*Waverley*;" but on the issue of even this experiment much ought not to be risked, for

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

It might be supposed that this fortunate variety of taste would scarcely permit dissension to exist among us, but there is unluckily an article which becomes to each individual the representative of his own peculiar enjoyment or favourite dainty, and conveys to the imagination with equal force and facility the pleasures of the opera or the ale-house, the flavour of turtle or toad-in-a-hole, the scent of tobacco or attar of roses. Money is the universal fancy, the unceasing source of hickerings and enmities, of lawsuits and wars;

"Und was liegt dann daran, bey einem bittern Zwist  
Ob Fisch-Fett oder Gold des Zwecspalts Ursach ist."†

But though a *guinea* is every "man's meat," and the advantages of our difference of taste in other respects is by this means considerably diminished, yet innumerable are the benefits we still derive from the variety in our likings and dislikings. We are a quarrelsome race as it is, nu-

\* How sweet it is thus to live without life, and to die without death.

† And when people are fighting, it does not much matter  
Whether blabber or gold is the cause of the clatter."

merous and distant as are the paths we pursue; but what a struggling and jostling would there be if we were all on the same road! Some, perhaps, who have a particular dislike to opposition, may think it would be very good for their tempers if nobody contradicted them; and the wives and children of such persons may sigh for a Utopia where husbands and papas never argue themselves into a passion about the merits of an actress or a novel, the superiority of Handel to Mozart, or of Horace to Virgil. But although many tiresome and useless disputes might be avoided if our tastes were uniform—disputes as absurd, perhaps, as a contention about the comparative excellence of grapes and strawberries, or Port and Madeira, and which any old woman could settle by looking up from her knitting, and murmuring something like *de gustibus*,—yet how numerous would be the countervailing disadvantages of such a state of things! What a sameness would pervade society if we merely echoed each other's opinions; or should we ever think it worth while to utter our sentiments at all, if we knew beforehand those of every one around us? The critic's trade would be over, for publishers would only print what they knew would please all the world; and a host of authors, who now dwell delightedly on their own works, content with a small circle of readers and admirers, and quite sure of posthumous fame, would then be driven to despair by discovering that they could not even satisfy themselves.

According to the present arrangement, the most insignificant things minister to the amusement of some among us, and we have all our pet pursuits, as strange, perhaps, to lookers-on as if we had a pet toad or snake, or went into mourning for a favourite fish, like L. Licinius Crassus, or

“Beat our breast and tore our hair  
For loss of a dear crony bear.”

One collects shells, another butterflies; one dabbles in a ditch for an almost invisible insect, or grubs in a hedge for an inconspicuous flower, and goes tired and dirty home to dry his nondescript, in a triumph of success little inferior to the raptures of Archimedes when he ran naked out of the bath, or of Herschell when he discovered the *Georgium Sidus*. How much pleasure would be lost, if these pursuits delighted no one! how much confusion created, if the whole population of London poured out at once to fight in ponds and lanes for rare insects and curious plants! The conversation in the drawing-room might be delightfully harmonious when all were uniting in praise of Botany or Entomology; but what would be the consequence when all were struggling for the same specimen? How many duels would the chace of a purple emperor occasion! and

“Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied,  
That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
Would in a sunny hour fall off;”

because the “sunny hour” would bring out the butterflies.

There is at present in the world a considerable number of persons of both sexes who appear to have searched every department of literature, every branch of science, all the wonders and the beauties of nature and

of art, for some pursuit to which they might devote their energies and zeal—and to have searched in vain: they found nothing to suit their fancy. Aware, however, that some object and occupation are necessary to sweeten and to animate the life of an intellectual and immortal being, instead of sitting down in despair, and starving at the rich banquet which offers no food to their taste, they have wisely concocted a little dish for themselves out of the most unlikely materials, and they eat their old mess as eagerly as the less dainty folk around them. They have invented a pursuit, and they follow it with indefatigable zeal. Instead of collecting minerals, or earths, or rocks, or flowers, or shells, or any of the works of "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand," they collect *franks*,—that is to say, the superscriptions of letters written by members of Parliament. The first requisite in all pursuits is their harmlessness; the second, their utility; and surely, whatever may be said on the latter point, no one can deny that the collection of franks is an employment fitted for the most complete *innocent* in existence. It is scarcely possible to suggest more than four objections against it. First, that it is injurious to the eyes, from the extreme difficulty of deciphering the writing, in nine cases out of ten scarcely legible; secondly, that it excites vanity in members of weak minds and low attainment, who, after having for the greater part of their lives found it difficult to get any one to listen to their conversation, or read their letters, suddenly discover that their very hand-writing is considered valuable, and is carefully laid up in splendidly-bound albums all over the kingdom; thirdly, that the pursuit is very troublesome to society in general, scarcely a member of which is not engaged in begging for or transmitting franks, exacting promises or exchanging duplicates; and fourthly, that it has not the remotest tendency whatever to promote the improvement, physical, moral, or intellectual, of a single human being. Yet, notwithstanding these objections, who would wish to "impoverish the public stock of harmless pleasure" of even its very last and lowest item? and if we are fortunate enough to be less meanly provided ourselves, why should we begrudge others their poorer fare? We have been told by good authority that half of us cannot comprehend the enjoyments of the other half; and when I see persons eating tripe, or children making mud-pies, or idiots stringing berries, or ladies collecting franks, I feel bound to give them all credit for feeling real interest in their several employments, and appease my wonder by the elegant proverb at the head of this paper.

But if a variety of taste in *things* is beneficial, how great is its advantage as to *persons*? "Fair is not fair, but that which pleaseth;" and "Fancy passes Beauty;" are two proverbs, the truth of which should be gratefully acknowledged by a large proportion of mankind. If none but blue eyes and alabaster skins could gain admirers, what would become of the darker part of the fair sex?—if none but tall, gentlemanly men, with aquiline noses, could hope to woo successfully, where would nine-tenths of modern beaux procure partners for life?

"Only think of that mawkin being my son's passion," said the Electress Sophia, speaking of George the First's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, who was neither handsome nor clever; and some such depreciating remark not unfrequently passes our mind when we are introduced by our friend to the bride of whom we have heard so much,



and search in vain for personal or intellectual perfections in her who has been described to us as "sovereign to all the creatures on the earth." On such occasions, what have we to do but to recollect that "non è bello quel ch'è bello, ma è bello que che piace," and to rejoice that the silly custom practised in days of chivalry has been abolished, and that a man of honour is not any longer bound to prove the superior charms of his lady-love by that illogical and unsatisfactory argument, the point of the sword. He who admires a brunette so exclusively that, like the Ethiopians, he would almost paint the devil white, is not now maimed for life because some remarkably good fencer of his acquaintance has happened to fall in love with a blonde.

But, incredible as it may seem to the young and the ardent, neither Love nor Hymen is *essential* to the happiness of life, much as, under favourable circumstances, they both promote it. It is possible to live and die happily unmarried, without either wealth to gild our solitude, or intellectual riches to supply all other wants; but (to pass by those higher resources open to the poor and the ignorant, which it were irreverent to mention here, and without which life is an aimless, insipid dream,) there is *one* essential of happiness for the want of which nothing can compensate,—and this is affection felt and returned. But how would this yearning of our nature after liking and love be gratified, if we were all of one mind as to the qualities which excite those feelings? Where would the host of insignificant bores, dull dunces, and tiresome old maids get their little share of praise and kindness, if there were not, some in the world who did not think them dull, tiresome, and insignificant? Those who are rich in "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," like those who are rich in gold, have no idea with what small and bumble nutriment the mass of their fellow beings is supported; yet to lose that portion, small as it is, would be to exchange contentment for misery, sufficiency for starvation. Nor can we judge of the degree of estimation in which persons, to us extremely displeasing, may be held in their own little circle. I remember once travelling in a public conveyance with a female who seemed to connect in herself every thing that is disagreeable and repulsive—the most unprepossessing countenance; the most absurd and unsuitable dress, in which poverty and finery mingled; manners at once vulgar and affected; a loud harsh voice, and an inexhaustible flow of silly and conceited chatter. As the coach stopped to set her down, the thought involuntarily passed my mind, "how sorry they must be you are come!"—when, lo! to rebuke my rash judgment, out rushed a whole party of anxious expectants, and, amidst showers of welcomings and embraces, my travelling companion passed in triumph along the little gravel-walk which led to the house, leaving me to admire that bounteous arrangement which had converted my poison into others' sugar-plum. If, therefore; we are sometimes annoyed by the absurd tastes of our acquaintance, and inclined to wish that every body were as wise as ourselves, let us recollect that this difference of opinion is the fertile source of a thousand blessings to society and individuals, and that multitudes are indebted for the whole happiness of their lives to the very principle which makes our tiresome neighbour cut his trees into cocks and hens. Let us allow others to follow their harmless fancies, without wearying them by remonstrance, or annoying them by contempt, and we may

then claim the same indulgence for our own wise and perfect system, and may place over our gates that excellent inscription on the portal of a villa near Sienna—

“ Quisquis huc accedis,  
Quod tibi horrendum videtur,  
Mihî amœnum est.  
Si delectat, maneat,  
Si tædet, abeat,  
Utrumque gratum.”\*

W. E.

#### A MASQUERADE AT BERLIN.

It was one of those wet, disagreeable days which precede the breaking up of winter in northern countries, that I entered Berlin. In order to see this capital from the distance, I slept at the last relay, to arrive by daylight. I might have saved myself that trouble, for the rain fell in torrents, the day was close, cloudy, and disagreeable, and we splashed through the half-thawed streets to the dismay of some fair maidens of that elegant capital, and the no small amusement of the gentlemen at the windows, who, having begun a fourteenth pipe, were only roused from their torpid state by the infernal noise of the postilion's horn.

I had been recommended to Jagor's, a restaurateur on the Linden, a comfortable abode for single men, where dinner can be had *à la minute*, and every luxury of life within reach, and within doors. The Lord protect the traveller who confides his body to the care of the landlord of the Stadt Rome! Never was there, for a great inn, in a great capital, such a vile, dirty, stinking abode, where it requires more interest to get a dinner for which you pay roundly, than in other countries to get a dinner for which you are not required to pay at all. Our windows at Jagor's overlooked the splendid line of trees commencing from the Private Palace to the Brandenburg Gate: on the summit of the latter, the car of victory is drawn at a jog trot; while in Petersburg, emblematic of the Russian late advances, the horses are at a full gallop, and guided by the Emperor. It is a splendid street (if street it can be called), the Linden; the long line of the Frederic and the Charlotten Strasse crossing it at right angles, the Chateau, Opera, Palace, Academy of Arts and Sciences, College, and Arsenal, rendering it perhaps the finest sight in the whole world: gay, animated, and lively, the silent sledge, saving the bell, rushing with uncommon rapidity over the snow-covered streets, the driver fantastically dressed, the numbers of officers in their neat uniforms, the apparent content of all classes, made our abode so pleasant, that I inhabited it much longer than I originally intended.

What is a stranger in a foreign land without a lackey de place?—Nothing. Let his head be one Babylonian jumble of all languages, he still wants the guide to direct his steps; he wants the different arrangements of his sight-seeing days, which can only be procured from

\* Whoever thou mayest be who interest here, remember that what may seem strange to thee is agreeable to me. If thou art pleased, thou canst remain; if displeas'd, depart—either will please me.

one who is intimately acquainted with the locale. Of course I had one, and a good one he was.

It was the carnival time—balls, routs, plays, operas, Punch, masquerades, &c. were the nightly amusements; the King and the Princes not unfrequently attended the different places, and the former was sure to be seen at two, if not three, theatres every night. In the Grand Opera, where the royal box occupied half the tier, the Prince-Royal with his wife, and the present Queen, with a crowd of starred nobles, were sometimes seen; but the King, that great amateur of scenic amusements, appeared in his military great coat, in a small side-box, and only known to the foreigners by the attendant always standing. I confess I like to see a King live amongst his people. I hate the secluded grandeur which throws away hundreds of thousands in private entertainments and nocturnal riot, only seen by a few, or known through a newspaper. It is the public manner in which the King of Prussia lives,—his confidence in his subjects,—his attending early and late to public business and national improvement,—his anxiety for the well-being and justice of his subjects, which makes the eye of a Prussian sparkle with sincere gratification, as he points to a stranger the sovereign and the father of his people.

It was nine o'clock when I entered the theatre; Spontini's opera had given way, for the night, to the mixed merriment of a masquerade. The theatre was boarded over; a brilliant band attended; and I found myself, in one moment after entering the house, in the midst of harlequins and columbines, dancing bears, Cossacks, play-actors, monkeys, devils, and angels. I had hardly planted my foot on the public arena, when a harlequin endeavoured to make me active by his wand, and the clown jumped over my head. I came for amusement, intending to remain until eleven, and then walk quietly, cocked hat, domino and all, to Jagor's, and wash the cobwebs from my throat with some excellent marcobrunner, and then to dream of past delights.

I found myself twirling round in a waltz with a Russian bear, and the next moment impelled along by a Spaniard in a gallopade. At last out of the round of riot, I began to view the company. Here and there, police officers, in their uniforms, were stationed. If any one forgot what was due to the company, he was marched out in a moment. Here was no roaring, shouting, impertinent questions, or unbandsome remarks: every thing was orderly; and if you chose to dance with a bear, why the bear would dance with you, and his keeper would join in and make a third—all was good-humour and liveliness. It was while gazing at the tetotum twirlers that my eye suddenly caught the light eye of a beautifully-formed flower-girl. "Inshallah," said I, for I once lived in Persia, "this must be one of the houris, only the houris have black eyes, and, no doubt, wings. I looked at the light hair which peeped from beneath the hat—I admired the small waist and delicate frame—and when, by accident no doubt, my eye looked at her feet, I thought I saw all the beauty that nature could bestow, and very true I felt the remark of Byron, that makes one "wish to see the whole of the fine form which terminates so well." I was not a little pleased to observe that my dark eyes, sparkling no doubt with wine and animation, mixed up with a little inquisitorial brilliancy, seemed to have fascinated hers: we looked at each other, then away, I blushing deep

scarlet, and distinctly seeing that my fair unknown was blushing, as the sailors say, "up to her eyes."

I must, however, introduce my companion to my readers before I continue my own adventures. My travelling companion was a young man, on the passport passing for twenty-five, but from some deep furrows on the cheek, some wrinkles under the eyes, and an occasional haggard look, might very well have passed, without suspicion, for a man of thirty-five, who had seen his best days. He had travelled over a large portion of Europe; walked through the Palais Royal; stopped at 154; dived down to the bottom of the Sala silver mine in Sweden; and lost his way, by no means an uncommon accident with him, in the largest and the straightest street in Moscow. He was a man much admired by the women for his *discreet* and steady behaviour: his was no babbler's tongue, and the secret once confided was well and cautiously guarded by my wizened-face travelling companion.

The flower-girl was hanging on the arm of a tall man in domino, and on his other arm reclined another little nymph, who had fixed her love-darting look on the now animated glance of my companion. They measured each other; the nymph then looked at her companion, then whispered, then observed me, and then said in a beautifully sweet voice, "Charlotte, 'tis them." Now I must here take leave to say, that many travellers have spoken lightly of the virtue and the morality of the German nation, some going so far as to mix all up in one immense cauldron of hot flesh and loose habits; some telling odd stories of intrigues, assignations, elopements, and other conjugal infelicities, nearly as common in our own as in any other country. What we wish we are always ready to believe; and on this occasion, as we both wished for an adventure, we, I am sorry to say, both gave implicit credit to the rhodomontade anecdotes of former visitors of Berlin. If it was possible to look love, confidence, and admiration, we both did it; my eyes began to ache, and my heart to palpitate. We walked round the fair objects of our attachment apparently unobserved by the man, or, if observed, never noticed: this we placed to the right account of stoical indifference in a lazy pipe-smoking German husband. The waltz was now in its highest twirl; the couples passed us with rapid steps and long strides, and whenever I met the eye of the object of my affection, I read distinctly in her altered looks, "Why don't you ask me to dance?"—thinks I, I will. I advanced some few steps, then called a halt to take counsel, then consulted on the probability of being able to kick the husband, and then determined to make a joint attack upon his two wives, or two daughters, and commence an adventure. In Germany, if a lady is dancing with a gentleman, it is by no means reckoned impolite, but rather the contrary, to ask the gentleman to allow the lady to dance one or two rounds with you; and it is a rule that, at the expiration of the said round, the lady is returned to her original partner. Knowing these German regulations, whereby ball-room society becomes doubly pleasant, comparatively speaking, with our own, and where, when the eye is struck by the angelic appearance of some earthly sylph, it is permitted to mortals to approach the lovely fair uninterrupted by the cold freezing glance of formal presentation, or the more elegant refinement of positive acquaintance, I advanced, and with the firm eye of confidence looked at the long husband, or father,

and stammered out, "Elaubensi mir." In the mean time my companion made an approach to the object of his affections, and the kind and considerate father relinquished his two blushing daughters, becoming like the balance of scales without the appendages; and in two minutes we were twisting round like spinning-jennies, or galloping like long-legged racers.

As I gazed on the animated eye of my partner, and encircled her taper waist, thoughts, poetic thoughts, no doubt, entered my imagination. I was within the grasp of what I most solicited; it was decidedly the commencement of a most romantic intrigue. I formed plans of elopement, thought of retiring to the magnificent banks of the Elbe, and then looked with the eye of despair on the dark black thick crsepe which fell from the nose of the mask, and which when fluttered by the passing air, as we twirled in giddy rapidity, showed a nicely rounded chin, and lips, such lips as would entice the most Attic of bees to settle thereon, and to gain more honey from their fragrant sweetness than from half the miserable flowers in the creation. The music suddenly stopped, and with it all the tetotums stopped: there, there was the long-legged monster of a father, cocked-hat and all, within a foot of us. I felt I must relinquish the object of so much solicitude, and began the usual roundabout complimentary nothing—the pleasure I had received—her father waiting—future hopes of renewed acquaintance—extravagant wish to see her beloved countenance—and—"Let us seek my sister," she said.

My companion had evidently been in the paradise of hope and imagination. The two sisters commenced a conversation with a volubility which precluded the possibility of understanding one word, especially as they took good care to be in the *sotto voce*, as much as to approximate a whisper. My friend was resolved to follow it up. Never was there such a light airy figure; never woman had so delicate a form, or so sweet a voice. Both becoming of the same opinion, for I allowed my morality for once to be overruled, but resolved to make ample amends by a speedy reformation after this last transgression, I proposed to take our partners to the supper-room, and there to try the effects of champagne, as a prelude to farther discoveries. O, Wine! glorious, excellent Wine! how often hast thou inspired me with eloquence, relieved me from the trammels of fancied imprisonment, given new life, new hope, new existence to my weather-beaten frame, and to my palled imagination!—to thee, O Bacchus! I am indebted for many a social hour, many a lively thought, many an excellent companion, which, without thy influence on my uncultivated brain, would have been a tedious time, a homely expression, or a milk-and-water associate!—to thee again I must resort, and hence the future gleams of happiness in this life.

Our principal object, as my reader would suppose, was to remove the masks, and thus unriddle the subject. Here were two females, apparently of good society, to us perfect strangers, but with us intimately acquainted; they knew even our names, remarked our carriage and our suite, complimented us on our acquaintance with the Grand Chamberlain, our apparent knowledge of different persons; even our walks in the morning, our visits to Charlottenburg, our rambles round the town, —all seemed to them familiar; but as to ourselves, even in collecting our

senses and recollections, we were certain, certain beyond contradiction, that we had not broken our English silence to one female German, or one female of any description, since we entered Berlin, which to be sure was only thirty hours past, and which I here publicly acknowledge to be a most glaring piece of ungallant neglect, and which shall never happen again to me (an opportunity offering), this I swear.

In vain we offered the wine to forward our *ricè*—our views being more extensive, of course, was an after-consideration. Each lady, on receiving the glass, merely lifted up the smallest possible part of the abovementioned veil; and to be sure, for ladies, I will admit they got rid of the wine as expeditiously as one of the late members for York. We were four,—two known knights, who drank after and to their mistresses, and they, dear souls! equally enraptured with our society, disdained the mawkish, spiritless, refusal of our young ladies in England to renew the glass: they drank,—to put it into plain intelligible English, which no blockhead could misunderstand,—they drank their respective shares of the contents of the bottle, now and then relieving the palate by some *bonbons*, and now and then tasting a little Rhine wine, which long custom had placed upon a level with our water drinking. They took champagne for pleasure, Rhine wine as water, and ice to cool them; supper they ate with a degree of girlish modesty which captivated us; and once, when, as if to replace some of the wandering curls which floated in auburn luxuriance over the shoulders, the glove of one was on the point of being removed, a sudden sharp intonation from the other reminded her of the impropriety, and the glove was hastily replaced, as if she fancied showing her hands an indelicacy equal to what a Spanish lady is guilty of when she shows her legs. It instantly occurred to me that they were married women, and afraid of betraying the secret by the discovery of the ring. I was determined to be satisfied on this point, which I thought, notwithstanding the remonstrance, was within my power to effect.

The dance was again at its highest, and away we went, every now and then, thanks to the powerful influence of the wine, upsetting a bear, or making a harlequin spring about two feet higher than usual; and when I thought that favouring Bacchus had done his duty, by the wild brightened eye of my partner, I walked into a recess, and, taking her hand, endeavoured to remove the glove.—We all know, ladies like those innocent liberties which are easily excused, and, in point of fact, not indelicate. I felt as under the direction of Ovid, who recommends tearing the bracelet from the lady's arm, and I considered that what the great master of love proposed might be safely practised. Every footman knows the rule by which he acts; and when the elderly mother lifts her ponderous self into her carriage, to the great danger of the springs, John allows her silk dress to come in rude contact with the wheel; but see the difference, when the lovely daughter of seventeen, looking as Nature's fairest production—John well knows her lovely-formed limbs should not meet the curious eye of strangers, and carefully presses her dress *against* the limbs he modestly pretends to hide.

I felt a ring—by Allah, I felt a ring—without doubt a ring! It was then certain she was another's wife, and all the danger of meeting my long friend with the cocked hat came upon me like a flash of lightning; and just at that moment, by way of confirming the reality, in came the

gentleman. There was I, her hand in mine, all alone, eyes red with hope, taken (as the sailors say in the Straits of Babermandel) "all aback, with no room to brace the yards round,"—meaning, I suppose, running, being tipsy, into a sentry-box, and not being able to find one's way out again. A murmuring conversation took place, not altogether as unruffled as the ocean during the halcyon days. I wished myself snug enough in the mines in Siberia, or under the protection (a comfortable name for confinement) of the Russian police. Words waxed higher and higher, when the lady, suddenly rising, took my arm, and went in search of her sister, the long gentleman leaving behind him a look much longer than his sword, and which seemed to say "It will be my fault if I do not revenge myself upon you, my young traveller." By this time I had recovered myself, and thought as little of him as Barbarossa did of the Pope: I looked unutterable defiance, and left him to return, as the Persians say, "with a white face," the best way he could.

The ladies seemed dismayed, but very far from relinquishing our arms, certainly clung like ivy to the oak; and when I saw the husband of one or both of them collecting a mass of German adventurers, himself holding forth as the oracle, sometimes looking at us, and then at the police, I wished myself under the concealment of the lady's dress, where, like a blushing violet in the spring, I could only be discovered by removing the grass. My companion swore he would protect the dear object of his affections to the last drop of his blood—held up his Scotch head about a foot higher—advanced his Highland foot—cursed the whole nation up into all sorts of heaps—seized hold of his partner's waist, and, twisting her into the circle, exclaimed, "Come along, d—n them all!"

You may rely upon this, gentle reader—nothing brings the courage back to the sticking-post so much as a plain homely expression; this has been proved about one score of times. When Captain Brenton, in the Spartan, was surrounded by a host of enemies superior to his own ship, he called his ship's company on the quarter-deck, and merely said, "There they are, my lads—now, d—n them, we'll thrash them all in a moment, and when we get back to Portsmouth you shall have your Sallys on board, and I'll hand the pattens up!" I need not mention how gloriously this succeeded!

In spite of all anxieties, I danced with the same partner until three o'clock in the morning, at which hour I was quite as ignorant of who she might be as I was at the commencement of the evening. We now resolved to retire homeward, and at the conclusion of a dance I ventured to tell my partner that I should be happy to renew the acquaintance on the morrow, and see her own and not her varnished face. "But," said I at the conclusion, "my carriage is here, and is at your disposal." She answered, that she lived in the same direction as we did, and that herself and companion would accompany us, and feel obliged for the accommodation.

Every thing assumed a heavy appearance; the musicians, poor souls! played with less spirits; the ebullitions of youth were only manifested in languid kicks; the bear was nearly melted in one corner; and harlequin, like the Sleeping Beauty in the woods, curled up in another.

I called the carriage, and had already handed one of the ladies into

the vehicle, when I heard the cursed noise of the long gentleman: he looked at the scene with perfect *nonchalance*, and even told the coachman to go home. In vain I would here paint the raptures of that short interview, the fondness with which we shook hands, or rather held them in lover-like warmth. And here I must mention that I withdrew the glove, and rifled from off the finger of my beloved a ring; the treasure was conveyed, unseen by my companion, to my own hand, and I ardently wished to gaze upon the prize. The coach arrived at its destination; the bell rang, and the door opened. I offered the carriage to convey my love to her residence, which she declined, alighting without assistance, and, entering the house, walked up stairs. I flew to the lamp on the staircase, and examined my prize; it was a hair ring, with the words "Gieh mir ein Kus," on white silk, thereon. I followed with great astonishment and speed to my own room, and, on entering, saw I was attended by the long gentleman. The scene was fast drawing towards a close. I asked with violence what he meant by the intrusion; when, unmasking, I discovered my own valet-de-place, who wished to know at what hour I wanted the carriage the next day—and the ladies, eternal curses on all masquerades! were the two housemaids belonging to the establishment of Mynheer Jagor, the *hof-restauranteur* on the Linden!

## CHARADE.

Ride on, ride on, thou gallant chief,  
 To the distant battle-plain,  
 Where my *First*, in all its joy and grief,  
 Is ravaging amain—  
 Where the lifted steel gives warning brief,  
 And the life-blood falls like rain.

And press my *Second* to thine heart,  
 The pledge of thy lady fair,  
 Oh! guard it well—for the barbed dart  
 Its cluster'd folds may tear,  
 Or the sword those sunny links may part  
 Now wreathed so closely there.

The gallant knight, he knew his doom—  
 —As he waved his last farewell,  
 My *Whole* rush'd from the forest's gloom,  
 Muttering forbidden spell—  
 The rhyme, it was all of a chieftain's tomb,  
 The burthen was his knell!

And *she* too heard, that lady bright,  
 The words of doubt and fear—  
 They struck her young heart like a withering blight,  
 They dried in her eye the tear—  
 For she knew, ere the close of another night,  
 She should stand by her warrior's bier!

H. M.



## ODD ASSOCIATIONS.

“ ‘ Whiskers ! ’ cried the Queen of Navarre.”—*STERNE*.

“ Nous conservons le droit de penser, en secret,  
Mais la sottise prêche, et la raison se tait.”—*CHENIER*.

THE present age is, by universal agreement, considered to be the age of associations. Every thing, now, is effected by joint-stock companies and co-operative societies; and from a railway or a tunnel to the dissemination of a Methodist tract or the reclaiming of a drunkard, all functions, moral and political, are performed in common. Morality is *exploitée en grand* by the Vice-suppression Society, religion by the various missionary companies, politics by the Birmingham Society and its affiliations; light is served at every man's door by the Portable Gas Company, water is filtered on the same principle, and subscriptions are about forthwith to be taken for a conspiracy to deliver at demand, any where within four miles of the Royal Exchange, a hot mutton-chop and potatoes every day at six o'clock. Philosophers, politicians, political economists, and writers upon things in general, are very much at variance in the inferences which they draw from this state and aspect of the public mind. Some consider it as a masked form of atheism and rebellion, punishable like combination among the operatives; others regard it as an indication of the march of intellect, and quote the Society for retailing universal knowledge as a proof. Mr. Owen, who possesses in the highest degree the happy faculty of assimilating all things to his own desires, and sees vantage-ground even in obstacles and opposition—Mr. Owen, I say, views it as the advent of a mundane millennium; and the Rev. Mr. Wolff, instigated by what the lawyers call “malice against all mankind,” makes it a bundle for hastening the end of the world, through the conversion of the Jews. For my own part, having burned my fingers rather severely, by taking shares in a company for silvering Sheffield goods with moonbeams, I don't know very well what to think of it; but just at this moment, it strikes me as affording a good opportunity for writing a paper on the Association of Ideas.

And pray, Sir, what is an association of ideas?

How strange, Madam, that you should not know! Why, the very dancing misses talk on the association of ideas as they hurry through the suite of apartments in a gallopade. I will explain it to you in three words. “Man,” says David Hartley, “consists of two parts, body and mind.” Pray favour me with your attention; for nothing shows up the perversity of our species more than their persisting, as they do, to call poor Davy a materialist, after such a commencement. I take it, indeed, as the more kind in him to have set the world right upon this point by his bold begging of the question at the threshold of his volumes, because it was not at all necessary to the structure he was about to raise. Man might be composed of two parts, or of twenty, and his (that is, Hartley's) vibrations would have gone equally on all-fours. But this is beside my purpose. An association of ideas is after this manner:—“Any sensations, A, B, C, &c. by being associated together a sufficient number of times, get such a power over the corre-

sponding ideas, a, b, c, &c. that—" in short, Ma'am, did it never occur to you to lose the words of some part of a favourite song, and when you had tried to recollect them with all your might and main to no purpose, that they have recurred spontaneously while you were humming the air? That is an association of ideas: and now I beg you will not trouble me again this morning for a definition.

But, Sir, I never could turn a tune in all my life.

Then, Madam, in these "piping times," you will hardly get married. Did you never, when you wished to be reminded of something to be said or done on a future occasion, tie a knot on the corner of your pocket-handkerchief as a remembrancer? If you did, you tied an association of ideas between the things to be remembered and the sensation produced by the visible aspect of that knot: and provided you happened to blow your—(wipe your face, I mean)—at the proper juncture, it is a thousand to one that the desired recollection took place, as certainly as if you had written the whole down on the ass's-skin leaves of your memorandum-book. If you understand this proposition clearly, and will take the trouble to bear in mind that nature and circumstance unite to associate every idea as it rises with some others, which in their turn are associated with their predecessors, so that the whole are connected in one inextricable net-work of imagination,—you will know as much of the mechanism of the human intellect as Kant, Cousin, or Fichte himself;—but make no boast of it, "if you love me, Hal."

Of all the phenomena of thought, this same association of ideas is the most unlucky; and if it had pleased the Demiurgus of the Pagans (whom I sometimes almost suspect to have been thus denominated for doing his work so often by halves,) to have constructed "*la grosse partie par où on pense*" after some other fashion, it would have saved the world many an unhappy laugh in sermon time, not to speak of the thousand and one graver equivoques, errors, mistakes, and misapprehensions, which carry the fancy from Dan to Beersheba, or, (which is something farther,) from Pontius to Pilate, with the rapidity of a steam-coach, and often without the mind taking any cognizance of this extraordinary transfer.

You are to know, Madam, that man is not master of his associations; our ideas being very much in the predicament of a stage-coachman, and not permitted to choose their own company, but compelled to take up with the first that offers, be it never so filthy, discreditable, or vicious: and somehow or other it happens, either through the perversity of chance or through the variety of handles which every subject presents to the fancy, that things get so strangely connected in imaginations of any vivacity, that in nine cases out of ten, the graver the matter which presents itself, or the person who is the subject of our thoughts, the more likely it or he is to suggest some extravagant whimsicality of association, which sets all grace and decency at defiance, and discomposes the reverend decorum of feature with which gravity, real or personal, should ever be entertained. It is thus that a judge in his wig is so apt to put you in mind of an owl in an-ivy-bush; that a waddling alderman so often calls up the idea of a goose; and that a worthy divine every now and then tickles the public risi-

\* Hartley on Man.

bility with Queen Mab's ideal tail of a tithe-pig. How excessively dangerous this very mischievous law of the causation of our ideas is to religion and social order, and to that subdued course of thinking which it is the business of aristocracy to inculcate, appears in the earnestness with which theologians and statesmen assert that ridicule is no test of truth. Against sober seriousness, the men of art are armed at all points; and they can confute a grave train of argumentation with the same facility with which a good skittle-player can "tip all nine;" but if you once begin to jest with them, (their wit being inversely as their powers of ratiocination,) they are obliged to leave the field, like a snubbed cur with his tail between his legs, and have not a word left in their mouths. It is absolutely to no purpose that Parliament takes so much pains in passing laws to prevent the press from bringing things, sacred to the interests of the few, into contempt, and from holding up worn-out institutions to ridicule; for if there were no liberty of printing whatever, if Caxton, or Faust, or Wynkin de Worde had never existed, the simple and natural association of ideas (over which the law can hold no control) is amply sufficient to do all the mischief. It was but the other day that a state physician of great eminence applied the whole powers of his comprehensive intellect to compose a sentence of such pithy brevity as should exclude (if the thing were possible) all idea whatever,—and by consequence to prevent all association; the subject, too, was one of deep interest to right-thinking persons; yet, with four insignificant words, he set the wits of the whole nation woolgathering, and conjured up such terrible fancies, as exceeded the effect of the most direct libel that ever was prosecuted. I defy the penmen of the radical association, with Daniel O'Connell, M.P. at its head, to have concocted a manifesto more calculated to propagate discontent, render courts and courtiers a by-word, or to make sensible people ashamed and angry at the manner in which things may sometimes be managed under the best of all possible governments. Every body knows (to take another popular illustration of the danger of this meddling faculty of association) that we, in England, rejoice in a grave and reverend institute, commonly called the dramatic censure; and most persons who are given to what they suppose to be thinking, are aware how necessary this institution is to the purity of national theatres, and to the conservation of public morals.\* Now just observe what an unlucky association of ideas does in this case! By some strange fatality, the dullest dog that ever took words in their literal sense, and confined his fancy within the strict letter of the text, does not hear of a single "d—n me" expunged from a new play, without being at once reminded of certain "Broad grins," which are enough to corrupt an anchorite! Again, "East Retford" is a very innocent word, taken *per se*; it implies nothing but a congregation of pains-taking shopkeepers, with an odd clergyman, or attorney or so, living together, in the king's peace, and in all Christian charity. There is no offence in it whatever, more than in Brentford, or Old Windsor, or our good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed; yet, no sooner is the associative faculty called into activity,

\* Vide Sir R. Peel's no-reasons for continuing that institution. In this pleading of his, the worthy Secretary left the whole argument to the horrible associations of his hearers.

than it becomes a *boutefeu*, as incendiary and mischief-making a word as "popery," or "judaism," or "distress," or any other the most notorious stirrer up of strife in Johnson or his continuators. It sets every man, from one end of the kingdom to the other, "crowing like chanticleer" at the purity of Parliament, the honour and honesty of public characters, (all sacred to unexamined acceptance,) and makes even Tories laugh at our glorious constitution, as if it were a no more serious affair than Punch's puppet-show.

To enumerate the various ways in which association works, would be to sum up so many occasions which it gives for disturbing gravity, stirring rebellion against things serious, and playing the very devil with the decencies of life. To this faculty we must attribute the lamentable tendency in which mankind indulge, of making odious comparisons. A blockhead cannot be inducted into the Chancellor of the Exchequer's chair without suggesting a recollection of the great financiers who have held that office before him,—and thus making the victim of the comparison appear less than he really may be, by the contrast between some by-gone giant of arithmetic and his dwarfish self. By a similar process, a three hours' speech by Mr. Sadler, instead of fixing the attention of the auditory upon the reasoning it contains, is too apt to conjure up a recollection of some demonstration by Mills or Ricardo: and then the gravest speaker that ever sat behind the mace, would not prevent the house from coughing, scraping, and showing a culpable neglect of *Manners*. So, too, an Elr——n calls up the memory of a Watson, and a Bl——d reminds one of a Bathurst; which is the cruellest libel on episcopacy that malice could invent. This infernal association is the grave of all our pleasures; it evokes the shades of the Siddonses and the O'Neils, and of many other artists now unhappily dead to the mimic scene, to mar the efforts of their successors; it places Somerset-house beside the Vatican, measures poor Sir H. Davy with honest Isaac Walton of piscatory memory, and sinks devil-invoking Montgomery under a painful contrast with the power, the splendour, and intensity of feeling, of the immortal Byron. Now, if association would leave one alone to enjoy "the goods the gods provide," the things thus unduly weighed and found wanting, are not without their merits; but comparison is the ruin of them. Through this mischievous faculty it happens, also, that a man cannot revive the recollection of any thing good or great of the olden times, without being suspected of a side-blow at some great man in the actual possession of power; and so causing himself to be marked out for persecution, or, what is as bad, for exclusion from place and pension. One cannot touch upon Chatham without an implied evil intention towards E——h or A——n; or talk of Napoleon without a presumed censure of all the kings of Europe. This makes the policy of the Bourbons very questionable, in so frequently alluding to their ancestor Henry the Fourth: for while they take credit to themselves for participating in his popularity, association stands making faces behind their backs, and perversely calls on the people to mark the difference.

It is not sufficient that the association of ideas recalls things necessarily connected together in the order of nature by positive circumstance; the mischievous imp is constantly at work, operating by direct contraries. Not only the most innocent phrases thus become converted

into sarcasms; but it is impossible for a plain-spoken, single-hearted country gentleman to venture upon a speech at a county-meeting, retailing the opinions of his grandmother, without conjuring up ideas the very reverse of his intentions, confuting himself, and incurring an unjust suspicion of wicked irony and malice afore-thought against his most favourite predilections. If, for example, he talks of the "wisdom of Parliament,"—which was once a good and loyal phrase, and in which his grandmother, in common with her contemporaries, most potently believed, his hearers will burst forth in a horsc-laugh at his expense, and accuse him incontinently of quoting Cobbett. If he speaks of "the representatives of the people," association will suppose him to have an eye to Old Sarum; and if he mentions the piety, moderation, and humility of his spiritual pastors and masters, his auditors will at once set him down for being desirous to relieve his estates from the burthen of tithes. It is owing to this operation of the human mind that the words "just and necessary war" have fallen into such irretrievable ill repute, and have come to signify an abominable crusade against human liberty; that "legitimate government" means open tyranny; and a "legitimate king" a despot reigning in defiance of the public will, and by the force of foreign bayonets: so, too, "religion" has grown to mean pluralities, and a "friend of social order" has become synonymous for a pick-pocket on the great scale. A "man of honour" no longer intends a man above reproach, a *chevalier sans tache*, but a person who dares justify any thing, and who, having outraged public decency, or private feeling, has no hesitation, by way of atonement, to commit murder. "A saint" naturally and truly signifies an apostle, a martyr a man of unblemished morals and pure religion; but this *lucus-a-non-lucendo* mode of association translates it at once into an atrocious bigot, or a disgusting hypocrite. Just so it has made a "merchant" a gambler; "play," business; and "sporting," butchery. On the other hand, it has taught words of doubtful or vituperative signification to become applicable to things intrinsically laudable, and of good esteem. Thus, few persons now hesitate to rejoice in the appellation of Radical; and even Jacobin and Carbonari are terms which honest men do not wholly repudiate. This often makes it very uncertain what a speaker designs by his use of language. When we hear of a Tory, it is necessary to know something of the party who applies the epithet, to decide whether he predicates a royalist or a rebel, a stickler for divine right or a Parliamentary reformer;—when a man professes himself a Brunswicker, there is some reason for suspecting that he would give you to understand that he wishes the House of Hanover at Jericho. Need it be added, that the words "unpaid magistracy" may thus be mistaken as representing a class of distributors of justice which costs the country more than its highest stipendiaries; and that "*nulli vendemus*" is good Latin for a stamp upon law proceedings? In the same uncertainty is involved the phrase "sound learning and religious education," which by many are taken for an awkward periphrasis to signify useless knowledge and mischievous prejudice. By the subtle and unsuspected operation of this mode of association, an "accomplished girl" also implies an old ugly woman with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds; a "good man," intends a man of property; and a "respectable man," a rascal with a good coat on his back: "transportation" signifies a pro-

vision for life; "gallantry" is a decent appellative for adultery; and "pension" a reward for services to come.

Strange, also, are the operations of the association of ideas in uniting together things and persons which have, or ought to have, no acknowledged connexion. No one, for instance, reads a newspaper-list of marriages, without thinking of Malthus; or sees a Lord Charles riding down Rotten-row, without immediately calling to mind a parish work-house. Thus are "peer" and "actress" coupled "in the mind's eye, Horatio," and "theatre" and "bankruptcy;" thus "credit" suggests the idea of debt; and "whitewashing," instead of implying a coating of lime, intends, in ordinary parlance, the application of the Insolvent Act. But for some mischievous association, why should Lord Ellenborough remind one of a tame elephant?—or Cobbett of a gridiron? Why should Lawyer Scarlett put one in mind of Judge Jefferies?—Wetherell, of Grimaldi?—or Mr. Hume, of Cocker's Arithmetic? Association apart, a poet-laureate has nothing to do with a weather-cock—or a rat—or a dark-lantern—or a will-of-the-wisp—or a coat turned inside out; nor has Mr. Goulburn any relation to Sixteen String Jack, or to the Emperor of all the Conjurors.

But if I were to proceed to the full illustration of my subject, Algiers would be conquered, the National Debt paid, and the East India Company reconciled to parting with its Charter, before I had finished. Enough, however, is said to satisfy any reasonable person, that association is an unparliamentary faculty, and that it should forthwith be committed to the tutelage of the Commissioners for Education. Indeed, it may be doubted whether it is not indictable on the statute against frauds, or may not be put down by royal proclamation as *contra bonos mores*. Yet not one word of this appears in Dugald Stewart, or Reid, or in the statutes for regulating the new Royal Somerset-house University! "Mais aujourd'hui, je ne m'ébahis plus de rien." M.

#### THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

THINK not on me, my faithless friend,  
 In the glittering scenes of mirth,  
 Where thou lovest the festive night to spend  
 With the vain ones of the earth.  
 But ere the harp and the song of glee  
 Are heard from the lighted tower,  
 Let thy lingering thoughts be cast on me,  
 At the pensive Twilight Hour.

Oh! in halls like fabled fairy-land  
 Were thy words of friendship spoken,  
 But the truth I thought I might command,  
 Proved a fleeting fairy token;  
 Yet thou still may'st break the spell, if free  
 From the world's deluding power,  
 And thy heart may turn to peace and me,  
 In the calm of the Twilight Hour.

M. A.

\* \* "Now-a-days, nothing surprises me."—*Rabelais*. Rabelais certainly had a prophetic vision of the nineteenth century, for he has fairly got the start of it.

## A WET SUNDAY AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

"And pray, how was the Devil drest?  
 Oh, he was in his Sunday's best—  
 With a red coat, and breeches blue,  
 And a hole behind, where his tail came through."

"How do persons contrive to amuse themselves here on a wet Sunday?"

"They stay at home and read their Bible, Sir."

"But what do they do whose Bibles happen to be at the bottom of a trunk, beneath a miscellaneous assortment of travelling necessaries and conveniences?"

"We can lend you a Bible, if you please, Sir."

"Thank you; I'll ring for it presently."

This dialogue took place,

"As it fell upon a day  
 In the merry month of May,"

between a pedestrian tourist and a pretty black-eyed wench, who was chamber-maid, waiting-maid, har-maid, and hoots, at the Hafod Arms Hotel, Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire. She was pretty enough, smart enough, and lively enough, to have suggested to a traveller of Yorick's complexion many other ways of amusing himself, (under the circumstances,) than the one so properly proposed. Even I doubted the moral fitness of journeying a hundred miles to read the Bible at the Devil's Bridge. There is a time and a place for all things. "There is some help, too," says Cowley, "for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter." I set to work, therefore, and cut mine very considerably shorter. They were upon such a reduced estimate, indeed, that I do not think Joseph Hume himself would have had the conscience to make the "tottle of the whole," less.

It was a very miserable morning; the rain, ever and anon, dashed in gusty splashes against the window, and trickled down the panes, or collected in large uncomfortable-looking drops, on the frames, eight in a row, seldom more, and very often only five. It was one of my amusements to count them. The wind roared above, and the cataract roared beneath, the Devil's Bridge. The tops of the highest mountains were shrouded in undulating wreaths of mist. Kites, on level wing, sailed, wheeled, and poised themselves, up and down the romantic glen that faced my room, through which the turbid Rheidol foamed its way over enormous masses of black rock. To look upon such a scene out of a square hole in a wall three feet by two, called a window, instead of exploring it, wandering amid its sublime grandeur, and pausing at every step to *feel*, in silent homage, the stupendous majesty of Nature, was a penance which ought to have atoned for a great many more sins than I have ever committed.

The air was raw and chilly, and found its way through chinks and crevices in spite of brown paper, which had been humanely poked into some of them; so that the tips of my fingers grew shrivelled, the end of my nose was as cold as the North-pole, and my toes ached. There was a handsome fire-place in the room, and an elegant stove, which only wanted a comfortable turf fire, (such as I smelt in the kitchen,)

to make me enjoy my breakfast. But the grate was so black, and the bars were so bright, and the very chimney was so shining, as far as it was visible, that I was loth to disfigure such excellent housewifery. To say the truth, I don't think it had ever had a fire, for few persons travel this wild part in winter; and by way of hinting, I suppose, that an occasional Lapland day in summer must be borne with, there were no such implements to be seen as poker, shovel, and tongs.

Still the rain rattled against my window, and the wind roared, and the mist on the mountains deepened. A colony of swallows, that had settled themselves under the eaves of the house, seemed the only living things that enjoyed it. I would not swear, however, that their vagaries were meant to indicate their delight; but it certainly appeared to me as if they could not contain themselves for joy. They popped in and out of their nests, scudded before the wind, dipped, soared, chased each other, with all sorts of frolicsome motions, darted back to their nests, chirped and twittered, as if it was fine fun to them, and then sallied forth to repeat their gambols. Not so a melancholy, respectable-looking, elderly rook, whom I watched. Where he had come from I know not; and he seemed as much puzzled to make out where he had got to. His nest-tree must have been miles off; probably in some part of the noble grounds of Hafod House. He had alighted on the barren peak of a craggy rock which overhangs the grand cataract. Whether he had never seen it before, or whether the seeing it now reminded him how he had missed his way, was a doubtful point; for his *caw! caw!* was translateable into either "God bless me, how very fine!" or, "The Devil take it, I have come wrong!" A *caw! caw!* more expressive of surprise I never heard from a rook in my life; and I should be inclined to say it was the surprise of vexation; for after he had turned his head first on one side, then on the other, about half-a-dozen times, with that knowing air so peculiar to rooks and crows, he set off again from the glen, cawing all the way like a man who "grumbles in his gizzard audibly" as he trudges back the wrong road to get into the right one.

A plate of excellent toast, a loaf of home-made bread, some faultless butter, two eggs, which the hens had taken the trouble to lay that morning, half-a-dozen savoury slices from a kiln-dried ham, milk that would call a blush into the cheeks of the best London cream that was ever thickened with chalk, and bohea such as Shee himself would celebrate (no blunder, he who succeeded Lawrence,—Shee, and a genuine lover of bohea,) in the next edition of his "Rhymes on Art," made me for a moment, (a lover's moment, which is never less than an hour,) forget wind and rain and mist, and all that I had missed by being debarred from an early morning walk over the hills. So complacent even did my feelings become under the bland influence of this temperate luxury, that I benignantly opened an album which I had tossed from me the night before with superlative disdain.

Why is a book, commonly kept by one fool to be written in by other fools, called an *album*? "I have not the least idea," said an accomplished young gentleman, to whom I once put the question, just after he had been scribbling some lines in the album of one of our modern Sapphos, which proved he had not the least idea, not even such a little one as would have been large enough for an album.



The Album of the Devil's Bridge is just such a miscellaneous collection of wit and sentiment as we find upon the sides of the covered seats in Kensington Gardens, or upon the panes of glass in the windows of any inn not beyond the ordinary range of cockney excursions during the rural fever of the dog-days. Facetious rhymes addressed to the Devil, in praise of his own work, are innumerable. Then we are informed that "Miss Davis, of Llandilo," was here, and was "quite pleased;" but the lady omitting to say with what, some rude pen has supplied the omission. In another page, "G. Douglas, Esq. and C. Stretton, Esq." have modestly contented themselves with inscribing their names only: an after visitor (a friend, no doubt) labels them for posterity with this addition, "two d——d drunken fellows." A little farther on, I find that "Mr. and Mrs. Emery, of Newport, Monmouthshire," cannot eat their mutton at the Hafod Arms (and better mutton, or mutton better cooked, is not to be met with in the Principality) without making it known to all who may hereafter do the same thing. Last year, a "Brummagem" attorney, having fixed upon the long vacation for his honeymoon, records the interesting fact in as many lines as would cost a client six-and-eight-pence. "Be it held in everlasting remembrance," says he, "that on this day, Sept. 28, 1829, Mr. R.T.P. (Price?) of Birmingham, solicitor, with his wife and her bridesmaid, visited this place on their wedding excursion." (Methinks such excursions must be uncommonly uncomfortable to bridesmaids.) Immediately following this everlasting monument of hymeneal bliss, is a poet, who begins "Quicumque mecum culmina montium, &c.;" and he, in his turn, is followed by an amatory swain, who sings of "Love's darts," "piercing the hearts" of "Andrew White and Mary Brown," both of Lampeter.

I closed the Album and walked to the window. I felt the fidgets coming fast upon me. I tried to hum a tune, forgetting it was Sunday; but nothing could I hum, save "the rain it raineth every day." There were two cards on the chimney-piece, one on each side of a grotto made of alum, which I mistook for a petrification, and got laughed at by the pretty chambermaid for my blunder, though she assured me many other persons had fallen into a similar one. I read these cards twice over; criticized the style of both; admired the typographical execution of one, and laughed at the march-of-intellect pedantry of the other, where Anthony Allen, landlord of the Black Lion at Lampeter, late of the Golden Lion, at Narbeth, informed the "nobility, gentlemen, and his commercial friends," not that he had good beds, and that they were well aired, but that he paid "every attention to the *sleeping department!*" This announcement, moreover, was so ingeniously divided in two ornamental flourishes at the two bottom corners of the card, while the intermediate space was occupied with a notification to anglers, touching the superior advantages of the river Tivy for that sport, that, at first sight, it seemed to read thus—"Every attention paid to salmon and trout fishing." Tourists will find it a most delightful spot for angling in the "sleeping department!"

I can give no stronger proof of the situation to which I was reduced than this authentic relation of my amusements; and, were it necessary, I could farther tell the colours of the carpet, the pattern of the chairs, the length of the sofa, the number of cracks in the cornice, and the

very board which creaked under my steps as I paced up and down the room. Four times, in less than two hours, I saw the strapping cook-maid pass under my window with a heavy basket of turf on her arm, and I began to consider whether she was laying in a store for the whole day's consumption, or whether the kitchen fire could possibly burn such a quantity in so short a time. I decided in favour of the former, but could not imagine, as there was no immediate want, why she should waddle through the dirt and rain, unless it were that she knew, from physical prognostics of which I was ignorant, that, bad as the weather then was, it promised to be much worse.

It was now eleven o'clock—not a symptom of a fine day. The very swallows had left off their gambols, and the kites had departed to their nests among the highest crags. The wind had abated, but the rain had increased to such a degree as to give me a lively image of the Deluge. In no quarter of the heavens could I see a promising bit of blue sky; nowhere could I behold that semi-transparent appearance in the clouds which betokens the presence of the glorious sun behind, and foretells his triumph over the spongy element. My pretty chambermaid came into the room.

"Shall you sleep here to-night, Sir?" said she.

"Why do you ask, my dear?"

"Because of making your bed, Sir."

"I don't know; it will depend upon what the day turns out."

Five minutes afterwards, the worthy landlady made her appearance.

"Shall you dine here to-day, Sir?"

"What can I have?"

"Any thing you like, Sir."

"Have you any fish?"

"No, Sir. We get our sea-fish from Aberystwyth, and that is twelve miles off."

"But you have fine trout in the Mynach."

"We used to catch plenty of trout; but since the smelting-houses for the lead-mines have been established on the banks, the water that runs from them has played the deuce with the fish, and we don't see one in a month."

"You have excellent mutton, I know."

"Yes, Sir; but we are out of mutton to-day."

"I thought you killed your own mutton."

"Oh no, Sir. We get our mutton from Llanidloes, and that is fifteen miles off; but we kill our own chickens."

"Very well. A roast chicken will do, if I am forced to dine here; but it will depend upon the weather."

"Yes sure, Sir;" and she bobbed her curtsy, leaving the room with a detestable smile upon her countenance, as if she was sure of me.

I had now to "cut my wishes" still shorter. I hate chickens, and I love Welsh mutton and trout. I began to think with Dean Swift, that "the stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes;" while I tried to persuade myself, with Addison, that "a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world."

"After all," I exclaimed, "what have I to complain of? It happens to rain a little—no, not a little; but, little or much, who would not

prefer a thoroughly wet day amid these picturesque hills, and in sight of that romantic glen with its beautiful waterfall, to a mere April shower in Fleet-street or the Strand? I can get neither Welsh mutton nor trout from the Mynach; but what can be better than a barn-door chick, hatched out of such eggs as I had for breakfast? Besides, it cannot rain this way for ever, and a lovely evening will be doubly welcome coming after so cheerless a morning." Thus I soliloquised, and concluded with confessing that Sterne was right, "there is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defence."

I took a book out of my pocket, and sat down as quiet as a lamb to read it. It was "A Pleasant Conceited Comedy, whercin is showed how a man may choose a good wife from a bad. 1602;" ascribed, in Garrick's collection, in MS. to Joshua Cooke. What fulness of thought—what play of the imagination—what nervous simplicity of style, these fellows of the olden time possessed! Their writings have all that freshness and individuality which are the characteristics of minds that look into themselves. Whether much or little is found, something is sure to be found better than can be got from the undigested produce of other men's minds. This "pleasant conceited comedy" is an admirable drama; rich in humorous situations, sparkling with wit, original in characters, and containing some scenes and incidents of great force and beauty. It would act well, if adapted to the modern stage by one who had a true feeling of the only alterations it would require for such a purpose. How inimitably Charles Kemble would deliver the following "jest!"

- Fuller.* Love none at all; they will forswear themselves,  
And when you urge them with it, their replies  
Are, that Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries.
- Anselm.* You told me of a jest concerning that;  
I pry'thee let me bear it.
- Fuller.* That thou shalt.  
My mistress in a humour had protested  
That, above all the world, she lov'd me best:  
Saying, with suitors she was oft molested,  
But she had lodg'd her heart within my breast;  
And aware, (but me,) both by her mask and fan  
She never would so much as name a man.  
"Not name a man?" quoth I, "yet be advis'd,  
Not love a man but me! Let it be so."  
"You shall not think," quoth she, "my thoughts disguis'd  
In flattering language or dissembling show;  
I say again, and what I do I know,  
I will not name a man alive but you."  
Into her house I came at unaware;  
Her back was to me, and I was not seen;  
I stole behind her, till I had her fair,  
Then with my hands I closed both her een.  
She, blinded thus, beginneth to bethink her,  
Which of her lovers 'twas that did hoodwink her.  
First she begins to guess and name a man,  
That I well knew, but she had known far better;  
The next, I never did suspect till then;  
Still of my name I could not hear a letter;  
Then mad, she did name Robin, and then James,  
Till she had reckon'd up some twenty names:

At length, when she had counted up a score,  
 As *one among the rest*, she hit on me:  
 I ask'd her if she could not reckon more,  
 And pluck'd away my hands to let her see;  
 But, when she look'd back and saw me behind her,  
 She blush'd and ask'd if it were I did blind her?  
 And since, *I* swear, both by her mask and fan,  
 To trust no she-tongue that can name a man."

A bright annbeam fell upon my page, in the second scene of the fifth act, while I was pondering on the bitter truth contained in the first two lines of the following passage, the whole of which had deeply fixed my attention by its simple pathos:—

*O Misery! thou never found'st a friend:  
 All friends forsake men in adversity:  
 My brother hath denied to succour me,  
 U'braiding me with name of murderer;  
 My uncles double-bar their doors against me:  
 My father hath denied to shelter me,  
 And curs'd me worse than Adam did vile Eve.  
 I that, within these two days, had more friends  
 Than I could number with arithmetic,  
 Have now no more than one poor cypher is,  
 And that poor cypher I supply myself.  
 All that I durst commit my fortunes to  
 I have tried, and find none to relieve my wants.  
 My sudden flight, and fear of future shame,  
 Left me unfurnish'd of all necessaries,  
 And these three days I have not tasted food."*

The touch of Ithuriel's spear was not more electrical in restoring Satan to his original shape, than this sunbeam was in restoring me to my original self. I threw down the book. I sallied forth. The sky was at once stormy and serene; above me, it was laughing summer; towards the horizon voluminous masses of dark clouds were rolling themselves sullenly away in every varied form of Alpine mountain, frowning battlements, and vast forests of impenetrable gloom. I stood upon a bold projecting crag which overhung the Rheidol, and watched its roaring waters, leaping, thundering, and meandering down the glen, winning its chafed course to the ocean through a channel strewn with enormous fragments of black shining rock, which looked as if they could have been hurled there only by giants of a former world, or some terrible convulsion of this. It was a scene of grandeur and desolation, of magnificence and ruin, as much beyond the power of language to describe as of the pencil to pourtray. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, mountains piled upon mountains reared their majestic summits, and spread their vast sweeps of abrupt or gradual ascent. Some of them were covered with woods, dense, sombre, and interminable; some were entirely barren, and exhibited features of savage beauty in their rugged chasms, beetling promontories and craggy defiles; some were tinted with the hues of the various mosses which alone clothed their sides; others, fruitful of a short but abundant herbage, had flocks of sheep and cattle browsing along their ridges, and looking no bigger than hares and kids: while here and there might be seen patches of cultivation, the green pasture, and the sloping corn-field, reposing in sheltered valleys, spread out at the feet of these gigantic hills. Mountain streams, clear, sparkling, and falling upon the

ear in lulling murmurs, descended on all sides, sometimes like a silver thread twining a long and rocky channel, now partially concealed by trees and underwood, now gushing forth in graceful curves, and then bounding over a jutting crag, forming a pretty cataract in miniature; or, at others, falling in broad sheets over zig-zag ledges of rock with the most picturesque effect imaginable. Contrasted with these living waters were the huge dark fissures through which, in winter, roll the turbid torrents which are formed by the melting snows and heavy rains.

I did not intend to attempt any description of the scenery of this enchanting spot; not because I consider myself unable to do justice to it,—quite the reverse—but because I mean to publish a splendid quarto volume, with plates, from drawings made by my eldest daughter, (a charming girl, who has just left boarding-school, with a decided taste for poetry and painting,) who is coming down here in the course of the summer; I shall call it “A Sentimental Tour among the Welsh Mountains.”

When I had satiated myself, or rather, when I grew absolutely fatigued with ecstasy and admiration, I proceeded on my road to a spot called the “Parson's Bridge.” Before I left the Hafod Arms, I obtained the requisite information for finding out this place. I was to walk along till I came to a church; and I was to go through the churchyard, and then I should see a path which would lead me to the Parson's Bridge. I detest the common-place mode of hiring a guide on these occasions, who conducts you by some beaten road, and entertains you all the way with a hacknied cut-and-dry description of “beauties which he never saw, and raptures which he never felt.” Half the pleasure is to explore, to toil, and to wonder, in silence, what novelty awaits you at every turn, or what scene is to be spread before you when you stand panting on the top of some hill, up which you have managed to scramble at the expense of violating every grace of figure, and all elegance of motion.

I came to the church, which I mistook at first for a small farm-house, as any one might from its appearance; nor was it till I saw the porch, the bell at one end, with a long iron chain descending from it for the purpose of ringing it, and the little black gravestones, set in white frames of wood and plaster, that it was a church. I made for the churchyard, but the gate had a padlock on it.

Here I may be allowed to express my regret that they who had the care of my education never thought of having me taught Welsh. The neglect has already proved the source of some serious inconveniences, and God knows how many more I may yet have to endure before I get out of the principality. When I first entered it, I very innocently inquired the name of every place I came to, and of every unknown object I met with; but the answers I received were just as intelligible to me as if I had been travelling among the Magyars, whose *Hogy, Wogy, Pogy* poetry Dr. Bowring has so beautifully translated. The alphabet was no assistance to me. Written words, or appellatives, were as unreadable as their pronunciation was unpronounceable. The last effort I made was at a turnpike-gate, between Pennybont and Rhayader, in Radnorshire. The name of the gate was painted on the toll-board; it consisted of about eleven consonants and one vowel, as thus, Cwmhd-

fgorbdt. I asked the old woman in a man's hat (with a red milk handkerchief tied under it so as to cover both her ears, and hang down in a comfortable tail behind), who kept it, what was the name of the gate? "Cumbodfigorbith, Sir."—"Cumbodfigorbith?"—"Yes, sure, Sir."—"Cumbodfigorbith," I repeated, as I walked on, but immediately stopped to write it down in my note-book, quite satisfied it was not a word that could be carried safe in the memory another hundred yards.

But to return to the churchyard. The gate, as I have said, was padlocked; there was a small house close to it, the only habitation in sight. I knocked at the door. A rosy-cheeked lass, with a malicious pair of black eyes, that scarcely eighteen summers' suns had looked upon, came to it.

"I see the gate of the churchyard is locked," said I.

"Yes."

"Will it be opened soon?"

"Not soon."

"What am I to do? This is the way to the Parson's Bridge, I believe?—Is there any other way?"

"Round-about."

"Round-about?"

"Round-about."

I now found that she could only understand English a little, and could hardly speak it at all. She looked mortified and embarrassed, in spite of a very innocent and good-humoured smile, which gave her an opportunity of disclosing a set of exquisitely white teeth. I wished from the bottom of my heart that I could speak Welsh, for there was a something in her manner and appearance which told me we could have carried on a very interesting conversation; but I could not, so I tried to make the most I could of her round-about.

"Do you mean through that gate?" said I, pointing to one half off its hinges, which seemed to lead into a cow-yard, where two pigs were enjoying all the luxury of muck up to their very snouts.

"Yes—round-about," she repeated, at the same time waving her hand with a semicircular motion, to indicate the road I was to go.

I took the hint and departed; disputed the muck with the pigs, and discovered a narrow path which wound round the back of the churchyard. This I followed, and soon emerged into a better road, which conducted me over a lofty hill, and thence, by a circuitous track, to the edge of a precipice, where I saw, two or three hundred feet beneath me, the object of my search; but I saw no way of getting to it, except by a lover's leap, which nothing in my then situation called upon me to make. I knew, however, there must be a way, and after a little trouble I found it, though it required any thing but a little trouble to accomplish my descent, some portion of which I effected in the most undignified of all imaginable postures, as my nether garments testified when I arrived at the bottom.

For the reason already stated (I mean out of regard to my quarto volume), I shall not describe the scene that presented itself, farther than saying, that ten times the toil and peril, and twenty times the amount of damage done to the lower part of my attire, would have been amply compensated by what I felt as I sat and gazed around. The Parson's Bridge consisted of a rude and decayed plank thrown

across a frightful chasm, with a hand-rail on one side only, while beneath a boiling whirlpool roars and eddies with terrific din. What concern the Devil may have had in building the structure which bears his name I know not; but, unquestionably, the parson who built this bridge, or caused it to be built, was not only the superior architect, but evinced superior taste as to local beauty. I learned, upon inquiry, that it was actually erected by a parson, some fifty or sixty years ago, for the convenience of serving the two churches he had under his care, and which, by means of this bridge and a walk over the hills, he was enabled to do with a saving of several miles' distance.

It was late in the evening when I returned to the Hafod Arms, with an appetite better adapted for a turkey than a chicken. As I approached the house, a sudden bend in the road discovered my pretty chambermaid engaged in a piece of innocent flirtation with a tall strapping youngster, who had bold of her hand in a very tender manner. She blushed a little as I passed. I was too hungry to moralize or be sentimental. I proceeded to "mine inn," and regaled myself temperately upon one of the smallest chickens I ever saw, except under the maternal care of a hen.

P. P. P.

## THE TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

WHAT are the vaunted treasures of the earth,  
The pomp of glittering gems, of gold, and lands,  
Fair palaces that echo festal mirth,  
Pageants of pride, and kneeling vassal bands?  
The eye may rove these dazzling phantoms o'er,  
But the heart asks for more.

What better gifts has earth?—the crown of bays,  
By warrior and by minstrel fondly woo'd,  
Friendship's kind smile, the social circle's praise,  
Love's fond caress, the tear of gratitude?  
These are more dear than all that wealth can pour;  
Yet the heart asks for more.

It asks a land where dreams of bliss deceive not,  
Where hearts and feelings are not bought and sold,  
Where Envy's shafts of dear-won fame bereave not,  
Where Love is never false, nor Friendship cold,  
And where the spirit to pure joys may soar,  
Nor feel a wish for more.

There is that land—there let the Christian render  
The homage of his heart, his lips, his eyes,  
And turn from this false world's deceitful splendour,  
Its hollow gladnesses, and faithless ties,  
To seek those heavenly treasures, whose bright store  
Endures for evermore! M. A.

## ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.

I HAVE avoided as much as possible in these Anecdotes any mention of the Russian army and navy, determining to reserve these important points for the subject of the last paper. Russia has grown so formidable since her late advances in Asia and her conquests in Turkey, that the subject becomes more interesting than heretofore, and I much regret that my information on this important point is not so comprehensive as I could have wished.

The manner of raising troops in Russia has often been described: a levy of two or four men out of every five hundred is the general mode; these men are brought for examination to head-quarters, either at Moscow, Novogorod, Petersburg, or to the nearest city, where examinations of the new recruits take place. The business is conducted in the following manner: the governor, attended by the proper subordinate officers, and with a surgeon, takes his place in the council-room (I speak here of Moscow, where I saw it); soldiers, of course, are in attendance—and I may here remark, that I do not know of any meeting in Russia, whether innocent or important, that has not the honour of a guard and a wholesome sprinkling of the police. The man selected for a recruit is conducted before this assembly in a perfect state of nudity, and is, as with us, carefully examined by the surgeon; if the slave is sound, he is made over to the officer, who measures him with the standard; if he is of the proper height, and no defect found, he is sent into another apartment, where the front of his head is shaved; but if he is rejected, as short of the necessary height, bodily infirmity, or deformity, the back part of the head is shorn of its dirty locks, to prevent him from appearing again among the new levies, and the lucky wretch is returned to his master. No sooner, however, is a slave proclaimed as sound, and his front shaved, then he is sent down in the court-yard below to be taken to the barracks; his female relations commence a howl of no common lamentation; the new soldier roars and cries most piteously, and it appears almost impossible that such true and affectionate hearts could be divided. The stick of the sergeant has a wonderful effect in removing unpleasant ideas; the slave of the Emperor is dressed in his regimentals; his wife, children, relations, and connexions are forgotten, a little quass drowns all grief, and, three days afterwards, he will be as upright as any man in the regiment, will handle his musket like an experienced soldier, and you will find him as sentinel before a guard-house.

The general aptitude of the Russians to imitate is extraordinary, and whether soldier or sailor, mechanic or musician, knowledge seems to come by inspiration, or by the assistance of the stick. At a review of the new levies, it was reported that some men were required to complete the band; the officer walked down the ranks, and without asking any questions as to musical accomplishment or correctness of ear, marked any man who struck his fancy—one to play the clarionet, another the flute, another the bassoon, and so on. In about a month, the new performers were playing with the regular band, and seemed to understand what they were about. In Russia, military discipline is carried to a greater extent than in any country in the world; the men seem to consider the officers as altogether a superior class of mortals, and the



officers had an idea that the Emperor was above all human creatures. I have seen an officer find fault with the dress of one of his men, and strike him severely in the face; the man never stirred an inch, but stood on his ground with shouldered arms, while the officer repeated the compliment four or five times. The man positively never moved, or hardly blinked his eyes. They are mere machines; and to such a pitch of excellence is discipline carried, that in the Emperor's palace at Petersburg two sentinels stood at the door leading to his apartments, and so motionless were these men, that I actually mistook them for wax-work figures dressed up, and called my companion to remark the splendid specimen, before I discovered they were real soldiers.

The dress of the Russian army is worthy of imitation elsewhere. The great coat looks well, and the regiments always are externally clean. The clothes fit to a nicety, and when buttoned-up, even after a long march, they appear ready for parade. I believe Lord Londonderry has made the same remark; but it is impossible to escape the eye of a military man, that although the Russians are the best-dressed soldiers in the world—they are very far from being the best fed or the best paid; but they have this consolation, that from the instant they are enrolled as the Emperor's slaves, they never return to subordinate slavery again.

Every nobleman is a military officer, and every rank in Russia is governed by the military rank of the man. To such an extent is this carried, that a merchant of the first guild, and first rank, whose name is enrolled in the velvet book, and who is entitled to wear a sword, go to court, and to pay four thousand rubles annually for the above honours, ranks with an ensign in the army, the latter being, I believe, of the seventeenth-rate nobility; at the same time that a maid-of-honour to the Empress has the rank of a major-general, and consequently of the third nobility. It is nearly time, now the march of intellect has walked even to Russia, that such absurdity, such useless absurdity, should be abolished. It by no means follows that, because you are a nobleman, you are to be well paid; a general at the head of his brigade receives only 1000 rubles per annum, and should any unfortunate shot deprive him of an arm or leg, he has no half-pay, no pension-list, no retiring annuity—in short, he may live or starve upon his nobility. It is owing to this that foreigners hear in Russia of the mean behaviour of the officers at every corner; and knowing what I do know, I believe Clarke's remark upon this head. Again, the officers of the Russian army undergo a greater deprivation than any men in the world. If the young aspirant after nobility be rich, he will, of course, be in the Chevalier Guards; these are quartered always in the capitals, and are only withdrawn to attend upon the Emperor; but from the moment that a poorer man joins his insignificant regiment, from that moment he ceases to hope that he can again reside in either of the two capitals: he may march away to Tobolski, and there have the gratification of knowing he is not absolutely an exile; and lucky, very lucky is the man who finds himself quartered in Livonia or Courland. I have heard no few complaints on this head.

The Russian navy, which has of late years so wonderfully increased, might be a good example, in some instances, for even the British navy to follow. For instance, Russia well knows that ten gun-brigs and small frigates are not likely to stand much chance against the French corvettes

or the Swedish frigates; the ships they build are large, and capable of being placed alongside of the ships of any nation without endangering the character of the captains; and if they are constructed hastily, and of green wood, they last the time (about five years) which it was calculated at the building would be the time required for their service. At Petersburg they build a ship and her crew at the same time: when the keel is laid down, the captain and officers are appointed, and the crew marched from the military colonies to the dockyard; here they assist in conveying the timbers, planks, &c. to their destination; and when not employed in this manner, they are sent on board a small frigate, which is continually practising naval tactics on the Neva: the ship finished, all hands are launched at once; if she is intended for immediate service, she is conveyed on the camels over the bar, and floated down to Cronstadt.

But the Russian navy requires much alteration before it can ever cope with the navies of France or England. Although a Russian becomes a sailor in a week, it is a long time before the officers become seamen, and it will be a much longer time before the stores are used for proper purposes. The mistake of not having pursers, and allowing the captains a certain sum for the provisions of the crew, is pregnant with numerous temptations for a Russian to be dishonest. The captain's personal pay would hardly be sufficient to purchase his epaulettes; he must make a show: the consequence is, that the men, instead of being fed three times a day, are generally only fed once, and this in such a scrambling, dirty manner as to disgust any thing but a pig or a Russian. To be sure, a Russian marched from the military colonies has not revelled in luxuries, and consequently requires less than one who has regaled himself with decent food in a better country. The crew being deprived of their proper allowance to fill the pocket of the captain, is doubtless a very great injury to the service, but the appropriation of the Government stores to the replenishing of the captain's purse is another grievous drawback to the proper appearance and readiness of the Russian navy. It is not many years ago, and during the brilliant government of the present Emperor, that a frigate had been properly equipped for foreign service at the dockyard in Cronstadt; when she was ready for sea she was not immediately wanted, and remained, furling and unfurling sails, &c. before the dockyard; at last, down came the mandate to go to sea immediately, and to proceed to the Mediterranean; the next morning the frigate was still at the anchorage, and not likely to start. Complaints were made from Petersburg, and orders sent for her immediate departure. It was all in vain; the captain had sold her spare sails and cables, and could not sail until again supplied. They did order a court-martial on the officer, but I believe it was somehow hushed up.

During the operations of the Russian army before Varna, and the numerous splendid military operations to take a town with hardly any defence, the Emperor embarked on board Admiral Gregg's ship, and was accompanied by the other ships of the Russian squadron. On board of one of these ships a captain of the English navy happened to find himself. The squadron sailed, and the English captain expressed himself much pleased with the rapidity and correctness with which the different manœuvres were executed. Night approached, the topsails were

reefed, and every thing reminded him of his own profession : but the Black is a treacherous sea, and the cloudless sunset is often followed by a stormy night. About midnight a cloud appeared in the horizon, and about one o'clock in the morning it hurst, in the shape of a shower of rain, and then a squall, which, as the sailors say, "was enough to blow the Devil's horns off his head:" this was very unkind of the clerk of the weather. The watch did all they could to relieve the ship, letting fly the fore and main-sheets, lowering the top-sails; and what they could not let fly, the wind was kind enough to do for them: then, instead of the cool, commanding voice of an officer accustomed to these untoward events, came all the confusion of a new crew, a new captain, and passengers aboard. Our countryman was, of course, on deck in a moment. Although he had a great respect for the Russian talent, he thought a little kind assistance might be desirable. At this time, the topsails were blown from the bolt-ropes; the courses were blown to the Devil, and the fore-topmast staysail-sheet was making as much noise as a French postilion's whip when the wretch awakens the slumbering inhabitants of a peaceful village; the crew were looking all ways but the right; the passengers sick, and the captain frightened. "Squally weather, master captain," said my friend to the Russian captain (who, by the by, was an Italian); "how does it look to windward?" This was answered by a comfortable mixture of every language under the sun, which ultimately dwindled down to a compound of French and *Lingua-Franca*.

*English Capt.* Blowing great guns. Why the Devil don't you haul the fore-topmast-staysail down, that a man may bear himself speak? I say, Signor Capitano, how far are we from the land; for I see the wind has shifted, and it is now under our lee?

*Russian Capt.* Not far, I suppose. Holy St. Nicholas! how it is blowing. What shall we do?

*English Capt.* What shall we do? why, send your men aloft; and if they can't save the ribbons, cut the sail away from the yards. Get the spare ones up—I suppose they are all fitted and ready. Wait till the squall subsides a little—hend the new ones—close reef, and we may yet clear the land. Why, your rascally helmsman has nearly got the ship before the wind. Luff! you infernal hound! I wish I could speak Russian.

*Russian Capt.* How very unlucky! Close to the land—lee shore, and the spare sails are—

*English Capt.* In the sail-room, of course. Come, get them up at once. There goes the main-top-gallant-mast!—nice work for the main-top-mast to-night. By George! it looks blacker and blacker; and how confoundedly quick this rascally sea has got up! Come, come, Signor Mio, we have no time to lose!

*Russian Capt.* No, none—and the sails are all on shore, for tents for the soldiers! We have not a stitch or a spar on board. Did not you know this before you embarked?

*English Capt.* No, hy G——! or you would not have caught me here. What! no spare sails on board? Why, we shall all go to the Devil by to-morrow evening, if there is no anchoring ground.

*Russian Capt.* No, there is no anchorage on any part of the coast; and besides, we have only one cable on board—I sold the others at Odessa.

The clerk of the weather saved them by changing the wind, although, by dint of some exertions on the part of the crew, the sails were unbent, and repaired in such a manner as to take the ship to Sebastapol.

This is a pretty fair sketch of the Russian navy, although I have heard many naval officers in our service mention the great improvement which has lately taken place in their fleets. Now, the business of the sails being on shore for tents for the army, is a pretty convincing proof how very badly they must have been provided at the commencement of the war; and allowing the ships to go to sea unprovided with even one spare course or topsail is a pretty evident demonstration of the bad management of their fleets—one single squall left the ship at the mercy of the winds and waves.

The first year of the war with Turkey, the whole concern was very unpopular with the Russian nobles. They did not relish the diminution of their wealth by the relinquishing of their slaves; and when the new levies made the numbers at twelve to every five hundred, the nobility began to be very disgusted with public measures. Their discontent increased at the conclusion of 1828, when, far from achieving any great and wonderful exploit, the different public journals of Europe laughed at the supposed failure of the Russians. It was quite in vain that every fortnight in St. Petersburg they paraded about the streets old rags, bunches of keys—the former the flags, and the latter the keys of taken fortresses—the better class were not to be gulled, and the amazing loss sustained by the Russians was, perhaps, only concealed from the Emperor. It is well known that on many occasions, when the Emperor desired a review of some of his troops, that regiments had been kept out of action on purpose to amuse the sovereign with entire squadrons; and thus the actual loss of nearly whole regiments was counterbalanced in appearance. I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind, that had not the second year amply compensated for the mismanagement of the former, a revolution in Russia would not have been an unlikely termination of the war. The Poles are far from being enraptured with their present situation. The nobility are, in general, discontented: the want of common justice; the necessity of a revision of the penal code, if it can be called by that dignified appellation; the wish of a more independent state of society, all conspire to render the present Government of Russia tottering and unpopular. Even now some of the Russians begin to speak out. In Dobell's work, lately published in this country, he makes strange independent remarks: for instance—"Where money can crush justice, or where it is only necessary for procuring it, surely the best code of laws is but a dead letter, obsolete and useless."\* If a Russian ventures to say so much, he must feel the degradation of his country, and set at defiance the bleak habitations of Siberia. In vain has Mr. Dobell endeavoured to save himself the uncomfortable journey by recommending the penal code of Russia to be followed by all the civilized nations of the world. This is rather too much, and is thus modestly set forth:—"Having seen the good effects of the penal code in Russia, what I say on the subject is no more than what truth and justice demands, and I wish, for humanity's sake, that so bright an example, which sheds a ray of unsullied glory

\* Dobell, vol. ii. p. 175.

on her sovereign, may be followed with equal success by every nation of the earth ;\* and two minutes afterwards there appears the following :—“ Vainly does a nation boast the goodness of her laws, when they are badly administered.” But the very idea of recommending the laws of Russia to be followed, or rather obeyed, by any nation on the face of God’s earth, is to fancy that there exists other people as foolish and as fond of slavery as the Russians. What kind of law is it that says a man shall not suffer death for any crime ; and when it suits the dignity of the Emperor, without consulting his mock, useless council, he desires his hangman to execute five of his subjects, and has them dangling in ungraceful attitudes from the walls of the Fortress of St. Petersburg ?

Much more creditable would it be for Russia to commence internal improvements, to ameliorate the condition of her people, to amend her laws, and increase her prosperity, than to chastise the Turk, or advance her already too far extended boundary in Asia. In the flourishing distant colonies of that delightful abode “ Siberia,” we are told by Dobell, (and we are bound to believe him on this point, as he nearly lost his life in going from one place to another,) that the different stations—that is to say, the villages, are, between Yakutsk to Ochotak, at the small distance of 150 to 250 wersts apart ;† and that the law is administered, as I said before his book was published, exactly in the ratio of the rubles given to the judge. Look at the communication between Petersburg and Moscow—roads, in this enlightened age, made of trunks of trees, exactly in the manner their barbarous ancestors first invented them ! Between Moscow and Tula on one side, and Warsaw on the other, no man can give a sufficiently bad description of the communication ; and it has been generally remarked, that the roads are a proof of the state of civilization of a country.

Let any unbiassed traveller look at the state of actual barbarity, ignorance, and bigotry in the lower class of Russians—slaves by nature and by habit, low in principle, dirty, disgusting, and brutal ; a mixture of religion and theft—crossing themselves with one hand and picking a pocket with the other ; notorious thieves on every occasion, and bigots and fanatics beyond description ; and it was with these people that the splendid wisdom of the Emperor Alexander would have commenced his emancipation ! and which, had it taken place, would have been more pernicious to Russia than a continuance in her present slavery. The middle class of Russian society has vastly improved of late years ; the constant intercourse with foreigners, the excitement of emulation, and the increase of trade, have filled the purses, without clogging the brains of the merchants. Among this class of people, although kept at a suitable distance from the dignity of a Lieutenant of the Chevalier Guards, there is much information and much sound sense : they are gradually emancipating their minds from the bigotry of their ancestors ; they have mostly condescended to relinquish the goatish appendage of a beard, and the national costume has given way to the general Continental dress.

In the higher class of society, of course, all the good and all the bad qualities of the mind are happily jumbled together. The females receive good educations, and are in general sprightly, witty, and well-

\* Vol. i. p. 336.

† Vol. ii. p. 123.

informed in common accomplishments, with the exception of music—in this last there is a lamentable deficiency. The young ladies of the nobility are conversant almost always in three languages, French, German, and Russian; but the Russian is not a studied language, and I have known many of the age of fourteen who could not write it; indeed, I shall not subject myself to contradiction when I mention that, about eight years ago, the Governor-general of Moscow began to learn to write his own language—for all conversations among the higher classes, and all written communications, are almost entirely made in the French language. I remember a young gentleman at Moscow, a sharp, clever, intelligent lad, who spoke English, French, German, and Russian, but could not write or read the latter. They are all miserably defective in deep reading; the difficulty of getting books, and the still greater difficulty of publishing, have been the great drawback to positive learning. There is much good and polished society in Russia; and among the first-rate nobility, men of the best behaviour and soundest talents are to be found. It is out of the first society, between the second-rate nobility—I mean those who principally reside in the country—that all the vulgarity, and all the barbarity of their ancestors have not been eradicated.

Russia is making great progress in her different manufactures; the duties on foreign articles are immensely heavy, and the new tariff has by no means lightened the tax. Officers of the army are obliged to wear cloth manufactured in Russia; the example has been set by the Emperor, and, notwithstanding its coarseness, it is in very general use. The mines are prolific, and the whole of Russia internally is assuming a new and more imposing feature. But that which is most requisite is most neglected—agriculture. A stranger can form no idea of the miles of woods through which he traverses, and which, if cleared, might be turned to much better use than sheltering wolves and bears. After passing Ichora, about thirty wersts from Petersburg, nearly the whole route to Moscow is one interminable forest. Turning the attention to agriculture, establishing villages, and making a few free men, would add more to the respectability of Russia than all her late aggrandisement.

But the state of society in Russia is the first thing that ought to be altered, either by the Emperor or by the nobles. One can scarcely imagine a nation much in love with their laws, when every family has one, two, or more members in exile—and these exiles within twenty days' march of the capital—and that each family should calmly hear the sentence pronounced, after a mock trial, or perhaps no trial at all, which separates some of the members of the family for ever. That the present Emperor should have denied an emancipation of the nobles, which his brother drew up for the noblemen's slaves, is a riddle; and that those men who had the spirit to strangle a Paul, have not left sons capable of assisting in procuring their freedom is a still greater riddle. I confess, to me the circumstance is inexplicable, that men, who now no longer are savages, but civilized beings, brave, talented, and noble, should basely crouch to the Turk-like tyranny of the present Emperor. Not that he is one jot worse than his predecessors; but that they have improved, and that, having the example of France before their eyes, they should be contented to remain in a state of slavery, from which

even the half-mongrel castes of South America emancipated themselves, when the yoke was not half so galling, or half so unjust.

The present Emperor of Russia is a man of great courage, and, doubtless, great abilities: he is no sluggard; his days are spent in attending to the public concerns, but not always to the public benefit: he is decidedly the first gentleman in his dominions, and no man can detract from his private character. He is a fond and attentive husband, a kind and most excellent father, and a sincere and steady friend. His private character will bear the closest scrutiny, nor have I heard the breath of scandal ever sully his fair fame. It is needless to mention the beautiful daughter of the King of Prussia, the present Empress; suffice it to say that she has evidently the good disposition to follow the example of the late Empress-Mother; she is virtuous, kind, and affable—a very fit woman to shame the ladies of the profligate nobility, to correct their loose morals, and to improve the general state of society. It is rather to be regretted that they live in such a state of retirement; for in a country like Russia, the nobles require the benefit of good examples constantly before their eyes.

It will be seen, that in these papers on Russia I have not wilfully detracted from the merits of the Russians where I have had an opportunity of commending; neither have I, like some late writers, seen in the Russians the finest, the bravest, and most civilized people in the world; nor am I inclined to pin my faith to the following extract from Dobell's late work. Speaking of the greatness of his country, he has written, "Whose government is energetic, whose industry is flourishing, whose soil is prolific, whose resources are inexhaustible, whose people are brave and *virtuous* (!), whose monarch is renowned for his wisdom, valour, and honour, has a fair claim to be considered as amongst the mighty and impregnable bulwarks of religion (!) and civilization." (!!) I do not find fault with the praise bestowed upon the Emperor, but I take the liberty to say that the Turks are not half so blindly bigoted in religion as the lower class of Russians; and as for civilization, men who wear long beards, live in log huts, hardly change their dress once a year, sleep in their clothes, and eat with their fingers, are not what I should call fit people to boast of being the hulwark of civilization. And thus, in concluding these papers, I sincerely hope that the next traveller will give a more improving account of my Northern friends, and that the Russian nobility may assume a spirit which will place them under the government of their collective wisdom, and free from the caprice and thralldom of one man.

## EPIGRAM.

"Ah cruel wretch!" indignant Damon said:  
 "'Tis plain you wish your elder brother dead."  
 "Nay, God forbid!" quoth Tom; "Not I, Sir, never;  
 Those we wish dead, 'tis said, live on for ever."

## THE SICK CHAMBER.

WHAT a difference between this subject and my last—a "Free Admission!" Yet from the crowded theatre to the sick chamber, from the noise, the glare, the keen delight, to the loneliness, the darkness, the dulness, and the pain, there is but one step. A breath of air, an overhanging cloud effects it; and though the transition is made in an instant, it seems as if it would last for ever. A sudden illness not only puts a stop to the career of our triumphs and agreeable sensations, but blots out and cancels all recollection of and desire for them. We lose the relish of enjoyment; we are effectually cured of our romance. Our bodies are confined to our beds; nor can our thoughts wantonly detach themselves and take the road to pleasure, but turn back with doubt and loathing at the faint, evanescent phantom which has usurped its place. If the folding-doors of the imagination were thrown open or left a-jar, so that from the disordered couch where we lay, we could still hail the vista of the past or future, and see the gay and gorgeous visions floating at a distance, however denied to our embrace, the contrast, though mortifying, might have something soothing in it, the mock-splendour might be the greater for the actual gloom: but the misery is that we cannot conceive any thing beyond or better than the present evil; we are shut up and spell-bound in that, the curtains of the mind are drawn close, we cannot escape from "the body of this death," our souls are conquered, dismayed, "cooped and cabined in," and thrown with the lumber of our corporeal frames in one corner of a neglected and solitary room. We hate ourselves and every thing else; nor does one ray of comfort "peep through the blanket of the dark" to give us hope. How should we entertain the image of grace and beauty, when our bodies writhe with pain? To what purpose invoke the echo of some rich strain of music, when we ourselves can scarcely breathe? The very attempt is an impossibility. We give up the vain task of linking delight to agony, of urging torpor into ecstasy, which makes the very heart sick. We feel the present pain, and an impatient longing to get rid of it. This were indeed "a consummation devoutly to be wished:" on this we are intent, in earnest, inexorable: all else is impertinence and folly; and could we but obtain ease (that Goddess of the infirm and suffering) at any price, we think we could forswear all other joy and all other sorrows. *Hoc erat in votis*. All other things but our disorder and its cure seem less than nothing and vanity. It assumes a palpable form; it becomes a demon, a spectre, an incubus hovering over and oppressing us: we grapple with it: it strikes its fangs into us, spreads its arms round us, infects us with its breath, glares upon us with its hideous aspect; we feel it take possession of every fibre and of every faculty; and we are at length so absorbed and fascinated by it, that we cannot divert our reflections from it for an instant, for all other things but pain (and that which we suffer most acutely,) appear to have lost their pith and power to interest. They are turned to dust and stubble. This is the reason of the fine resolutions we sometimes form in such cases, and of the vast superiority of a sick bed to the pomps and thrones of the world. We easily renounce wine when we have nothing but the taste of physic in our mouths: the rich banquet tempts us not, when "our very gorge rises"



within us: Love and Beauty fly from a bed twisted into a thousand folds by restless lassitude and tormenting cares: the nerve of pleasure is killed by the pains that shoot through the head or rack the limbs: an indigestion seizes you with its leaden grasp and giant force (down, Ambition!)—you shiver and tremble like a leaf in a fit of the ague (Avarice, let go your palsied hold!). We then are in the mood, without ghostly advice, to betake ourselves to the life of “bermit poor,

“In pensive place obscure,—

and should be glad to prevent the return of a fever raging in the blood by feeding on pulse, and slaking our thirst at the limpid brook. These sudden resolutions, however, or “vows made in pain as violent and void,” are generally of short duration: the excess and the sorrow for it are alike selfish; and those repentances which are the most loud and passionate are the surest to end speedily in a relapse; for both originate in the same cause, the being engrossed by the prevailing feeling (whatever it may be), and an utter incapacity to look beyond it.

“The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be:  
The Devil grew well, the Devil a monk was he!”

It is amazing how little effect physical suffering or local circumstances have upon the mind, except while we are subject to their immediate influence. While the impression lasts, they are every thing: when it is gone, they are nothing. We toss and tumble about in a sick bed; we lie on our right side, we then change to the left; we stretch ourselves on our backs, we turn on our faces; we wrap ourselves up under the clothes to exclude the cold, we throw them off to escape the heat and suffocation; we grasp the pillow in agony, we fling ourselves out of bed, we walk up and down the room with hasty or feeble steps; we return into bed; we are worn out with fatigue and pain, yet can get no repose for the one, or intermission for the other; we summon all our patience, or give vent to passion and petty rage: nothing avails; we seem wedded to our disease, “like life and death in disproportion met;” we make new efforts, try new expedients, but nothing appears to shake it off, or promise relief from our grim foe: it infixes its sharp sting into us, or overpowers us by its sickly and stunning weight: every moment is as much as we can bear, and yet there seems no end of our lengthening tortures; we are ready to faint with exhaustion, or work ourselves up to frenzy: we “trouble deaf Heaven with our bootless prayers:” we think our last hour is come, or peevishly wish it were, to put an end to the scene; we ask questions as to the origin of evil and the necessity of pain; we “moralize our complaints into a thousand similes;” we deny the use of medicine *in toto*, we have a full persuasion that all doctors are mad or knaves, that our object is to gain relief, and theirs (out of the perversity of human nature, or to seem wiser than we) to prevent it; we catechise the apothecary, rail at the nurse, and cannot so much as conceive the possibility that this state of things should not last for ever; we are even angry at those who would give us encouragement, as if they would make dupes or children of us; we might seek a release by poison, a halter, or the sword, but we have not strength of mind enough—our nerves are too shaken—to attempt even this poor revenge—when lo! a change comes, the spell falls off, and the next moment we forget all that has happened to us. No sooner does our disorder

turn its back upon us than we laugh at it. The state we have been in, sounds like a dream, a fable; health is the order of the day, strength is ours *de jure* and *de facto*; and we discard all uncalled-for evidence to the contrary with a smile of contemptuous incredulity, just as we throw our physic-bottles out of the window! I see (as I awake from a short, uneasy doze) a golden light shine through my white window-curtains on the opposite wall:—is it the dawn of a new day, or the departing light of evening? I do not well know, for the opium “they have drugged my posset with” has made strange havoc with my brain, and I am uncertain whether time has stood still, or advanced, or gone backward. By “puzzling o’er the doubt,” my attention is drawn a little out of myself to external objects; and I consider whether it would not administer some relief to my monotonous languor, if I could call up a vivid picture of an evening sky I witnessed a short while before, the white fleecy clouds, the azure vault, the verdant fields and balmy air. In vain! The wings of fancy refuse to mount from my bed-side. The air without has nothing in common with the closeness within: the clouds disappear, the sky is instantly overcast and black. I walk out in this scene soon after I recover; and with those favourite and well-known objects interposed, can no longer recall the tumbled pillow, the jugs or the labels, or the unwholesome dungeon in which I was before immured. What is contrary to our present sensations or settled habits, amalgamates indifferently with our belief: the imagination rules over imaginary themes; the senses and custom have a narrower sway, and admit but one guest at a time. It is hardly to be wondered at that we dread physical calamities so little beforehand: we think no more of them the moment after they have happened. *Out of sight, out of mind.* This will perhaps explain why all actual punishment has so little effect; it is a state contrary to nature, alien to the will. If it does not touch honour and conscience (and where these are not, how can it touch them?) it goes for nothing: and where these are, it rather sears and hardens them. The gyves, the cell, the meagre fare, the hard labour are abhorrent to the mind of the culprit on whom they are imposed, who carries the love of liberty or indulgence to licentiousness; and who throws the thought of them behind him (the moment he can evade the penalty,) with scorn and laughter,

“Like Samson his green wythes.”\*

So, in travelling, we often meet with great fatigue and inconvenience from heat or cold, or other accidents, and resolve never to go a journey again; but we are ready to set off on a new excursion to-morrow. We remember the landscape, the change of scene, the romantic expectation, and think no more of the heat, the noise, and dust. The body forgets its grievances, till they recur; but imagination, passion, pride, have a longer memory and quicker apprehensions. To the first the pleasure

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\* The thoughts of a captive can no more get beyond his prison-walls than his limbs, unless they are busied in planning an escape: as, on the contrary, what prisoner, after effecting his escape, ever suffered them to return there, or took common precautions to prevent his own? We indulge our fancy more than we consult our interest. The sense of personal identity has almost as little influence in practice as it has foundation in theory.

or the pain is nothing when once over; to the last it is only then that they begin to exist. The line in *Metastasio*,

“The worst of every evil is the fear,”

is true only when applied to this latter sort.—It is curious that, on coming out of a sick-room, where one has been pent some time, and grown weak and nervous, and looking at Nature for the first time, the objects that present themselves have a very questionable and spectral appearance, the people in the street resemble flies crawling about, and seem scarce half-alive. It is we who are just risen from a torpid and unwholesome state, and who impart our imperfect feelings of existence, health, and motion to others. Or it may be that the violence and exertion of the pain we have gone through make common every-day objects seem unreal and unsubstantial. It is not till we have established ourselves in form in the sitting-room, wheeled round the arm-chair to the fire (for this makes part of our re-introduction to the ordinary modes of being in all seasons,) felt our appetite return, and taken up a book, that we can be considered as at all restored to ourselves. And even then our first sensations are rather empirical than positive; as after sleep we stretch out our hands to know whether we are awake. This is the time for reading. Books are then indeed “a world, both pure and good,” into which we enter with all our hearts, after our revival from illness and respite from the tomb, as with the freshness and novelty of youth. They are not merely acceptable as without too much exertion they pass the time and relieve *ennui*; but from a certain suspension and deadening of the passions, and abstraction from worldly pursuits, they may be said to bring back and be friendly to the guileless and enthusiastic tone of feeling with which we formerly read them. Sickness has weaned us *pro tempore* from contest and cabal; and we are fain to be docile and children again. All strong changes in our present pursuits throw us back upon the past. This is the shortest and most complete emancipation from our late discomfiture. We wonder that any one who has read *The History of a Foundling* should labour under an indigestion; nor do we comprehend how a perusal of the *Fairy Queen* should not ensure the true believer an uninterrupted succession of halcyon days. Present objects bear a retrospective meaning, and point to “a foregone conclusion.” Returning back to life with half-strung nerves and shattered strength, we seem as when we first entered it with uncertain purposes and faltering aims. The machine has received a shock, and it moves on more tremulously than before, and not all at once in the beaten track. Startled at the approach of death, we are willing to get as far from it as we can by making a proxy of our former selves; and finding the precarious tenure by which we hold existence, and its last sands running out, we gather up and make the most of the fragments that memory has stored up for us. Every thing is seen through a medium of reflection and contrast. We hear the sound of merry voices in the street; and this carries us back to the recollections of some country-town or village-group—

“We see the children sporting on the shore,

And hear the mighty waters roaring evermore.”

A cricket chirps on the hearth, and we are reminded of Christmas

gambols long ago. The very cries in the street seem to be of a former date; and the dry toast eats very much as it did—twenty years ago. A rose smells doubly sweet, after being stifled with tinctures and essences; and we enjoy the idea of a journey and an inn the more for having been bed-rid. But a book is the secret and sure charm to bring all these implied associations to a focus. I should prefer an old one, Mr. Lamb's favourite, the *Journey to Lisbon*; or the *Decameron*, if I could get it; but if a new one, let it be *Paul Clifford*. That book has the singular advantage of being written by a gentleman, and not about his own class. The characters he commemorates are every moment at fault between life and death, hunger and a forced loan on the public; and therefore the interest they take in themselves, and which we take in them, has no cant or affectation in it, but is "lively, audible, and full of vent." A set of well-dressed gentlemen picking their teeth with a graceful air after dinner, endeavouring to keep their cravats from the slightest discomposure, and saying the most insipid things in the most insipid manner, do not make a scene. Well, then, I have got the new paraphrase on the *Beggar's Opera*, am fairly embarked in it; and at the end of the first volume, where I am galloping across the heath with the three highwaymen, while the moon is shining full upon them, feel my nerves so hraced, and my spirits so exhilarated, that, to say truth, I am scarce sorry for the occasion that has thrown me upon the work and the author—have quite forgot my *Sick Room*, and am more than half ready to recant the doctrine that a *Free-Admission* to the theatre is

—"The true pathos and sublime  
Of human life:"—

for I feel as I read that if the stage shows us the masks of men and the pageant of the world, books let us into their souls and lay open to us the secrets of our own. They are the first and last, the most home-felt, the most heart-felt of all our enjoyments!

#### LUNATIC LAYS, NO. 11.

"I want to go upon the stage."

I WANT to go upon the stage  
And wear a wig and feathers.  
I envy each tragedian  
The laurels that he gathers:  
I'm sure that I could give effect  
To Richard's ruthless menace;  
Oh would that I might black my face,  
And act the Moor of Venice!

My father talks of what he calls  
Respectable employments,  
Condemning as Tom-fooleries  
My Thespian enjoyments:  
He calls me mouthing mountebank,  
And ranting rogue, and stroller;  
And not a servant in the house  
Compassionates my dolor!

One day I stole a pot of rouge,  
 And Aunt Jane's Sunday spencer—  
 (She left me nothing in her will—  
 How could I so incense her!)

I flew to Cowes, where in a barn  
 I found some kindred spirits,  
 And soon I made the manager  
 Appreciate my merits.

He did announce me as a star—  
 (He well knew what a *star* meant—)

And I enacted Romeo

In Aunt Jane's pink silk garment :

My Juliet was a charming girl,

A most delicious creature!

With eyes—*such* eyes! and oh! her nose—

I idolised the feature!

Pink silk, with frogs, was my costume,

And her's was muslin spangled,

And when the Nurse call'd her away,

I wish'd she had been strangled :

When we lay corpses side by side,

A gentle squeeze she gave me,

And whisper'd, "Wilt thou be my love!"

I sigh'd, "Ay, if thou 'lt have me!"

But fathers they have flinty hearts,

My angry father found me—

Oh horrid night! methinks I see

Scene-shifters grinning round me!

Alas! the scene they shifted not—

The very pit seems full yet—

I cannot tell the tragedy—

He tore me from my Juliet!

And since that inauspicious night

The stage I've never entered,

In life's obscure realities

My father's thoughts are centred.

Misguided man! beneath his roof

Now pines a slighted Roscius,

Whose manhood pants to realise

Youth's promises precocious.

In tragic moods, I push my wig

High up upon my forehead,

I cork my eye-brows, and assume

A stare that's very horrid :

I roar a word or two, and then

Speak low, you scarce can hear me—

And then I thump my breast—ye gods!

At Drury how you'd cheer me!

Genteelly comic I can be,

And farcically spritely,

I'm excellent in Pantomime,

In Ballet parts dance lightly :

Were Mr. Lee, the new lessee,

Aware of such a treasure,

If I ask'd fifty pounds a night,

He'd give them me with pleasure.

R.

## ON THE ART OF RISING IN PROSE.

RATHER more than a century ago, the world was favoured, by Pope and his witty associates, with a dissertation "On the Art of Sinking in Poetry." It was their object, not so much to promulgate a new and unknown art—for it was perfectly well understood, and successfully practised—but to call the attention of an admiring public to the progress which had been made, and the trophies which had been won by its professors. Somehow or other, either from modesty, that liked not to listen to its own praises, or jealousy, that dreaded the developement of its secrets, or an unjust suspicion that the associated eulogists might have written ironically, the practice of "Sinking in Poetry" was found to have suffered, rather than to have been promoted, by the above-mentioned dissertation. I should be truly sorry if a similarly injurious effect should unhappily result from the few very well-meant observations which I shall presently venture to make; but I am comforted by reflecting that the cases will not be parallel, and that nothing which could be said of Pope and his associates is at all applicable to the humble individual who is now writing these lines. There is no present occasion for a modern imitation of their essay on the Art of Sinking. The poetry of the last twenty years is of a character very different from that of the poetry which they so ingeniously held up to public notice. We have not at present much poetry of any kind, and what we have is not decidedly of a gravitating quality—but we have a great deal of prose. This is now our literary stronghold, this is the treasure of which we have most reason to be proud. My heart awells with triumph when I contemplate our prosaic wealth; and I feel that I can scarcely attempt a more laudable and acceptable task (albeit above my humble powers) than to exhibit a faint picture of our acquisitions, and to offer a few remarks upon the "Art of Rising in Prose," as practised by the most popular modern professors. This was formerly little understood. Defoe, Swift, Addison, and Goldsmith expressed themselves on paper very nearly in the same manner in which a well-educated person might be expected to converse, employing the same kind of words, and arranging them nearly in the same way. Masters of style as they were ordinarily esteemed, especially the two latter, I cannot think that they then acted from deliberate choice. It was surely the result of ignorance. They knew nothing better than the spoken prose which they heard around them; they knew not the flights of which unmetrical English was capable. Long might they have slumbered in ignorance, when at length two innovators in style arose to enlighten the land—the one was Sterne, the other, a greater name, was Johnson. "The fine old fellow," as a Northern contemporary of ours patronizingly calls him, certainly rolled out his sesquipedalians with a majesty previously unknown, and gave a fine organ-like swell to his full-blown periods; and he sometimes succeeded, by the skilful disposition of his epithetical wealth, in dressing out a little, meagre, common-place thought, till it atrutted forth like a Beefeater on a birthday. Johnson, we grant, had a happy method of embellishing prose, but he had only one method—he was "*un homme borné*." (It is proper, as we shall presently show, to introduce occasionally a little French.) He had no conception of the infinite variety of means by which the language may be elevated and

adorned. There was also an unbending sturdiness in his nature, which prevented him from sacrificing sense to sound on many occasions when such a sacrifice would have brought his periods to a more harmonious close; and we may affirm generally that he was too good a logician to be a very fine writer. But without dwelling longer on the comparatively unenlightened condition of even the master-minds of other days, let us turn to the more pleasing task of examining the principles of "rising," and some of the various methods by which that desideratum has been effected in prose literature in the present advanced state of general knowledge. As poetry is said to be of a loftier character than prose, so prose that is ambitious of rising should, if possible, soar into poetry. Instead of the common humdrum plain statement of plain fact, or the "how-d'-ye-do-pretty-well-tbank-yc" intercourse of every-day life, the prose of books, if it would aim at distinction, should abound in words never used, feelings never felt, and descriptions conveyed in a manner in which no human being ever thought of talking to another. We cannot attempt to describe a description—we must give a specimen—What shall it be? a description of something grand and terrible?—an earthquake?—Not sufficiently familiar.—A thunder-storm then?—Let it be a thunder-storm.—Take pen, ink, and paper, and describe as follows:—

"It was an awful time, that time before the thunder-storm; it was as though some pale eclipse had dulled and sicklied the fair face of a paralyzed and afflicted world. It was noon, but the murkiness was as that of night. A huge conglomeration of lowering clouds flung down a weight of gloom upon the scene, and nature stood stock still in mute suspense till the congregated vapours should melt away into torrents; and there was a deep, dead, breathless, lifeless, motionless silence; and the raven lushed his hoarse croak in some grim cavern, and the eagle left the dreadful silence of the upper heavens, and all the feathered tribe repressed their voices; and the owl alone would have hooted, it was so dark and still, but fear restrained him; and the cattle lowed not, and the sheep bleated not, and the shepherd spoke not, but slowly lifted his timid eye to see the first wide flash, and paused to bear the first loud rattle of Heaven's artillery shaking the foundations of the everlasting mountains. Then came the swift, white, far-illuminating flash, and its brightness was followed by a denser gloom. It was as though the joint intensity of day and night were compressed into those two brief moments. Then came at last the peal as though an earthquake smote the silence, and the blow stunned, as it were, the mighty heart of the solid globe; and there was a low, wild, whispering, wailing voice as of many spirits all joining together from every point of heaven—it was the wind; and it died away; and then was heard a rushing sound; and the element of water was let loose to run its rejoicing course—and it rained!"

This style serves very well for descriptions of scenery and natural phenomena, but individuals must be treated in a different manner. Instead of employing that fine dreamy vagueness, which gives such an indistinct grandeur to the objects which it touches, we must try to be impressive by dint of minuteness. The opinions which we form respecting persons depend very much upon externals; and to externals, therefore, we must give our earliest attention, and remember to describe man not merely as if he were nothing more than "animal

implume pipes," but with the recollection that he is an animal on whom is hung a large assortment of multifarious habiliments, all which contribute largely to the formation of that complex creature, a civilized being—and in the enumeration of which, if any part is wanting, the picture afforded will be necessarily incomplete. I would advise all literary tyros, who are desirous of excelling in personal description, to prepare themselves for the task by forming an inventory of all the various parts of dress from head to foot, from hat, bonnet, or turban, to shoe or sandal, and to observe the ascending or descending order in the course of their narration. A little method of this kind will produce a clearness eminently desirable in circumstantial detail of so much importance. But example is better than precept, and I therefore venture to recommend to their notice the following passage:—

"It was a man of venerable aspect. His years had been many; yet though his form was bowed, and lacked something of the erect alertness of youth, yet was the fire of his keen dark eye not quenched, nor its spirit dimmed by the ruthless ravages of time, or the embittered persecutions of an ungentle world. He was one of that scattered race who meet alike, in every land, the cruel inflictions of contumely and contempt. It was his crime to be a Jew. His raiment was dark brown. On his head he wore an old and large-brimmed hat, marked with many a weather-stain, which was drawn low over his dusky forehead, and was surmounted by another of somewhat brighter gloss and newer fashion. His coat was long, and, like its wearer, old, and appeared in some places to have been patched; yet with such care had this nice operation been performed, that the adventitious insertion was with difficulty discernible at the distance of a few paces. His nether integuments were such as might by courtesy be called trowsers, but from their shortness we might collect that they had been originally designed for an individual of smaller dimensions. His waistcoat was similar in hue and texture to his coat—of linen there was no outward sign. His stockings were of the darkest worsted; and his shoes, which none of the rival preparations of Warren, Hunt, or Turner, had ever touched, were fastened, not as was usual at this period, by strings, but by large discoloured buckles of antique fashion, and which seemed, like the individual who now wore them, to have once looked on better days. His beard was long and grizzled, and a few lank grey hairs emerged from beneath the covering of his time-worn heaver. In his left hand he bore a pair of old half-boots, made to fit tight round the ankle and to be laced in front, and in his right he firmly grasped the end of a large, dark, and apparently well-filled bag, which was thrown over his shoulder. As he walked meekly and sorrowfully onward, bending under this load, and the still more oppressive weight of years, he uttered, at measured intervals, a low, short, and melancholy cry. It was the repetition of one single word—a word significant and comprehensive—a word combining one of those three requisites which, as we are assured by a great poetic satirist of the last century, are all that money can procure for man—the word was 'Clothes!'"

Not only do we now excel in personal descriptions, but also in descriptions of demeanor, especially under the influence of violent emotion. There was a time when it might have been thought sufficient if a man turned pale, or a woman burst into tears; and so it may in real



life, but people must behave rather differently upon paper. People are put into books not to control their feelings, but to show them; and they must do it picturesquely, or it will be of no use to afflict them at all. Now, by way of example, let us suppose that we are concocting a novel, and that the hero has received the unexpected announcement of an overwhelming calamity, and let it be required to describe his behaviour. It may be described as follows:—

“He stirred not—he spoke not—the words had stunned him. It was to him as though his heart lay like a stone, cold, mute, and dead within him—the icy glitter of his glazy eye was bent intensely upon vacancy—his breast heaved with convulsive throes—he clenched his spasmed hands with maniacal energy; but the iron muscles of his face were fixed and rigid, and his lips compressed as though he would inwardly devour his grief till his cramped and stifled heart should burst into shivers. At length the loaded shell of passion, that had so long remained fuzing in his breast, exploded—a violent and irresistible tremor seized his quivering frame—the pent breath burst forth in a deep and gusty sigh, as he bent beneath the hurricane of passion—hot scalding tears gushed from his throbbing eyeballs—he panted like a dying man for a mouthful of breath—he laughed a long loud laugh of agonizing bitterness—and then rushed forth, haggard, and wild, and fierce, and frantic, and flushed, and maddened, tearing his hair, and foaming at the mouth—a maniac—a maniac!”

The above is a very comprehensive formula, and applicable to almost any case of severe affliction, and we can conscientiously recommend it to the serious study of all incipient writers of romance. But it may be said, and said with truth, that other species of composition are to be attended to besides romance-writing: we want to see prose applied to more useful purposes: show us a style at once vigorous, pure, and elegant, which shall be eminently calculated for the purposes of controversy, criticism, and political warfare. We have not far to look for such a combination of merits: they lie before us, and we will give a short specimen for the benefit of our readers.

“We hate a Whig—we hate him heartily—we hate him, not with the puny snivelling hatred which a half-starved cockney, disturbed in his garret regaling himself over a lukewarm cup of decoction of sloe, which the creature calls tea, feels towards the tailor’s apprentice, who is sent wheezing up six pair of stairs to dun him for payment of Snip’s last account of 3s. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. for patching his solitary pair of yellow unmentionables,—no—but with a right stout, wholesome, vigorous hatred. We would consent to be dumb, bed-ridden, a-hungered and a-thirst, rather than talk, walk, eat, or drink with a Whig. Walk with him!—we had rather cleck oxters with a chimney-sweeper. Drink with him!—psha! a Whig cannot drink; the animal has not the spirit to get drunk. The wee, wizened, lanksided, ill-favoured loon casts a scunnering, shilly-shally leer at the jorum that it would split the sides of an armadillo to witness, and sniffs the Glenlivet, and paddles with his toddy, as if the poor misguided thing believed it was worth any body’s while to poison him, and that his jug was flavoured with prussic acid. Talk with a Whig! he cannot talk English. It is enough to extract a guffaw from the jaws of a colley-shangy to list to the donkey braying out his lingo—swelling, and

vaunting, and vapouring—the creature!—with all the tail-spreading, wattle-reddening, feather-thumping airs of a purple-nobbed bubbly-jock, when he has not even the spirit of a how-towdie, whereof we are morally convinced that one little, smart, feather-breeched, huge-comb-and-wattled bantam-cock would send a full score screaming and cackling to seek an asylum under the sugust shadow of their own dunghill.”

What an union of strength and grace is here! The force and justness of the above extract are as conspicuous as its good taste. If we may be allowed to recur from the useful to the ornamental, we would next advert to a style of composition which may be called the Polyglottic (or, more familiarly, the jackdaw) style, and which has been employed with great success, and considerable talent, in works of a light and amusing description. We will, as before, present a specimen, instead of attempting to describe its peculiarities.

“I was *chez-moi* inhaling the *odeur musquée* of my scented *boudoir*, when the Prince de Z—— entered. He found me in *demi-toilette*, ‘*blasé sur tout*,’ and pensively engaged in solitary conjugation of the verb ‘*s’ennuyer*,’ and though he had never been one of my *habitués*, or by any means *des nôtres*, I was not disinclined, in this moment of *délassement*, to glide with him into the ‘*crocchio ristretto*’ of familiar chat. Having made his *katou* with that *empressement* which sits so gracefully upon the unembarrassed address of a Continental, and is so agreeably different from either the semi-official *upishness*, or languid *nonchalance* of the ‘*Rois Fainéans*’ of what aspires to be called the ‘*bon genre*’ among our ‘*fiers insulaires*,’ we entered into a lively ‘*chiacchera*’ upon the multifarious topics which are ever crowding into the overloaded memory of one who is like me, always ‘*au courant du jour*.’ *Persiflage*, and what the censorious term ‘scandal,’ first occupied our discursive tongues; but literature was not forgotten; for though averse to the imputation of ‘*facendo la literata*,’ and holding ‘*qu’une sottise savante est plus sottise qu’une sottise ignorante*,’ and detesting the cobwebbed affectations of those slipshod sibyls who, like the curate in ‘*Don Quixote*,’ are taking down ‘*muchos libros muy grossos*’ for the sake of citing, ‘*pro bono publico*,’ musty and inappropriate quotations which have been made *tausendmal* before; yet I cannot think that intellectual enlightenment, unless very *prononcé*, is *mauvais ton* in a woman; and never ‘*fash my thumb*’ about the horrid imputation of being much too clever; and hold that it matters not, though the stockings are blue, if the petticoats be but long enough. But I am forgetting the Prince de Z——. ‘*C’est un bon mauvais sujet*,’ very different from my good friend, poor, dull, dozy Lord D——; an incomparable ‘*raconteur*,’ veracious as a *Seealidhe*, or story-teller of ‘*Gullima Irlanda*,’ capable of amusing ‘*les peu amusables*,’ and combining the frank off-bandedness of modern manners with much of the super-subtle grace of the ‘*Marquis charmans poudrés et embaumés*’ of the ‘olden time.’”

My youthful friends, for whose benefit I am writing, and who may be anxious to acquire this brilliantly-embossed and truly captivating style, may perhaps be deterred (if they are not accomplished linguists) by the apparent difficulties which the demand for so many languages must throw in their way. We entreat them to feel no uneasiness on this account. It is by no means necessary to have a perfect knowledge of the languages from which we draw our phrases and quotations.

The most superficial smattering will suffice. The custom of printing foreign words in italics, as exemplified in the foregoing extract, leads me to remark upon the signal use which, in our own tongue, may be made of that emphatic letter. Independently of its invaluable services in rendering clear a complicated passage, and removing the obscurities of an equivocal expression, how delightfully can it conduce to sharpen the arrows of wit, and direct them unerringly to their mark! Many are the inimitable strokes of humour that would have slumbered unnoted in dull obscurity, if they had not been clothed in an *italic dress*. Even in former times the use of this character was not unknown, but it was sparingly and timidly used—applied only to single words, and not, as in the following specimen, to the whole brilliant moiety of a sentence.

“What has happened, Mr. Swelham?” said Nipperkin. “The creature,” said I, “in sprinkling *esprit de rose* upon the piece of sail-cloth which he calls a pocket-handkerchief, threw one drop upon my coat, and another upon my shoe.”—“And what did you do, Mr. Swelham?”—“Sir,” said I, speaking very slowly, “as I make it a rule not to sit in *wet clothes*, I screamed for my valet to bring my *dressing-gown and slippers*.”

The italic is peculiarly useful when, as in the foregoing passage, the wit is easy, delicate, natural, and unaffected, and therefore too liable to escape unnoticed by the dull perceptions of ordinary readers. We recommend this short, but brilliant *morceau*, to the attention of those who would wish to indite what are called “novels of fashionable life,” or to exhibit to the world the discourse of “a gentleman” *par excellence*. But we have not yet arrived at one of those departments in which the force and flexibility of modern prose is most splendidly developed. It is in dreams and rhapsodies—in describing the indescribable—in embodying the impalpable—in explaining the incomprehensible, that its powers and capabilities are exhibited in the fullest magnificence. I believe it is about eight years since the first appearance of a remarkable work, which described with extraordinary vividness and force the effects produced by opium, and particularly the fearful and romantic dreams which resulted from the use of this drug. I hope the recollection of this work will not have faded from the minds of my readers. But if by any of them the work should be unhappily forgotten, I trust that the memory of its style will remain unimpaired; for we have been indulged at a much later period with a very powerful imitation, among the sublimities of which I scarcely recollect more than that the hero of the tale encounters a sort of Arctic aggravation of a London fog, “night frozen into substance,” and imagines himself first in the womb of a fiery star, and next among the oceans of eternal winter—a truly grand and original method of describing the hot and cold fits of an ague.

A friend of mine, for whose talents I have a sincere respect, has lately been tempted to convert to a very laudable purpose an imitation of the above-mentioned work upon the effects of opium. My friend, who is himself dyspeptic, had long meditated with horror upon the injurious consequences of an addiction to hot suppers, and has drawn up, with considerable effect, a short narrative of the nocturnal phantasies which, in his own case, resulted from this baneful practice.

To be sure, the practice of eating hot suppers is not at present very prevalent, any more than that of taking opium; but, as my friend feelingly observed, while the tears stood in his benevolent eyes, "If there be only one inordinate supper-cater in the world, and I can wean him from this destructive passion, I shall feel that I am amply rewarded." But, before I proceed to quote the fruits of his experience, let me pause to observe what an advantage is afforded him in his exposition of such a theme by the splendid capabilities of modern prose. Formerly, it would not have been possible to have thrown over such a subject such a golden tissue of romantic interest. His whole treatise is but an enlargement upon that old vile, mean, coarse, vulgar saying, "Eat toasted cheese and you'll dream of the devil"—yet see what he has made of it!

"During this period of my existence," (i. e. while he was addicted to supper-eating,) "nothing could exceed the awful vividness and exhaustless variety of the dreams by which my sleep was visited. I passed through every form of persecution, every base change of contumely. I was tossed in blankets, I was ducked in horseponds, I was hissed, I was pelted, I was burnt in effigy, and hung in caricature. The stocks and the pillory were familiar to my vision. The chair was ever twilted from under me in every company I entered—all the business of life was concentrated into Christmas gambols at my expense—every day was the first of April, and I was the universal fool. The reminiscences of my tender years, the fruits of my varied studies, became in turn the instruments of my torment. I was a baby in arms, and was crammed with pap—I was put in the corner—again was I flogged at school—and again, and yet again, I was seized by ogres—I was made to wait upon Jack the giant-killer—I was buried in the recesses of a Christmas pie, and pulled out and mumbled by Little Jack Horner—I was kicked by Cinderella—I was sorely scratched by Puss-in-boots—I had done a deed, they said, at which Mother Goose was scandalized—strange animals flocked around, and mowed and leered, and glared upon me. My most constant tormentor was the poodle-dog. Frequently I thought I was in a *cabaret* in France, hungry and thirsty, painfully thirsty, relishing *son vin-du-pays*, which I drank out of the bottle—when, all at once, the chairs would be turned into poodles, and I saw the animals' greedy eyes peering at me from under the table, and I dashed the half-tasted bottle to the ground. I protest that such was my horror of this accursed poodle that, when I have awakened from these painful visions, and found that there were only two rats by my bed, I have turned and wept—I have wept for very joy. Nothing was more oppressive to me than my frequent sensations of infinitude and illimitable repetition. I was for ever drowned, and for ever resuscitated by the Humane Society. For years I was buried in patent coffins, conscious of my situation, and waiting in vain for the resurrection-man that never came. The sensation pursued me in other shapes—I was a pudding, a plum-pudding, enveloped in a bag composed of ten thousand folds of sail-cloth, and I was boiled for ages, and I rose, and sank, and was tossed and tumbled, and rolled and bubbled on the fiery surges of the insatiable cauldron. Again I existed in my own shape, and I was mingling in society, and I viewed familiar faces, and accosted former friends. There was one whom I always met, and we grasped each other's hands, and shook, and shook them, ay, for ages. Days,

months, years, rolled away, and we were still shaking each other's hands, still saying, 'How d'ye do?' Methought we were sorely wearied of each other's presence, but a spell was upon us, and we could not part, and 'How d'ye do?' was repeated for the millionth time, and again, and again, everlasting 'How d'ye do's.'

"I remember one bright and balmy summer's morning—Nature was clad in her garb of jubilee, and the scene was my former home, but lovelier than I had ever known it—and I was talking of old times. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the scene was changed, it was still lovely, but it was changed, and I was not at home, but far, far away in the Island of Juan Fernandez, and the hot sun of the tropics darted fiery rays upon my head, and it seared my long dark hair, and seemed to scorch my very brain. And I saw a savage man approaching, his skin bronzed by the heat, and in the simple majesty of nature, save that he wore a cocked hat and top-boots that he had taken from a wreck, and a parasol shaded his head. And methought he cried aloud in my own tongue, 'Away, away, your wig is on fire!' and I darted from him and strove to extinguish it: I strewed sand upon my head; I heaped leaves; I stripped off my clothes to bind them round it—Alas! alas! it might not be—I swam through rivers; I plunged into morasses—still, still the burning shame blazed on; still, still my wig was on fire. At length I rushed into the ocean; deeper than ever plummet sounded, I dived hissing into its recesses, and the monsters of the deep yelled at me in scorn; and a voice was given them, and they bellowed forth 'Your wig is on fire!' And I rose hissing to the surface; and again was heard the hateful shout, and the cliffs repeated it, and the last solemn reverberations of the dying echoes awfully responded 'Your wig is on fire!'"

This is powerfully written, and, I trust, will receive from my readers the admiration which it deserves.—I could enlarge much more upon this subject, and point out many other beautiful indications of the prosaic excellence at which we have arrived; but, for the present, I must take my leave, hoping to return to a further examination of this interesting and fruitful topic at some future period. In the meantime let me exhort all those who are anxious to attain an easy, vigorous, and polished style, to give their days and nights, not, as was once advised, to Addison, but to the careful study of those inestimable models of genuine English, of whose peculiar manner I have ventured to insert a few faint specimens. Let me also warn them that they will encounter persons, ay, and persons bearing the reputation of talent and judgment, who will endeavour to divert their attention to the works of other contemporary writers. They will talk to them, perhaps, of the harmonious prose of Southey and of Moore, of the fluent elegance of Washington Irving—of the clearness and masculine vigour of the authors of Anastasius and of Cloudesley, and the graceful propriety of the author of the Subaltern. But these are false lights—delusive beacons, which I counsel my readers to avoid. The models which I have selected are the models best calculated to captivate the greatest portion of the reading public. By the imitation of these they may hope to obtain the bright green wreath of present popularity, and be ever and anon refreshed with grateful incense from the ready current of hebdomadal criticism.

W.

## THE BUST OF CHARLES.\*

WITHIN the walls of Rome,—  
 Where Art was born of Power,  
 And Genius found a glorious home,  
 With a past world for its dower,—  
 In his Promethean hall,  
 A thoughtful Sculptor stood,  
 And his brow was seen to fall,  
 As he look'd, in silent mood,  
 On the draught of a pale and princely face,  
 Which spoke the heir of a long-crown'd race.

'Twas the face of English Charles,  
 By Vandyke's pencil drawn;  
 Such as, 'mid Whitehall's dames and earls,  
 He walk'd in his reign's bright dawn.  
 'Twas sent Bernini now,  
 In marble to be wrought;  
 And the artist gazed on the monarch's brow  
 In a day-dream of deep thought :—  
 Yet what could have been in the calm face there,  
 To account for the gloom of the dreamer's air?

He had chisell'd many a bust—  
 He had mark'd each feature's lines  
 In a thousand forms of breathing dust,  
 And the deep soul's mystic signs:  
 And now on the kingly face  
 He look'd with an augur's eye :—  
 "I see," he cried, "in its mournful grace,  
 The shadow of evil nigh:  
 There's a dim dread fate, and a timeless pall,—  
 Does the storm sing near for the isle-oak's fall?"

Yet nought the less for this  
 The solemn task was plied;  
 The sculptor felt his art's high bliss,  
 And he wrought with power and pride.  
 The solemn task was done—  
 And the artist on it gazed  
 By the light of a Roman setting sun,  
 Which in golden glory blazed  
 Through the casement of his Phidian room—  
 He saw it stamp'd with the same strange doom!

While thus entranced he stood,  
 A dove through the casement flew,  
 By a fire-eyed falcon close pursued,  
 In the startled Sculptor's view.  
 Over the bust they soar—  
 The falcon tears the dove—  
 Rent plumes and large dark drops of gore  
 Shower from the air above—  
 The bust is wet with crimson rain,  
 And the marble reeks with the dread blood-stain!  
 Nought could the spots efface—  
 All arts were tried in vain,  
 And the bust was sent to its island-place,  
 Dark with the prophet-stain.

\* Vide the remarkable anecdote given by Allan Cunningham in his *Lives of the British Painters*, &c. p. 39.

Long it survived the fate  
 It had told so strangely well;  
 And still the mirk spots on its sate,  
 The past's red oracle—  
 Till the blood-stain'd bust, when Whitehall burn'd,  
 In the dust of the Stuart's home was urn'd.

J.

## THE PARKS.

Now that his Majesty William IV. is about to open a new entrance into St. James's Park, it may not be out of place to notice its probable origin. It is likely that the inhabitants of London are indebted to Pope Clement for their fine promenades, St. James's and Hyde Parks, "the lungs of the metropolis," as Lord Chatham emphatically called them, for both were portions of the domains of religious houses; and the Reformation, which emancipated property to a vast amount from the thralldom of the Church, would have been delayed to a later period, had Pope Clement shown more policy and less honesty, by consenting to divorce Henry the Eighth from his wife Catherine.

The monastery of St. James in the Fields was suppressed in 1532, the grounds seized into the King's hands and erected into a park, at first called "The New Park of Westminster," and afterwards "Saint James's Park." On the sites of the monastery and some other old tenements were built the Palace of St. James, a tennis-court, cockpit, &c. Some gardens were also formed afterwards, called "The Spring Gardens."

Henry, having converted St. James's in the Fields into a park, inclosed it with a wall (called by Lord Treasurer Cromwell "a sumptuous wall), laid out some walks, stocked it with deer, and, it is said, dug Rosamond's Pond. Beyond this, nothing was done towards beautifying the place, which is represented to have consisted of wet, uncultivated fields. Rosamond's Pond was situated towards the west end, being fed by some streams which afterwards made their way across the fields, where Parliament-street now stands, and fell into the Thames.

It remained in much the same state till the Restoration. During the Commonwealth, it had been thrown open to the public, and though Charles, on his return, resumed it along with other Crown property, yet being willing to perform every popular act in his power, he allowed all respectable persons to retain the privilege they had acquired.

Charles II. appears to have taken great delight in this park. Indeed, it is to him that we are indebted for its most striking features. He added thirty-six acres of land; laid out regular walks; planted rows of lime and elm trees; dug the canal; formed a decoy for wild duck, and otherwise embellished the place. The lime-trees, whose fragrant blossoms and bright green foliage are so grateful amidst the smoke of a large Metropolis, were planted in compliance with the salutary advice given by Evelyn in his "Fumifugium."

The canal was 2800 feet in length by 100 feet in breadth, with a row of trees along each bank. The springs which supplied Rosamond's Pond proving insufficient to feed this body of water, a covered way, communicating with the Thames, was constructed, through which, at high tide, the water was occasionally allowed to flow in; its admission

being regulated by a sluice, which remained on the Parade till a few years ago. The decoy was a very extensive shrubbery on an island in the canal, formed, as its name points out, to collect and catch wild-fowl: the greatest length was in the direction of the canal, the whole being surrounded by a row of trees. It consisted of a large irregular grove, within which were various ponds, some whereof were the decoys.

Charles here maintained a numerous brood of tame birds, to feed which was one of his favourite diversions. This decoy, afterwards better known by the name of the Wilderness, was destroyed to make a lawn before Buckingham House, when purchased as a palace for the Queen; and the shape of the canal was rendered still more formal.

It may be mentioned, as a curious proof of the tenacity of animals in adhering to habit, that though this park had long been in the heart of a great city, the wild-fowl continued to frequent their old haunt till within the last twenty-five years. The care with which they were preserved most likely prolonged their visits. So late as October 1690, the following proclamation of William III. appeared in the London Gazette:—

“Whereas his Majesty hath empowered John and Thomas Webbe, gentlemen, keepers of the game within ten miles of the Court of Whitehall and the precincts thereof: and information being given, that notwithstanding his Majesty’s commands, several persons do kill and molest his Majesty’s ducks and game within the said limits: it is therefore his Majesty’s especial command, that none presume to keep a fowling-piece, gun, setting-dog, net, trammel, or other unlawful engine wherewith to destroy or kill, or in any ways disturb the game, contrary to the law and statute in that case made and provided, other than such as shall be by law qualified. And whosoever shall give information to John Webbe, living in St. James’s Park, shall have gratuity for every gun, net, dog, or any engine that shall be seized or taken from any offender.  
NOTTINGHAM.”

The grotesque muse of Dr. King has immortalized these ducks. In his “Art of Cookery,” he sings—

“The fate of things lies always in the dark;  
What Cavalier would know St. James’s Park?  
For *Locket’s* stands where gardens once did spring,  
And wild-ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;  
A princely palace on that space does rise  
Where *Sedley’s* noble muse found mulberries.”

Before Charles II. improved the Park, it was indeed a fit place for grasshoppers, and for these insects only. The “princely palace” means Buckingham House, built in 1703, by John Duke of Buckingham, the site of which is usually supposed to have been the Mulberry Gardens, alluded to by Dr. King, though Mr. Malone is of opinion that Arlington-street stands on part of them. The allusion to “Sedley’s noble muse” relates to a play of Sir Charles Sedley, published in 1668, whence it appears that this garden was laid out with arbors, where the company assembled in an evening (the ladies frequently in masks), and regaled on syllabubs, cheesecakes, and sweetened wine. Buckingham House was purchased in 1761, for the sum of £1,000*l.* and converted into a palace for the Queen.



On an island in one of the ponds of the decoy, towards the Parade, William III. built a summer-house, where he frequently drank tea. The Bird-cage Walk, which was originally grassed, takes its name from the aviary which Charles II. placed there—most probably, the first ever built in England. In some old books of expenditure is an allowance for hempseed for the birds, and an officer appointed to attend them, called an *Avener*.

The Mall is so denominated from the game of Mall (*Pull Mall*, or *Palle Maille*—*Pallere Mallev*, to strike with a mallet), an amusement in which Charles greatly indulged and excelled. In that game, a round bowl, or large ball, being struck by a heavy bat, was sent through an iron ring of considerable diameter, mounted on a high pole, usually placed at the end of an alley of trees, as was the case in St. James's Park, the middle walk whereof was carefully strewn with cockle-shells, which, when properly managed, produce a very smooth hard surface. To conduct this business, Charles actually created the important and dignified office of *Cockle-strewer*.

Charles, accompanied by his dogs, was constantly in this Park, either among his birds, playing at mall, or sauntering about the walks. On such occasions, the easy monarch was usually unattended, a circumstance that attracted the notice, and alarmed the fears of the House of Lords when the Popish plot exploded; an address having been voted in 1678, wherein they beseech his Majesty that all mean and unwarranted persons (who were forbidden entering the Park) should abstain from following him, and that all private doors might be walled up.

It is not astonishing that "mean and unwarranted" persons should frequent this Park, because debtors here enjoyed freedom from arrests. In Fielding's "Amelia" we find the hero walking in security in the Mall, when he did not venture to parade his person elsewhere. In the comedies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gentlemen who were at a loss to find a dinner, generally beguiled the time which the pleasure of eating would have employed, on a bench in St. James's Park. There they were frequently joined by others, who, though not hungering after food, had an insatiable appetite for news, or, in a word, were politicians. Bickerstaff here meets his acquaintance the upholsterer, who silently lets his own affairs run to ruin, that he may loudly proclaim the deep interest he takes in those of the King of Sweden.

The once Republican, but now courtly muse of Waller, prompted him to celebrate the improvements made by his royal master. He declares, that though nothing can be found of Paradise, yet the description of it would very well apply to St. James's Park. And as to the canal,

——— "'tis of more renown  
To make a river, than to build a town."

He then mentions the rows of trees planted by its side, and affirms that Amphion

"In better order could not make them stand."

He anticipates that the gallants will bathe there in summer, and slide in winter, (the present elegant amusement of skating not having been introduced); that boats will float on the water and music on the air, while

"The ladies angling on the chrystal lake  
 Feast on the waters on the prey they take;  
 At once victorious with their lines and eyes,  
 They make the fishes and the men their prize."

He afterwards tells us, that Charles had constructed an ice-house, and then directs our attention to the *Mall*:—

"Here a well polish'd Mall gives us the joy  
 To see our Prince his matchless force employ.  
 No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,  
 Than 'tis already more than half the Mall;  
 And such a fury from his arm has got,  
 As from a stinking culv'rin it were shot."

Hugh Roberts having invented a draining machine, its utility was put to the test in 1785, when one of these was erected on piles in Rosamond's Pond, discharging thirty tons of water a minute, and costing about 400*l*. The machine, however, it is to be presumed, was not then brought into much action, for the work proceeded but slowly, as appears from an article in "The London Chronicle" of July 10, 1770, which states that "the water is drawn out of the canal (for the purpose of cleaning,) in St. James's Park, and the workmen have begun to shorten it, and to fill up Rosamond's Pond. The trees in that part are to be cut down to form a spacious lawn before the Queen's palace, the wilderness to be destroyed, and the moat filled up."

This Rosamond's Pond appears to have acquired great celebrity as a place for despairing lovers to end their woes in: before it was filled up the following was affixed by some wag to a neighbouring tree:—

"This is to give notice to all *broken hearts*, such as are unable to survive the loss of their lovers, and are come to a resolution to *die*, that an engineer from Flintshire having cruelly undertaken to disturb the waters of Rosamond's Pond in this Park, *gentlemen and ladies cannot* be accommodated as formerly. And whereas certain daughters of *Exc* have been since tempted to make use of the Serpentine and other rivers, some whereof have met disappointment: this is therefore to certify all persons whatsoever labouring under the circumstances aforesaid, that the basin in the upper or Green Park is a most commodious piece of water, in admirable order, and of a depth sufficient to answer the *ends* of all sizes and conditions. Wherefore all persons applying themselves thereto, will be sure to meet with satisfaction."

The Park has been grievously encroached on from time to time. Part was inclosed as a garden to St. James's Palace. The Duke of St. Albans obtained permission to take a portion of the Green Park. Slices have been granted at various periods to different individuals: amongst others, Lord Spencer obtained the portion whereon his house now stands; a passage into the park, which till then existed in that spot, being thus blocked up. And, lastly, the "Spring Gardens" are now covered with houses, forming Spring Garden-terrace, New-street, &c.

What these Spring Gardens were may be collected from Monconys, who states that in 1663 Spring Gardens was much resorted to, having grass and sand walks, dividing squares of twenty or thirty yards, which were inclosed with hedges of gooseberries, raspberries, roses, beans, and asparagus, (then great rarities,) and the whole inclosed with a wall.

These gardens were resorted to by the public during the Interregnum, as appears from the following order :—

“1647, March 3. Ordered, that the keeper of the Spring Gardens be hereby required and enjoined to admit no person to come into or walk in the Spring Garden on the Lord's day, or any of the public fast days; or that any wine, beer, ale, cakes, or other things be sold, either upon the Lord's day, or upon public fast days.”

Although nearly the whole of what was the Spring Gardens is now built upon, yet the old custom of supplying certain refreshments continues to drag on a kind of existence near its ancient haunts; cakes and milk being there still supplied to nursery-maids and children.

The present passage of Spring Gardens was granted to the parishioners of St. Martin's in the Fields in the year 1699, at the rent of 6*l* 8*s*. per annum. This lease expired in 1799, and was not renewed.

Anterior to 1721, the east side of the Park, near Spring Gardens, was inclosed by a high brick wall, but in that year the inhabitants obtained permission to remove it, and substitute an iron railing.

The old wooden sunk railing, which till within the last three or four years enclosed the green in the centre of St. James's Park, must have been placed there subsequently to 1731; a fact which is apparent from positive orders at that time issued, that no one should walk upon the grass. This fence was, most probably, made when Buckingham House was bought for the Queen.

At the North West corner of the parade stood a piece of ordnance, called “the gun,” cast in 1638, and bearing the following inscription—

“Carolus Edgari Sceptrum stabilivit aquarum,

which alludes to the *Mare Clausum* of Selden.

The place of this gun is now supplied by a cannon, remarkable for its length and ornaments, cast by some Grand Seigneur, and taken by Bonaparte when he invaded Egypt; but he was in turn deprived of this curious trophy by the British troops, when they rescued that portion of the Ottoman empire from the French grasp.

Concerning Hyde Park, it appears, that two contiguous manors called Hyde and Neate, together with Covent Garden (then called *The Convent Garden*,) and some other lands, including the advowson of Chelsea, were exchanged by William Boston, Prior of St. Peter's Westminster, with Henry VIII. for others then in the hands of the King, formerly part of the property of the Priory of Hnrley in Yorkshire, which had been suppressed some time previously; Henry VIII. immediately erecting the manor of Hyde and other lands into a park.

This exchange was in conformity to the system of Henry, who seized every opportunity to exchange land in distant parts of the country, for the more valuable and available church property in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Hence we have some means of accounting for the curious manner in which the possessions of certain ecclesiastical and collegiate bodies are scattered over the kingdom.

This park, now so much frequented by all classes, and so fashionable during the spring season, has been used for the purposes of exercise during a very long period. It was especially crowded on May day by persons of all ranks whose fastidiousness did not forbid their enjoying the innocent amusement of “going-a-maying,” a custom now utterly

exploded in London certainly, if not elsewhere also, but for the enjoyment of which the numerous hawthorn bushes formerly existing in Hyde Park afforded every temptation and facility.

"Woe," says poor Robin, "woe be to the hawthorn bushes, that be full of blossoms; they are condemned, like a gentleman in a fray, to be rifled of their gay attire by every mechanic." This custom is thus noticed in a newspaper, dated May 1, 1654. "This day was much more observed by people going a-maying than for divers years past. Great resort to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich coaches, and gallants in attire; but most shameful powdered-hair men, and painted spotted women. Some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreations; but his Highness the Lord Protector went not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Council."

That the Lord Protector did sometimes condescend to appear in Hyde Park is certain, for about that time the German Count Oldenburg having presented him with six fine horses, Cromwell resolved, it seems, to display his skill as a charioteer, and attempted to drive them in Hyde Park, taking Lord Treasurer Thurlow with him. But the horses, less obedient to the reins in his Highness's hands than the "Lords of the Creation" had proved, ran away, and the Protector, himself unprotected, falling under the pole, became entangled, and was involved in very considerable jeopardy, for a pistol, which he carried in his pocket, was discharged by the shock; though, with his usual good fortune, he escaped unhurt. This trivial event was not overlooked by the King's party; amongst others, Sir John Birkenhead (who wrote one of the fugitive political papers of the day called *Mercurius Aulicus*, printed at Oxford,) profited by the occasion, and wrote a satirical poem on this accident, called "The Jolt."

Hyde Park shared the fate of the other Crown lands, and was seized soon after the execution of Charles, but exempted from sale by an Ordinance of Parliament. However, three years afterwards, it was resolved that the whole of it should be brought to the hammer. A preparatory survey was taken in 1652, whence it appears that it then contained about six hundred and twenty acres, valued at only 849*l.* per annum; the deer, with which it continued stocked, estimated at 300*l.*; the materials of a lodge at 120*l.*; those of a banqueting-house, at 125*l.*; and the timber at 4779*l.* The park was divided into several lots, which all together sold for the sum of 17,068*l.* including the deer and timber.

Some of the purchasers turned to account the inclination of the public for frequenting the park, as is manifested from the following letter, written in 1659:—

"I did frequently accompany my Lord H—— into a field near the town, which they call Hyde Park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as our course, but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendour; being such an assemblage of wretched jades and hackney-coaches, as next to a regiment of carmen, there is nothing approacheth the resemblance. This park was, it seems, used by the late king and the nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect. But it is that which now (beyond all other exercises) they pay for here in England, though it be free for all the world besides; every coach and horse which enters paying for his mouthful, and permission of the publican who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded by

porters with long staves."—*Character of England in a letter from a nobleman to his friend in France.* London, 1659.

After the Restoration, when the Crown lands were resumed into the King's hands, this park was replenished with deer, and surrounded by a brick-wall, having been, before that time, merely fenced with palings. As in the case of St. James's Park, the public were allowed to resort to it as a place of recreation.

A newspaper, dated January 1682, contains the following account of some of the amusements of which Hyde Park was the field:—

"This day his Majesty, (Charles II.) with most of the Court, went into Hyde Park, where the guards exercised before the Morocco Ambassador. His Excellency seemed highly pleased with our manner of military discipline. The soldiers were gallantly accoutred, and the officers magnificently. In return, the Ambassador's followers exercised after their manner, which, though strange to us, was most excellently performed, and with most admirable agility, their horses being very tractable and well managed. Some of their performances were throwing of lances, which, with incredible swiftness and agility they would catch again before they fell to the ground. They did, likewise, upon full speed, take off a ring (being hung up for that purpose,) upon the end of their lances, very rarely missing. Scarce ever was seen in the park so great an appearance of coaches."

The piece of water called the Serpentine was commenced in 1730, by the King's order, on the site of a string of ponds. An excavation of four hundred yards in length and one hundred in breadth was made, the expense of which was estimated at 6000*l.* This work was begun under the superintendance of Charles Withers, who employed for the purpose three hundred men, but died before its completion; it was then resumed under the direction of Queen Caroline in 1733, and extended to its present dimensions. The water is supplied by a small stream rising near Bayswater, and falling into the Thames just above Vauxhall-bridge.

It was designated *The Serpentine*, because not an exactly straight canal with parallel banks, being considerably wider at one end than the other, and having a slight bend where it enters Kensington Gardens—a straight canal was till about that time the only shape given to bodies of artificial water. It is said that Lord Bathurst was the first to deviate from this formality of figure, in the instance of a brook which he widened at Ryskins, near Colebrook. One day, Lord Stafford, who was paying him a visit, being shown the effect of this improvement, asked Lord Bathurst "to own fairly how much more it would have cost to have made the course straight?" So rude were at that time the notions of picturesque beauty, that the only motive which could be imagined for allowing a stream to preserve its natural meanders, was, the saving the expense of digging a parallelogram!

The carriage-way in the Park running even with the high turnpike-road, was made in 1734, to prevent the annoyance experienced by the Royal Family when at Kensington, from the dust arising from the road which runs along the wall of Kensington Gardens.

The gardens of Kensington Palace were purchased from Lord Chancellor Finch, afterwards Earl of Northampton, by William III.: his Queen, Mary, made some additions to them. They were greatly im-

proved by Queen Anne, and finally enlarged to the circumference of three miles and a half, and put in their present very beautiful state, by Queen Caroline. Wise, gardener to King William, altered a large gravel-pit in the old part of the gardens, and planted it in a manner that was thought so exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, that the Spectator seems disposed to compare the contriver of it with the writers of epics. "I think," says Addison, "there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry; your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammists and sonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance-writers. *Wise* and *London* are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an eye, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned."

Yet such are the vicissitudes in taste, that every yew, every holly, is removed from the spot thus celebrated a century and a quarter ago—a spot, of which, probably, nine-tenths of the present inhabitants of London never even heard!

Grosvenor Gate was built in 1725, for the accommodation of the inhabitants of Hanover-square, on the petition of Sir Robert Grosvenor, the 6th Baronet—whose son Richard was created a peer on April 8, 1761—who obtained leave to erect the gate and form a carriage-way, but at his own expense, with a condition that it should be kept in repair by him. About the same time, the circular reservoir near that gate was constructed by the proprietors of the Chelsea Water-works, to supply water to Kensington Palace, the upper part of Westminster, and the buildings near Mount-street, then called Oliver's Mount.

Hyde Park has been considerably reduced in size since the survey in 1652, partly by the erection of houses between Hyde Park-corner and Park-lane, but chiefly by the making and enlarging Kensington Gardens. In 1665, the ranger had a grant of fifty acres, for the purpose of planting apple-trees to make cider for the King; which apples, according to the stipulation, were to consist principally of golden pippins and red-streaks.

Some years ago, it was proposed by John Fordyce, Surveyor-general, that the triangular piece of ground between the entrance into the Park and Park-lane, should be inclosed, laid out in gardens, and a building, fit for the residence of a family of fortune, erected in each. This plan, unquestionably a well-considered one, was not then carried into effect,

having excited much popular clamour. And here it may be remarked, that although the parks are undoubtedly Crown property, yet long and uninterrupted enjoyment has converted them into a kind of common property, the right to the use of which contributes most largely, not merely to the recreation, but to the health of the vast population of the metropolis; so that,—to repeat a well-known anecdote,—when Queen Caroline, consort of George II. asked Mr. Pitt what it would cost her to shut up the Parks, that statesman replied, “Only three crowns, please your Majesty.” But within the last thirty years Fordyce’s plan has been carried into effect. Hamilton-place has only robbed the Park of an obscure corner, and the gardens at the back of Apsley-house must by all be allowed to be an immense improvement.

It appears that what is now the Regent’s Park, and which, till lately, was nothing but a large tract of pasture-ground, was in former times a Royal Park, and had a palace in it, where Queen Elizabeth occasionally resided.

The fate of this was involved in that of the other Parks, and given by Cromwell to Harrison, Colonel of a regiment of Dragoons, either to feed his horses, or as an indemnification for the expenses he incurred. At the Restoration, it came into the possession of private persons; since which time it has passed through the hands of various proprietors, and at length reverted to the Crown when his late Majesty was Regent, and converted into a magnificent Park, larger than St. James’s, Hyde, and the Green Parks, put together. Although the expenses of planting, &c. were enormous, yet so well has the whole been managed, that an adequate return is made for the capital invested.

## SONNET.

I STOOD with Love, as full of wonder wild  
 As he, who seeing, scarce believes his sight,  
 Gazing upon her, when she look’d and smiled,  
 So strange and peerless was her beauty’s light!  
 From the bright firmament of that calm brow  
 We mark’d her gentle star-like eyes look down  
 Benignly on their worshipper’s fond vow,  
 Pitying the passion they could never own.  
 O what a miracle of grace is she  
 When sitting on the grass, like a fair flower,  
 And the boughs press her white breast lovingly!  
 What sweetness, in the young Spring’s budding hour,  
 To see her walk forth, with her fancies fair,  
 Weaving a circlet for her crisp gold hair!

C. M. W.

## SPECIMENS OF GERMAN GENIUS, NO. V.

*The last night of the Year.\**

IN a sort of mental death, Firmian seated himself in the old chair, and covered his eyes with his hands. The mist was now withdrawn from the future, and discovered a long arid tract covered with the traces and ashes of burnt-out fires; full of sear and withered bushes, and scattered with bones whitening in the sand. He saw that the chasm which divided his heart from hers would become wider and wider;—he saw it distinctly and desolately; his old, beautiful love, would never return. Lenette would never lay aside her obstinacy, her sullenness, her habits; the narrow inclosures of her heart and of her head would remain impenetrably shut: she could as little learn to understand him as to love him. On the other hand, the absence of his friend aggravated the bitterness of her coldness; he looked mournfully along the dreary vista of long silent days, full of stifled sighs and mute accusations.

Lenette sat silently at work in the chamber, for her wounded heart shrank from words and looks as from chill and cutting winds. It was already very dark—but yet she wanted no light.

All at once a wandering ballad-singer, with a harp, and her little boy with a flute, began to play under the window.

It was with our friends as if their swollen and tightened hearts

\* The novel from which this scene, and some fragments in the foregoing numbers, have been taken, is one of the most perfect productions of its extraordinary author. It has been the singular fate of Jean Paul to enjoy unequalled popularity, yet never to have had an imitator: a style which none have ventured to imitate, may be supposed to present difficulties of no ordinary kind to the translator, and, in this case, the difficulties are enhanced by the nationality of the work. Those who have resided in Germany will recognize the extreme fidelity of the representation of German mind and manners—to all others, it is feared, much of it will be unintelligible, much will appear full of exaggeration or affectation. It is, however, partly because it is the most national of all his works, that "Liebenkiis" has been so largely drawn upon for specimens.

Firmian, the hero, is a man of great genius and learning, and of the gentlest and noblest moral nature; living in poverty—not in English poverty—the privation of certain articles of splendour and luxury, but in that destitution of all but absolute necessities, and precarious possession even of them, which, in Germany, it is not uncommon to find combined with the highest possible moral and intellectual culture, a fact which must needs appear unintelligible or incredible here. His wife, our unhappy Lenette, he has loved and married for her innocence, simplicity, agreeable person, tranquil temper, and for the possession of those arts and qualities most needful in the helpmate of a poor man. Unfortunately he has, in the housewife, forgotten the wife; and though it is the habit of his countrymen to require from women the virtues rather of attached and industrious servants, than of equal, intelligent, and sympathizing friends, Firmian gradually wakes to the dreariness and misery of his most ill-matched companionship. It is thus we see him above. The character of Lenette is drawn with inimitable truth and finish. The inveterate prejudice, the irremediable obtuseness and contraction of mind and heart, the machine-like return to one set of associations and thoughts and feelings, are all drawn from the life. In a former number we have given a short passage from among the many descriptive of Lenette.

The noble-minded, tender, energetic, and accomplished Natalia, to whom, in the sequel of his strange history, Firmian is united, is in perfect and admirable contrast with the obdurate stupidity and common-place of his first wife.

It is to be regretted, for the sake of those English readers who are curious concerning the literature and mind of Germany, that this novel is not translated entire. It is one of Jean Paul's shortest as well as best, and the most characteristic, both of the individual author and of his country.



received a thousand punctures, and then gently collapsed. As nightingales sing sweetest where there is an echo, so do our hearts speak most audibly where music is around them. Oh! when the many stringed tones brought back to him his old hopes—hopes, the very aspect of which he could scarcely recognize; as he looked down into the Arcadia, now lying deep, deep beneath the stream of years, and saw himself there with his young fresh wishes, his long-lost joys, his joyful eyes which gazed around full of confidence, and his expanding heart which husbanded and fostered all its love and truth for some future loving one; and as he now cried in a deep inward discord, "And such an one have I *not* found, and all is over;" and as the cruel sounds passed like the shifting pictures of gay meadows, flowery thickets and loving groups in a camera obscura, before this lonely one who had nothing—not one soul in this land that loved him:—his firm spirit fell prostrate within him, and laid itself down upon the earth as if to its eternal rest—and now nothing had power to heal or to soothe it but its own sorrows.

Suddenly the tones, wandering on the night-wind, died away, and the pauses, like a burial in silence and darkness, struck deeper into the heart. In this melodious stillness he went into the chamber, and said to Lenette, "Take this trifle down to them." But he could only falter out the last words, for, in the light reflected from the opposite house, he saw her flushed face covered with streaming unregarded tears: at his entrance she had affected to be busied in wiping off the mist which her warm breath had left upon the window-pane.

He said, in a still softer tone, "Lenette, take it directly, or they will be gone." She took it—her heavy eyes turned away as they met his, no less tear-swollen than her own—yet they met dry and tearless, so severed, so estranged were their souls already. They had reached that wretched state in which the bour of common emotion no longer reconciles or warms. His whole breast swelled with a torrent of love, but hers no longer belonged to him,—he was oppressed at the same moment by the wish and the impossibility of loving her—by the certainty of the barrenness and coldness of her nature. He seated himself in a window recess and leaned down his head and touched, by chance, the pocket handkerchief she had left. The afflicted creature, after the long constraint of a whole day, had refreshed herself by this gentle overflowing—as a hurt by pressure is relieved by opening a vein.

At the touch of the handkerchief a cold shudder ran through his frame, like a sting of conscience. And now the voice and the flute, without the harp, were heard again, and flowed on together in a slow, mournful ditty, every verse of which ended, "gone is gone, dead is dead!" Grief clasped him round like the mantle-fish in its dark stifling shroud. He pressed Lenette's tear-steeped handkerchief hard upon his eye-balls, and in darkness he felt, "gone is gone, dead is dead!" Then suddenly his whole spirit melted within him at the thought that his throbbing heart would perhaps be at rest before the entrance of any other year than that which was to break upon him on the morrow; and he fancied himself departing, and the cold handkerchief lay steeped in double tears on his burning face; and the notes marked every point of time, like the beats of a clock, and he felt, sensibly, the passage and motion of time, and he saw himself at length sleeping in the quiet grave.

The music ceased. He heard Lenette go into the room and light a candle. He went to her and gave her the handkerchief. But his inner man was so bruised and bleeding that he felt as if he longed to embrace any outward being—be it what it would. He felt as if he must press, if not his present, yet his former—if not his loving, yet his suffering, Lenette to his fainting, famished heart. But he neither wished nor tried to utter the word, love. Slowly and without bending down he folded his arms around her, and drew her to his heart; but she turned her head coldly and abruptly from his offered kiss. This pained him acutely, and he said, "Am I happier than thou?" and he laid his face down on her averted head, and pressed her once more to him, and then released her. And as the vain embrace was over, his whole heart exclaimed, "gone is gone, dead is dead!"

As he laid himself down to rest, he thought the old year closes, as if for ever, in sleep; out of sleep the new one arises, like the beginning of existence, and I slumber over a fearful, formless, thickly-shrouded future. Thus do we go to sleep at the very gateway of imprisoned dreams, and we know not, although our dreams lie but at the distance of a few minutes, a few steps from the gate, whether, when they issue forth, they will surround us in the likeness of crouching, glaring beasts of prey, or of fair children, sitting smiling, and sporting in their little sinless night—whether we ought to strangle or to embrace the compacted air.

*Jean Paul.—Liebenkäs.*

Philosophy cannot bake bread, but she can put us in possession of God, freedom, and immortality. Which is the most practical, Philosophy or Economy?

*Novalis.*

Among literary men, the gift of bearing to be contradicted is, generally speaking, possessed only by the dead. I will not go so far as to assert that, for the sake of possessing it, we ought to wish ourselves dead; for this is a price at which, perhaps, even higher perfections would be too dearly purchased. I will only say that it would be well if living authors would learn to be externally somewhat dead. The time will come when they must leave behind them a posterity who will sever every thing accidental from their reputation, and will be withheld by no reverence from laughing at their faults. Why can they not learn to endure by anticipation this posterity, which every now and then reveals itself, heedless whether they think it envious or unmannerly.

*Lessing.*

There are days in which we are in a most felicitous vein for the conception of new images and projects, but can neither communicate nor mature any of them. These are not thoughts, they are only the ghosts of thoughts.

*A. W. von Schlegel.*

Many men live better with past or with future ages than with the present.

*Novalis.*

And so he stayed—as he would—as he must. But the delight of being with her, near her, was like no other delight. And in her, also, this same feeling remained unchangeable; she, too, could not withdraw

herself from the dominion of this sweet necessity. After the resolution which for ever divided them, no less than before it, an indescribable, almost magical power of attraction, exerted itself in each towards the other. If they were in the same room, it was not long ere they stood, they sat near each other. Nothing but the nearest nearness could tranquillize them, and this tranquillized them fully. It was enough that they were near: not a look—not a word—not a gesture—not a movement was needed—nothing but to be together. For they were not two human beings; they were one—one, lapped in an unconscious, absolute delight, contented with itself and with the world. Nay, had one of them been forcibly detained at a remote part of the house, the other would have followed, step by step, without plan or premeditation. To them, life was a riddle, whose solution they could only find when they were together.

Goethe.

The proper and characteristic duty of an instructor of the people is the affording a good example. The faith of his flock rests mainly upon his own, and is, strictly speaking, little more than a faith in his faith. His precepts ought to be delivered, not as something learnt, as something speculatively discovered, but as something drawn out of his own inward experience, since on this subject every thing must be the result of such experience. If his life contradicts his precepts, no one believes in his experience. And even if he could support them by such theoretical proofs as must compel conviction, nothing of what he says is believed of himself individually.

Fichte.

It is not the gay colours, the joyous tones, and the warm air that awaken us to fresh life in spring; it is the still, prophetic spirit of endless hopes, the presentiment of many joyful days, of the happy, beneficial existence of so manifold natures; the anticipation of higher and immortal flowers and fruits, and the dim sympathy with the social, unfolding world.

Novalis.

#### On Popular Poetry.

The position which Bürger assumed in the preface to the first edition of his poems, namely, that popular poetry is the perfect, and, indeed, the only true poetry, he has repeated in the second edition, thus modified—"that the popularity of a poetical work is the proof of its perfection," and has endeavoured to establish it by argument. If we look at all he has said on this subject, in order to come at a clear notion of what he means by the word *people*, we find that we shall obtain it by running a sort of mean line through all classes, comprehending within that word all varieties of natural situation and capacity; for with reference to the educated and accomplished, there exists no such average; the line between those who participate in scientific and conventional education and those who are excluded from it, must ever remain sufficiently broad and distinct. It is not, however, easy to perceive why poetry, to which it is given to express to men all that is highest and noblest, should be condemned to adapt herself to mediocrity, instead of addressing herself to the most elevated and most richly endowed spirits, and leaving the others to come up with her as they can. Bürger did not understand rightly what he required of poetry; he confounded

it with the very attainable end which he proposed to himself in most of his songs; *i. e.* to write for readers of various ranks, and especially those of the lower and uneducated.

Nor was any such wonderful condescension necessary for this purpose, as many have pretended; for Nature distributes fancy and susceptibility without regard to higher or lower birth: conventional culture is required only for those kinds of literature which represent pictures of polished social life; and scientific attainments may be rendered unnecessary by the choice of the subject. In this sense, it is very possible to be a dignified and noble popular poet. But it is not evident why every poet must invariably address himself to a public so constituted; why, for instance, he should not occasionally set before himself readers whom Nature has endowed with a philosophical eye, or education made conversant with classical antiquities. What he loses in quantity of effect, would be amply compensated to him by its quality. How narrow would be the sphere of poetry, what magnificent images would be rendered unavailable, were Bürger's position universally acknowledged! His assertion, "that all great poets have been popular poets; and that what they did not write popularly was almost forgotten in their lifetime, or never received into the imagination and the memory of their readers," is expressly contradicted by history—at least by that of modern poetry, which is most to our present purpose. Dante and Petrarch, the two great fathers of modern poetry, are, in every sense of the word, both as to knowledge and genius, as unpopular as it is possible to be. Guarini, the great link between the ancient and modern schools, is nowise popular; and Shakspeare and Cervantes appear so only because they satisfy the many with strong emotions and gay images, and delude them with a superficial intelligibility, while the deeper sense, and an infinity of delicate allusions, remain hidden from vulgar readers or spectators.

The question, how far Homer's rhapsodies were originally suited to the taste and comprehension of the people, or sung only for the noble and the great, would lead us too far; but it is indisputable that the Troubadours and Minnesingers are by no means entitled to the name of popular poets. They cultivated rather a courtly and knightly style of poetry, founded on the manners, views, and sentiments of the highest and most cultivated ranks. We have, indeed, some specimens of the same age, evidently composed for the pleasure and approbation of the common people, and these form the most striking contrast with the former: indeed, we find in more than one noble Minnesinger expressions of the utmost contempt for the lays of peasants and burghers.

If Bürger, by this sweeping demand for popularity of style, which he subsequently defines to be *clearness and perfect intelligibility*, only meant that every poem ought to possess these qualities in the highest degree compatible with the nature of its subject matter, this will readily be admitted, with the sole exception of those cases in which a veil of intricacy and obscurity contributes to make the desired impression, and is thus necessary to complete the effect. In the sense above-mentioned, his observation does not seem superfluous or unnecessary, since many of our poets have, by means of dramatic and rhetorical artifices, clothed the most common-place thoughts in a gloomy mist, a perversity from which Bürger is altogether free. But if it is contended that per-

fact clearness is the essential requisite for popular poetry, this may lead the poet into the most fatal errors. Our existence rests on the incomprehensible, and the aim of poetry, springing as it does out of this "fathomless profound," cannot be to solve all mysteries. The people, for whom he has taken the trouble to versify, on this point, as on many others, has bled fast by the true and natural feeling; the desire to understand every thing, that is, to embrace every thing by the reason, is certainly a most unpopular one. The Bible, such as it at present is in the hands of the people, can be but very imperfectly understood; nay, must even be very frequently misunderstood, and yet it is in the highest degree a popular book. Adapted to universal comprehension by our modern Exagetes, it will infallibly lose the greater part of its popularity. The old hymns and psalms, especially the Catholic ones, full of the most daring allegory and mysticism, are highly popular; the modern ones which have taken their place, stripped of all imagery and all flights, perfectly reasonable, and as clear as water, are not at all so. And why is this? Because in their sickening monotony nothing arouses the attention, nothing suddenly strikes the feelings and hurries the reader at once to a point which he can never reach by the aid of formal instruction. In a word, he who wishes to write for the people any thing which rises above their daily wants, must be not wholly unskilled in White Magic, in the art of painting by words and signs.

*A. W. von Schlegel.*

*My New Year's wishes for myself.*

The new year opens its gates. Destiny stands, between the glowing morning-clouds and the sun, upon the ashes of the by-gone year, and numbers out the days.—What dost thou ask, Natalia?

Not for joys. Alas! all that my heart contained have left nothing there but black thorns;—their rosy fragrance was soon fled. The heavy tempest gathers close to the sunbeams, and if they gleam upon us, it is only like the reflection of the sword which to-morrow will be turned against the bosom that exulted in its brightness. No—I ask for no joys—they make the thirsty heart so empty. It is sorrow alone that fills it.

Destiny is portioning out the future. What wishest thou, Natalia?

Not for Love—Oh the heart to which the thorny white rose of love has been pressed, bleeds; and the warm tears of joy which fall into its chalice soon become cold, and then dry. On the morning of life, love hangs blooming and brilliant as a wide and purple dawn in the heavens. Oh! tread not in those gleamy clouds—they are formed of mist and tears. No, no—wish for no love:—die of nobler sorrows;—perish under a loftier poison-tree than the lowly myrtle!

Thou kneelest before Destiny, Natalia,—say, what are thy wishes?

Not for friends. No—we stand side by side on excavated graves; and when we have long held each other affectionately by the hand, and suffered together, the hollow hillock gives way under the feet of my friend, and he turns pale and sinks, and I stand, with my cold and cheerless life, alone, near the earth which has closed over him. No, no. But when the heart can die no more—when friends meet together in the eternal world, then will the firm breast beat warmer: the impe-

rishable eye will weep more joyful tears, and the lips which can turn pale no more will tremblingly exclaim, 'Now, come to me, beloved soul—now we may love, for we shall never more be parted!'

Oh thou forlorn, forsaken Natalia, for what then, on earth, dost thou pray?

For patience and the grave—for nothing more. But thou deny me not, thou silent Destiny. Dry the eye—then close it for ever. Still the heart—then break it. Yes, one day, when my spirit unfolds its wings in a fairer sky, when the new year breaks upon a purer world, and when all shall meet again, and love again,—then will I speak my wishes—and, for myself, none—for I shall be too happy.

Jean Paul.

If the world is to be held together by lies, the old, which are already current, are just as good as the new.

Lessing.

It is so agreeable to employ oneself about a thing which one can only half do, that we ought not to laugh at the dilettante who devotes himself to an art which he can never acquire, nor blame the artist who delights to step out of the boundaries of his own art and to apply himself to some kindred pursuit.

Göthe.

Every figure fashioned by the hand of art, every character invented by fiction, has more or less of life, and the claims and hopes of life. Galleries of pictures and statues are the dormitories of a future world. The historian, the philosopher, the artist of that world is here at home; here he forms himself—for that he lives. Let him who is unhappy in the actual world,—who finds not what he seeks—let him go into the world of books and of art—into Nature, that eternal, antique, and yet eternal novelty—let him live in that *Eccllesia pressa* of the better world. Here he will be sure to find a beloved and a friend, a fatherland and a God. They slumber—but in prophetic, significant slumbers. At length comes the time when every initiated of that better state sees, like Pygmalion, the world he has created and combined break upon him with the glories of a loftier and lovelier dawning, and his long fidelity and love required.

Novalis.

Luther to his Companions.

Grace and peace in Christ Jesus our Lord be with you, dear sirs and friends! I have received all your letters, and understand therefrom how it fares with you all. That you may be aware how it fares with us, I hereby give you to know that we, namely I, Master Veit, and Cyriac, do not go to the Diet at Augsburg: we are, however, here attending another Diet.

For know that just beneath our window is a rookery, in a small wood, and there do the rooks and jackdaws hold their diet. There is such a journeying to and fro, such a cry and clamour day and night, without any ceasing, as they were all drunken; and old and young chatter all at once, that it is a marvel to me how voice and breath can so long hold it; and I would fain know whether, in your parts, you have any such like nobles and cavaliers. It seems to me that they are gathered together here from all the ends of the earth.

Their Emperor I have not yet seen, but their nobles and their great merchants, are for ever strutting before our eyes, not, in truth, in very costly garments, but rather simply clad in one colour, they are all dressed in black; all are grey-eyed, and all sing the same song, save with some pretty differences of old and young, great and small. They reckon not of vast palace or stately hall, for their hall is roofed with the fair wide heaven. The floor is the bare field, strewed with dainty green twigs, and its walls are as wide as the world's end. Nor do they need steed or harness; they have feathered wheels wherewith they escape from the fire of their enemies and avoid their rage. There are high and mighty lords amongst them; but what they resolve I know not. Thus much, however, have I gathered from an interpreter, that they have in hand a mighty expedition and war against wheat, barley, oats, rye, and all manner of corn and grain, and herein will many win knighthood, and do great feats of arms. We also sit here assembled in diet, and hear and see, with great pleasure and delight, how the princes and lords, together with the estates of the empire, so joyously sing and make good cheer. But especial joy have we when we see with how knightly an air they strut, clean their bills, and attack the defences; and how they gain conquest and glory against wheat and barley. We humbly salute them all, and wish that they were all spitted on a bedgestake together.

I hold, however, that they are most like to the sophists and papists with their preaching and writing; for so would I fain have them all in a heap before me, that I may hear all their sweet voices and preachings, and may see how right useful a folk they are to consume all that the earth brings forth, and to while away the heavy time in chattering.

To-day we have heard the nightingale for the first time; for she would put no trust in April. It has been right glorions weather all day, nor has it rained at all, except yesterday a little. With you it is perchance otherwise.

Herewith I commend you to God. Fare ye well!

*From the Diet of the Cornturks,\* April 28, 1530.*

Salt is a very good condiment, but very bad food. This last sentiment comes from my heart. Never do I feel more refreshed by serious passages than when they occur amidst comic ones: as the green spots amid the rocks and glaciers of Switzerland soothe the eye amid the glare and glitter of snow and ice. Hence it is that the humour of the English, engrafted as it is on the stem of lofty seriousness, has grown so luxuriantly, and overtopped that of all other nations.

A satire on every thing is a satire on nothing—it is mere absurdity. All contempt—all disrespect—implies something respected as a standard to which it is referred—just as every valley implies a hill. The *persiflage* of the French and of fashionable worldlings, which turns into ridicule the exceptions, and yet abjures the rules, is like Trinculo's government—its latter end forgets its beginning. Can there be a more mortal, poisonous consumption and asphyxy of the mind, than this decline and extinction of all reverence?

*Jean Paul—Introduction to the Palingenesien.*

\* Mäلتürken.

Palermo, Monday, April 2, 1787.

At length, with great exertion, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we got into the harbour, where the most lovely and enchanting view met our eyes. The city lying to the north, at the foot of a high mountain, beneath a sun just past its meridian lustre; the side of the buildings opposite to us in shadow clearly defined and illumined by the reflected lights. On the right Moute Pellegrino, with its graceful forms, in the most intense light; on the left, the wide, out-stretched shore, with its bays, promontories, and headlands. What farther gave the most delicious character to the scene, was the young green of the graceful trees, whose tops, lit up from behind, waved to and fro, sparkling over a back-ground of dark-grey buildings, like large clusters of vegetable glow-worms. A transparent atmosphere gave a blue tone to all the shadows.

Instead of hastening impatiently on shore, we remained on deck till we were driven from it: where could we have found such a point of view? when could we have hoped again for so favourable a moment?

We were conducted into the city through its wonderful gates, supported by two enormous door-posts, which are left open at the top, to let the tower-like car of Santa Rosalia pass through on the day of her celebrated festival. We were then conducted to the inn, which lay on our left. The host, a hearty, cheerful old man, accustomed to see strangers of all nations, led us into a large room, from the balcony of which we looked over the sea, the strait, the mountain of Santa Rosalia, and the shore; we could distinguish our vessel, and judge of the position from which we first beheld Palermo.

We were so delighted with the situation of our room that we scarcely remarked a raised alcove, concealed by curtains, at one end of it. In it stood a most spacious bed, decorated with a splendid silken canopy, with which the rest of a somewhat antiquated, but magnificent furniture, fully corresponded. The sight of such a state-chamber rather startled us, and we thought it desirable to make some preliminary conditions. The old man replied, that no conditions were necessary—that he only wished we might be satisfied with our reception; and that we might also have the use of the anti-room. This was a cool, airy room, enlivened by several balconies, and immediately adjoining our apartment.

We enjoyed the infinitely varied prospect, and sought to sever and dissect it into parts suited to the draughtsman or the painter; for we saw before us a boundless harvest for every variety of art. In the evening the bright moonlight allured us out again to the straits; and after our return, still detained us for a long while lingering on the balcony. The light was most extraordinary—the repose most profound and delicious.

Goethe.

Palermo, April 3, 1787.

A few words more, after reflection and an attempt to collect these scattered images

We sailed on the 29th of March, at sunset, from Naples, and landed at three o'clock on the 2d of April at Palermo. I never felt such tranquillity when travelling—even in my narrow bed, to which I was confined by violent sickness. Now my thoughts wander tranquilly back



to you. If any thing was ever eventful, decisive in my life, it is this journey.

A man who has never looked out upon an unbroken horizon of sea, has no conception of the world, and of his own connection with the world. As a landscape painter, this vast, simple line awakened in me a completely new train of thoughts.

In this short voyage we have had many vicissitudes, and have experienced the fate of sailors in little.

No words can express the aerial brilliancy which floated around the coasts as, on the loveliest afternoon, we approached Palermo. The clearness of *contour*, the softness of the whole, the tender blending of tones, the harmony of heaven, earth, and sea—he who has once seen it possesses it for life. Now I understand Claude Lorraine, and have some hope, even in my northern home, of being able to bring before my mind some faint shadowy images of this delicious abode. Were but every thing mean effaced from it as completely as the meanness of our thatched-roofed hovels from my pictorial conceptions! We shall see what this queen of islands will do.

How she received us no words can express; with fresh-budding mulberry-trees, ever-green oleanders, hedges of orange and lemon, &c. In a public garden there are wide beds of ranunculuses and anemones. The air is soft, warm, and fragrant; the wind tepid and balmy. To add to the enchantment, the moon stood at her full, behind a headland, and threw her bright reflection in the sea; and all this, after rocking four days and nights on the waves. Forgive me for scrawling to you with a stump of a pen out of a shell of indian ink, with which my companion is tracing his outline. Receive it as a mere lisp, till I can prepare some better memorial of these happy hours for all who love me. What it will be I shall not say; nor can I say when you will receive it.

Göthe—*Italiänische Reise*.

Naples, March 17.

When I seek to write words, pictures crowd before my eyes;—the fruitful land, the expanded sea, the fragrant, balmy islands, the smoking mountain:—and I want the organ necessary to bring all these before you.

Göthe—*Italiänische Reise*.

#### HISTORIC MEMOIRS OF IRELAND.\*

THE Union between Great Britain and Ireland, as well as the public events which made that measure necessary, and the secret contrivances by which it was effected, must have been subjects of very deep and anxious study to the author of this work. Independently of national feelings, which invariably made Sir Jonah Barrington oppose his political friends, upon subjects involving the fate of his country, the Union was to prove the extinction of his public life—to drive him from the arena of his eloquence, and to deprive him of all the pride, pomp, and profitable circumstances of his political existence.

Sir Jonah Barrington was returned to the Irish Parliament as a Government member, and he was designated by "the Castle" as an opponent of Mr. Grattan, but more especially of Mr. J. P. Curran, and of any minor patriots against whom

\* Historic Memoirs of Ireland, and Secret Anecdotes of the National Convention, the Rebellion and the Union. By Sir Jonah Barrington. 2 vols. 4to.

he might occasionally condescend to level the fire of his oratory. We believe it did, by accident, occur, that he had occasion sometimes to call into the service of his party fire of another description; but this sort of accident was of very general and frequent occurrence at the stormy period of Irish politics which his history peculiarly embraces.

Unless, therefore, Sir Jonah supported "the Castle," or, according to English phraseology, "the Treasury," upon emergencies, and more especially upon that of the Union, his political occupation was gone; whilst, by a zealous support of the last measure, he might have basked in official favour, or have been transported to the Meridian of the Imperial Parliament of the United Empire. Notwithstanding this, we find our author vehemently combating the Union in all its stages, and presenting an uncompromising opposition to Government upon those occasions on which the popular members of the Irish Legislature were endeavouring to increase the independence of their country.

No man of his period could be more intimately acquainted with the secret springs of great public transactions. He was of necessity informed of the views and objects of Government, and of the secret means by which they were to be accomplished. The private agents of the Executive were known to him. The great leading men of all parties he was familiar with; and his penetration and natural shrewdness allowed nothing in the Houses of Parliament, or in the political coteries and cabals, to escape his vigilance. Of these facts the work before us supplies abundant proofs.

Sir Jonah, although fond of antitheses and of epigrammatic sharpness, is very excellent in drawing characters, and his work contains those of the most eminent men of the last half century. He is equally happy in narration, and, with a few exceptions, in description; but we shall presently show sufficient grounds for not acceding to some of his principal efforts at reasoning.

Hitherto he has been successful in humorous narrations, and in witty anecdotes; in a faculty of taking facetious and very amusing views of ordinary occurrences: of this his minor work abounds in instances. He now appears in the higher character of an historian of a most eventful and singular epoch.

His work is valuable as a development of the secret views, and sentiments, and private motives of the leading characters of the times; but Sir Jonah falls into the general error of considering his subjects with the circumscription of a national and political spirit, devoid of the broader outlines of philosophy.

As an Irish patriot, he bewails the destruction of the Irish Parliament, although every chapter of his work establishes the well-known fact, that Ireland never possessed any Parliament—any assembly deserving of the name.

The Irish members of Parliament were generally nominated by Peers, who, at the Union, received the price of their boroughs at the rate of 15,000*l.* each. The Bishop of Clogher's palace used to return two members, and his lordship always elected them in his kitchen, making his servants the voters. The members were chosen for life; the House sat only once in two years, and, by Poyning's Statutes, no subject could be debated, or even proposed, that had not previously had the sanction of the English Council, and after which the King exercised his right of annulling any resolution the House might come to. The Irish Mutiny Bill was perpetual; and their grants of money were either the same, or passed for such long periods as to deprive the Commons of their very essence—the sole right of taxing the people.

Ireland was without any habeas-corpus act; her Judges were removable at the pleasure of the Crown, and they were not only in general Englishmen, with habits, feelings, and principles averse to those for whom they were to administer justice, but their salaries and emoluments were made low, in order to keep them dependent upon Court patronage for the support of their families. Appeals lay from the Irish to the English courts of law, and, in the last resort, to the English House of Peers. Finally, the 6th of George I. rendered all acts of the English Parliament coercive upon Ireland, and virtually rendered the Irish Legislature a mere noumenity, except for petty local Bills.

This system had divided Ireland into two great generic classes—the wolves

and the lambs; and the horrible antipathies of the two were fully developed on every occasion, until the Rebellion of 1798 exhibited scenes of cruelty of which our nature has afforded no parallel. Sir Jonah says—

“The frenzy of an exterminating principle seemed to have taken root among the Wexford gentry; and they acted under the impression that burning every cottage and torturing every cottager were meritorious proofs of their faith and loyalty. Great and unwarrantable excesses had been practised by some of the Protestant gentry on the lower orders: some of them were nearly as savage, and certainly as sanguinary, as the most vicious of the rebels. Those men committed their loyal brutalities without calculating that a single victory might enable the insurgents to retaliate.”

It was a monstrous absurdity, under such a system, to call Ireland a kingdom, or to speak of an Irish Parliament, Irish Judges, or an Irish Government. Ireland was ruled by the Ministers in London, as a distant dependency, and without having any persons to represent her interests or situation. In the progress of society, one of two things became absolutely necessary—either that Ireland should emancipate herself, or that she should form an integral portion of the kingdom, and be identified with it in every respect.

A coincidence of very extraordinary circumstances was about to produce the first of these alternatives.

England, from the disasters of the American war, and from internal opposition to the arbitrary views of Government, was too enfeebled to protect Ireland from hostile attacks, and the population organized itself into volunteer corps for self-defence. Several able men took advantage of this position of affairs to establish an independence of their country.

Mr. Grattan and Mr. Flood, in 1782, first obtained a repeal of the 6th Geo. I. and Mr. Flood afterwards wrung from the English Minister a full renunciation of the right of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland. Poyning's Statute had, by laxity of practice, been virtually annulled, and thus was at once established the *imperium in imperio*, and in a manner totally inconsistent with even the permanent alliance of the two islands.

Accordingly, we find the Irish Parliament immediately beginning to discuss reform; the proposal of establishing a distinct and independent Irish navy was entertained; and a war with Portugal, for refusing to receive Irish produce and manufactures, was urged in the Irish Legislature. On the Regency Question in 1788, whilst the Parliament of England maintained its constitutional right to dispose of the powers of the Crown, the Parliament of Ireland voted the crown of Ireland to the Prince of Wales *de jure*, and, by votes of censure, dismissed the Lord-Lieutenant for not forwarding their address to the Prince. Afterwards, when Mr. Pitt proposed a commercial treaty with Ireland, as an independent nation, the Legislature of Ireland rejected his terms. Considering the national feeling then prevalent throughout Ireland, and the deadly animosity against England which at that time prevailed amongst all but the privileged class of the Anglo-Irish, the two countries ere this would have been as separate and as hostile as Rome and Carthage, or one of the two contending factions must have surrendered their country, in unconditional vassalage to England, for protection against their opponents. A Union was the only safety-valve.

But no measure was ever carried by such unrighteous means; though the way to it was paved by the truly horrible Rebellion of 1798, which Sir Jonah, in common with Plowden and other writers, accuses Mr. Pitt, and the English Ministers of originating, aggravating, and continuing, in order to oblige all parties to seek safety by a Union with England.

After a very animated description of the Volunteer system,—of the great contests in the Irish Parliament between 1779 and 1799,—and of the most dreadful Rebellion of 1798, Sir Jonah opens to us all the curious *arcana* of the Union, affording one of the most singular histories of modern times.

As soon as the project of a Union had got wind, the bar, then a most powerful, aristocratic, and wealthy body in Ireland, called a general meeting. After a warm discussion, 166 members determined to oppose a Union, and 32 to support it. This strong division was in spite of the exertions of Lord Chancellor

Clare, who had attempted to bribe the profession by creating thirty-two county judges, at 600*l.* a-year each. Sir Jonah likewise gives us a list of twenty-five of these voters, with the sums they annually received by place or pension, amounting in the whole to nearly 30,000*l.* per annum. The prime Sergeant of Ireland, and several other gentlemen holding dignified and lucrative appointments, were forthwith dismissed for not supporting the measure.

The great question was first debated in the Commons on Jan. 22, 1799, and the division was 106 to 105, giving the Government a majority of one. On the 24th, the division was 111 to 105, the question being lost by six. Sir Jonah's secret history of the mode of getting votes on these occasions is curious.

Of the 105 members, on the second division, about 70 were direct placemen, and "had no alternative but to obey the Minister, or be deprived of their subsistence."

"The address was seconded by Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, of Corkbeg, an elderly country gentleman. He had an honest character, blunt, candid manners, and, though he had not talent, he could deliver himself with some strength, and with the appearance of sincerity. His speech, on this occasion, was short and feeble; he had been artfully seduced as a lure to the country gentlemen, by Lord Cornwallis's assuring him that, in the event of a Union, a Royal Dock-yard would be built near Cork, which would double the value of his estates."

Another member, Mr. Trench, "had been long in negotiation with Lord Castlereagh," but terms not being agreed upon, Mr. Trench "declared in his speech that he would vote on that debate against the Minister." After this, Mr. Cooke, the Secretary, carried a message from Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Trench, the eyes of the House being fixed on the scene; and Mr. Trench presently "arose to apologise for having indiscreetly declared he would support the amendment." He added, that "he had thought better of the subject; since he had unguardedly expressed himself, he had been convinced he was wrong, and would support the Minister." Mr. Trench did support the Minister, and gave them a majority of ONE! And Mr. Trench obtained his reward, a peerage, &c. Next, we have a Mr. Luke Fox, who had declared against the Union; but the debate occurred pending his negotiations with the Castle, and, to avoid voting, he asserted in the House that he had accepted a sinecure, the Escheatorship of Munster, and consequently was not a member, and could not vote, though he had sat in the House as a member and heard the debate. Was Mr. Luke Fox committed to the Serjeant-at-arms for a breach of privilege?—No. Mr. Luke Fox, next time, supported the Union, and was appointed a judge. With respect to the Escheatorship of Munster, "it was subsequently discovered by the public records that Mr. Fox's assertion was false." After instances of this sort, too numerous for us to quote, Sir Jonah gives us the analysis of the second division of 111 to 105 votes:—

Members holding offices during pleasure . . . . .	69
Members rewarded by offices for their votes . . . . .	19
Member openly seduced in the body of the House . . . . .	1
Members created peers, or their wives peeresses . . . . .	13
	<hr/>
	102
Members uninfluenced . . . . .	3
	<hr/>
	105

The style of debates in the Irish Parliament sounds strange to those accustomed to the rigid decorum of St. Stephen's.

"Mr. Egan, Chairman of Dublin county, a coarse, large, bluff, red-faced Irishman, as number 110 (the Opposition) was announced, stopped a moment at the bar, flourished a great stick over his head, and with the voice of a Stentor cried out, 'And I'm a hundred and eleven!' He then sat quietly down, and burst out into an immoderate and almost convulsive fit of laughter—it was all heart: he continued shaking hands with every body that came near him, till the House adjourned. Never was there a finer picture of genuine patriotism."

This is a national illustration, completely *sui generis*. On another occasion, we are told that

"The bold, restless, arrogant spirit of Fitzgibbon, ever prone to offend, irritate, and to pervert, in a speech replete with the most unnecessary invective, unwarrantable fury and abuse, assailed the Convention, the Volunteers, and the Bill with every epithet that could bring the Government and the Volunteers into a state of direct hostility. Mr. Curran called Mr. Fitzgibbon a maniac and an incendiary; Mr. D. Daly termed Mr. Flood a demagogue!" &c.

The populace resolved to make the Lord Chancellor assist them in drawing the Speaker's coach:—

"They pursued him for that extraordinary purpose. He escaped with great difficulty, and fled, with a pistol in his hand, to a receding doorway in Clarendon-street. But the people, who pursued him in sport, set up a loud laugh at him, as he stood terrified against the door. They offered him no personal violence, and returned in high glee to their more innocent amusement of drawing the Speaker."

After this, we have a political dinner at Lord Castlereagh's, where a fighting baronet proposes a duelling system in favour of the Union. There is likewise a dinner of the Opposition at Lord Charlemont's:—

"The project against their courage was communicated to most of them, and three distinct proposals were made. In the judgment of the proposer (who retains the same opinion), either of them, if adopted with spirit and adhered to with perseverance, would have defeated the Minister; but the great body of the Meeting disapproved of them. Mr. Grattan, Lord Corry, Mr. J. Ball, Colonel O'Donnell, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. Egan, and some other gentlemen, zealously approved of by far the most decisive and spirited of the three expedients."

In illustration of this, upon the next debate, during the discussion, Mr. Grattan calls out the Chancellor of the Exchequer, shoots one of his fingers off, and returns to give his vote.

On the 15th of January, 1800, the Union question was again brought forward. In the interim, Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh had secured forty-three refractory anti-unionists. 1,500,000*l.* was raised to compensate proprietors for the loss of their boroughs; Lords Ely, Shannon, Clanmorris, Belvidere, and Sir Hercules Langrishe received 143,000*l.* the two first noblemen being paid 90,000*l.* for their six members:—

"Among other curious claims for Union compensation, appears one from the Lord-Lieutenant's *rat-catcher* at the Castle, for decrease of employment; another from the *necessary-woman* of the Privy Council of England, for increased trouble in her department; with numerous others of the same quality."

Sir Jonah gives a very animated description of the debate of the 15th of January and the 5th of February, 1800. The two divisions gave the Ministers a majority of 42 and 43, about thirty members of the Commons being neutralised, or "kept out of the way." We cannot pretend to detail the "ways and means" of procuring this majority; but our author gives a minute and circumstantial account of each man's price. The climax appears to us to be, that the Mr. Annesley, afterwards Lord Annesley, who sat as Chairman of the Committee upon the Union Bill, was one of the members elected by the good Bishop of Clogher in his kitchen, and he was afterwards pronounced by a committee of the House "a usurper," and his election and his return thereupon to be null and void." This Mr. Annesley was also a Commissioner for distributing Compensations.

Sir Jonah's personal details of the Rebellion in 1798 are full of appalling interest. He speaks of Lord Cornwallis hanging ninety deserters; and afterwards, referring to some private executions, he says, "the humane and honourable Viceroy had signed no warrants for their execution." One patronized miscreant\* was called the "walking gallows," from his being a tall, powerful man, and accustomed to strangle rebels, supposed or real, by hanging them over his shoulder, and "trotting about with them." But such details are too horrible to recite.

\* The brother-in-law of the celebrated Dr. Duigenan.

Of the National Convention of Ireland, Sir Jonah gives an admirable description, partaking of the glowing effects of romance, without departing from the accuracy of history. The manner in which this, in appearance, tremendous inflammation of a whole country in arms, was suppressed by Lord Charlemont's walking off with the key of the Hall door in his pocket, is one of the most ridiculous descents from the sublime to the laughable that can be even imagined.

In the present state of Ireland, and of the empire in general; and above all, at the period of a general election, this work must be peculiarly useful. There is scarcely a leading personage of Irish history, whose character is not ably drawn, and whose conduct is not analyzed. The work was published in numbers, but the most interesting portion is contained in the two last numbers, just published, to complete the set.

Sir Jonah's sketches of eminent characters are peculiarly happy, and even in describing his worst enemies, he is sufficiently candid to give effect to their best qualities. No country presents more peculiar traits of character than Ireland, and our author very ably takes advantage of this for the amusement and instruction of his readers. He gives us historical portraits of Grattan, Flood, the Ponsonbys, Beresfords, every eminent member of the Irish Bar, the distinguished country gentlemen, and great political leaders. His sketch of Dr. Duigenan is a fair specimen of his style in this species of writing:—

"This celebrated antagonist of the Irish Catholics, so far as invective and declamation could affect their interests, was Dr. Patrick Duigenan, Judge of the Prerogative Court of Ireland—a man whose name must survive as long as the feuds of Ireland shall be remembered. His singular conduct, on many points, was of a nature so inconsistent and irregular, that even now, when his race is run, and no farther traits of his character can ever be developed, it is yet impossible to decide with certainty as to his genuine principles, if such he possessed, upon any one subject, religious or political."

"This eccentric person, whose celebrity originated from his crusades for Protestant supremacy, would probably have been a conspicuous character in whatever station he might have been placed. Incapable of moderation on any subject, he possessed too much vigorous and active intellect to have passed through life an unsignalized spectator; and if he had not, at an early period, enlisted as a champion of Luther, it is more than probable he would, with equal zeal and courage, have borne the standard for St. Peter's followers. A hot, rough, intrepid, obstinate mind, strengthened by very considerable erudition, and armed by a memory of the most extraordinary retort, contributed its attributes equally to his pen and his speeches."

After describing his fanaticism, his extravagance, his furious party spirit, and his eccentric inconsistencies, our author says,

"He had a multiplicity of public offices at the same time, unconnected with Government. He was Vicar-general to most of the bishops; and whenever he conceived the rights of the Church were threatened, his bristles instantly rose, as it were, by instinct; his tusks were bared for combat, he moved forward to battle, and would have shown no more mercy to the Government than he would have done to the patriots."

"His strong, sturdy person, and coarse, obstinate, dogmatic, intelligent countenance, indicated many of his characteristic qualities."

"His father was parish clerk of St. Werburgh's Church, Dublin; he was educated in the parish school, and, as he said himself, he was humorously christened Paddy, having been born on St. Patrick's day. He was first married to a Catholic lady, whose sister had been a nun, previous to the French Revolution, and resided with the Doctor. A Catholic priest also resided in the Doctor's house, as confessor and domestic chaplain to the ladies, and occasionally did the honours of his table. All the Doctor's servants were Catholics, and a great majority of his guests and intimates were of the same persuasion," &c.

Thus does the author present to us the extraordinary characters in which Ireland at that day abounded.

## JOURNAL OF A PARISIAN RESIDENT.

May 27. Nature has not gifted every one with a taste for music. Shakspeare tells us, that the man who hath not music in his soul is fit for "broils:" the Duchess of Ragusa appears to be of his opinion, and therefore, finding herself offended that the coachman of a certain Miss Ozenne, her neighbour, should practise the violin too much in the vicinity of her dual ears, this morning summoned the lady, the coachman, and the violin, before the Tribunal de Police for making a "tapage injurieux et nocturne." In vain the lady pleaded the right of her domestics to make musicians of themselves, if they could; the Duchess declared it was done solely and purely for her annoyance, because she had gained a lawsuit against Miss Ozenne; and the Commissaire du Quartier declared that the noise consisted of "sons aigus, bruyans et dissonans," both vocal and instrumental: this means, I suppose, that the performers were sharp, loud, and out of tune: Miss Ozenne was condemned to be imprisoned one day, and to be fined ten shillings. If singing "sharp, loud, and out of tune," were to be punished in the same way in England, I am afraid that certain singers of my acquaintance would pass a great many days in prison, and find their salaries rather insufficient to satisfy the ten shilling demands upon them.

June 4. I have mentioned elsewhere the *enlightened* manner in which the French journalists generally speak of the English in matters of taste; we have just had a nice specimen of information and liberality united, in the critiques on the first performance of "Oberon" by the German Company here. *Le Temps* says, "Weber composed this opera for Covent Garden; a foreign and unmusical language, inexperienced singers, a wretched orchestra, and a cupricious and ignorant public, were the obstacles against which he had to contend. The success of the opera was *mediocre*; the beauties of the work had too much delicacy for the English; there were but few people at the second representation, and at the third the theatre was deserted!" This is excellent in a country where Auber is preferred to Cimarosa, and the weakest of Rossini's operas listened to with more enthusiasm than "La Clemenza di Tito." The *Journal des Debats* says, that "Oberon is rather a melodrama, with a few little choruses and airs, than an opera, but that it is appropriate to the English taste, and is well adapted for a public even more anti-musical than the audiences of the Feydeau." It is just to add, that, though Madame Schroder is at a very respectful distance from Miss Paton, the opera was, on the whole, well got up,—that is, as far as the mere execution of the music is concerned; for the alterations which the German Company have been compelled to make in the original score, in order to season the feast to the French palate, are perfectly outrageous. Thus the splendid scena in the first act—"O 'tis a glorious sight to see!"—is suppressed, and in its place M. Haitzinger sings a pasticcio, consisting of a little bit of the slow movement from the overture, followed by an allegro jig movement, wound up with the hacknied ending borrowed from the first of Rossini's airs that the composer happened to lay his hand upon; and, in the third act, the hunting-chorus from "Euryanthe" is brought in, neck and shoulders, without rhyme or reason. The two pieces I have just mentioned are literally the only two which have been received with any thing like enthusiastic applause: the exquisite mermaid-song and finale to the second act, appear quite unintelligible to them, and do not, in technical language, "get a hand." So much for the manner in which the French appreciate the music which had "too much delicacy" for the English.

A singular instance of the hatred still existing in the lower orders of the French towards the English presented itself to me a few days since. I had some trivial dispute with the driver of one of the public carriages, who showed a disposition to impose on me; in the midst of it, another man came up, and began to take a violent part in the argument,—of course, in favour of his countryman. I turned to him, and asked him what concern he had in the business. "Je suis François, vous êtes Anglais," was the reply, but delivered with a virulent bitterness of tone and manner to which no description can do justice. The same feeling exists much more generally than is supposed, though it is, of course,

sufficiently veiled whenever interest requires its concealment, but the moment an opportunity is afforded, the stream resumes its natural course.

M. Bouquet (who, by the by, is at liberty on bail,) appears to be by no means the only amateur of *spicide*. A very few days after his trial, a M. Boutet, of Riom, a farmer, only twenty-nine years old, was tried, and condemned to death, for having manifestly poisoned his second and third wives. It is supposed that his first shared a similar fate, but the proofs were not quite sufficiently strong to become matter of evidence. These modern Bluebeards (if, indeed, the young gentlemen can be considered as being entitled to an epithet pertaining to the honours of the *gens barbata*) make matrimony no joke in France.

The French journals are not very large, neither is their print very small, inasmuch as the whole contents of a daily paper in Paris would hardly make one side of the "Morning Herald;" yet despite their lengthy political tirades, and the liberality with which, by printing the titles of new works in Brobdiguag type, they make an advertisement of five lines occupy half a column: they are generally at a loss for materials to make out their quota. "The Quotidienne," yesterday, seems to have been unusually nonplussed. I picture to myself the awful hour of going to press arrived—the devils waiting—the compositors resting on their sticks, and the editor, after in vain hammering his skull, peering about in every direction, in hopes of finding a stray advertisement which might fill up the *hiatus valde defendus* of nearly a column in the official journal. All is in vain, despair is at its height, when news arrives from Court—What is it?—war with England?—No.—A telegraphic despatch from Algiers?—No.—A change of Ministry?—No, no, no! greater far than all these—the King of Naples has been spending the evening with his daughter the Duchess of Berri, and, in the course of the evening, was inexpressibly delighted by the "grace and vivacity" with which his royal grandson, the Duke of Bourdeaux, recited and presented to him a copy of verses, composed for the occasion by Count de G. (Pity that such merit should shroud itself in an initial!) These said verses, amounting in number to *fifteen* stanzas, are then printed at full length, and the dreaded deficiency is supplied. Far be it from me to inflict them on the readers of the "New Monthly," but as a specimen of Court poetry and a literary curiosity, I shall quote two of the best stanzas. The Duke of Bourdeaux loquitur.—

" Ma petulance amuse les vieux ans  
De Charles Dix, que tout un peuple adore,  
Mes jeunes mains pressent ses cheveux blancs,  
Je le caresse et le caresse encore.  
Le bon Dauphin rit de tous mes ébats,  
Je suis épris de sa vertu guerriere,  
On dit que Dieu l'animait aux combats,  
Et lui pretoit les feux de son tonnerre."

Now, it so happens that the King of Naples is a remarkably shrewd, sensible, and well-informed man; and had the verses in question been the composition of his grandson, he would probably have told him that, though he had displayed a very good ear in making the second and fourth lines of every stanza rhyme together, eleven years old was too advanced an age for little boys to write nonsense verses; as it was, he could only shrug his shoulders, and make the best of it.

English literature, particularly of the light class, is very popular in France at present. Independently of the reprints of Galignani, not only the Scotch novels, but every work of fiction which has the slightest success in England, is immediately translated into French. The most indefatigable of these translators is a Madame Belloc, who, notwithstanding the extreme rapidity with which she publishes, generally succeeds in producing a faithful and, as far as a translation can be so, a spirited version of the original. The French are not fond of the anonymous, and would find no difficulty in answering Juliet's question, "What's in a name?" hence all the French translations of English works have an author's name prefixed, and sometimes the mistakes are rather amusing. Thus "Granby" is attributed to Lord Normanby; and a similarity of style between that work and



"Yes and No" was, of course, discovered and commented on by the critics. With still greater felicity, the "O'Hara Tales" are boldly fathered upon Shiel. But the most ridiculous thing that has appeared for some time is a translation of "Don Juan," stanza for stanza, into French prose! This our Gallic neighbours innocently read, to enable them to appreciate the poetical Beauties of Byron. Moore's "Life" has been translated by Madame Belloc, and has been very severely handled by the critics here; he is equally blamed for what he has said and what he has left unsaid; "The National," which may be considered the best literary paper, has been unusually severe, though apparently without the slightest personal feeling on the question.

At the last meeting of the "Academie des Sciences," Dr. Auzoux presented, for the consideration of the members, an anatomical figure of a novel and interesting character. It appears from the statement made by M. Auzoux, that his attention was directed several years since to an examination of the possibility of constructing a figure which should answer the purposes of anatomical demonstration, so as to supersede wholly, or in part, the necessity for the dissection of human bodies. Independently of the prejudices existing in many countries against dissection, and the consequent difficulty of procuring subjects, there are other objections to that mode of instruction, which M. Auzoux conceived it might be possible to obviate in a model. For instance, it is obvious that, when any limb is once dissected, and the parts irrevocably separated, the pupil, who has not at once comprehended the explanation of the process by which nature has connected the various portions of the object, must wait for the opportunity of another subject before he can be further informed; whereas, in a model, the process may be recommenced twenty times at any period of the dissection, and the whole subject demonstrated as often as may be considered necessary. Another disadvantage in the dissection of human bodies is the alteration made by death in the rigidity and tension of the muscles, which, in many instances, renders it very difficult for a professor to explain to the pupil the mode in which the various muscles are connected with, and act upon, the different parts of the body. In this respect, also, a model, if once well made, would have the advantage, as it would not be subject to any change in dissection. The idea of facilitating the study of anatomy by means of manufactured figures, is by no means new; the imperfect idea given of the human body by painting, sculpture, and other arts, which could only represent a superficies, was early recognised, and we accordingly find that, as early as the year 1632, an attempt was made by Ramelurus, to obviate the difficulty by a work of anatomical plates, in which, by means of small leaves, fixed one over the other, he endeavoured to show the relative position of the subjacent parts from the skin to the bone. At a later period Fontana succeeded in constructing, in wax, some parts of the body, the muscles of which could be displaced and refixed; but the extreme fragility of the material rendered his labours of but little use; and, after an immense number of experiments in various materials, he was compelled to have recourse to wood, in which, despite the time and labour required in working the materials, and the evils arising from its liability to be affected by variation of temperature, he succeeded in producing at Florence several figures, every part of which might be separated. During the time of the French Republic, great exertions were made by the Government to obtain one of these figures, in which they at last succeeded; but, on its arrival at Paris, it was found to be so defective in anatomical correctness that it remained inclosed in the museum, and was not even considered worthy of being exhibited. The well-known collection of models in coloured wax at Florence has no practical relation to the subject, inasmuch as it can only be regarded as a work of curiosity; the fragility of the material precludes the possibility of its being extensively useful to students; while its almost incredible costliness will always be an effectual bar to its reproduction. The first essay of the kind in France was made by a M. Ameline, of Caen, whose work, though containing many imperfections, displayed considerable ingenuity and talent. He has now been succeeded by M. Auzoux, who appears, from the perfectly novel path which he has struck out for himself, to have succeeded in conquering all the difficulties which had hitherto appeared insurmountable. His first speci-

mens were presented to the Academy as far back as the year 1825, and were even then considered deserving of high praise and great encouragement, which was accordingly, on the suggestion of the Institute, afforded him by the Government here; but as several improvements were pointed out as practicable in the details of his performance, he has ever since that period been occupied in modifying and completing them, and it is the ultimate result of his labours which he has now offered to the inspection of the Academy. His objects he states to be—1st. The representation, on the same figure, of every anatomical portion of the human body. 2d. The facility of detaching every individual part so as to enable the student to examine it in every situation, and under every circumstance. 3d. To have it composed of such materials as may be inaccessible to the effects of the variation of temperature and the attacks of insects, and at once sufficiently supple to allow of its complete application to the finest parts of the human frame, and strong enough to enable it to be exposed to the observation and examination of a body of students, without fear of injury, and—4th. To reproduce the figures at an expense so comparatively small as to render them within the means not only of all public bodies, but of all men of science who have any eminence in their profession. The whole of these objects M. Auzoux appears fully to have attained. The figure is the size of life, and the attitude is that of the Antinous, which, by the position of the head and neck, and the different situation of the arms, affords room for an extensive, though unstrained exemplification of the play of the muscles. On removing the exterior covering, a complete view is obtained of the veins which lie immediately under the skin, and the first, or superficial stratum of muscles; each of these may be separately removed, together with the vessels and nerves which extend over the surface, and the parts which are immediately subjacent are immediately discovered: this process may be repeated until the body is completely taken to pieces, and the student arrives at the skeleton. By these means, the relative situation and function of every organ composing the limbs and body may be accurately and minutely examined. The developement of the interior mechanism is still more minute and curious; every part of the eye, the ear, the most minute portions of the brain are laid down in their natural position, and in detached pieces; the veins and arteries are represented in their natural colour, and by the minute developement of all the component parts of the larynx, the lungs, the viscera, and the heart, the whole theory of the circulation of the blood, the phenomena of respiration, and the process of digestion, may be explained in the most lucid and comprehensive manner. The muscular and nervous developement of the hand and fingers is also peculiarly perfect. The composition employed for these figures is an invention of M. Auzoux: it appears to be a modification of pasteboard, originally sufficiently ductile to admit of its being poured into moulds of metal, representing the different parts of the figure, but capable, when cold, of becoming so firm as to resist any effects, either of temperature, insects, or ordinary use: by means of these moulds, any number of figures may be completed in a very short time. The number of pieces which may be detached is 120; and on each of these, the various vessels, nerves, &c. which pervade it, are indicated by figures referring to a synoptical table which accompanies the model; and the directions for detaching and replacing the various parts are so simple, yet minute, that a very few hours' practice will enable any one to effect it. The figure exhibited at the Academy has been purchased by the French Government as a present to the Pacha of Egypt, and is immediately to be sent to Cairo, where it will be invaluable; as from the rigid prohibition of dissection, in compliance with the religious prejudices of the country, practical anatomy is very imperfectly known there. That the effect of M. Auzoux's labours should be the entire abolition of dissection is quite impossible; it must always remain necessary, in order to give the student a perfect knowledge of morbid anatomy, that he should have frequent and varied opportunities of examining the effects produced in the natural body by local diseases; but there are numerous cases in which this invention may be made of incalculable utility. As a means of enabling a professor to communicate to his pupils a complete theoretical and practical knowledge of the situations, functions, and characters, of every part of the human body, it is at once the most

comprehensive and most intelligible yet discovered; forming, in fact, a complete system of surgical anatomy, always accessible, and always available. So strongly, indeed, is the importance of having such a practical assistance felt by some of those who have examined it, that one of the committee appointed by the Academie to examine M. Auzoux's first essays, recommends that every operator should be compelled to have such a figure, when perfected, before him during an operation, that the internal situation of the parts on which he is operating should be presented to his eyes, instead of being only figured by experience in his imagination. To artists, particularly sculptors, the immense advantages afforded by the study of such a figure must be obvious; and to those who, without being professional men, are desirous of acquiring some notion of the structure of the human body, a means is afforded of obtaining, with perfect facility, a degree of information to which they can now only have access through the medium of the toilsome and disgusting routine of the dissecting-room. A committee, composed of the principal men of science in the capital, has been appointed to examine the present state of M. Auzoux's invention, so that should any minute error exist in any part, it is scarcely possible it should escape their researches; but in the mean time M. Auzoux is engaged in completing the figures bespoken for the various hospitals, and other public medical societies; and I am glad to be the means of calling the attention of the medical and scientific world in England to an invention of so much importance. As a proof of the reduction of expense, I may mention that Fontana's imperfect figure in wood cost 60,000 francs, (2400*l.*) and that an anatomical figure in wax, representing a single surface only, would cost 30,000, (1200*l.*) while M. Auzoux's, in consequence of his method of multiplying the figure by means of his moulds, can supply them at 3000 francs (120*l.*) each.

Equal justice is an excellent thing—when it is to be had! The French Government pride themselves not a little on having ordered the prosecution of M. Madrolles, author of the famous or infamous "*Mémoire au Conseil du Roi*," in which he seriously recommends the abolition of the charter, the execution or imprisonment of all the Liberal Deputies, and the establishment of an absolute monarchy. Though supposed to be written under the sanction at least of some of the ministry, the effect it produced was such that they all eagerly came forward to disavow it, and call down vengeance on its author, for such an atrocious attack on the charter, of which they professed themselves the most zealous defenders, (claiming, however, *par parenthèse*, the right of interpreting it their own way). So far, so good; but, *respice finem*, M. Madrolles is tried and convicted, sentence is deferred for consideration, but at last the awful moment arrives, and he is condemned to—fifteen days' imprisonment, and a fine of—150 francs, (6*l.* sterling); while M. Fontan, for a political squib, fit only to be laughed at, is not only sentenced to five years' imprisonment and a fine of 10,000 francs, (400*l.*) but is, by a most unusual, though *strictly correct*, application of the letter of the law, sent to pass the time of imprisonment at Poissy, where he is surrounded by and mingled with all the most loathsome and depraved wretches whom the criminal tribunals have condemned!

July 2. Having in a late number of the New Monthly anathematized the dulness of the general meetings of the Institute, it is only fair to say, that contrary to all mathematical principles, a part is (in interest at least) much greater than the whole; for though the collective assemblage of the four academies produces, as I have before said, a thorough amalgamation of dulness, the separate meetings of each are frequently in the highest degree interesting and amusing; this was particularly the case with the meeting of the Academie Française held for the reception of Count Philippe de Segur and M. de Pougerville among its members. The election of the latter had been most violently contested; it was not until after thirteen ballots that he succeeded in obtaining the absolute majority of votes necessary by the rules of the Academie for his election; and it furnishes *en passant* rather a melancholy proof of the falling state of the Institution, to observe that the most eminent candidate opposed to him, and the one who so often obtained nearly an equality of votes, was M. Abelot, a gentleman, whose sole claims to a seat by the side of Chateaubriand, Jouy, and Lamartine;

are a tragedy called "Elizabeth," of very mediocre merit, and the comedy "Un An," of which I gave an account in a late number, and which, I believe I omitted to mention at the time, owes the little interest it has to an incident borrowed from one of the very clever dramas published by M. Merimée, under the title of "Théâtre de Clara Gazul." This degradation is principally owing to the fact of political opinions being allowed to bias the judgment, which ought to depend solely on literary merit; hence, while aristocratic dulness finds easy admittance to the fauteuils of the Académie, such men as Villemain, Guizot, and Constant, remain excluded, because they do not choose to incur the probability of a rejection, to which their liberal sentiments would be likely to subject them. Count Philippe de Segur, who was the first received on this occasion, is nephew to the Duke de Levis, whom he succeeded as a member of the Académie: hence the eulogium, which he pronounced upon him, had the unusual merit of being something more than a mere matter of form; the discourse was both eloquent and impassioned, and was much and deservedly applauded. M. Arnault, the President of the Academy, replied to M. de Segur, and after alluding, as shortly as decency would allow, to the honour which was reflected on the family of Segur by having the father and son at once members of the Académie, and bestowing the most profuse eulogiums on Count Philippe's History of the Russian Campaign and of Peter the Great, proceeded full tilt to attack the Romantic school, which he anathematized without mercy, describing the modern writers as men who sought only to disguise the poverty and plagiarism of their ideas by inventing new language in which to clothe them, and accusing them of being like the builders of the tower of Babel, not indeed in seeking to reach Heaven, but in introducing a confusion of tongues. The perfect fury into which the venerable President worked himself towards the conclusion of his harangue was truly amusing, particularly as, no one of the opposite party being present, he had it all his own way, and was literally thundering his artillery in the empty air. M. de Pougerville had a much more difficult task to perform, being charged to pronounce the eulogium of his predecessor, the Marquess de Lally Tollendal, a man whose merits, both literary and scientific, have always remained a profound secret among his immediate friends. He however got out of the scrape as well as could be expected, confining himself principally to a biographical sketch, and then proceeding to give a few quiet rubs to the Romantiques. In consequence of the absence of M. Etienne at the elections, M. Jouy, the author of "Sylla" and "L'Hermitte de la Chaussée d'Antin," officiated as Chancellor, and consequently had to reply to the discourse of M. de Pougerville. M. Jouy's address was one of his happiest efforts, abounding with the most brilliant wit, united with the soundest observation. In alluding to the laborious translation of "Lucretius," to which M. Pougerville had devoted upwards of fifteen years, he took occasion to give a rapid but masterly sketch of the theory and object of the poem "De rerum Naturâ," vindicating the author from the charge of atheism, and endeavouring to establish that his only object was to assert the theory of a single universal pervading spirit, in opposition to the gross superstition of the heathen polytheism. The latter part of the address was, like M. Arnault's, directed to the annihilation of the Romantiques; but although the same objection applies to the one as to the other, with respect to the absurdity of fighting where there is no enemy, the wit and eloquence which pervaded every part of M. Jouy's address, made us easily forgive the inopportuneness of the subject. The meeting occupied nearly four hours, but appeared to give great pleasure to all who assisted at it. The great hall of the Institute was completely filled, and more than half the auditory were ladies.

## TRAVELS IN GREECE AND ALBANIA.\*

If books of Travels be not the most popular reading in the world they at least deserve to be so. They may yield the palm in absolute delightfulness to fictions of the highest order; but works of fancy that exalt the imagination and purify the affections are very rare. The great majority of novels and romances are mere time-killers, which add nothing to the common stock of intelligence, but, on the contrary, tend to debilitate the mind, by habituating it to be interested only in shadowy exaggerations of existence. The writer of travels is, on the contrary, a purveyor of materials for every study that improves mankind. The philosopher, the naturalist, and the political economist may be indebted to him; the philanthropist will open his pages with a zest, which the hair-breadth escapes of romance cannot inspire; and every one who loves the solidity and symmetry of truth to reign in the forms of his conceptions, will thank the traveller for his genuine information.

Nor is the competent traveller, in interesting countries, an uninspiring companion to the imagination. Whether he lead us over newly-peopled regions, where rural and civic sounds are for the first time breaking the primeval silence of Nature, or over lands where barbarism sits on the grave of civilization, he may equally fill the mind with solemn and affecting associations. What can be more poetical than the prospects of future ages and civilized empires which the imagination must involuntarily conjure up in looking round the wide horizon of the Andes or Cordilleras? What has fiction more romantic than the desolate spot where Delphi was once irradiated with gold and marble? or the streets of Cyrene, in Africa, a Greek town once rivalling Athens, where the lion now leaves the print of his foot?

Places of the latter description require a learned traveller. It is here that the scholarship, which might otherwise be mere lumber to its possessor, becomes available for a high purpose; and that a dead language can be made a key for opening instruction of the living. In this respect, our author is well qualified to make observations on classic ground. He certainly falls now and then into common-place reflections; but still his book contains knowledge, and communicates amusement. This is a second edition, and a considerable improvement upon the first—especially from its giving a complete narrative of the life and death of that extraordinary personage, Ali Pacha of Joannina.

Our traveller commences with remarks on Sicily; a country which, though frequently described, is too rich a subject to be yet exhausted. Every species of interest that ground can possess, is united in the soil of Sicily. Exuberantly fertile, yet exposed to the most hideous devastations of Nature, it peculiarly invites the student of natural history. Its present degraded state exhibits a motley picturesqueness, and melancholy proofs how completely superstition may nullify every blessing that Heaven can lavish on the soil and climate of a land. The castles of the Norman and Saracen still lend their ornament to the Sicilian landscape; but the antiquities of the island go far beyond the date of

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those fortresses, for we can trace the ruins of temples and fortifications in Sicily that take us back to the times of Xerxes and of Pindar.

The first Sicilian city recalling classical recollections, which our author explored, was Ghirgenti, the site of the ancient Agrigentum. The modern town is meanly built, and noted for little except its poverty; it reckons about fifteen thousand inhabitants: its streets are narrow, and miserably paved, and there is not an inn, where a Hottentot could lay out his money with comfort. Yet this is the city which, if Diodorus Siculus can be trusted, contained eight hundred thousand souls. Its citizens were so rich that one of them had a cellar containing a thousand hogsheads of wine, and entertained five hundred guests in a day, who came uninvited.

It must be owned, indeed, that the immense population ascribed to Agrigentum, and to all the old Greek cities of Italy, is apt to stagger belief; for, even taking into account the astonishing fertility of the soil, and a mighty export of products and manufactures, it still seems little short of a miracle that, besides a number of other populous places, there should have flourished in Sicily, within the distance of eighty miles of each other, two distinct cities, Agrigentum and Syracuse, that were each almost equal in size to modern London. At the same time, though we may fairly suspect that some exaggeration has reached us on this point, the relics of those cities themselves prescribe limits to our incredulity, and clearly evince that art, industry, and a fertile soil, once maintained in them a vast and wealthy population.

Till the age of Xerxes, the affairs of Sicily come into no prominent notice in Grecian history; yet, as early as the age of Solon, Agrigentum, which was originally a colony from Gela, was become a considerable and independent commonwealth. In the age of Xerxes, Persia and Carthage were confederated to exterminate the Grecian name; and whilst maternal Greece stood the stock of Asia, her Sicilian colonists contemporaneously, and with equal heroism, resisted invasion from Africa. It was fortunate that both Agrigentum and Syracuse were at that time respectively governed by able princes, who were beloved by their subjects, and in concord with each other. A single action of the Syracusan Gelon illustrates the nobleness of his character. Having for some time acted as Regent in the state, he called the citizens together in arms. Unarmed himself, and without a single guard, he appeared in the midst of them, gave them an account of his administration, and of the public finances, and concluded thus, "These have been my measures, people of Syracuse; if you approve of them, I shall be proud of your approbation; if you condemn them, it is in your power to punish me." The people entrusted him with sovereignty for his life. Theron of Agrigentum was the father-in-law of this prince. Their united forces engaged Hamilcar and his Carthaginians, near Himera, on the same day that Themistocles fought the Persians at Salamis, and with similar glory.

The seventy years that succeeded this victory formed the brightest era of Agrigentine prosperity; but that prosperity received a shock, which it never fully recovered, from another invasion of the Carthaginians, A. B. C. 406, when Himilca, at the head of one hundred thousand men—but less indebted to that force than to the discord in Agrigentum itself—captured the city, and sent its finest pictures and statues

to Carthage. It was long afterwards a populous place, but ceased to be the rival of Syracuse.

Some traces of its magnificence are still to be found on the precipitous platform of rocks on which the old Agrigentum stood, and to which Virgil alludes in the lines—

“Arduus inde Agragas ostentat maxima longe  
Mœnia, magnanimùm quondam generator equorum—”

and glorious must have been the long line of embattled walls that towered above those perpendicular cliffs. Among the public buildings of this city, six temples of the Doric order were peculiarly noted for combining simplicity with grandeur. In one of these, that was dedicated to Juno Licinia, Zeuxis hung his famous portrait of the goddess, painted from the naked beauty of five selected virgins. It would have been but natural if devout Pagans had got into the habit of kissing so much loveliness as this picture must have presented, but we are not told of its having excited any such piety; whilst in another Agrigentine temple, there was a statue of Hercules in bronze, which had its mouth absolutely worn by the kisses of its worshippers. How similar is superstition in all ages. A statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, which was Catholically metamorphosed into a St. Peter, and at present occupies his chair at Rome, has nearly lost the toes of one foot by the osculative devotion of pious Catholics.

The greatest architectural boast of Agrigentum was the Temple of Olympian Jupiter, 340 feet in length, 160 in breadth, and 120 in height; inferior in dimensions only to the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and approaching the utmost limits which the Greeks prescribed to themselves in producing the sublime of architecture by magnitude. Its pillars were so colossal that a man could hide himself in one of their flutings; and upon the walls of the Cella, statues thirty feet high represented the Titans. Of these Olympian ruins, our author says that “*fragments of their vast entablature and capitals appear at first sight like disjointed rocks.*”

The race-ground where Agrigentum exercised her noble steeds, is still recognizable in a beautiful plain of turf between two conical hills, which still bear the name of La Meta, or the goal. It is remarkable, that of the forty-three extant Odes of Pindar, eleven are addressed to natives of Sicily, and four of them to Agrigentine victors in the public games. Still also remains the celebrated Piscina, or fish-pond of Agrigentum, which was thirty feet deep, and nearly a mile in circuit. It had swans and other aquatic birds on its surface, like our Serpentine River, but must have greatly exceeded that piece of water in extent.

After passing through Castri Giovanni, a romantic town, where the mountain rocks are literally honeycombed with caves that afford habitations to the lowest classes, and where a barbarous dialect of Greek is still spoken by a part of the population, and after overlooking the fair field of Enna, where “*Proserpine gathered flowers,*” our traveller proceeded to Syracuse.

If mighty names and events crowd upon the mind when we barely read the name of Syracuse, what vivid historic associations must be awakened by the soil itself! The city of Syracuse was invoked by Pindar as “*The Fane of Mars,*” and extolled by Cicero as the most beau-

tiful in the Grecian world. It was the scene of some of the greatest beings and events of antiquity, of Gelon's patriotism, of Harmocrates's valour, and of Dionysius's transcendent genius. It baffled Carthage; it crushed and captured the proudest armada equipped by Athens in the plenitude of her power; and after opposing the science of Archimedes to the strength of Rome, it was lost only by the inebriety of its guards during the night of Diana's festival. Its fate stirred compassion even in the heart of its rugged conqueror. When Marcellus looked down at morning from its heights on the whole expanse of Syracuse, the sight of its palaces and temples glittering in the sun, of its harbours so lately impregnable, and its fleets so lately invincible, the recollection of its ancient glory, the knowledge of its impending fate, and the importance of his own victory, impressed him with such emotions, that he burst into tears. After a lapse of two thousand years, the traveller who looks down from the same spot sees the scene of desolation completed. Groves, palaces, and temples have all disappeared, and the arid rock alone remains, where the serpent basks, and the solitary wild-flower is unhebt by human footsteps. From the Roman conquest the city dated its decay; its treasures plundered, its pictures and statues torn away, and its liberties crushed, arts, commerce, agriculture, and population simultaneously declined. Some vestiges of the grandeur of Syracuse undoubtedly remained, even under the oppression of Rome and the degeneracy of the Byzantine empire; but the convulsion of earthquakes, and the fanatic fury of Saracenic invaders, at last effaced it from the catalogue of large cities; and now, under the feeblest branch of the Bourbons, it has only a squalid, superstitious, and idle population of 12,000 souls. The portion of its land that was once most fertile, is at present become a pestilent marsh.

But though at this day there are so few remains of the numerous and vast buildings of Syracuse, that it is difficult to guess how their materials have disappeared, there are still some noble traces of its ancient architecture. In the island of the harbour, called Ortygia, some foundations have been discovered, which apparently belonged to the stupendous granaries built amidst the fortifications of the place by the great Dionysius. The modern cathedral, dedicated to "*Our Lady of the Columns*," is so called from its inclosing within its walls the celebrated Temple of Minerva, with twenty-four of its noble pillars, 28 feet in height and 6 feet 6 inches in diameter. The nave of the modern church is formed out of the ancient cella, the walls having been perforated to admit of passages into the side aisles, which consist of the north and south porticoes of the ancient peristyle. Cicero is diffuse in his description of this ancient edifice, which, though spared by Marcellus, was stripped to the bare walls of all its splendid ornaments by the infamous Verres. Upon the summit of its roof there was elevated an enormous gilded shield, that was consecrated to Minerva. This object, which was visible a great way off in the reflection of the sun, was beheld with religious respect; and the mariner at sea made an offering when he took leave of its last glimmerings. In that quarter of the city which was called Acradina there are also vestiges of the walls once defended by the genius of Archimedes. Here and there, the rock itself is chiseled into battlements; and wherever there are remains of gateways, they are found so placed that they must have obliged the assailant to approach them, for a great length of way, with his unshielded right side unprotected.



The Hexapylon of Syracuse, of which our author has given a satisfactory map, was not, as many commentators on Livy have supposed, a mere part of the wall, but a noble fortress, constructed with such consummate skill as to have excited the admiration of the best modern judges of military architecture. Its ruins still exhibit the size and extent of its subterranean passages, from whence both infantry and cavalry might make their sallies, and retreat again, under protection of the fort; the huge square towers of its solid masonry are still to be traced; and the ground is strewn with the vast blocks of parapets, which are bored with grooves for pouring melted pitch and lead on the heads of assailants.

Such was ancient Syracuse. The fullest sympathy with our author's interest in its memory need not prevent our repeating a doubt as to the vast population of old which he ascribes to it. True, the circuit of its walls was twenty-two miles; and Thucydides, long before its era of prosperity under Dionysius, allows that it was equal to Athens; but the increase of its population after Thucydides's time is merely conjectural, and the inhabitants of all Attica scarcely exceeded half a million. But Mr. Hughes infers that Syracuse must have contained 1,200,000 souls, because Diodorus Siculus states that 60,000 citizens assisted Dionysius in fortifying the upper town. To this argument, however, it must be objected that Diodorus was a credulous author—that he wrote long after the period in question, and that he was particularly prone to exaggeration whenever the glory of his native Sicily was concerned.

Ætna was of course an object of our traveller's curiosity, but our limits will only permit us to glance rapidly over his peregrinations. From Messina we follow him to the island of Zante, the ancient "*woody Zacynthus*;" from thence, September 1813, he proceeded to the Peloponnesus; and, in a short time, we find him in the heart of the Peninsula, amidst the enchanting scenery of Arcadia. The charm which that region brings to our associations is Greek, and is classical; yet how differently it interests us from almost every other spot of Greece. Elsewhere, in shaping the general image of Ancient Greece, we picture to ourselves the crowded agora and the wealthy port—the walls enclosing gorgeous temples and a dense population—the triumphs of art, and the productiveness of industry. But Arcadia had no arts beyond the song and the cithara; her beauty was all from nature. It was that of her skies and landscapes—her blooming peasantry, and the pastoral music to which they were passionately addicted. Scarcely any of her towns were larger than villages, and of her temples and monuments there were none that were the work of native artists. The rivers are torrents unfit for navigation, and the roads too steep for carriages, so that the Arcadian carried his wool to truck at Elis over mountains on the backs of mules. Corn was grown, but the main dependence of this simple people for food was on their flocks and herds, and the venison and beech-nuts of the forest. It was not till an advanced period that they were persuaded to build a considerable town, or that the bear and wolf ceased to contribute their skins to the wardrobe of an Arcadian gentleman.

In more than one respect the ancient Arcadian resembled the modern Swiss. He was robust in body, fond of freedom and his native home; exquisitely sensitive to his national songs and music, yet at the same time willing to serve as a mercenary in foreign armies. All these peculiarities sprang naturally out of his circumstances. Freedom and a

healthy climate necessarily produced a redundant number of strong men, who, understanding no mechanic arts, had nothing but their swords, and sinews, and courage, to offer the strangers who might employ them. The fresh air of their mountains invigorated their organs beyond those of the other tribes, whose manner of life was softer, and more sedentary, in the bosom of cities; and therefore they were the best singers among the Greeks. Their country produces the land tortoise, and the shell of that animal was made the frame of their guitars. But they were poetical, as well as musical, and who that has ever lived among pastoral mountains and the sound of dashing streams feels not an attachment to his soil, unknown to the inhabitant of plains? The tune of waters, and the odours and echoes of a pastoral mountain country, give poetical sensations to the heart which poetry itself cannot express—but it always seeks to express them; and the free mountaineer has patriotic songs more expressive of bliss than he would have if his land were a level of gardens, and steam-carriages were passing through it at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The old Arcadian was so illiterate, that, if the other Greeks had been like *him*, we should not now be speaking of Greece. But though a simple, and almost savage being, he was not an uninteresting child of the Grecian family. In a foreign service he never forgot the banks of his native Ladon, where he had woven the wreaths of wild flowers, and sung the loves of Daphnis and Leucippe.

Terrific is the change which Turkish oppression has produced in this once poetic land. At present, instead of exhibiting youths and virgins that would be models for the painter and sculptor, it contains only a hard-featured race, worn down by labour and famine.

From thence our author carries us to Argos, where he gives a *lengthy* and learned dissertation on Cyclopæan Architecture, and on the history of those "*monsters of gigantic stature*," the Cyclopes. With great humility we suspect that there is not the smallest necessity for identifying the subject of these ruins called Cyclopæan, with those enormous old gentlemen. We do not believe that the above species of architecture took its name from Cyclopæan builders, but from the primitive Pelasgic tower having been constructed with circles of stones, lessening as they ascended, till only one open space for light was left at the top of the building. The tower having thus but a single window on its head, might very well be compared to a Cyclops.

Without disparagement to Mr. Hughes's remarks on Corinth and Athens, we think he is less entertaining on these spots than several preceding travellers.

We shall pass on with him, therefore, to Thebes and Phocis. In the former place, the traveller has little to cherish his interest in the scenery but names and associations, as the modern city scarcely contains a vestige of its pristine state, and occupies only a part of the ancient Cadmæan Acropolis,—the Acropolis of Cadmus!—the civilizer of the world, who flourished before the oaks had grown up in our island, that shaded the superstitions of the Druids! Such is the high antiquity of Thebes. Still, our local enthusiasm on the spot is sustained more by thoughts than substantial objects, and the only remnant of antiquity that our traveller could discover was a small portion of Cyclopæan masonry, on the northern side of the citadel.

But if he fail to trace artificial monuments of Greece in this quarter,

he is not, as in Arcadia, so unfortunate as to find the aspect of human nature itself disappointing his classic recollections. The gardens around Thebes are very luxuriant, the soil being rich, and every facility of irrigation afforded by an abundance of fountains. We may conclude, therefore, that at the time of his visit, though Turkish power had not yet ceased, the Thebans were tolerably happy. Their simplicity of manners still continued, even so as to recall a living picture of Homer's times, and our author remarked many instances of that personal beauty among the people which most travellers have noticed. Their fountains are crowded, as of old, by groups of women and girls, belonging to families which we should call the gentry, all employed in washing the family linen. In a party thus occupied, our author observed a damsel of extraordinary beauty, who appeared to be of superior rank, and had been wooed by many suitors of noble station. She justly reminded our traveller of the Nausicaa, of the *Odyssey*, and he describes this living paragon of Greece in terms that would tempt one to travel farther for a sight of her, than even for a walk around the Cadmæan Acropolis.

We regret that our traveller leaves Bœotia so speedily, and that he has not visited the Lake Copais, so as to add to the interesting investigations that have been made respecting its subterranean outlets. Whether those outlets are artificial or natural, is a point that yet remains to be determined, but on either hypothesis, they are among the very greatest curiosities on the surface of the globe. Our author, however, was too warm a worshipper of the Muses to concern himself particularly about these tunnels, and he turns off westward to Phocis, where he presently comes in presence of Mount Parnassus. It is here we must own that we are best pleased with Mr. Hughes. When he and his companions got the first view of that vast natural amphitheatre, on which the city of Apollo once shone, he says they stood mute for some time contemplating the desolate magnificence of the scene. The site is compared by Strabo to a vast natural theatre, and the comparison is just, even to the minutest details; for the city was not only built in a fine semicircular sweep of the mountains, but suspended, as it were, upon regular gradations of terraces, built in the Cyclopæan style of masonry. These, therefore, would not unaptly represent ranges of seats, whilst the Lycoræan crags, towering aloft around them, might be likened to the great gallery or portico of the Greek theatre. The deep valley of the Pleistus in front of Delphi, gives an adequate space for a proscenium, and the scene is displayed in the opposite heights of Cirphis. Such was the colossal theatre, where deities and their satellites composed the drama. How splendid must have been its effect when art contended with nature for pre-eminence in its decoration—when, with these solemn cliffs and venerable masses of rock, the stately majesty of the Doric temple, and the light elegance of the columned portico, were beautifully contrasted—when all these artfully-constructed terraces held up to universal admiration masterpieces of ancient sculpture, whilst the curling incense rose from a thousand altars, and the clang of trumpets, and the peal of anthems, were reverberated among the rocks.—Our author enters with more boldness than success into the remote history of the wonderful Temple of Delphi, which may have been exceedingly ancient as a prophetic shrine, but certainly never rose into much consequence before the invasion of

Greece by the Heraclidæ. It is with surprise that we find our author quoting the supposed Homeric hymn to Apollo as evidence of its fame in the Homeric age, for it is now a generally conceded point that that hymn is a post-Homeric composition; and it is with astonishment, that we read a reference to the 104th line of the first book of the *Iliad* as a proof that Delphi was wealthy in the days of Homer. The passage which he quotes contains not a vestige of allusion to Delphi. There is evidently a typographical error in our traveller's text, but an error of this nature, in a book designed for classical discussion, is extremely awkward and discreditable.

There is, nevertheless, great merit in Mr. Hughes's attempt to add to the distinctness of our conceptions respecting the ancient appearance of Delphi; and though he has been more indebted to the author of Anacharsis's travels than he seems willing to acknowledge, yet, on the whole, his description of the Temple and scenery is more compressed and definite than that of Barthélemi.

The form of the Temple, he observes, was a rectangular parallelogram, of the Doric order of architecture, surrounded with a peristyle hypæthral, like the Parthenon and other Grecian temples of great magnitude and splendour. That it was turned east and west we are very sure, from the mere circumstance of its being a temple dedicated to Apollo, as well as from other proofs. The Metopes seem to have been adorned with very beautiful sculpture, and here poetry interferes to bring back the triumphs of a sister art from oblivion. Words, we may say, in this instance, have proved more durable than stones. In that exquisite tragedy, the *Ion* of Euripides, the plot of which so beautifully resembles that of Douglas, the hero from whom the piece is named describes, in the most glowing manner, the sculptures that once ornamented Delphi. The stones have been worn away, but the speeches of *Ion*, and the responses which they elicit from the chorus, still remain to inform us what the spirited groups and subjects of those sculptures must have been. Over the entrance of the Pronaos, which was closed by ponderous and magnificent doors, that mysterious monosyllable *Ei* was inscribed, upon which Plutarch has left us a long and ingenious treatise. The Pronaos, or vestibule of the Cella, was inscribed with those well-known aphorisms of the wise men of Greece, each of whom came in person to dedicate the concentrated essence of his moral investigations. We are apt to smile at the simplicity of those moral sentences; yet, if their authors were alive at this day, they would perhaps repay our smile with a look of regret, that, simple as they are, these moral lessons have not been yet got by heart. The vestibule, besides, contained a statue of Homer in bronze, and at one corner a silver vase, the offering of Cræsus, measuring six hundred amphoræ. The amphora contained a Roman cubic foot, so that the noble vessel might almost challenge comparison with the Heidelberg Ton; and it is no wonder that it was resorted to by the Delphians at their grand festival the Theophaniæ. Here, also, stood Pindar's iron chair, from whence the poet used to deliver his odes in honour of Apollo at the Pythian games; and also another monument of extreme interest, a record of the victory at Plataea. It was a brazen pillar, formed by the interlacing folds of three serpents, whose projecting heads supported a golden tripod.

The Adytum of the Cella, or the most sacred place, was impervious to vulgar eyes, being entered only by the Pythia, and the priests of the

temple. In this solemn sanctuary stood a beautiful statue of the Pythian Apollo, from which we have reason to believe that the Apollo of Belvidere was a copy.

The Adytum contained that deep oracular chasm from whence the mephitic afflatus issued. It was surrounded by a railing, and its narrow orifice was covered by a lofty tripod, on which the miserable Pythia was seated, and often forcibly held down by the chief priests, until she uttered horrible ravings and discordant sounds, which the poets of the temple kept for that especial purpose, arranged in hexameters, and delivered to their deluded votaries. Before ascending the tripod she bathed in the water of Castalia, crowned herself with laurel, chewed its leaves to increase her intoxication, and drank the prophetic water of Cassotis, which seems to have been brought from the fountain by a subterranean duct into the Cella.

The whole Temple, with its sacred ground, was surrounded by a large peribolus, or enclosure, from which avenues led to different parts of the city; and adjoining it was that splendid theatre in which the musical contests at the Pythian games were held. Within the court of the Peribolus were the habitations of the priests and guardians of the shrine, the lustral vessels into which laurel boughs were dipped, for the purpose of sprinkling the suppliants, and those celebrated Treasuries, or treasuries, belonging to the different states of Greece, which were filled with the most costly works of art.

Within this sacred Peribolus it seems probable that those feasts were held, to which the Delphian citizens were invited by proclamation, and in which lay the chief expense of consulting the Oracle. A tabernacle, or large tent, was erected for this purpose, covered with splendid tapestry. Twice in the history of Delphi it was attacked by barbarians, who wished to plunder it; namely, by the Persians and the Gauls. In both instances the assailants were repulsed by what was commonly believed to be the thunder and lightning of heaven. The interposition of Heaven with electric aid is a very improbable circumstance. Is it impossible to conceive that the Greek priests were in some degree acquainted with gunpowder? Our author hints at this idea, and Mr. Higgins, in his History of the Celtic Druids, very strongly adopts it. Strange as it may seem, it is not unworthy of consideration.

Thus far we have attempted to give a cursory sketch of those parts of Mr. Hughes's work in which he appears chiefly as an antiquarian traveller. His account of Modern Greece becomes most particularly interesting when he enters the dominions of Ali Pacha.

From Patras our author proceeded, in company with some other Englishmen, to visit the dominions of this potent barbarian. Before their departure so many horrible acts of the Epirotian Echetus were told them, that even a stout heart might have quailed at the idea of coming within his power. The travellers, however, were not to be deterred, and on the 27th of Dec. 1813, they landed at Prevesa, in Albania. This once beautiful city, not far from the site of the ancient Nicopolis, that was built by Augustus, in memory of the victory of Actium, now exhibits a melancholy contrast to the prosperity which it enjoyed under the Venetian government, until Ali Pacha, availing himself of the late struggles which convulsed the whole of Europe, contrived to get possession of it. Its inhabitants, reduced to 3000, were found by our travellers stalking like spectres about the deserted streets, and worn down by famine and

disease. From this repulsive spectacle our author went to visit the ruins of Nicopolis, which are exceedingly interesting, but our limits will not permit us to follow him into details. Amidst this city of victory Ali Pacha had made excavations, not, as may easily be imagined, for the discovery of antiquities, but simply for blocks of stones for his own buildings. Thus the ruins of Nicopolis were perishing, and the monuments of Augustus's glory were serving to decorate the dwelling of an Albanian robber.

Our travellers, for Mr. Hughes was now in company with the celebrated Cockerill, next visited Arta, which was the ancient Ambracia, and once the favourite residence of Pyrrhus. Nothing now remains of its ancient splendour except the Cyclopæan masonry of its citadel, which has served for the substraction of a modern fortress. Early in January 1814 they proceeded to the new capital of Albania, Joannina, and after a journey of a day and a half, came in sight of its glittering palaces and mosques, which stretch along the shore of a magnificent lake. The air was frosty, the atmosphere clear, and the snowy mountains were beautifully reflected in the smooth surface of the water, over which a number of canoes glided lightly, carrying sportsmen after myriads of wild fowl, which rose at times like dark clouds in the air. Nothing, says our author, was wanting but classical authority, to make us believe these really to have been the famed Elysian fields of antiquity, surrounding the Acherusian lake.

A long and broad street conducted them to a large open space occupied by cemeteries, and affording a fine prospect of Ali Pacha's grand Serai of Litaritza, together with those of Mouchtar and Vely, his two sons. These edifices were in the best style of Turkish architecture; they were painted in gaudy colours, and added to the magnificence of the scene. The interior of the city disappointed them. Most of the Turkish capitals are apt to do so, as they are not built for show; and therefore, that part of them which looks to the street consists almost entirely of bare wall, whilst the windows, galleries, and doors of the rooms communicate with the interior court, or area. Our travellers remarked, however, a greater degree of neatness and stability in the habitations of Joannina than of any other city which they had yet visited.

Their first permanent residence at Joannina was at the house of Mr. George Foresti, the British Resident. At his table they met Colonel Church, then the commandant of an Albanian regiment in the British service. After dinner "*the celebrated Psalida*" came in to spend the evening. The personage to whom our author applies this epithet, possessed the greatest name for literature and talent among the modern Greeks, and was at the head of a large school in Joannina. He had travelled much; had resided long at St. Petersburg, under the patronage of Catherine, and possessed considerable acuteness; but was loquacious, dictatorial, and Mr. Hughes discovered him to be far inferior to his reputation for acquirements in Hellenic literature. Having been once detected in some blunders, which he made in the transcription of a few lines of ancient Greek, the schoolmaster troubled them, thereafter, with very little of his company.

Our travellers visited Ali Pacha, and were graciously received, as they had a right to expect from the crisis of affairs that then existed. Never was the Vizier under so many obligations to the British Government as at that period, and never did he entertain such strong hopes

of receiving still greater advantages from his connexion with Great Britain. He had the earliest and most accurate information of all Buonaparte's reverses—he foresaw that the Ionian Isles would belong to us, he longed for a footing in these islands, as a security against the Porte by the influence of Britain, and it was his interest to be attentive to travellers from England.

Ali's appearance and palace have been often described. Our author thought differently from Lord Byron of his physiognomy, and imagined he saw perfidy in his eyes, and heard cruelty in his laugh. Soon after their entrance, some young boys, dressed in rich garments, with fine hair flowing over their shoulders, presented them with pipes that had amber heads, ornamented with jewels, whilst others brought them coffee in small china cups, ornamented, with sou-cups. The conversation was very desultory. The Vizier paid many compliments to England, and, after receiving those of his guests, took leave, with an assurance in the true style of oriental politeness, that they might consider his palace, and all that he possessed, as their own.

As they were departing from the conference, they met, in the inner court of the Serai, two grandsons of Ali Pacha, young Mahmet Pasha and Ismael Bey, who had lately arrived in Joannina to reside in the palace of their father, Vely, on the plea of education, but really as hostages, a deadly feud having but lately been reconciled between their grandfather and father. They rode on spirited little Arabian chargers, which they sat firmly and elegantly. The Albanian guards ran with a show of eager zeal to assist the young princes in dismounting; and these little despots marched through the crowd in measured steps, scarcely deigning to notice those faithful retainers who would have shed every drop of blood in their service. Respecting one of those little despots, however, who was noticed as an interesting child by Lord Byron, our author subsequently gives a most favourable account: his manners were polished, his conversation full of intelligence, and his countenance one of the sweetest our traveller ever recollected to have seen.

Very different promised to be the character of this youth from that of his uncle Mouchtar Pacha, the nephew of Ali Pacha. He had all the vices of old Ali in more than filial perfection, and his passions were, if possible, more infamous. The device over the principal entrance of his Serai strikingly pointed out his dispositions: it represented the Vizier, after his return from an expedition, surrounded by his troops, and witnessing the execution of two Greeks whom the hangman was tying to a gibbet with one and the same rope. Other devices exhibited decapitated trunks, with the blood spouting out from the veins and arteries.

The appearance of Joannina is thus described by our traveller. It extends along the western bank of its magnificent lake, at the foot of some low vine-clad hills, which defend it on the west, and it is sheltered on the east by the lofty range of Mitzikeli, a diverging ridge of Pindus. Near the middle of the city, a large promontory juts into the water, called the Castron or fortress; this, which was the original site of the city, contained also the old seraglio, an immense pile of building, and two mosques. The fortification, and the deep ditch by which it is isolated, were greatly improved by Ali about the time when the French armies gained possession of the Dalmatian pro-

vinces; and, in constructing them, he forced all the people of the city to work at free cost, giving them only a band of music to cheer their toil. He spared not even the primates, archons, and priests of the Greeks, any more than the beys and agas of the Turks; nay, he forced even his own son Mouchtar to labour. Nearly opposite to the Castron is the Bazar, the object of greatest interest in every Turkish city. It consists of many irregular streets, the shops being low and sheltered by projecting roofs, under which artificers were seen at work, and a vast variety of goods exposed to sale. Each different trade had its particular district, as in the ancient Agora. The whole Bazar was every evening shut up by lofty wooden gates, and guarded by a number of dogs, that seemed to partake of the ferocity of the government. Between the Bazar and Castron was a small street with an arca at the end of it, containing the city Guard-house. This was the scene of the Vizier's most horrible executions. Here criminals have been impaled, skinned alive, or roasted over a slow fire. Others have had their extremities chopped off; and some have been left to perish with the skin of the face stripped over their necks. When the tyrant wished to divert himself with the sufferings of his victims, the court of the old Serai in the Castron was the place selected, and there scenes of cruelty have been exhibited which would have astonished even an Indian chieftain. "At first," says Mr. Hughes, "I doubted the truth of these assertions, but they were abundantly confirmed to me by persons of undoubted veracity. Some of the most respectable inhabitants have assured me that they had conversed with their wretched fellow-citizens on the very stake, being prevented from yielding to their torturing requests for water by fear of a similar fate. Yet, will it be believed that this monster Ali Pacha, though he dreaded not to traverse his capital with a single guard, among a people over whom he thus hideously tyrannized, had a superstitious fear of the Dervishes, and would allow them even to insult him? The extraordinary fact is explained by this circumstance, that he constantly wore about his neck an amulet, given to him when a boy by a Dervish, which he firmly believed would preserve him alive, unless the charm should be broken, to an extreme old age; and the multitude certainly fancied, as well as himself, that he bore a charmed life. Hence he dreaded to offend the Dervishes, and those wretches assumed an unbounded licence during his sway over Albania. They entered his Serai at all times with the utmost effrontery; seated themselves without ceremony in his very divan; demanded and received money for their licentious pleasures; upbraided and threatened him—nay, at times, went so far as to excite the populace against him."

At Joannina, our travellers met with Mr. Pouqueville, whose work on Greece is well known. He received our countrymen with a warmth of hospitality, that was the more amiable on account of the hostile relation at that time subsisting between France and England, and entertained them with the conversation of an accomplished scholar. The time, let us trust, is for ever gone when Englishmen and Frenchmen will wonder at their meeting as friends.

Thus far we have accompanied Mr. Hughes throughout his interesting excursions. For the present, we take our leave of him at the capital of Albania, intending, in a future number, to resume our animadversions on his work.

T. C.



## THE FRENCH CLERGY.\*

" Millares de obispos ha visto España, que muy cargados de decretales y fórmulas forenses jamas han cumplido el objeto de su mision, que no fue otro que predicar el Evangelio á todo el mundo dirigiendo los hombres por la via de la paz y no por la de los pleitos . . . substituyendo en su lugar (de las santas escrituras) meditaciones pueriles é historias fabulosas."—PAN Y TOROS.

Much stress has been laid by the admirers of the French Revolution upon the benefits arising from the partition of the lands formerly belonging to the Church.

That country is undoubtedly the happiest where labour can always procure something more than competence. A superfluity is necessary for those who cannot labour. The difficulty arises in its application. The principal object to be gained is to provide for the unfortunate from the stores of the prosperous; the evil to be avoided is nourishing the indolent at the expense of the industrious.

Every country, during the course of its existence, has attempted this great object in various ways, but in the first instance the poor have generally been left as pensioners of the Clergy.

Although the question of whether the Church ought to possess particular domains, or whether its members ought to be supported solely by the State, does not appear to me so clearly decided as they imagine it in France; and although there can be no doubt that before the Revolution in that country the revenues of clerical lands were greatly applied to the relief of the poor, the healing of the sick, and the support of the infirm; yet there is equally no doubt that the possession of such inordinate wealth by men who had never laboured to acquire it, gave room to much luxury and dissoluteness of morals; and also by the unequal distribution of riches, tended greatly to increase the poverty which a part of it was intended to relieve, at the same time debasing by dependence the minds of those aided, when the very possessions divided amongst the many might have prompted invention and encouraged industry.

In the present state of things in France, the Clergy are divided into two very distinct parties. The one, animated by violent, intolerant, and ambitious principles, cultivate, as far as possible, superstition in the lower orders, and fanaticism in the higher, seeking by every means to bring about that order of things which in former times placed so much temporal power and wealth in the hands of the Church; and their first grand object seems to recover the right of holding territorial possessions. These, whatever may be their numbers, are powerful from their zeal, and dangerous from their ambition. But they are generally an ill-judging race of men, and defeat their own object by their violence in its pursuit. Human nature is commonly too lazy to attend to any thing that, proceeding slowly and gradually, seems to interest it little, and threatens no immediate evil; but their strange intolerance and universal obtrusion disgusts the enlightened part of the nation, though it may attract or overawe the vulgar.

\* This paper was written some time ago, but the description is strictly applicable at the present moment.

But these men are by no means to be taken as a type of the whole French clergy, of whom the greater portion are an amiable, gentle, and charitable race.

In his sphere, the late Archbishop of Paris (as well as many others) gave an example of the dignified liberality of a Christian prelate; and his conduct during the debate upon the law respecting sacrilege did him the highest honour. In the private life, also, of the higher orders of the French clergy, we meet with many instances of those amiable virtues which make religion dear to us in the persons of its teachers. Enoch, Bishop of Rennes, was one of the gentlest of human beings: he added to that bright cheerfulness, always the characteristic of a pure heart, the most unbounded charity: he gave all that he had, and his worn surplice often told the tale that his modesty concealed: his charity was the true charity of heart—it was benevolence—he loved to see every thing happy. There is a custom in France which forbids a bishop to be present at a dance. Whenever the Bishop of Rennes, on entering the house of one of his friends, perceived that his presence had stopped the amusement of the young people, he would go into another room, bidding them forget that the Bishop was in the house, and “to be gay and good,” he said; “for that was God’s will.”

Many instances of the same spirit could be cited. I remember once hearing the Bishop of ——— reply to the Prefet, who advised him to visit the more distant parts of his diocese in a carriage of his own, instead of hiring one for the occasion, which was his practice—“If I were to buy a carriage,” said the prelate, “I could not afford one which would contain more than two persons; now, as I am always accustomed, when I see an ecclesiastic on foot, to take him into my vehicle and carry him on his way, I have often more with me than any carriage can well hold.”

The village curate is frequently a most amiable being. The friend of the good, the comforter of the sick, and the benefactor of the poor, he looks upon his little flock as truly his children, and strives to be their guide in prosperity and their support in distress. Still one of their greatest and most general virtues is charity. I have forgotten the name of the young ecclesiastic—and yet it is worthy of record—who, during the time of scarcity at Lyons, sold all his private property, which was of great extent, and fed the poor. But I remember an instance of a country *curé*, whose charity had something of old simplicity in it. He met an old man in the high-road, who begged of him. “I cannot give thee any thing,” replied the *curé*; “I have no mouey.”—“But I am cold and wretched,” urged the old man; and he pointed to his naked breast and throat, which were open to the bleak wind. The curate untied the handkerchief from his neck, and gave it to the beggar. “There, my friend,” said he, “I can bear it perhaps better than you can;” and he knew not that there was any one near, but Heaven and himself, and the object of his bounty.

Now let it be remembered that I am writing in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, and that, in thus speaking, I in no manner mean to allude to the innumerable swarms which year by year will be poured forth upon France, from the vast quantities of seminaries for Catholic priests which are distributed all over the kingdom; nor do I mean to praise, in any way, the multitude of supernumerary

ecclesiastics with which all towns of any consideration are infested. There are many of these who attach themselves to the Church purely for a rank in society, which they would not otherwise obtain. In general, neither their original character, nor their actuating motives are good; and, like weeds in a garden, they are only the worse for being cultivated. Of this class are most frequently the Missionaries, who are everywhere exalting the imagination and exciting the passions of the people. I have seen them, and heard them often, and I never met with one who was not well calculated, by complete ignorance, brutal impudence, and illiberal fanaticism, to mislead the vulgar into bigotry, and to terrify the weak into superstition. There may be some good, there may be some enlightened men amongst them, but wherever I have had the means of enquiring into the effects of their residence in any town, I have universally found that they have made themselves despised, have caused dissension in families, and confusion in society altogether. The parochial clergy of France are in general estimable and moderate, and would make themselves loved and respected; but there are many men artful enough, and more weak enough, to confound them with the fanatic and ambitious, and to throw contempt upon religion and its professors, on account of bad or foolish men, who would have been the same in any situation.

## MORNING HYMN OF MEMNON'S LYRE.\*

FOUNTAIN of living light to all,  
 Of melody to me,  
 Soon as thy morning lustre-fall  
 Is sparkling in the East-land hall,  
 My song begins to thee!

Sun! thou great glory of the sky!  
 Full as thine ears may ring  
 With the loud orb's minstrelsy,  
 Oh! list to the sweet melody  
 That here for thee I sing!

It is Earth's music—but it thrills  
 For nothing, earthly, Sun!  
 Thou'rt scarcely on the orient hills,  
 But gentle song my fancy fills—  
 Alas! that e'er 'tis done!

I am all thine—the perfumed sighs  
 Of morning, mountain, heath,  
 Seek not more fondly the soft skies  
 That warm them, than my melodies  
 Send unto thee their breath!

Oh! it is sweet to hear them wake  
 And rouse each sleepy string;  
 At first, low murmuring tones they make,  
 But bolder, deeper thrills they take,—  
 At thy full rise they sing!

\* The Egyptians erected a statue to Memnon, holding a lyre in its hand, which, as soon as the sun shone upon it, emitted musical sounds.

There are some tears upon my wires—

They are not the night-dews—

They are a melancholy Lyre's

Jealous of those revolving fires

That hymn the Spheral Muse !

Sun ! do they love thee well as I ?

When thou art down the West

They gaily sparkle o'er the sky,

Not when thy glorious face is nigh

Are they in beauty drest !

How different here ! when thou art gone,

Cold tears and sighs are mine—

With thy last look my joy is done—

With thy first smile my song's begun,

Its theme and music thine !

The night-wind oft with tender sigh

Breathes on my heedless strings ;

But not a single melody

Forgets its faithfulness to thee,

Not one soft answer sings !

Sometimes with jealous rage he sweeps

Across my dreaming breast ;

But, hopeless lover ! fondness keeps

Her truth inscribed there and weeps,

And leaves him all unblest !

My Sun-God ! love !—my hope ! my dream !

Why dost thou let the Moon

Flaunt through thy path in golden beam ?

Why does she there so proudly seem

Usurping thy bright noon ?—

From my fond thoughts I often start

And think her light is thine ;—

How melancholy to the heart,

From a sweet fantasy to part,

And dreams for truth resign !

Oh ! that I had the power to climb

O'er the high clouds to thee—

To have thy love through all sweet time,

Not sing thee one cold morning chime,

But endless melody !

To bring soft shadows round thy soul

With music's spell at Even,

When thou hadst reach'd thy western goal,

And thou wert weary of thy roll

O'er the wide arch of Heaven !

But no ! 'tis vain—Aurora's child,\*

With his cold senseless grasp,

Enslaves me in this ruin'd wild,

A weeping thing that should have smiled

In thy more gentle clasp !

Farewell ! thou passest quickly by,—

Wilt think of me in the low sky ?

W.

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\* Memnon was the son of Aurora and Tithonus.

## SKETCHES FROM THE GANGES, NO. 1.

I HAVE travelled, I love not to think how profitably or the reverse, in almost every part of the world. In the years 1819-20, I visited Arabia, Persia, Armenia, Georgia, Russia, Poland, Germany, France, and last, need I say not least in my regard, my own native land. In the prosecution of this my desire to see foreign countries, I have had my bones half dislocated in a crazy diligence in the South of France—the delights of a kibitka on the great Moscow road are not unknown to me—I have narrowly escaped becoming a walking illustration of Abernethy's last lecture on osteology, at the bottom of a vile German britska. Curiosity was often eminently gratified—it was quite as often most lamentably disappointed. Will any one of the fifteen hundred members of the Travellers' Club contradict Madame de Staël?—"Voyager après tout, c'est un bien triste plaisir."

Yet is there some satisfaction in the reflection, that to the indulgence of rational curiosity belongs, in every country, some meed of praise; and the claim to this distinction, meagre as it is, must be strengthened, as far as regards the Indian, by the consideration that it is purchased by privations to which he has been altogether unaccustomed. The man who has crossed the Caucasus, has done that which never has, and probably never will be accomplished, without some little danger, and no little fatigue.

Calcutta, as every body knows, or as nobody knows (I have not quite decided which), is a remarkably fine city on the left bank, not of the great stream of the Ganges, as the untravelled portion of mankind in England suppose, but on an *arm* only of that river; which the Honourable Company's Surveyor-General, and myself, and half-a-dozen more well-educated geographical men, are aware is no more to be compared to the *body* of the great father of waters, than "l'anatomic vivante" to the best made, best dressed, and most gentlemanlike-looking person of all my readers.

It is indeed a most living scene, and a most enchanting prospect. The broad sweep of the river, as approached from Garden Reach, covered with vessels of every description, from the imposing nine hundred ton ship to the fragile but picturesque bark of the country—the banks thronged with motley groups from every nation of the world—carriages passing rapidly along the new strand—in the distance a forest of masts—Fort William, its bastions, arsenals, and gateways lighted up by the gilded tints of one of those suns known only to the East—the bright green fringe of the esplanade—Bishop Middleton's College, a Gothic pile, where all around is Grecian; its flying buttresses, and pointed arches, standing out, clear and distinct, against the dark blue canopy behind,—these are features of a landscape of no ordinary beauty, which are the more attractive from the unexpected gratification of finding them where they are.

Yet must not even this picture, beautiful as without question it is, be examined too closely; for a nearer inspection takes from the magnificence, particularly when the traveller becomes cognizant of the horrors of the Bow Bazar (in the errata this will be Beau Bazar), the Cossie Tulloh, and Mangoe-lane. But these are specks on the broad illumined disk, which the architect cannot, the magistrate dares not,

and the philosopher would not remove. To the writer of sketches, such contrasts are pearls beyond price. A palace is to be found everywhere: but it is not always to be met with in placid approximation to a pig-sty.

Now I do hope, having mentioned the exterior aspect of the city, that nobody has imagined that I am going, in mentioning the interior, to discourse of chairs, and tables, and consoles, and chiffonieres, and ottomans, and candelabras, and chandeliers,—not a single syllable do I intend to write upon the subject. It is enough that I inform mankind in general, and our allies in Harley-street and Portland-place, that our *élégantes* and *merveilleux* do not universally sit after the fashion of the ninth portion of humanity, their legs gathered up like one of the Emperor Nicholas's spread eagles, with a crown on its head, and a chain round its throat; that forks and spoons are not generally unknown, nor are chopsticks as yet in very common use; that few as yet have adopted the Oriental usage of eating on the floor; and that when a tourist comes out to see us, and we in consequence put on our best coats, and light up the chandeliers, and the tables are covered by that renowned son of the illustrious Gunter, who sways the confectionery empire of the East, as his sire is absolute in the West, really a dinner in Calcutta is sometimes not at all unlike a dinner in London.

And there are some other points of resemblance too; for if in England you find yourself seated occasionally between two *grandees*, who never open their lips to you, and discuss behind your chair the enlivening subject of the paper currency, or the last division on the corn laws, here the dole of cold soup and hot claret divides attention with some topic as new and generally attractive, as the relative merits of the Ryot-war and perpetual settlements—the terms of Mr. H. M'K——'s last loan—or the cremation of widows; and then, peradventure, when you have dined with what appetite you may, you ascend to an apartment where the ladies are as hot above as you were hot below, and, by way of cooling the perspiring circle, libations of tea and coffee are made, with due reference to the rank of the recipient, and the mistress of the feast sometimes takes root on an ottoman, and looks as if the Horticultural Society had planted her there, and a long 'line of chairs is occupied by fair students of "Friendship's Offering," and the "Forget me not," sometimes a *little* too pale, and a *little* too perpendicular—and *merveilleux* are deliberating, in a corner, whether to break the line in one or two divisions—and there is the wonted resort to a piano very much out of tune, for an accompaniment to a voice, which ever and anon is a little so too—and I have seen some awful yawning, it must be owned. However, nobody will say that all this is peculiar to a dinner within the tropics.

But let me not, at the outset, incur the reproach of having attempted to describe a dinner-party, which, to be correct, should include not only the mode of dressing the dinner, but the guests—not the flowers only, natural or artificial, upon the *epergne*, but those which are ranged beside it; for this is the essential thing after all. To be brief, then, there are the usual proportions of flounces and maraboos, (a few giraffes have just been let loose among us, but they frightened us out of our senses,) and bows, and bouquets, and trimmings of nameless forms and denominations; and contrasts are well understood and skilfully acted upon,

and we are a little fond of scarlet, and green, and lilac, and, in short, "les couleurs prononcées;" but yellow has been exploded, for obvious reasons, ever since the appearance of Beppo\*—and sometimes little anachronisms are observable in matters of waists and petticoats, which are often worn a little too short when they ought to be long, and long when they ought to be short; but I have never seen them omitted altogether, which, after all, is a great matter. Upon the whole, therefore, ladies look every thing that is required of them, just as in England; and I desire the Oriental Club not to believe one word of Mr. P——'s bantering, who is said to have declared that our belles looked as if they were pinned with the poker, and unpinned with the tongs, for we have this simple and decisive refutation of the atrocious calumny—there is no such thing as a fire-place in the whole city.

But, finally, what shall I say of "l'Amphitryon chez qui l'on dine," or how can I sufficiently lament that my limits constrain me to be brief and sketchy? for I am of opinion that justice has not been done to the Calcutta society by some who have said very little in its favour, and a few who have said a little too much. The safe course to take would clearly be between unqualified disparagement and exaggerated praise; but even this is not so easily arranged, where, if justice bids me nought extenuate, or set down aught in malice, partiality and early associations press me not to tell the whole truth. Every body knows that all the truth is not to be told, so I believe I must have recourse to negatives for clear notions of our *status*, for it is easier to say what the Calcutta society is *not*, than what it is.

It is not, then, a literary society; nobody ever talks about "the march of intellect," and Strabo, and "the philosophy of labour;" and as to blue, cerulean blue, the ladies leave that to their husbands, who have, many of them, unquestionable right to be judges of that colour. It is not Epicurean—will it be believed that a *col au vent* or a *rissolle* are things unknown? It is not mercantile, though we are all merchants, *de jure* at least, if not *de facto*.—"Then what the devil is it, after all?" says some impatient son of the North.—Why, an anomalous aggregate, just as you will find in your own little market town, of wisdom admired, and folly which you are obliged to tolerate—a few good talkers, and some patient hearers—men of letters, and men who only send them, "les trompeurs, les trompés, et les trompettes"—a few saints, sages, and savages—princely liberality and squalid penuriousness—professions turned topsy-turvy—men of the sword who are fitter for the gown, and gownsmen who should have been soldiers:—a social olla podrida: men who have merited civic crowns, and fit subjects for civil distinctions of quite a different nature, a little more widely set apart, perhaps, than in some other communities I could mention, but near enough for all purposes of contrast.

And now let no man throw down this article, and say that he did not undertake to wander with me to see nothing that is not to be found close at his own fireside. Let him bear in mind that, throughout the world, the gradations are scarcely perceptible between those who only babble of green fields, and those who have actually commenced grazing.

I wish that, without departing from my design, it were permitted me

\* "What makes you look so yellow? How's your liver?"

to enter minutely into the "lights and shadows" of our Indian life—to offer to my readers a grand panoramic view of Calcutta as it was, and as it is—the "sittings up" of the early settlers, which appear to have been somewhat analogous to the American usage of bundling\*—the season of griffinage, which seems to have had much in common with the practice of "squatting." What an interesting record, "I guess," might be laid before the public of that primitive period, when ten pounds of good and lawful money of Great Britain (vide the counterpart covenant still entered into by our civil service with the Honourable Company) was considered a liberal remuneration for a gentleman's labours in this warm country! when the picturesque usage was in vogue, of asking a gentleman to send away his coat, which was understood to mean that his company was desired at dinner! And now even, is it not provoking to think that volumes are filled every day with the *res geste* of English dandies in Parisian drawing-rooms, and Neapolitan casinos, and Spanish tertulias, while *our* manners, customs, modes of employing or destroying the enemy, occupy not near so much of the public attention as Cheops's hour of going to bed, or whether the triclinia were made for two persons, or only one?

But surely it is impossible that this indifference to our sayings and doings can last long; and I trust that even these rambling sketches, crude and desultory as they are, may be the harbingers of a brilliant avatar of goodly quartos and hot-pressed octavos, with vignettes, and lithographs, and portraits of our "bel esprits un peu philosophes," becoming our station in the scale of empires. It is high time that the darkness with which the *distingués* and exclusives of St. James's-street and Almack's have shrouded us should be dispelled;† but while the candles are making, which I am told will take some little time, and until they are lighted, which cannot well be till they are made, the world must be content with the mere outlines of our social picture, short "fittes" of the descriptive, thrown out at random, with little care or classification.

In looking over what I have already thrown together on the subject of Calcutta society, I find I have omitted one of its most important and interesting features. The proper study of mankind we have already been clearly told, but no one yet has settled, to my satisfaction, the most pleasant and profitable mode of becoming cognizant of woman;

\* Some few years have elapsed since we made any of our young ladies "sit up;" so that it seems necessary to remark, that, in the olden time, when the Company's ships arrived, and the annual importation had been landed and duly passed at the Custom-house, an evening was fixed upon for the *début*. The house being brilliantly illuminated, *eligibles* were admitted for three nights successively, and moderate and decorous curiosity might be satisfied by occasional "trotting out." We do hope to see this very considerate and judicious usage restored. We have been assured that it was not usual to entertain any proposal of a delicate nature until the *third* night of the "sitting up."

† Mrs. B—— once proposed to give a magnificent entertainment to the London fashionable world, and begged Lady J——'s patronage of the feast. Her Ladyship consented, on certain conditions—the first was a severe one. The peeress was to invite all the guests—no Indians admitted on any pretext; and the master of the house to pass the night in Leadenhall-street. Harley-street was, of course, in an uproar at these monstrous stipulations. At length, after much negotiation, it was finally agreed that twelve of Mrs. B——'s Indian friends should be admitted to the divertisement: they were called the twelve apostles ever after.



and if it be said that Mr. Pope's rule holds good, here is another difficulty opposed to the study, as far, at least, as it may be discreetly and innocently pursued in the City of Palaces—there are no old women! It is a positive fact, the cause of which I am almost tempted to stay and investigate to the source. You go into a ball-room—even the wall-flowers are young and pretty—no one ever gets beyond a certain age, which is *bond-fide* so much more certain than in any other city of the world, that I have not as yet been able to determine if my facetious acquaintance Mr. M—— was serious in assuring me, that there never was but one old woman in Calcutta, and it was thought so remarkable a circumstance, that the society agreed to call a *gbaut* by her name.

I wish I had time and opportunity to look a little more closely into this very curious matter. There must be *some* reason why the painted, whitewashed, enamelled, manœuvring, card-playing, cat-and-parrot fancying old dowager of Bath and Cheltenham is an unknown genus within the tropics. Is it that our ladies come out so young that it is time to go home before they are old? Is it, alas! that the climate soon drives from among us the young and the healthful? Is it that our Calcutta milliners (*mem.*—consult Madame Gervain on this subject,) have discovered in some Egyptian manuscript, which they have paid M. Champollion to secrete, the difficult art of making that celebrated fluid which gives to sixty the dimples of sixteen? To say the truth, I cannot at all get at the *rationale* of the affair, and I wish that the new London University would make it the subject of the next prize essay. I could find nobody who knew any thing at all about the matter in the College of Fort William, or the Asiatic Society.

My intelligent acquaintance the Count de Vidua, to whom I imparted my doubts on the subject, disposed of the question with that expressive movement of the *os humerus*, which ought certainly to be taught in the Universities simultaneously with Watts's logic. “*Ma foi! le cas n'est pas embarrassant. Que voulez vous q'on fasse? C'est que les jeunes femmes sont bien conservées ici; et les vieilles femmes se conservent bien ailleurs.*”

But I must leave this phenomenon, for I am quite sensible to how much indecorous levity the subject is likely to give rise; and indeed I offer these few remarks with great deference, for the subject is new to me; and I am well aware that novelty and ignorance are always reciprocal. Having shown, however, that if there are no old ladies in our circles, of young and pretty women there is no deficiency; it seems but just to state, that where they are to be found there will likewise be a halo of gallant and gay men. And so there is; but they are divided into coteries, and there is no common centre of attraction,\* and people dine at all sorts of hours—four—six—eight—and it must be owned that we are apt to get a little somnolent in warm climates after food; and then there is a constitutional jog trot, to be taken and well shaken, at sunrise every morning; and the sun rises so unaccommodatingly

\* Sir Charles Metcalfe is trying at this time to ascertain if it is possible to unite our discordant elements at a periodical conversazione. Urbanity such as his may certainly do much, and we shall closely watch the experiment, and diligently record, in a “Sketch from the Gardens,” its success or its failure.

early, and so perversely hot, during two-thirds of the year, that the *vitida vis animi*, without which it is or ought to be highly penal to leave home, is necessarily much evaporated ere the witching hour of night. So there is very little general hospitality, though we are not wanting in individual kindness. Nevertheless, the circles which Mrs. M'N—, Mrs. P—, Mrs. H—, Mrs. H—, Sir Charles M—, Mr. P—, Mr. S—, contrive to collect around them, even under the unpromising circumstances above enumerated, attest what it is possible to accomplish, and for how much more there is the *materiel*, if opportunity, and "the hour for burning," were a little better regulated.

Six assemblies are generally given by subscription every cold season at the Town Hall; where, if as Madame de Staël has remarked of parties of greater reputation, "*le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit*," the fault is certainly not the stewards, who always wear most becoming ribands, begin with a kitchen dance for those who *say* their dancing-days are over, though they generally prove they do not *think* so; and then proceed to demonstrate quadrille figures to *andante* movements, dividing their attentions, it must be owned, with commendable impartiality, between the sprightly and the sentimental, the pretty and the good, the witty and the dull. If these things are a little "*glaciale*" sometimes, it must be attributed to the cold weather; for I have shown that Voltaire's caustic summing up of what he saw in a Parisian ball-room\* has nothing in common with one in the East.

Walking is not in fashion in Calcutta. We consider it unseemly to have any taste for such athletic exercises—so there are no walks; but there is a refuge for the destitute in about a mile of road, extending in front of the Government House, which the people have agreed to call a course. However, here a very little *médiance*, or charitable conversation, may be done in a quiet way, in the cool of the evening, from the seats of a stanhope or a harouche; and we observe pretty strictly the rule as to two in a chariot, which every body knows is proper and respectable; and nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles, are here profusely distributed; and, in short, a mouthful of dust is taken with the same good taste and preference for pure air and retirement, observable in the mother country.

There are races in Calcutta during the cold season, but they are not very numerously attended. The horses start at the inconvenient and antediluvian hour of seven in the morning—a trying moment, we have been told, for female charms; more especially with due advertence to the fact that in general the fog at that hour and season of the year (December and January) is so thick, that our belles can neither see nor be seen. Add to which, the meetings are far too numerous; for though an occasional appearance at sunrise, provided the night has been passed at a ball, is doubtless in the highest degree dissipated and proper; yet to rise at so gothic an hour, to hasten for a week successively to a cold, damp, race stand, is enough to ruin any female reputation. Few ladies therefore attend, though occasionally the sport is excellent. In 1824, Arabella performed a mile in 1 min. 48 sec.; and the rate of

\* La musique est passable, et les femmes sont passées.

Master Edward, a horse bred in the country, was nearly equal to that of the fastest horses at Newmarket.

We are Yorkshire, too, I take leave to remark, lest it should be supposed that all talent in that line is in Tattersall's betting-room on the other side of the water. The late Mr. O—— had made a match with Colonel G——, but his horse unhappily fell lame. The Colonel's horse died. Both facts were carefully concealed. Mr. O—— went to Colonel G——, who, after some difficulty, was persuaded to accept half forfeit. "I rejoice," said little O——, "that you are content with half my money; for, between ourselves, my horse has not been able to stand for the last week." "And, to tell you the truth," replied the other, "mine has been dead three."

Having just now mentioned the Government House, this would obviously be the place to describe it; for it is an edifice which occupies a foremost rank in the Eastern, and (I have been told) in all other landscapes, where large cities are introduced; and I am aware that the traveller who should pass down the Nile and forget the pyramids, would find it no excuse that architectural studies require room. I lament, however, that my limits compel me to omit details.

This centre, then, of attraction to statesmen and soldiers, to all who seek the bubble reputation, with the more numerous, though equally meritorious and respectable portion of society, who ask but for daily bread, occupies the middle point of a line of magnificent houses, which extends for about a mile and a half, from the river called the Esplanade Row, and is then intersected at right-angles by another line, called the Chowringhee road, which in like manner presents a second range of palaces, some of which we shall remark, in passing, might not be the worse for the application of a little white-wash. This remark does not, of course, apply to the palace "par excellence," which is always, of course, white, and well preserved both within and without. It was commenced under the administration of Marquis Wellesley, and was completed at a vast expense in about four years—a very short time, considering the noble dimensions of the apartments, and the cost and labour for which provision was to be made. His Lordship, with his usual magnificence, likewise designed another palace on nearly an equal scale of expense at Barrackpore; and the foundations considerably raised above the ground, remained till a very late period to attest the elegance of his taste in architecture, whether rural or municipal; but the Court of Directors of that day unluckily formed an opinion that we were not as yet quite ripe for the ornamental in Government or other houses, and orders were therefore sent to the noble Marquis to limit himself strictly to the useful, which unhappily suspended this and some other equally vast designs.\*

The plan of the Government House in Calcutta, which was furnished by Mr. Wyatt, is nearly that of Kedleston in Derbyshire, the residence of Lord Scarsdale, hut on a very enlarged scale. From a centre, three stories in height, four wings diverge, communicating by

\* When the bills for the repairs and additions of the Government House, Barrackpore, were sent in, it was discovered that Lord Wellesley's elegant design might have been completed for less money. We had better have arranged the matter like Miss Edgeworth's Irishman, who burnt his house down when expecting a visitor of distinction.

close corridors in half circles, each wing forming, in fact, a very large habitation. To this disposition of apartments there is but this objection, that as those which are destined for the more ordinary and everyday purposes of humanity are separated by three halls, something short of one hundred feet each in length, it becomes no trifling matter, with the thermometer at a hundred and twenty, for a secretary or an aide-camp to forget a pocket-handkerchief, or a *memoire pour servir à l'histoire*, at one end of the palace, and have to fetch it from another.

This, perhaps, is an inconvenience shared in common with all the abodes of greatness; but there is yet another attendant upon this one, which is of so serious a character, that philosophers will be disposed to regard it in the light of one of those evils which make equipoise of the balance, when good should appear to have sole possession of the scales. To the point, however.

Kitchens, gentle reader, in India, are not as in England, and other civilized countries, the basis of all that is great and good above, but always stand apart under distinct roofs, to which, I shall note in passing, it is neither usual nor prudent to make an unexpected excursion from the drawing-room. Now, in the case of the Government House, Lord Wellesley was the last person in the world to permit a long, low, flat-roofed, smoke-disfigured den of Cacus, to run riot, and make the angels weep, within the area where his noble structure was to rear its proud front. This, however, was a great and wonderful mistake, considering that his Lordship was understood to have a predilection for the liver-wing of a boiled turkey, and hot oyster sauce; but he could not have foreseen the melancholy consequences he has entailed on his successors, or I am sure he never would have established *chefs de cuisine*, aides of ditto, cooks, French, English, and Indian, with their means and appliances in the next street—an arrangement of which the miseries are unspeakable.

What, alas, can a "consommé aux perdrix," or "a beef stick au beurre d' anchois," (as I recollect Monsieur Very's *carte payante* has it,) what can such elaborate compositions represent of the finer essences of their first creation, which have made a weary and heart-rending pilgrimage down a long street, and through an open area of at least a hundred yards, and up an interminable stone staircase, and along a marble hall, to the end of a table of a hundred covers? Add to this, that as the arrangement makes the Governor General's cook a sort of fallen angel from the paradise, he can never know aught of the effect of his art, save from rumour—a circumstance which is totally destructive of all ambition in the *artiste*.

I have been a little diffuse, perhaps, in this matter; but it does not seem as yet to be decided if it is a reproach to crowned heads and Governors General to give bad dinners. No one has ever found fault with Napoleon for having a bad cook, though it is well known that Mr. Ude attributed the downfall of his dynasty to the culinary sins of the Tuileries; which, however, the Emperor always cheerfully acknowledged, sending guests of degree to dine with Cambaceres when he wished to make his way through the stomach to the heart. For my part, if the present arrangements for the cultivation of the *ars coquinaria* continue at Government House on the footing of the late reign, I do hope

for the sake of the empire, that Lord W—— will take gastronomes of any distinction to Sir Charles Metcalfe.\*

And here I might go on to revel in the description of the marble hall of state, its double row of massive columns, the dais of velvet, with its embroidered scutcheon, the golden chair, for

"Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court."

And I might bid fancy light up the sparkling crystal, waving over fairy and feathered forms, and brilliant gems, and yet more brilliant eyes; the perfumed air, the soul-inspiring music to the graceful quadrille, with the twelve Cæsars calmly looking on the gorgeous pageant from their classic pedestals. But these are no subjects for brief description. Let me rather hasten from the scene with something of the solemn farewell of the moralist, "*Templum valedixi cum oculo.*"

And how fare the Arts in the City of Palaces? and can any body play Beethoven's sonata op. 38? and if there be such a person, will any body listen? and does any one believe with old Pleyel, that attention to scientific instrumental music is the true test of cultivated musical ears? and has any body heard of the "*Crociato in Egitto*," or the "*Semiramide*?" and does any one do a little painting?—*Poeta nascitur*—and yet it is time in something more than a hundred years *ab urbe condita*, that *one* should fall to your share. If nobody can sing, can any body speak? and what sort of a corps de ballet have you?

Bless me, what a string of interrogatories! and my dawk laid for Benares, and demurrage deposited. Reader, have you ever paid demurrage? This is another usage of the olden time, though it has only attained its full efficacy under the present Post Master General; who, in order to speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul, requires a deposit from you, lest you should leave Calcutta too early, or lest you should leave it too late, or lest you should not leave it at all. The precaution must have been a judicious one in the time of the first settlers, before the Lottery Committee pulled down, or filled up, the Black Hole; for after all, it is possible to go farther and fare worse; and equally at your option to go a very little way, and be much better off, as I shall show in the sequel. Nevertheless, I wish, (while the subject is under my hand,) that the Lottery Committee had not meddled with the Black Hole.

It was a remarkable monument, as the Antiquarian Society would have called it—a structure full of interesting reminiscences, as I or any other writer of sketches might say—a solid and standing lesson, according to some caustic opponent of "secret and unlimited taxation," replete with instruction to the inmates of the Hon. Company's magnifi-

\* Truly, since I formed the design of presenting these incomparable sketches of mine to the public, I have seen cause to alter the text as touching the most important particular handled therein. A pupil of Mons. Beauvilliers, a man of science in gastronomy, hath come among us, and I have lived to see a *rissole* on this side of the equator. Verily, too, the Governor General's most nectarious hock leaves something of an angelic reminiscence on the palate, which will not speedily pass from this most sentient part of my person; though it is provoking that the most luscious *fricaudeaus* will persist in getting cold, in spite of a climate which makes every thing else hot.

cent custom-house, built on its late site, and some other palaces of the vicinage, to say nothing of its eminent merits as the very best situation for ripening London particular Madeira between Cape Comorin and the Hydaspes. Now, what a liberty this was to take with the memory of Mr. Holwell and all our great men, who were shut up there because they would not run away from Surajah Dowlah,—and Mr. Drake, and all our little men, who were *not* shut up there because they did; and the past, present, and future collectors of sea customs, and the writers, and the college council in the buildings close at hand, and antiquarians who are gone, and travellers who are coming, and history, and Madeira, and moral philosophy. In verity, I will uplift my voice against Messrs. T—w—r, and B—r—ll, and P—t—n, they are absolutely without excuse; though, by the by, I *have* heard that they have attempted to trump up some apology, resting on the fact that nobody within the last four or five years has drunk any thing but sherry. Gentlemen, the offence was had enough, but I do think the apology is worse.

When his late gracious Majesty was only Regent, he took occasion, in passing through the New Forest, to visit the beautiful seat of the late George Rose. The visit was somewhat unexpected, and could only be short. Every kind of refreshment was offered, but none accepted, save a glass of Madeira. It was brought after some little delay, at the moment of departure, and proved to be so acid that his Royal Highness could only swallow a mouthful. Old George Rose was profuse of apologies. "I beg, Mr. Rose, you will not think of making excuses; any thing does for the country."

Now, old George Rose kept his good Madeira in London, and therefore really had it not to give. But here is another most reprehensible inconsistency into which this meritorious and well-meaning community have fallen of late days. Although every householder of degree *can* set before his guests the richest, the most invigorating, the most balmy products of Funchal and Serchal, wine which might even make the Islamite forget his Prophet, and the Propbet himself his dogma, which twenty suns, and grand suns too, have ripened, to give to youth the energy of manhood, and to faltering age the fire of adolescence, yet will these misguided Orientalists persist in swallowing an ardent, deleterious, tasteless spirit, which they call sherry, because Dr. R—, and Dr. N—, and Dr. T— have declared that Madeira is apt to grow acid upon the stomach; that it gave Sir J. F—ks his last fit of the gout, and Lord Hastings the heart-burn, about twelve years ago.

Such aberrations in gastronomic matters must lead in the end to results the most deplorable to the empire, unless the Court of Directors or the Board of Control take the subject into serious consideration. I am not at present prepared to offer a remedy for the evil. Sir William Curtis, had he survived, might have been invited to accept a seat in the Supreme Council, and sent out with special powers at once to assume the government, and dispose of the gentlemen above-mentioned as Richard did with Clarence, if his precept should fail to recall good wine to the Noctes Ambrosianæ (as our friend Blackwood has it) of Calcutta, and his practice to expel bad. A crusade might be preached against sherry; the regular troops under the command of J—k P—l—r, the excellence of whose Madeira passeth the compass of man's understanding; and a body of skirmishers under J—n B—r—h, who should enliven the ac-

tion with his performance of "C'est le bon vin;" and if this far more legitimate object than Peter the Hermit's should fail in the acquisition, there is positively nothing for us but to rebuild the "Black Hole." We have some left, 'tis true, but not Black Holes *par excellence*, and consequently not by any means so central or convenient. The President of the Board of Control might take the opportunity to direct the Governor's attention, or that of the chief of the crusaders, to other gastronomic heresies, which I have scarcely leisure to particularize, though their early extirpation is absolutely indispensable. Will it be believed that the same people, who readily paid an average of one pound sterling each to look at an apocryphal mermaid, should be actually unable or unwilling to purchase a good dish of fish—with a lake behind them, a river on one side, and the sea in front. Will it be credited, that if we had the fish, we could not dress it; and that if it were dressed, nobody would give any sauce?—that the same remark applies, though certainly in rather a less degree, to meat and poultry?—that notwithstanding Leslie's invention, we are yet without ice?—that P—t—le's steam-kitchen is still a curiosity, and that we have made ourselves so absolutely dependent upon two or three of the overgrown and overpaid London houses for our supplies, that the lord of millions cannot certainly command a slice of fresh Parmesan cheese?

All this comes of being intolerant; but reason is slowly lifting up the veil, and even self-interest is surely discovering how beautiful a thing is free competition. A great schism is now raging among the inhabitants of the City of Palaces *in re* "pale ale." Hodgson has had, time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, a privilege as exclusive in *articulo cervisie*, as some other privileges which it is not necessary for me to particularize. For a long time he abused our good-nature, or imposed upon our credulity; at last Alsop (no bad name that for a brewer) discovered that we were waxing wroth, and that our virtue of endurance was getting fatigued by exercise. He heard us from the other side of the Atlantic, and responded in the transmission of, certainly, a most heavenly compound. Hodgson discovered *instantly* that it wouldn't do to send us sometimes very indifferent beer, sometimes very bad beer, and sometimes no beer at all.

But amid these sober realities of life, I had almost forgotten poetry, and painting, and music, and the drama, and the Horticultural and Asiatic Societies, and the Bench, and the Bar, and the new suspension-bridge over Tolly's Nullah, and the Ochterlony column, and the statue of Lord Hastings—of all which I desire to speak as compendiously as may be fit, though in the progress of the discussion I should awaken

"Thoughts that, could patience hold, 'twere wiser far  
To leave still hid and burning where they are."

## PROVINCIAL BALLADS.

\* *Gavaston on Dartmoor.*

'Twas a stern scene that lay beneath  
 The cold grey light of Autumn dawn ;  
 Along the solitary heath  
 Huge ghost-like mists were drawn.

Amid that waste of loneliness,  
 A small tarn, black as darkness, lay,  
 Silent and still—you there would bless  
 The wild coot's dabbling play.

But not a sound rose there—no breeze  
 Stirr'd the dull wave or dusky sedge:  
 Sharp is the eye the line that sees  
 'Twixt moor and water's edge.

Yet on this spot of desertness  
 A human shape was seen ;  
 It seem'd to wear a peasant's dress,  
 But not with peasant's mien.

Now swift, now slow, the figure paced  
 The margin of the moorland lake,  
 Yet ever turn'd it to the East,  
 Where day began to wake :—

“ Where lags the Witch ? she will'd me wait  
 Beside this mere at daybreak hour,  
 When mingling in the distance sate  
 The forms of cloud and torr.

“ She comes not yet—'tis a wild place—  
 The turf is dank, the air is cold ;—  
 Sweeter, I ween, in kingly dais,  
 To kiss the-circling gold.

“ Sweeter, in courtly dance, to tell  
 Love-tales in lovely ears,  
 Or hear high plac'd in royal selle,  
 The crash of knightly spears.

“ What would they say, who knew me then,  
 Teacher of that gay school,  
 To see me, guest of savage men,  
 Beside this Dartmoor pool ?”—

He sate him down upon a stone—  
 A block of granite damp and grey,—  
 Still to the East his eye was thrown,  
 Now colouring with the day.

He saw the first chill dawn-light fade—  
 The crimson flash to orange turn—  
 The orange take a deeper shade,  
 As tints more golden burn.

He saw the clouds all seam'd with light,  
 The hills all ridged with fire ;  
 He saw the moor-fogs rifted bright,  
 As breaking to retire.

\* The celebrated favourite of our Edward II. During one of his banishments, it is said that he was for a long time concealed in the solitudes of Dartmoor. The scene of the poem is from an early recollection of one in that romantic wilderness.



More near he saw the down-rush shake  
 Its silvery beard in morning's air ;  
 And clear, though amber-tinged, the lake  
 Pictured its green reeds there.  
 He stoop'd him by the water's side,  
 And wash'd his feverish brow ;  
 Then gazed, as if with childish pride,  
 Upon his face below.  
 But, while he looks, behold him start—  
 His cheek is white as death !  
 He cannot tear his eyes apart  
 From what he sees beneath.  
 It is the Witch of Sheepstor's face,  
 That grows from out his own !—  
 The eye meets his—he knows each trace—  
 And yet he sits alone  
 Scarce could he raise his frightened eye  
 To glimpse the neighbouring ground,  
 When round the pool, white, dense, and high,  
 A wreath of fog was wound.  
 Next o'er the wave a shiver ran,  
 Without a breath of wind ;  
 Then smooth it lay, though blank and wan,  
 Within its fleecy blind.  
 And o'er its face a single reed  
 Without a hand to guide it moved—  
 Who saw that slender rush, had need  
 More nerve than lance e'er proved !  
 Letters were form'd as on it pass'd,  
 Which still the lake retain'd ;  
 And when the scroll was traced at last,  
 The reed fell dead, the lines remain'd !  
 On them the stranger's fix'd eyes cling,  
 To pierce their heart of mystery :—  
 "*Fear not, thou favourite of a King !  
 That humbled head shall yet be high.*"  
 He scarce had read, a sudden breath  
 Swept o'er the pool and rased the lines ;  
 The fogs dispersed, and bright beneath  
 The breezy water shakes and shines.  
 He look'd around—but none was near—  
 The sunbeams slept on moss and moor ;  
 No living sound broke on his ear—  
 All look'd as lonely as before.  
 What had he given that hour to see  
 The meanest herdsman of the hill !  
 For, bright as seem'd the prophecy,  
 A shadow dimm'd his spirit still.  
 And well it might !—the wanderer there  
 Had stood too near an English throne—  
 Had breath'd too long in princely air—  
 He was the banish'd Gavaston !  
 Again he turn'd—again he grew  
 To the boy-bosom of his King—  
 Trod the proud halls his vain youth knew,  
 Heard woman's voice and minstrel's string.

But double was the story told  
 By those dark words of evil power ;  
 And not Plantagenet could hold  
 The Fates back in their own strong hour.

Beside the block, his thoughts recall  
 That scene of mountain sorcery—  
 Too late!—for high on Warwick-wall,  
 In one brief hour, his head must be!  
 Oh, how should evil deeds end well,  
 Or happy fates be told from hell !

J.

Crediton.

## FOOTMEN.

FOOTMEN are no part of Christianity ; but they are a very necessary appendage to our happy Constitution in Church and State. What would the bishop's mitre be without these grave supporters to his dignity? Even the plain presbyter does not dispense with his decent serving-man to stand behind his chair and load his duly emptied plate with beef and pudding, at which the genius of Ude turns pale. What would become of the coronet-coach filled with elegant and languid forms, if it were not for the triple row of powdered, laced, and liveried footmen, clustering, fluttering, and lounging behind it? What an idea do we not conceive of the fashionable *belle* who is making the most of her time and tumbling over silks and satins within at Sewell and Cross's, or at the Bazaar in Soho-square, from the tall lacquey in blue and silver with gold-headed cane, cocked-hat, white thread stockings and large calves to his legs, who stands as her representative without! The sleek shopman appears at the door, at an understood signal the livery-servant starts from his position, the coach-door flies open, the steps are let down, the young lady enters the carriage as young ladies are taught to step into carriages, the footman closes the door, mounts behind, and the glossy vehicle rolls off, bearing its lovely burden and her gaudy attendant from the gaze of the gaping crowd! Is there not a spell in beauty, a charm in rank and fashion, that one would almost wish to be this fellow—to obey its nod, to watch its looks, to breathe but by its permission, and to live but for its use, its scorn, or pride?

Footmen are in general looked upon as a sort of supernumeraries in society—they have no place assigned them in any Scotch Encyclopedia—they do not come under any of the heads in Mr. Mill's Elements, or Mr. Maculloch's Principles of Political Economy ; and they nowhere have had impartial justice done them, except in Lady Booby's love for one of that order. But if not "the Corinthian capitals of polished society," they are "a graceful ornament to the civil order." Lords and ladies could not do without them. Nothing exists in this world but by contrast. A foil is necessary to make the plainest truths self-evident. It is the very insignificance, the non-entity as it were of the gentlemen of the cloth, that constitutes their importance, and makes them an indispensable feature in the social system, by setting off the pretensions of their superiors to the best advantage. What would be the good of having a will of our own, if we had not others about us who are deprived of all will of their own, and who wear a badge to say, "I serve?" How can we show that we are the lords of the crea-

tion but by reducing others to the condition of machines, who never move but at the beck of our caprices? Is not the plain suit of the master wonderfully relieved by the borrowed trappings and mock-finery of his servant? You see that man on horseback who keeps at some distance behind another, who follows him as his shadow, turns as he turns, and as he passes or speaks to him, lifts his hand to his hat and observes the most profound attention—what is the difference between these two men? The one is as well mounted, as well fed, is younger and seemingly in better health than the other; but between these two there are perhaps seven or eight classes of society, each of whom is dependent on and trembles at the frown of the other—it is a nobleman and his lacquey. Let any one take a stroll towards the West-end of the town, South Audley or Upper Grosvenor-street; it is then he will feel himself first entering into the *beau-ideal* of civilized life, a society composed entirely of lords and footmen! Deliver me from the filth and cellars of St. Giles's, from the shops of Holborn and the Strand, from all that appertains to middle and to low life; and commend me to the streets with the straw at the doors and hatchments overhead to tell us of those who are just born or who are just dead, and with groups of footmen lounging on the steps and insulting the passengers—it is then I feel the true dignity and imaginary pretensions of human nature realised! There is here none of the squalidness of poverty, none of the hardships of daily labour, none of the anxiety and petty artifice of trade; life's business is changed into a romance, a summer's-dream, and nothing painful, disgusting, or vulgar intrudes. All is on a liberal and handsome scale. The true ends and benefits of society are here enjoyed and bountifully lavished, and all the trouble and misery banished, and not even allowed so much as to exist in thought. Those who would find the real Utopia, should look for it somewhere about Park-lane or May Fair. It is there only any feasible approach to equality is made—for it is *like master like man*. Here, as I look down Curson-street, or catch a glimpse of the taper spire of South Audley Chapel, or the family-arms on the gate of Chesterfield-House, the vista of years opens to me, and I recall the period of the triumph of Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," and the overthrow of "The Rights of Man!" You do not indeed penetrate to the interior of the mansion where sits the stately possessor, luxurious and refined; but you draw your inference from the lazy, pampered, motley crew poured forth from his portals. This mealy-coated, moth-like, butterfly-generation, seem to have no earthly business but to enjoy themselves. Their green liveries accord with the budding leaves and spreading branches of the trees in Hyde Park—they seem "like brothers of the groves"—their red faces and powdered heads harmonize with the blossoms of the neighbouring almond-trees, that shoot their sprays over old-fashioned brick-walls. They come forth like grasshoppers in June, as numerous and as noisy. They bask in the sun and bask in your face. Not only does the master enjoy an uninterrupted leisure and tranquillity—those in his employment have nothing to do. He wants drones, not drudges, about him, to share his superfluity, and give a haughty pledge of his exemption from care. They grow sleek and wanton, sancy and supple. From being independent of the world, they acquire the look of *gentlemen's gentlemen*. There is a cast of the aristo-

cracy, with a slight shade of distinction. The saying, "Tell me your company and I'll tell you your manners;" may be applied *cum grano salis* to the servants in great families. Mr. N—— knew an old butler who had lived with a nobleman so long, and had learnt to imitate his walk, look, and way of speaking so exactly, that it was next to impossible to tell them apart. See the porter in the great leather-chair in the hall—how big, and hurley, and self-important he looks; while my Lord's gentleman (the politician of the family) is reading the second edition of "The Courier" (once more in request) at the side window, and the footman is romping, or taking tea with the maids in the kitchen below. A match-girl meanwhile plies her shrill trade at the railing; or a gipsy-woman passes with her rustic wares through the street, avoiding the closer haunts of the city. What a pleasant farce is that of "High Life Below Stairs!" What a careless life do the domestics of the Great lead? For, not to speak of the reflected self-importance of their masters and mistresses, and the contempt with which they look down on the herd of mankind, they have only to eat and drink their fill, talk the scandal of the neighbourhood, laugh at the follies, or assist the intrigues of their betters, till they themselves fall in love, marry, set up a public house, (the only thing they are fit for,) and without habits of industry, resources in themselves, or self-respect, and drawing fruitless comparisons with the past, are, of all people, the most miserable! Service is no inheritance; and when it fails, there is not a more helpless, or more worthless set of devils in the world. Mr. C—— used to say he should like to be a footman to some elderly lady of quality, to carry her prayer-book to church, and place her cassock right for her. There can be no doubt that this would have been better, and quite as useful as the life he has led, dancing attendance on Prejudice, but flirting with Paradox in such a way as to cut himself out of the old lady's will. For my part, if I had to choose, I should prefer the service of a young mistress, and might share the fate of the footman recorded in heroic verse by Lady Wortley Montagu. Certainly it can be no hard duty, though a sort of *forlorn hope*, to have to follow three sisters, or youthful friends, (resembling the three Graces,) at a slow pace, and with grave demeanour, from Cumberland Gate to Kensington Gardens—to be there shut out, a privation enhancing the privilege, and making the sense of distant, respectful, idolatrous admiration more intense—and then, after a brief interval lost in idle chat, or idler reverie, to have to follow them back again, observing, not observed, to keep within call, to watch every gesture, to see the breeze play with the light tresses or lift the morning robe aside, to catch the half-suppressed laugh, and hear the low murmur of indistinct words and wishes, like the music of the spheres. An *amateur footman* would seem a more rational occupation than that of an amateur author, or an amateur artist. An insurmountable barrier, if it excludes passion, does not banish sentiment, but draws an atmosphere of superstitious, trembling apprehension round the object of so much attention and respect; nothing makes women seem so much like angels as always to see, never to converse with them; and those whom we hate to dangle a cane after must, to a lacquey of any spirit, appear worthy to wield sceptres.

But of all situations of this kind, the most enviable is that of a lady's maid in a family travelling abroad. In the obtuseness of foreigners to

the nice gradations of English refinement and manners, the maid has not seldom a chance of being taken for the mistress—a circumstance never to be forgot! See our Abigail mounted in the *dicky* with my Lord, or John, snug and comfortable—setting out on the grand tour as fast as four horses can carry her, whirled over the “vine-covered hills and gay regions of France,” crossing the Alps and Apennines in breathless terror and wonder—frightened at a precipice, laughing at her escape—coming to the inn, going into the kitchen to see what is to be had—not speaking a word of the language, except what she picks up, “as pigeons pick up peas:”—the bill paid, the passport *visé*, the horses put to, and *au route* again—seeing every thing and understanding nothing, in a full tide of health, fresh air, and animal spirits, and without one qualm of taste or sentiment, and arriving at Florence, the city of palaces, with its amphitheatre of hills and olives, without suspecting that such a person as Boccaccio, Dante, or Galileo, had ever lived there, while her young mistress is puzzled with the varieties of the Tuscan dialect, is disappointed in the Arno, and cannot tell what to make of the statue of David by Michael Angelo, in the Great Square. The difference is, that the young lady, on her return, has something to think of; but the maid absolutely forgets every thing, and is only giddy and out of breath, as if she had been up in a balloon.

“No more: where ignorance is bliss,  
’Tis folly to be wise!”

English servants abroad, notwithstanding the comforts they enjoy, and though travelling as it were *en famille*, must be struck with the ease and familiar footing on which foreigners live with their domestics, compared with the distance and reserve with which they are treated: The housemaid (*la bonne*) sits down in the room, or walks abreast with you in the street; and the valet who waits behind his master’s chair at table, gives Monsieur his advice or opinion without being asked for it: We need not wonder at this familiarity and freedom, when we consider that those who allowed it could (formerly at least, when the custom began) send those who transgressed but in the smallest degree to the Bastille or the galleys at their pleasure. The licence was attended with perfect impunity. With us the law leaves less to discretion; and by interposing a real independence (and plea of right) between the servant and master, does away with the appearance of it on the surface of manners. The insolence and tyranny of the Aristocracy fell more on the trades-people and mechanics than on their domestics who were attached to them by a semblance of feudal ties. Thus an upstart lady of quality (an imitator of the old school) would not deign to speak to a milliner while fitting on her dress, but gave her orders to her waiting-women to tell her what to do. Can we wonder at twenty *reigns of terror* to efface such a feeling?

I have alluded to the inclination in servants in great houses to ape the manners of their superiors, and to their sometimes succeeding. What facilitates the metamorphosis is, that the Great, in their character of *courtiers*, are a sort of footmen in their turn. There is the same crouching to interest and authority in either case, with the same surrender or absence of personal dignity—the same submission to the

trammels of outward form, with the same suppression of inward impulses—the same degrading finery, the same pretended deference in the eye of the world, and the same lurking contempt from being admitted behind the scenes, the same heartlessness, and the same eye-service—in a word, they are alike puppets governed by motives not their own, machines made of coarser or finer materials. It is not, therefore, surprising, if the most finished courtier of the day cannot, by a vulgar eye, be distinguished from a gentleman's servant. M. de Beausset, in his amusing and excellent *Memoirs*, makes it an argument of the legitimacy of Napoleon's authority, that from denying it, it would follow that his lords of the bed-chamber were valets, and he himself (as prefect of the palace) no better than head-cook. The inference is logical enough. According to the author's view, there was no other difference between the retainers of the court and the kitchen than the rank of the master!

I remember bearing it said that "all men were equal but footmen." But of all footmen the lowest class is *literary footmen*. These consist of persons who, without a single grain of knowledge, taste, or feeling, put on the livery of learning, mimic its phrases by rote, and are retained in its service by dint of quackery and assurance alone. As they have none of the essence, they have all the externals of men of gravity and wisdom. They wear green spectacles, walk with a peculiar strut, thrust themselves into the acquaintance of persons they bear talked of, get introduced into the clubs, are seen reading books they do not understand at the Museum and public libraries, dine (if they can) with lords or officers of the Guards, abuse any party as *low* to show what fine gentlemen they are, and the next week join the same party to raise their own credit and gain a little consequence, give themselves out as wits, critics, and philosophers (and as they have never done any thing, no man can contradict them), and have a great knack of turning editors, and not paying their contributors. If you get five pounds from one of them, he never forgives it. With the proceeds thus appropriated, the book-worm graduates a dandy, hires expensive apartments, sports a tandem, and it is inferred that he must be a great author who can support such an appearance with his pen, and a great genius who can conduct so many learned works while his time is devoted to the gay, the fair, and the rich. This introduces him to new editorships, to new and more select friendships, and to more frequent and importunate demands from debts and duns. At length the bubble bursts and disappears, and you hear no more of our classical adventurer, except from the invectives and self-reproaches of those who took him for a great scholar from his wearing green spectacles and Wellington-boots. Such a candidate for literary honours bears the same relation to the man of letters, that the valet with his second-hand finery and servile airs does to his master.

## BIRMINGHAM AND REPRESENTATION.

Τὴν ἀνθρωπότητα  
 Ἐλθεῖν ἐς γαίαν.\*

ÆSCHYLUS.

It has been affirmed of old, that there is no notion so absurd as not to have found a place in the writings of some one or other of the philosophers; with much more show of reason, the same thing might be said of statesmen and politicians. In politics, every abuse, no matter how wicked, has had its supporters, as soon as it has been discovered to be profitable; and the evidence of the senses has been nobly rejected, whenever it has stood in the way of a convenient proposition. We have heard of the expediency of digging holes for the mere purpose of filling them up again; and we shall never cease to hear of the Parliamentary assertion concerning the equality of the pound-note and shilling to a guinea, at the time when that guinea was openly sold for seven-and-twenty shillings in the market. These instances are pretty much to the purpose, yet are they nothing in absurdity to the desperate advocacy of a return to a fraudulent, ruinous paper circulation (in which matter, by the by, men could not be such egregious asses, if they were not, in some slight degree, rogues into the bargain: it is marvellous how much a little corrupt interest blunts the evidence of the simplest truths): nor are they to be compared with the astounding dicta of the present press-loving Attorney-General. But of all the extravagant chimeras that ever entered the brain of empiricism through a crack in the parietes of the cranium, surely the most ridiculous is the dogma that Birmingham ought to be represented. Touching the question of reform in general, I shall not say one word; that *pons asinorum* in politics has long ago (to use the language of an erudite auctioneer) been "amply *disgusted*;" and he that wants any information on the subject, may taste it in every article of consumption, feel it in the chill of a taxed coal fire, swallow it in licensed beer, and breathe it in the very air he respires. Some changes in the existing state of the House of Commons may, I admit, be necessary; though, in the phraseology of a celebrated publicist, I by no means vouch for the fact. In favour of annual Parliaments, we have a semblance of authority, and that, too, drawn from those ages when the wisdom of our ancestors was wisest. There is also some show of reason for the scheme of voting by ballot, inasmuch as it would enable the free-born Briton to pocket his septennial bribe, and yet vote after all, as he pleases, with a safe conscience. Even universal suffrage,—that abomination and anathema of nations,—has at least an abstract equity to plead in its defence; but in behalf of the right or expediency of Birmingham's returning two members, there is absolutely nothing to be advanced that will stand the test of inquiry. As a college dean once observed of the conduct of a refractory fellow-commoner, the proposition is as novel as it is unprecedented; and we were told, very truly, by a gallant officer (or official, if you please), that it is no better than converting a Gothic *donjon* into a Grecian temple—*spectatum admitti risum teneatis?*—the very speaker of the House, that type of all formal gravity, would laugh at it. Nay,—what

\* Let us just take a peep where, with iron and steel,  
 Folks may make what they please,—“Save a member,” quoth Peel.

is at the same time likely to make him cry,—it is plunging headlong into the French Revolution. It is, therefore, not without feelings of considerable alarm that I observed so small a majority as was counted in the honourable House against entertaining this proposition. Whether it be considered as a sign of the times, or merely as the token of a factious opposition to his Majesty's Ministers, the circumstance is equally formidable to the enlightened lover of his country. In this emergency, therefore, I have ventured forth in the panoply of pen, ink, and paper, with the humble hope of successfully wrestling with a plausible sophism, and of bringing the country gentlemen back to a due sense of the necessity of supporting the landed interest against this invasion of pots and pans, this *Jacquerie* of the progeny of Tubal Cain.

Of all the towns in England,—and I have passed through a great many in my time,—I don't know one that looks so very unfit for representation as Birmingham. The very Scotch burghs, indeed, which club together to return a member, and claim only the aliquot part of an electoral franchise, have a much more ancient and respectable appearance than this upstart product of smoke and scoræ. Like Montreuil, the place may have a very pretty air on the map, and might become a couple of asterisks as well as its neighbours. On the map, it may compare with Gatton, or Beeralston, or Old Sarum, which have no houses at all, or with any of the Pens and Tres of the Duchy of Cornwall, which have some half-a-dozen: but when we come to the realities of life, and consult the truth of nature, the exterior of Birmingham is as unparliamentary as the language of a patriot in a passion. There is such an air of bustling activity about it, such outward and visible signs of industry and prosperity, that at the very first sight all one's instincts are roused to protest against its having any thing to do with the government of the country. We have it on the very highest authority, that the independence of Parliament rests in the implicit boroughs, whose merit, like that of a medlar, consists, notoriously, in their rottenness. Every body knows, or ought to know, that without close Boroughs talent could not make its way into Parliament. Besides, the retail bribery of a pot-walloping corporation is a bare-faced, abominable, and scandalous infringement of the Constitution; but when there is enough of the blue mould in the constituency to pass it wholesale into the hands of a—Duke of Newcastle, (for instance)\* the transaction becomes at once honest, religious, and decent; and forms, indeed, the true conservative principle, without which "chaos would come again." To confer, therefore, upon Birmingham a share in the national representation, would manifestly add to the profligacy of public men, and to the corruption of the representative body; it would be a provocative of anarchy, and it would diminish from the already insufficient influence of the landed interest, which is eaten up by stock-jobbers and cotton-spinners, too prone to look with envy on the hereditary honours of the feudal families of old England. It is a maxim, alike of forensic and of constitutional law, that heirs are made for estates, and not estates for heirs. Hence it follows, as a man follows his own nose, that it is the land, and not the people upon it, that is represented in Parliament. So little, in-

\* The noble Duke's letter in reply to Sir F. Burdett almost tempts one to cry, with Mungo in "The Padlock,"—"D—hims imperance, and hims d—d assurance."



deed, has the man or his industry to do with the matter, that in strictness of principle, it is the rental alone that ought to qualify for legislative functions. The possession of land, inherently and by a species of divine authority, gives an exclusive title to legislative supremacy, and the right to exercise it for the private advantage of the possessor. The existence of Boroughs at all is an excrescence on the Constitution; and it is only rendered tolerable by their lapsing into the hands of the aristocracy, through the instrumentality of the above-mentioned "blue mould," which, like the precious *æruugo* of the antiquary, gives the greater part of the value to the subject to which it belongs.\*

Another reason against trusting Birmingham with a voice in the House of Commons is, that these Birmingham blades are nothing better than a set of downright sectarians. If they could once make themselves heard in Parliament, away would go the Church in a jiffy—tithes, prelates, and pluralities, and all. It would be worse than emancipating the Jews. The Jews, especially those who are rich, may perhaps have "some sketches and shadows of Christianity" about them; but as for the tinkering, bellows-blowing Dissenters of Birmingham, their hearts are as hard as their wares. If it were not for their devotion to Vulcan and Plutus, they might almost pass for Atheists, seeing that they spend all the time which is not consumed in their counting-houses and workshops, in plotting against the constituted authorities, to resolve society into its first elements, and to send the Lord Charleses to the right-about, without place or pension, regiment or mitre, obliging them to work for their own subsistence, like low-born peasants; which, in the present overstocked condition of the market for labour, would be doubly inconvenient.

If there be any one point in the principles and practices of the British scheme of government more fixed and unchangeable than another, it is an abhorrence of military supremacy, and a laudable jealousy of standing armies. This feeling, at all times influential in deciding on the merits of questions on which it can be made to bear, is, at the present moment, of more than ordinary importance. There is not a thorough-paced Tory in all Noodledom, (and your Tory is the very guardian angel of the constitution,) who is not frightened out of his wits lest the Duke of Wellington should enter the House of Commons, at the head of a detachment of cheesemongers, or of the yeomanry of the guard, and put the Speaker's wig in his pocket. From this fact, I presume, it may be gathered that there is something much pleasanter and more tickling to the imagination, in being enslaved by a prerogative lawyer, than in undergoing the same process at the hands of a revolutionist in regimentals. To perish by a conspiracy of country bumpkins, desirous to vest all power in themselves, must surely be the very euthanasia of English liberty; but, for a military chieftain to set up Whiggery at the point of the bayonet, must be the *devil in propriid personâ*. Otherwise, one cannot understand why the country-gentlemen should have remained so long indifferent to the attacks of former Ministries upon the liberty of the subject, and should now, all of a sudden, have fallen into hysterics at the migration of the Horse Guards to

\* Without this arrangement there would be, we are told, a perpetual schism between the two Houses of Parliament.

Downing-street. Leaving on one side, however, this somewhat delicate subject, it is sufficient to call to mind, that in the very best times of British liberty the interference of the military in elections was held to be illegal and tyrannical; for the danger of admitting a corporal's guard to show its nose (or rather, their noses) within the precincts of a returning officer is nothing to that of giving members to such a place as Birmingham. If standing armies are a constitutional nuisance, in what, I beseech you, lies their offence? It cannot be in the proper persons of the soldiers, for soldiers are but grass, like other flesh; neither will it be found in their *esprit de corps*, for nothing so much becomes a parliament man as this spirit. Perhaps it may be thought that the mischief lies in the red coats; but then, what should we think of the fox-hunting squires, the glory of Old England? Besides, the cavalry shift the hues of their integuments as often as the chameleon, and the law makes no reservation in their favour. No, as the venom of the wasp lies in its sting, so the whole, sole, and quintessential malignity of military nature resides in its guns, pikes, and "long-sword, saddle, bridle." But then comes the corollary, "as ready as a borrower's cap," and asks who is it that makes these guns, pikes, and swords? Why, who but the Birmingham candidates for a share in the representation. If soldiers are restrained from having any thing to do with elections simply on account of their guns, *a fortiori* the fabricators of such libérticide implements should be restricted in the same particular. There is, to tell the whole truth, a double ineligibility in this addition to the manufacture of arms, which merits all the attention of the lovers of parliamentary purity. It is "as clear as the sun at noon-day" that popular governments, which "of themselves, themselves are chaotic," are for ever getting the nation that is silly enough to endure them into some d——d scrape or other with their neighbours (apparently, for the mere pleasure of paying taxes); while despotic monarchs are as remarkable (innocent souls!) for their lamb-like amiability and forbearance (Charles X. for example, in conspiring to butcher his subjects), and for never embarking in just and necessary wars without rhyme or reason. To add, therefore, to the preponderance of democracy in the estates of the realm, and to detract from the pacific influence of kings and nobles, would, *pro tanto*, tend to convert John Bull from a well-behaved bankrupt shopkeeper into a downright Don Quixote, a Pyrgopolinices, or a Captain Bobadil. But nowhere could popular power be vested with more risk of this formidable consequence than in the sooty-faced burghers of Birmingham, among whom the love of gain would be superseded to their natural overweening pugnacity and purblind admiration of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The first question such a voter would put to the candidate, before he would vouchsafe to touch a single guinea at his hands, would be, "Sir, do you promise to keep up the price of bayonets?" or, "Will you vote for an increase of the military establishment?" and no man would have a chance of being returned who did not pledge himself knee-deep in behalf of the consumption of triggers and touch-holes. If members of parliament are not allowed to practise as attorneys in the House, lest a love for the six-and-eight-pences should make them as corrupt as other folks, it is not a whit less necessary to look sharp after this Birmingham population, who have a corrupt interest in

their own *malice prepense* against all mankind. Be it ever remembered, that these very men of Birmingham pulled down Dr. Priestley's house about his ears because he would not support Pitt in his profligate war against the liberty and independence of France: and let me tell those whom it may concern, that this is not the only house they would pull down if they were trusted with political power, sooner than not embroil the nation with all the world for the farther encouragement of their trade in small arms. "Here be truths," as Pompey says, in Measure for Measure: but wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it.

Independently of these general and theoretical reasons for not entrusting the town of Birmingham with elective powers, there are others of a particular and practical effect, not less worthy of calm consideration. Has any one, for instance, contemplated the more than probability of this town returning a couple of steam-engines for its representatives? or reflected on the consequences of such an event? Talk of innovations, indeed! what would any other assignable novelty in politics be to this? The very first thing to be expected, after the new members had taken their oaths and their seats, would be an hundred-horse-power speech, "as long as the Iliad," followed by a bill to cut up the Lowthers, root and branch, by some notable scheme for bringing down the price of coals. Now it has grown into a sort of ministerial maxim that the Lowthers are a fourth estate in the British constitution; and whatever affects their interest, is more likely to shake an administration than the loss of a fleet, or of an important colony. Then, on the other hand, the operatives would be deeply affected by the manoeuvring of these members, in committees, in favour of their own friends, the power looms and spinning-jennies; and in their desire to supersede that valuable animal, the horse, and to injure the holders of canal shares, they would fill the country, from one end to the other, with *raiding*. The lovers of authority might imagine, perhaps, that they will be stout sticklers for high-pressure measures, and that being, as Cuvier has wittily remarked, susceptible neither of fatigue, nor destruction, they would serve the ministry well, when it is necessary to speak against time. But those who know them best, declare that they are not always to be depended upon; that they would be apt to get *out of order*, in a debate; and that, then, all the speakers and black rods in the world would not prevent a *blow up* in the House. But, worse than all this, steam engines have no more religious principle about them than Carlisle? How then could an oath be administered to them? That this is no political calumny, like the vituperations of the Quarterly in the old times, may be known from their avowed predilection for working on Sundays; for which reason they may be also expected to make common cause, with all the penny barbers, old apple-women, and green-grocers in the kingdom, and draw down divine indignation on these kingdoms by the sale of lollipop during the time of divine service.

The opening of Parliament to Birmingham would but add one more corrupt interest to the many which are now in activity to postpone the general welfare to their own petty advantages. Is it not enough that we should have landlords crying out for Corn Laws, ribbon-weavers baranguing against free trade, brewers stipulating for a right to poison the people, and bankers demanding a privilege to forge their own bank-notes, but we must make way for a Birmingham demagogue to stun

the House in favour of a monopoly of stew-pans and fish-kettles,—of a power to sell knives that won't cut, and fowling-pieces that kill nothing but the man who fires them? "Mr. Speaker," methinks I hear him say, "if the wisdom of Parliament does not provide a remedy, we shall have Swedish iron as plenty as Swedish turnips. During the war, Sir, we forced the enemy to take as much British iron, hot and cold; as we pleased, and Birmingham was a thriving town; but now, Sir, that branch of commerce has entirely fallen off, and instead of the nation it is we that pay the shot. Without a protecting duty, therefore, our trade in hobnails and linch pins is at an end, our furnaces will all be blown out, and our artisans go to Germany, or the devil. To prevent this national calamity, Sir, I move you that no ship be permitted to enter a British harbour that has one foreign bolt in its hulk, and that no vessel shall clear out that has not iron ballast, iron rigging, and iron water tanks. I shall move you also that we revert to the good old custom of Sparta, and make iron the national standard of value; that the bar of this House be for the future constructed of the same metal; and that a dutiful address be forwarded to his Majesty, requesting him to shave himself with no other than *cast steel* (Castile) soap."

Such a proposition as this, backed by all the arguments usually advanced for preventing the working classes from eating cheap bread, for the benefit of those who do not work at all, would be irresistible. Let Birmingham, therefore, continue unrepresented. There is no more reason why this should be considered as an hardship than that the women and children are in the same predicament. Besides, Birmingham is a new town, a fungus excrescence of yesterday; and what guarantee has the nation that it will not sink into its primitive insignificance to-morrow? Its mines may fail, its workshops may be undersold, or the progress of wealth may cause every thing to be made of gold or platinum. To the bold intruders on the sanctuary of the constitution I would peremptorily reply, "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*" I would oppose the broad dike of the wisdom of our ancestors, to their ambitious daring; I would remind them of that envy and admiration to which the existing order of things had brought this happy country; I would make them sensible that the representative body, like the Patrician phalanx, was prepared to stand by its order; and I would drive them back from the bar of that honourable house they invaded, by fulminating in their audacious ears, "perish the iron trade, let the constitution live!"

M.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

IF "in mine inn I took mine ease,"  
 With power to call for what I please,  
 No landlord's score impending,  
 Bacchus I to thee, by night and day,  
 I'd undivided homage pay  
 In goblets never ending.

But such delights are all too dear  
 For those who live of duns in fear,  
 Dan Cupid's more inviting;  
 The god, who gives a liberal tick,  
 Is he to whom I'll closely stick,  
 And ever more delight in.

## A COMMERZ, OR GERMAN STUDENT'S DRINKING-BOUT.

*Pompey.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Antony.* It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho! SHAKESPEARE.

I WAS sitting one hot afternoon in June, with my Scotch friend S——, in his room in the Pauline-street, Göttingen; and having just finished our dinner, for which we clubbed together from the King of Prussia,—not his Majesty Frederick the Vth, but a tavern hearing his honoured cognomen—we were giving the practical lie to the law which says it is impossible to do two things together, inasmuch as we were doing three—namely, smoking, drinking coffee, and playing chess: on his sofa lay, in much admired confusion, his guitar, with several sheets of music thereto appertaining and belonging, a rapier, and the pandects and *corpus juris*, open; for S—— had very lately commenced a serious and sober reformation of his life and adventures, which had previously been of such a nature as to entitle him to very royalty among good fellows: by the urgent admonition, however, of his medical adviser, he had abdicated this distinguished elevation, and began, in downright earnest, and I verily believe for the first time, to apply himself to those studies, for the purpose of prosecuting which, a good six months back, he had arrived at the Georgia Augusta University of Göttingen. At the very critical juncture, when I solemnly declare I was within three moves of giving one of the most triumphant check-mates that ever was recorded in the annals of the game, from the year before Christ 608 up to that hour,—we were interrupted by my friend's name being shouted from the street, in a tone which even the hrasen-voiced Stentor might have envied. S—— rose, went to the window, and nodding to the shouter below, said, in German, "So—thou! come up!"—and the superfluous invitation was speedily followed by a heavy clanking tread up the stairs, and the consequent appearance at the door of the individual whom S—— in the mean while had announced to me as 'a very devil of a fellow.'

He was altogether a good specimen of a German Bursche; both as a mineralogist might use the term of a well-developed mass of ore, or as a moral philosopher would adopt it, to express the absence of obnoxious qualities. He was very tall, and proportionably stout—had a fine open face, with light hair, blue eyes, and a pair of immeasurable moustaches, which he wore, maybe merely because he fancied them, maybe as a memorial of his service as lieutenant in the German Legion, though now he had entered on the humbler, though scarcely quieter path of student of the art of riding; his manners were free—even to bluntness—but tempered by extreme good-humour; and he wore a pair of yellow buckskin pantaloons, with Hessian hoots and huge steel spurs; and, though it was hot summer, a rough brown frock coat, made of a stuff resembling our "dreadnought."

His first greeting, accompanied by a slap of his heavy riding-whip upon the table where we had just been dining, which set all the plates, knives, and forks a-dancing to their own music, was in German—

"Now, old chap, what art doing?—swigging coffee and playing chess: ever at it—how goes it?"

"Tolerably well," answered S——. "Know'st thou this fox?"

"Not I," said the German; "he looks like a Landsman of thine."

"He is: fresh from London."

"Ah, so!" observed the German: then turning to me, he said, in English, "You speak no German, perhaps, *Seer*?"

"Not much," I answered.

"I *sink* to have seen you *once or twice at ze Reitbahn*?"

I assented to the probability of the proposition; and the conversation, carried on in English, became general: presently, the German turned to my friend, and said, in his native language, "Now, thou, I must away; but, tell me, wilt come and hold a *Commerz* at my room to-night?"

"No, that I cannot," sighed S—.

"Ah! why not?" asked the German.

"God forbid!" was S—'s ejaculatory reply.

"Mad stuff!" cried the German, turning away in well-simulated ill-humour; then, taking up a more serious tone, he continued—"I tell thee, all thy *Landsmen* will be there—they have promised me; thou canst bring thy friend hère with thee—he shall be welcome."

"I can't come," still reiterated S—, though in a fainter tone, and with a less resolute look.

"The thunder-weather once again!"—(a literally-translated oath, of common usage)—"Tell me only why not? I shall think thou wouldst offend me."

"Stromeyer says I mustn't drink."

"Stromeyer be d—d! Is that all?—He is a stupid fool!—thou'dst die o' drought, without *Schnaps*. I know thee better than he; so, come—I shall expect thee; and if thou come not, we must make it out at the *Rasenmühle*."

"I had much liefer do that," replied S—.

"That's a lie, though," retorted the other. "Meanwhile, Adé, come soon!" then addressing me, "I hope, too, to have ze pleasure to see you, *Seer*."

"I shall be very happy," I replied; scarcely knowing what I accepted.

"You shall find many from your countrymen, *Seer*, and you shall get as tipsy as ever you may like:" then turning to S—, he continued, in German, "but, I say, thou must lend me a *Thaler* or *two*."

"I thought that would be the end of it," observed S—, going up to his bureau.

"G—d—me!" retorted the German (for they have most unceremoniously stolen our justly-famed national oath), "how do'st thou mean that? Do'st think I came to pump thee?"

"Certainly not," answered S—, with a laugh; at the same time throwing him the required coin.

"So, good," said the German. "Now, old fellow, if thou fail, take care of thyself." He aimed a hearty blow with his whip at S—, who warded it with his long pipe-tube, which snapped in two under the stroke; and the loud-laughing German had but just time to get out of the door to escape the china pipe-bowl, which S— with no bad aim shied at his head.

After I had heard him fairly out of the house, I asked, "A drinking bout, I take it?"

"Something of that sort," replied S——, with a very deep sigh.

"Shall you go?"

"God knows; I suppose I must; but it will only be for the sake of initiating you. Meanwhile let's go and take a stroll round the walls."

We went accordingly, took the proposed stroll; and S——, having given me a serious, and rather suspicious admonition to prepare myself for the ensuing revels by putting on the very oldest and worst coat I might happen to have in my possession—and a promise to call in time to take me to the scene of action—we parted.

S—— came rather late, and solemnly assured me that nothing, but his having passed his word, would have induced him to come at all.

We went to the Lieutenant's room, which was what in German they call a *roof-room*, and we in English a garret. While ascending the stairs, we heard the company above shouting with most lay-like vociferation the burthen of some Leonine verses, which ran somehow thus:—

"Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus,  
Nam, post pauca secula, nos habebit humus."

We entered: the room, though at the top of the house, was a low one, and full to excess, both of Burschen and smoke, the latter so thick that it totally obnubilated the former by its vapoury wreaths; a draught, however, (not indeed the only one,) having been occasioned in the room by the opening and shutting of the door, we dimly distinguished our German host, sitting as Præses at the head of the table, on a chair, which, by the help of a few coats and books, had been rendered a more elevated seat than those around. At the bottom of the table sat the Vice, another German, these two situations being always taken *ex-officio* by the oldest Houses present. On either side the guests were squeezed, in all about a score and a half, including, as we had been told, nearly all the British at Göttingen; the remainder being chiefly Hanoverians, to which *Landsmanship* our host belonged. Many of them were without coats; most wore their national-coloured caps on, (red, blue, and gold, were the Hanoverian colours,) and all were smoking. At each end of the table, before the President and the Vice, lay a drawn *Schlaeger*, deposited, as I was afterwards informed, as an emblem of peace on such occasions; and so used, I presume by a similar process of poetical logic with that which induces the North American Indians to send round the war-batchet at their festivals of peace. Bowls of punch-royal, and bottles of wine, and *Schnaps*, were amply distributed on the board, together with their satellites of all shapes and sizes—from the lordly rummer down to the lowly liqueur-glass.

Our arrival, or rather, to speak more modestly and correctly, that of S——, for he was a great favourite, was received with a loud shout, which sent the smoke whirling away on each side, as I have seen morning mists dispelled by a sudden gust of wind. The Præses hailed him with the affectionate appellation of "old cudgel," at the same moment swearing he would have thrashed him soundly if he had come five minutes later. We were crammed away among the company, greatly to the inconvenience of our neighbours, I should guess, judging by our own—lighted our pipes, which we had brought with us, and entered upon the carousal with as much spirit as we could muster, both in our hearts and glasses.

But somehow or other this seemed not to be a mere commonplace, every-day sort of drunken matter; there was a something of romance and enthusiasm mingled with all the proceedings—even a degree of high-mindedness; perhaps the punch was more elevating than usual—perhaps it might be the loftiness of our situation;—whatever it was, we were highly merry and very noisy. Every man as he drank with his neighbour or his friend, struck glasses with him; and this ceremony was a much more solemn, and, as the evening advanced, a more dangerous one, than our simple English hobbing and nobbing; for not only did the lips of the amicable glasses meet together, but also alternately saluted each other's foot.

If any one was observed to lag in his devotions to Bacchus, he was sure to be called on by some friend thus:—

“ I'll drink thee one first !”

And unless he sadly lacked hardihood or strength of head, the challenged would reply,

“ Two after !” in which case they each had to drink two bumpers, the object being to swallow the liquor as soon as possible.

Then there were real challenges given, accepted, and fought on the spot; as thus, (premising that the challenge must proceed from an elder House to a younger one):—

All preliminaries being arranged, seconds were systematically chosen, and the matter proceeded with all due forms and ceremonies.

The seconds selected the weapons, generally the largest rummers at hand, seeing that they were of equal size and capacity; then one second exclaimed,

‘ On the measure.’ The antagonists stood up.

“ Fill the glasses,” said the other second.

This was soon done with punch, and the mimic reply was

‘ They are filled.’

“ Set on ;” they were raised to the lips of the combatants.

‘ Loose,’ was the signal; and the glasses were emptied as speedily as possible. He who first submitted his drained vessel to the “ nail proof,” that is by tapping the brim of it upon his left thumb-nail, without depositing more than a drop there, being declared the victor.

Meanwhile, to contribute to the harmony of the evening, there was singing enough, and that really not of the worst order. A tall, golden-haired youth, with curling moustachios, who had distinguished himself equally at college and “ on the measure,” and seemed now a promising candidate for the “ ivie wreath,” gave us the following, which was a favourite in other places than within the walls of an university:—\*

From heaven itself, our earthly lot to share,  
Were sent us youth and dreamy joys;  
Then, dearest friends, despite of pallid care,  
Which oft our youthful bliss destroys,  
Solemnly let us our jubilee sing,  
While round us our glasses in unison ring.

\* This and the following translation are submitted merely as specimens of the “ sort o’ thing,” as our friend, whose name I forget, says in “ Before Breakfast ;” and not for any merit which they can be presumed to possess, either in the original or much less in the copy of verses.



(These last two verses were repeated in full chorus at the end of each stanza.)

Basking beneath the golden glow of noon,  
 Take we what joy we can to-day ;  
 For when the evening comes, Life's lovely sun  
 No more will cheer us with his ray.

As long as God shall please, dear Brethren, then  
 Life's crop of pleasure will we reap :  
 And when the curtain falls upon the scene,  
 Withdraw we with our sires to sleep.

Drink, Brother, drink, a full health to the fair,  
 Whoe'er she be, that owns thy love ;  
 With brimming beakers we the toast will share  
 Our kindred kindness to prove.

*Chorus.*

Solemnly let us our jubilee sing,  
 While round us our glasses in unison ring.

Should some dear friend from this loved life depart  
 To join th' innumerable dead ;  
 We pay the tribute of an aching heart,  
 Above our brother's dreamless bed.

*Chorus.*

Our blessings and our tears we shed  
 Above our brother's dreamless bed.

The melody which, of the four first verses, had been "solemnly tripping," changed in the last to a more melancholy measure; and the depth of the deep rich sounds was followed by a moment's pause of silence, as though of sorrow; it was broken in upon by S——'s challenging the singer to drink *schmollis*\* with him:—the challenge was accepted, and the ceremony was effected after the following fashion:—The two drinkers, sitting next one another, filled their glasses, and struck them together in the manner before described; S——, being the challenger, saying *schmollis*, and the other uttering some equally unintelligible and less memorable word; they then rose, and, interlacing their right arms, drank off their glasses in that position—that is to say, over each other's arm; they then kissed one another on each cheek, and each said "Remain my friend—my name is——." Thus the ceremony was concluded; and after it, parties *thou* one another.

(This use of the second person singular is very frequent among the Germans; friends use it together, and lovers, and husband and wife—the parent also to the children; but, except among the lower classes, the latter usually address the former in the more courteous form of the third person plural: this is the usual mode of address in society, and, only that custom reconciles it to the ear, it is certainly a singular absurdity. "How do they find themselves this morning?" addressed to an individual, may vie in inconsistency with the Italian or Spanish "How does she do?" applied to a man, and is much less deducible from any apparent source. The Germans have two other modes of address; viz. the second person plural, applied to more than one, when you may address both, or either of the individuals, by the second person sin-

\* The meaning of this word I do not know, and never met any one, who did.

gular; and also to one person, when you would speak not over-politely to him; and the third person singular, to use which to any one is about as atrocious an indignity as you can offer him—thereby putting him, as a young clergyman once very seriously assured me, below the level of a brute. I have heard masters use this term to their servants, especially when in a passion with them. With reference to the use of *thou*, I cannot help offering a translation of a few lines from Schiller's exquisite play of "Don Karlos," wherein the affectionate fondness of the Germans for this brotherly and good old-fashioned mode of address is exhibited. The passage is at the close of the first act: Karlos having, through the means of his friend the Marquis of Posa, had an interview with the Queen his mother-in-law, formerly his own betrothed, and his still dearly-beloved. He is left alone with the Marquis—they have avowed a friendship for each other—

" For ever—  
And in the boldest meaning of the word."

And Karlos concludes the conversation by asking—

" And yet one further prayer! call me *thou*,  
I have ever envied thee and thy compeers  
This happy privilege of confidence.  
This kind and brotherly *thou* beguiles mine ear—  
My heart, with a sweet feeling of equality.  
Nay, no reply—I guess what thou wouldst say.  
To thee, I know it is a trifle—but  
To me, the monarch's son, 'tis much. Wilt be  
My brother, then?"

*Marquis.*  
*Karlos.*

Thy brother.

Now, to the King!

I fear nought more. Thus arm in arm with thee,  
I challenge all the age into the lists.)

So much for a parenthesis. To return to drinking *schmollis*. I should observe, that if a Fox were to propose *schmollis* to an old boose, he would be considered as presumptuous as a certain gentleman, famed (*inter alia*) for his topographical ignorance concerning the site of Russell-square, was upon one occasion, when, in his inexperienced youth, he asked the Prime Minister, at whose table he had the honour of a seat, to take wine with him. A Fox, also, must not think of challenging his elder to *vortrincken*.

While the merriment was at its height, and, indeed, seemed rapidly about to decline into confusion, it was suddenly checked by the Præses seizing the drawn *schlaeger* that lay before him, and striking the board with it: in a moment, all was solemn silence—every man present put on his cap, and as sober an aspect as possible, and certainly as serious as though some matter of the gravest importance were about to be entered upon. I waited in great anxiety, and not long; for in a deep, somewhat rough, but not unmusical voice, the Præses began the *Landesvater* (as it was styled), as follows—each three lines of the five first stanzas being repeated after him in full chorus:—

" All, be quiet,  
Nought of riot  
Here intrude our mirth to quell!  
Hark! the song of songs is gath'ring!  
Hearken, all my German brethren!  
Loudly—loudly let your voices swell.

- “Rising o'er us,  
Send the chorus  
Of our father-land around !  
To the King, that wisely reigneth,  
And his people's love obtaineth,  
Let our lofty song of praise resound.
- “George's \* glory,  
Famed in story,  
High extol each Muse's son ;  
Heart and hand together joining,  
Every kindly wish combining  
For his safety on Hanöver's † throne.
- “Ever ready,  
Firm and steady,  
To defend his realm and life :  
Death to every foe we offer—  
Death ourselves prepared to suffer,  
When our father-land commands the strife.
- “Louder o'er us  
Swell the chorus !  
German be our mood, and fierce !  
See I the sacred brand I hold, lads ;  
Do our wont like brave and bold lads ;  
Each free cap the well-tried steel shall pierce.  
*(Sung by the Præses alone.)*
- “Tried—but not less  
Bright and spotless,  
In my left I bear the blade :  
Now I pierce my cap, and duly  
Vow the vow I will keep truly—  
Still to be a gallant German lad.
- “Take the beaker,  
Fill'd with liquor,  
From our own—our native wine.  
In thy left now take the weapon ;  
Now its bright blade stick thy cap on ;  
Quaff a German health in German wine.”

(While the Præses sang this, he passed the sword, with his own cap sticking on it, to his left-hand neighbour, who repeated the sixth and seventh verses, sticking his own cap on the weapon, and then passed it to his left-hand neighbour ; and thus the sword, with the caps of all present stuck upon it, was passed round to the Præses, who then again sang ; while the others joined in chorus, as in the first verses.)

- “Still possessing  
Every blessing,  
May our George most bappy be !  
May he live without contention—  
And one more I shall not mention—  
He for all—the other all for me.”

\* The name of the King, of course, varies, according to the Landsmanship, by whom this local—I had almost said national—song is sung.

† The name of the land, of course, also varies according to circumstances : the Germans pronounce *Hanover* as given in the text.

The glasses were then emptied—shouts, huzzas, thumping the table, and rattling of glasses followed; the Præses again called silence, it was awarded him, and now taking off the top cap, he placed it on the head of his right-hand neighbour—singing in a sprightlier tone:—

“ So take thy cap!  
Thy head therewith I cover,  
And lay the good brand over,  
Long life to brother ——— Friends !”

(This last line was repeated in chorus—the Præses continued—)

“ Wherever we shall meet him,  
As brother we will greet him:  
A scoundrel ! whoso him offends !

*Chorus.* Wherever,” &c.

The Præses then went round the company rightwards, to each performing the same ceremony, and singing the same lines, which were in the same manner repeated by the chorus; and thus, amid another volley of shouts, huzzas, thumping, and rattling, this affair was concluded.

It is quite astonishing, and now that I am sobered down into a Philistine of some years, it seems almost ridiculous—the ardour with which the students used to go through this ceremony; while mixed up with it, however, it was impossible to see it in this light—there was a wildness about it, that gave an air of sublimity to the whole proceeding, and prevented it either from degenerating into buffoonery, or swelling into bombast—in fact, it is impossible to convey in words an adequate idea of the whole scene; and, therefore, for calm sedate readers, I have no hope of investing it with the interest which really belonged to it: the young and fervent, perhaps, will understand it better, and will trick out the poverty of my description from the stores of their own imagination. Let it pass, however.

Riot and revelry were now let loose among us, and madly did they do their work; jests were shouted, that nobody listened to; songs were sung, that would not bear repeating, not that they were much listened to either; challenges to drink were given, and accepted, or declined, or unheeded, according to the whim or employment of the parties addressed—these began to lead into more serious and hot discussions; insults that never had been intended, were taken by one party and then persisted in by the other; our host had the common sense to seize the two *schlaegers* from the table, and succeeded in locking them up in his bed-room, though not without one or two desperate snatches being made at them in their passage, by some of the most quarrelsome and desperate of the party. Many a jest was that evening converted into a serious evil. A Scotchman present, whom I will call by his christian name of John, asked a young Hanoverian, with whom he was on terms of the most intimate friendship, for a pinch of snuff, and the latter very deliberately, and quite good-humouredly, flung the contents of his box full into the Scotchman's face and eyes; John roared like a mad bull, as well he might, and, in all the eloquence of maddened drunkenness, uttered a long and vehement philippic against his friend in tolerably good German, but in which every half sentence was compounded with the dreadful and ominous sounds—“stupid youth.”

“ Stupid—stupid—word of fear—  
Unpleasing to a student's ear.”

In vain John's friends tried to pacify him, they only irritated him; and he continued "buzzing the stupid" upon the young German till, in his turn angered, he left the room.

This was the first *serious* quarrel that had occurred, and it utterly destroyed all hopes of restoring any thing like harmony to the meeting. John, in fact, seemed little appeased by the disappearance of the aggressor, but began abusing all around him in a strange jargon of German and broad Scotch, mixed every now and then with a pure Gothic word, which language he had lately been very intent upon studying. It was thought advisable to remove him; and preparations were commencing accordingly, when, with a tremendous struggle, he freed himself from the hands of his captors—prang upon the table—destroying every thing in his progress, flung out of the door, and, darting through the crazy railing opposite, landed at the bottom of—luckily for him—a not very steep flight of stairs; how he managed to get out afterwards I do not know, but he was safe and sound the next morning.

Meanwhile, one or two of the English, who had remained phlegmatic and unexcited by the Scotchman's vagaries, had struck up "God save the King," as a little private chorus of their own; but they were soon joined by the Hanoverians, who make a kind of claim to the same air. Our national hymn was then roared out in two languages, and heaven knows how many tongues and tones, and with the most multifarious accompaniments of screeching and screaming that ever greeted the tympanum of mortal ear; at least so I then thought, at my essay in such turbulent debauchery; nor was this all; bottles and glasses were smashed—chairs swung round by the legs and dashed upon the table till both were fairly demolished, and somewhat to the peril of the few who lay in Cyclopean slumbers beneath the latter: every thing was broken—it was, in fact, the breaking up of the party. I remember seeing one German,—the young man who had sung the first translated song so finely and so feelingly, dash three parts of a chair into a mirror that hung on one side of the room, at the same time roaring the genuine Tyrolese yell with a voice that bade fair to make "all split."

Down stairs we all went shouting together; it was past three, and broad daylight: a friend of mine fell senseless the moment he got into the fresh air, and while I and another were making our best endeavours to raise him, the rest of our companions got considerably a head of us, and lucky for us they did so, for in a few minutes they encountered a party of the *Laces*, which encounter ended in a regular skirmish—and that, in the capture of about a half score of the rioters, who were consigned to the hospitable recesses of the Carcer.

X.

## FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES, NO. III.

SCENE—*The Governor's Study.*

SQUIRE LONG AND LONG JUN.

*Squire Long.*

GEORGE, why don't you marry!—at your time of life  
'Tis a man's bounden duty to look for a wife.

*Long jun.*

Your will is my law, Sir—but what can I do?  
The ladies I fix upon never please you!

*Squire Long.*

No, George—but your father your interest watches,  
I've pointed out three or four excellent matches.

*Long jun.*

Your will is my law, Sir—but then, do you see,  
The ladies you fix upon never please me!

*Squire Long.*

Why zounds, George, you don't go the right way to work,  
Make up to the Fox-hunting Heiress from York.

*Long jun.*

The steeple-chase lady!—if after that spee,  
There's less danger of breaking my heart than my neck;  
A brilliant her eye, but a ruby her nose is,  
Horse laughter her smile, and her bloom cabbage roses!

*Squire Long.*

Oh! George, you provoke me; but say, have you seen  
The rich and rare private theatrical Queen?  
Who gets up the plays down at Splashington Hall,  
First Manager—Dramatist—Actress—and all!

*Long jun.*

No—not the *Blue Lady* who rules the Green-room,  
Artificial in attitude, simper, and bloom;  
Who looks up so loving in Romeo's face,  
Returning with *gusto* each sigh and embrace;  
To make a proscenium she'd split my saloon,  
And darken it all for rehearsals at noon;  
'Twould ruffle me, Sir—why, 'twould ruffle a saint  
To live amid canvass, gilt paper, and paint.

*Squire Long.*

What think you, then, George, of the Baronet's widow,  
The lady of arable, pasture, and meadow?

*Long jun.*

Sir Acres's relief? No, no, my good Sir,  
For ruin lurks under rich widows like *her*.  
The crops that she cuts, and the beasts that she kills,  
Are all melted down in her milliner's bills!  
Don't talk of her produce—its merit must stop,  
If I cannot prevent her from wearing a crop!  
Her *hey-day* is endless? she'll add to my trouble,  
And into straw bonnets she'd turn all my stubble!

*Squire Long.*

Miss Blonda the beauty—what think you of her?  
The beauty *par excellence*—can you demur?

*Long jun.*

The *belle* of the public? Ah! no, Sir, I seek  
For one with the first bloom of youth on her cheek;

The *belle* of my own individual choice,  
 Not hawk'd about yearly by Fashion's shrill voice:  
 Exhibited *here*, and exhibited *there*,  
 Until, so long used to vulgarity's stare,  
 So petted by *connoisseur*, sculptor, and painter,  
*My home*-admiration could never content her!  
 If I praised her, she'd say, "Oh! I've heard *that* before;  
 Indeed, my Lord So and So used to say more!"

*Squire Long.*

Well, George, you shau't marry a beauty—you *shan't*—  
 There's plain Miss Golightly, who wants a gallant—  
 Besides, *she* writes novels—

*Long jun.*

Ay, when I'm in haste  
 To make love to a gorgon, *she'll* be to my taste:  
 But worse—oh! a thousand times worse than her looks,  
 Is the thought of her putting me into her books!  
 When wanting a chapter, how pleasant to catch  
 Some foible of mine, just to fill up a sketch!  
 How *very* convenient, when other themes flag,  
 To have *me*, just like a wild fox in a bag—  
 And then hunt me out, giving all but my name,  
 While those who peruse the three volumes exclaim,  
 "Oh! dear me, *how* like him! how *very* absurd!  
 That's meant for her husband, I give you my word!  
 How wrong of her, though! the resemblance *must* strike!  
 How *very* improper! Good gracious, how like!"

*Squire Long.*

Well, George, there's Miss Wilkins—the lady they laud  
 For graces acquired whilst living abroad,  
 Her singing! her playing!

*Long jun.*

Why no, I confess  
 She's *too* foreign in manner—*too* foreign in dress;  
 In all that she utters and does I detect  
 A *something* that tells me she aims at effect,  
 And copying Frenchified airs, after all  
 She wears the French fashions that suit a French doll;  
 Her singing is squall! and her laughter is giggle!  
 Her figure all bustle! her dancing all wriggle!

*Squire Long.*

But, zounds, you *must* marry! At your time of life  
 'Tis a man's bounden duty to look for a wife.

*Long jun.*

Your will is my law, Sir—but what can I do?  
 The ladies I fix upon never please you!

*Squire Long.*

No, George; but your father your interest watches,  
 I've pointed out several excellent matches!

*Long jun.*

Your will is my law, Sir, but then do you see,  
 The ladies you fix upon never please me!

B.

## THE FEMALE QUACK.

IT is one of the many thousand mistakes of human creatures to imagine themselves the greatest proficient in the very arts in which they are most deficient; and hence numerous poor innocent souls, who might glide down the stream of life unmolested and unmolested, thrust themselves forward with their own stupid delusion as the pilot, and, after wandering amongst the quicksands of public opinion, at last find themselves wrecked on the shoals of ridicule and contempt.

This imaginary excellence in one particular science, is more or less common to us all. I remember a man who fancied he had discovered the means of having perpetual sunshine, threw the stars in the very corner of contempt, and laughed at the moon as a modern invention to save oil, or gas; he was of course mad upon this solitary point, although a very clever, well-informed rational creature on every other subject. The family first became alarmed by the eternal visits of coal-heavers, coal-merchants, and every other species of being in connection with the black traffic. A small garden at the back of his house soon became, to the ruin of the pinks, carnations, roses, and other perfumes used by cockneys to soften the vile smells of the metropolis, one large coal depository. Masters of ships attended to be chartered by him, an agreement was actually entered into with three—when the question was asked, to what place are the coals to be conveyed? “To the sun,” quoth the deluded being, “to the sun; there,” said he, pointing to the heavens, where the sun had just been obscured by a passing cloud, “there, don’t you see the sun is gone out for the want of fuel; go, sail, take it more coals, or we shall all be frozen.” Dr. Burrows, or Dr. some one else, soon took possession of his person, while his good-natured family took care of the half-emptied purse: starvation, medicine, and care, restored his health; but the sun was, is, and always will be, the object of his utmost solicitude and pity.

The man who fancied himself a bottle was hardly less ridiculous. Whenever he drank, he desired his friends to look through him and remark how clear, transparent, and rosy were his beverage and his blood. He was the finest bottle ever made—and his care lest by some wanton boy he should be broken, was the most ludicrous scene in life. Poor soul! he died in an uncomfortable delusion at last; he imagined that they had corked the bottle too tightly, and went off with an explosion.

The subject of this paper was another instance of extraordinary delusion. Without the slightest knowledge of the subject, she fancied herself very far superior to Esculapius, or the more learned Galen of old, or of Chambers or Halford of the moderns; but hers was not a sudden delusion—not the effect of injury of the brain—not the extravagant whimsicality of old age, the mania senilis, alas, so terribly common in our own times; no, it grew with her growth, with the advance from infancy it advanced, and, when she had completed her forty-second year, she ridiculed all the profession as a set of blundering blockheads, who scarcely knew jalsp from opium, or common salts from calomel. I must introduce my lady to my readers from her first appearance in this world, to the age at which she dismissed many from it, and who, having begun by quacking herself, finished by poisoning her neighbours.



It was one of those hurly-burly nights in March, when the equinoctial gales are common, when the wind howled, the houses shook, the rain fell in torrents, and the starless, moonless night was darkened by the heavy midnight hour that gave her birth, a black cat rushed across the room at the moment, and seemed aware, by the rapidity of its flight, of the knowledge that a foe, a deadly foe to the race, had appeared in the shape of a human being—she was born, and here we draw the curtain on the mother's pangs and the infant's screams.

Twenty days after she was made a Christian, and even during this awful ceremony she evinced a disposition to guard her health; when the holy man made the cross, he dropped some water on the infant's face, the little squaller endeavoured, with its feeble arms, to shelter her form from the cold element, fearing doubtlessly the probability of catching cold. The years of infancy, although in some people full of expressions religiously preserved by the doating parents of the blundering progeny, were, with Sophia, a mere existence; she never enlightened the party with any brilliant remark, but cautiously and sulkily expressed her wants, or notified her assent. Her temper was sullen, moody, and violent. Sometimes she would sulk with her sisters for days; and once when placed behind a chair for some fault, while her younger brother was treated with some raspberry-jam, the enraged and spirited virago jumped from her easily-removed prison, and seizing the handle of the spoon, thrust it, contents and all, with so much violence down his throat, as seriously to injure the uvula.

Her father was a man of wealth and education; he had started in life in comparative poverty, and now found himself possessed of power, riches, and a family: this was his first-born, his treasure and his hope. As she grew up, the best masters were paid, not for improving her, but for attending an hour in the house, which hour, as is the case at this period of time, was usually passed in talking and bowing, and not in music and singing. French and Italian were inculcated; and as far as education for a fashionable person was concerned, Sophia had her share of it, and certainly improved in conversation and knowledge.

At the age of eighteen she resided in the country with her aunt, and here first were planted the seeds of that branch of science which she afterwards so splendidly developed. Her aunt, a good old lady, with an asthma and a hunion toe, was the greatest quack in the parish. She had an album, but far different from the pulings of drawing-room poets or incipient rhimesters; her album contained no love-enticing ode—no verses on a dead dove—no acrostic on the owner's name—no daub of a flower by Lucy Wilkins, or poem on a bee, by Henrietta Simpkins. No, her album was well-stocked with medical recipés, and every one in her neighbourhood knew, that to gain her favour she had only to take the last doctor's receipts, and state her case. Her book was valuable certainly—to her invaluable; morning, noon, and night, she studied; and feeling sure, poor soul! that she alleviated the miseries of the poor, she instructed her niece to do the same, and kept her continually arranging the medicine chest, or rolling a pill. It was, however, in this house that Sophia first practised upon dumb patients. She had read in her aunt's album of prussic acid, then first introduced into this country; she read of the dreadful instantaneous effect of this subtle poison, and, comparing it with the upas, declared

the latter a mere humbug. Still she doubted the powers of both: the latter she discredited, although she read Darwin's note over and over again; this was out of her power to put to the test, but the former was in the family medicine-chest, daily in her hands, with "prussic acid in the bottle," and a large "poison" painted thereon, to prevent hunglers from dispatching themselves. Now it happened that the aunt had a most delightful ring-tailed monkey: an officious, impertinent, intruding animal, always making faces at Sophia, and invariably at open war with her;—here was an enemy fairly in the field, and our heroine determined to give the said Jacko a dose, and prove the efficacy of prussic acid. Jacko was not easily taken prisoner; he suspected some game was playing to his disadvantage, and resolutely hopped away whenever the enemy advanced; but human intellects can always overcome the brute's cunning: Sophia first began to entice Jacko with some sweet cakes, and new nuts, and finding the monkey by no means adverse to this food, she prepared a trap into which Jacko was sure to fall. She found one of her uncle's old top boots, now, as he had advanced in age, and only used an arm-chair, of no possible service; she cut off the foot part, leaving the leather tube horizontally on the floor; this she placed by the door, leaving the latter only a little opened, and arranging at the end of the tube divers nuts, cakes, and sweet things. In order to have Jacko in her own room, the trap was laid at her own door, she standing behind it to play her part. Shortly afterwards Jacko came flying up stairs, and saw the good things only to be got at by going through the boot: the sagacious animal first elongated its arm without risking his body in the tube, but the arm was too short, and the enticement too strong: he entered, and in one moment Sophia had the boot upright and Jacko a safe prisoner therein. She now prepared to practise scientifically upon the brute, and fearing the animal might succeed in hitting her if she gave him the dose internally, she took a hair-pencil and dropped a drop in the angle of Jacko's eyes. All the burning furies of hell could never outdo that terrific fire which flashed and extinguished the vivid orb; the scream was almost human; Sophia rushed down stairs, leaving the monkey to his fate. Jacko, struggling from the boot, only lived to reach the staircase, down which, in the agony of death, it rolled, and died at the drawing-room door. The fright betrayed the culprit, and she was that evening sent home to her mother.

There is a charm over early womanhood, known only to those who have felt the keen dart of love: the beautiful moisture glistening in the eye of early beauty—the well-turned form—the elegant, firm step—the conscious blush of innocence—these are the almost sure accompaniments of eighteen, and at this age women are the most seducing. Sophia languished a spinster until twenty-eight, when the blind god having blinded a Major, the offer was made, affection declared, and they married. Her husband was a man of excellent disposition and quiet manners—one who, rather than have a quarrel, would do any thing to avoid it; he was the real peace-maker, religious, accommodating, and charitable.

The fourth day after the nuptials, Sophia bought a medicine-chest, and began a regular book of receipts; she now determined to study the various publications of the day—to regulate herself, husband, and

household by the regimen prescribed in every medical book, which every medical man recommends, and not one follows, until gout, dropsy, bloated fatness, or cutaneous eruptions, force them into the starvation before forced upon the healthy, and before declared the only way to avoid the miseries now fallen on themselves. In the mean time an active war was commenced on the cats; every new prescription was first tried upon those unfortunate brutes; some died, some fell sick, some ran away, and at last not a cat could be found near the habitation.

"My dear," quoth she one day to the Major, "Paris says, that soups are bad for digestion; they weaken the power of the gastric juice, and therefore I shall have no more; believe me, they are only fit for thin Frenchmen and invalids, and certainly, as I believe every word in that excellent work, I shall hinder you from ruining your health; you know I understand these things."

Sophia was an unfortunate woman—her mind only dwelt upon herself, her dress, and her medical knowledge: the finer feelings, although much talked about, were never practised; and as some old women had declared her a wit, she resolved she would not lose the character for want of a few impertinent remarks,—so true it is, that female wit would be impertinence in a man. The kind feelings of a generous heart were unknown to her; and so carefully had she seized every opportunity of manifesting her malignant spirit, that every one hated her inwardly with all the bitterness of hatred only known to those who have been real friends. Her sisters scorned her; her brothers regarded her as a plague; and her husband stood alone when he declared her possessed of a feeling heart, or a right understanding. Pass we, therefore, from the miseries of her misformed mind to her still worse formed pills and badly mixed nostrums.

Her husband, who, with a moderate proportion of sense, was the greatest fool in existence, allowed himself to be henpecked, ruled, and commanded, like those shadows of men—"slaves." Her desire was to him a law; and thus was he indebted to her for all miseries which can reduce a good-looking man from thirteen stone to about nine and a half, and reduce good generous mutton diet (in spite of the notes to Queen Mab, in which it is affirmed that we ought to live on grass,) to the more doubtful fattening diet of spider pills, and the uncomfortable operation of galvanism.

When Philips (I believe) wrote his trash upon spider pills, it chanced that a quotation from that nonsensical quackism was published in the "Times." It asserted that fevers had been cured by the spider pill, and that in the West Indies, especially at Barbadoes, the medicine of the web had been used to great effect. This was quite enough for Sophia: she had often felt her husband's pulse, and with much gravity declared he had an intermittent fever whenever the moon changed; and as she generally found it out about the period of the changes, it is more than probable that the moon affected her more than her husband. However, sick he was voted, and sick he was obliged to be. Spider pills were administered four times a day: the house was rummaged for webs; and when, thanks to the cleanliness of the maid, the search was hopeless, Sophia founded a colony in her own bed-room, and desired the grocer to bring in cobwebs with his weekly bills: it is hard to say

which of the two were the most disagreeable. In the mean time, the warlike preparation of a galvanic battery became in full force, and the poor husband was kept jumping and bumping upon a chair for half an hour every day by the church clock. Fried fish was prohibited, they were greasy; and butter was only fit to grease cart-wheels, and was moreover evidently an invention of Satan's to catch his friends before the proper time. Every mode of preparing food underwent consideration. Paris and Johnson, her two oracles, were rummaged from morning to night. Much doubt was occasioned by the very unsatisfactory manner of settling what ought to be eaten at breakfast by Paris.\* One thing is certain, he does not recommend beefsteaks and ale, as taken by the maids of honour in Elizabeth's time. Neither is he altogether for the Marcus Antoninus system, who began with a dry biscuit; whereas, in hot climates, cold water is recommended. New bread, spongy rolls, butter, milk, or cream, all are prohibited; and much doubt exists if fluids, in any quantity, should be used. Sophia, after well pondering the subject, decreed that her husband should eat dry bread, in moderate quantity; and after that had been swallowed one quarter of an hour, a large cup of coffee without any emollients was allowed to be taken, Paris being of opinion that it is requisite to replenish "the loss which the fluids of the body have sustained by perspiration, as well as to rectify the quality of newly elaborated matter introduced into the circulation during sleep." All luncheons were discarded; she herself fortified nature during the day, but her husband was desired on no account to touch any thing. Spallanzani, Hunter, Abernethy, and a tribe of other organizers of diet were consulted, in order to make the dinner the most nutritious, and easiest of digestion. It being clearly proved to all who can be brought within the proper circle of gullibility, that roasted meat contains more nourishment than boiled—that, by the latter process, twice as much nourishment is lost, as in the former mode, where the loss arises from the melting of the fat, and the evaporation of the water,†—it was decided that mutton five years old, and roasted, should be the dinner always: in consequence of which, I understand, the husband has a short curly fleece growing over his skin, which has rendered him more sheepish in appearance than heretofore. As to fluids, she thought with Johnson, although, to be sure, she did not understand one word of the sentence, "that the portal current, or venous blood, was destined for the secretion of bile, while the hepatic artery was merely the nutrient vessel of the liver,"—therefore wine, beer, cider, and sometimes water, were prohibited. Tea was not allowed in the evening, although Paris does favour it; and supper was too heavy for dogs, to which animals she had a most unrestrained hatred.

My reader has now the female picture, faithfully drawn, and shall now have some more digestible food for the mind. It happened, about six months after her marriage, that the health of her husband made it necessary to retire into the country; and as the louts who vegetate in those distant, hardly known parts, were unfit society for a woman of her talent, she decided upon a small village in Cumberland, not far from one of the lakes. The object of this situation was twofold: her husband had kept before marriage a dog which had licked his chin,

\* Paris on Diet, p. 263.

† Ibid. 142.

when he, thinking of his future happiness, disregarded his present, and cut himself when shaving. Now, as hydrophobia had been known to arise from a circumstance equally trivial—the Duke of Richmond's case, for instance,—she led her husband every morning to the lake, to witness his approach to the water, and to note down carefully, every day, her opinion as to the result. Thus I find in the album, on a slip of paper wafered in, "July 2.—Am much annoyed—the Major made horrible faces on approaching the lake, which he said was occasioned, by a fly—my good gracious goodness me! what should I do if he were to go mad!" The second reason was, the solitude: there, in seclusion, she could watch the progress of his health—there doat on his emaciated form—and there quack him to her heart's content. It happened in the village, that a young woman who long fancied herself in a way to increase the parish stock, counted her time as near, and felt certain that an anodyne draught for which she had the prescription, to be taken "pro re natâ" (occasionally), would alleviate her sufferings: she sent the same to the village apothecary. It so happened that he had died an hour before, leaving the inhabitants to the care of God and Mrs. Bingham's medical knowledge. The poor creature, in the agony of child-birth, as she thought, sent her husband to Mrs. Bingham, requesting her, for the love of Heaven, to send her the medicine. Sophia now thought her fame was established; the medicine-chest was produced, the stuff mixed, and, being determined to do things *secundum artem*, on the paper which enveloped the phial, she wrote—"To be taken at night," (and the "pro re natâ" was translated) "*for the thing born,*" which happened unfortunately to have evaporated into empty air. Well would it have been for the poor woman if she had only lost her child: she was now to lose her health. Another apothecary was sent for, who lived about twenty miles distant, and he being in a hurry, and understanding that the rich lady understood all the medical terms, and the apothecary's art, and having approved of the anodyne, he wrote down, "*Pergat cum mistura,*" meaning, "Let her go on with the mixture." This, however, was too much for Sophia; but unwilling to appear ignorant, she determined it must be meant for, "let her be purged with a mixture," and sent a wholesome dose of senna and salts, which carried the lady into the other world before salvation in the shape of a doctor could arrive. The whole blame was attributed to the poor apothecary, who was supposed to have hungled the business, and she died, according to the coroner's language, "by the visitation of God."

Her husband's malady increasing, he was removed to town; for the benefit of better advice, we must suppose. It was useless; Mrs. Bingham always declared, "Oh, Dr. T——, what does he know? you may read fool in his face: why, when I mentioned your fever, he laughed: let us send for Dr. J——." Dr. J—— satisfied her better by recommending galvanism and starvation, and this giving an opportunity of showing her knowledge, she prescribed the hattery, as she thought, by writing "*Exhihe galbanum;*" the V in the last word having been written by a former doctor in a fashionable style, she read it as a B, and the consequence was her husband received a proper dose of gum galhanum instead—a medicine given to hysterical women. But the most annoying mistake, because it subjected the poor Mrs. Bingham herself to ridicule, was a recipe she had prepared, or rather hadly copied, for chilblains: of course, every old woman's cure,

and some not the most delicate or decent, had been tried without effect, when Dr. Wildgoose, a celebrated quack, recommended the following, in his own hand-writing, thus—

“*R* Olei omenti anserini  $\frac{3}{4}$  l.  
*f.* unguentum. J. W.”

The mistake Mrs. Bingham made was, in the hurry of business, writing “*Olei omenti asinini.*” The impertinent man to whom the paper was offered said, “They could not mix the ingredients, without the persons requiring the stuff would consent to be melted.”

The poor half-starved and whole-poisoned husband now drew towards his latter end; he was the mere skeleton of a man; the resurrection-men eyed him as he passed; even the crows cawed the louder when he presented his carrion carcase; all hope was relinquished by the medical attendants, and Mrs. Bingham was left to her last resource. She had read, on some of the covers of the Eau de Cologne bottles, that a man wrapped in a blanket saturated with that inestimable perfume had actually recovered—at the last gasp! and to this she turned with all the ardour of hope. It was November, chill and cold; the poor Major was drawn from his warm bed, where he might have died like a gentleman, into the centre of the room; he was wrapped in the cold blanket, and thus would have terminated his miserable existence, but the wife, in the hurry of the moment, brought the candle too close to the patient, the spirit ignited, and the poor Major, who had stood fire, famine, and foreign foes, died by the fire of his own wife, who left him to be nosed in the lobby, although he certainly did not smell horribly in the nostrils.

#### THE FATHERLESS.

*By Thomas Haynes Bayly.*

“Come hither, 'tis thy father, boy!  
 Receive him with a kiss.”  
 “Oh, mother, mother! do not jest  
 On such a theme as *this*:  
 Though I was but a little child,  
 How bitterly I cried,  
 And clung to thee in agony,  
 When my poor father died.”  
 “Come, child, this is no time to weep,  
 Partake thy mother's joy;  
 The husband of my choice will prove  
 A parent to my boy.”  
 “Oh, mother! mother, say not so,  
 I cast no blame on thee,  
 But you gay stranger cannot feel  
 A father's love for me.”  
 “Come, boy, 'tis for thy sake I wed—  
 “No, mother, not for *mine*,  
 I do not ask in all the world,  
 One smile of love save thine:  
 Oh say why is the widow's veil  
 So early thrown aside:  
 The hateful rumour *is not true?*  
 Thon wilt not be a bride?”

- " Oh, mother, canst thou quite forget  
 How hand in hand we crept  
 To my *own* honour'd father's bed,  
 To watch him as he slept;  
 And do you not remember still  
 His fond but feeble kiss?"
- " Alas! such thoughts but little suit  
 A day—of joy—like this."
- " Of joy! oh, mother, we must part,  
 This is no home for me;  
 I cannot bear to breathe one word  
 Of bitterness to thee.  
 My father placed my hand in thine,  
 And bade me love thee well,  
 And how I love, these tears of shame  
 May eloquently tell.
- " Thou say'st yon stranger loves thy child;  
 I see he strives to please;  
 But, mother, do not be his bride,  
 I ask it on my knees:  
 I used to listen to his voice  
 With pleasure, I confess;  
 But call him husband! and I shrink  
 Ashamed of his caress.
- " Had I been younger when he died,  
 Scarce conscious of his death,  
 I might perhaps have smiled to see  
 Thy gems and bridal wreath:  
 My memory would have lost a tie  
 So very lightly link'd,  
 Resigning that dear form, which *now*  
 Is vividly distinct.
- " Had I been older,—more inured  
 To this world's cold career,  
 I might have sought a festival  
 To check a filial tear:  
 Gay banners find gay followers—  
 But, from their station hur'd,  
 The gay forget them, and pursue  
 The next that is unfurl'd.
- " But I am of an age to prize  
 The being in whom blend  
 The love and the solicitude  
 Of Monitor and Friend:  
 He plann'd my boyish sports, and shared  
 Each joy and care I felt;  
 And taught my infant lips to pray,  
 As by his side I knelt.
- " Yet deem not mine an impious grief;  
 No, mother, thou wilt own  
 With cheerfulness I spoke of him  
 When we have been alone.  
 But bring no *other* father here—  
 No, mother, we must part;  
 The feeling that I'm Fatherless  
 Weighs heavy on my heart."
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## SCENES OF THE TON, NO. II.

*Confessions of an Irish Gentleman.*

You know, Francis, when I came of age, I had a clear rental of five hundred pounds a-year—the god-sends of fifteen miles of sea coast—three hundred forty-shilling freeholders—two rabbit warrens, and a salmon fishery. There was a nice inheritance! there I could have resided ‘en prince’—stand at my hall door—see the Atlantic break upon the beach—dispense law, and determine disputed boundaries—and administer legal salves to broken heads and blemished virtue. True, like my friend Shallow, my patrimony was “barren, barren, barren;” the tenants “beggars all! beggars all!” Yet Surge View was a “goodly dwelling,” and from the nearest hill I could look over a boundless extent of moor and mountain, and exclaim with Robinson Crusoe, “I am master of all I survey!” Alas! Frank, ambition, and being six feet two inches high, caused my destruction.

You may remember the particulars of the contest in this county at the General Election in Twenty-six; and you are aware also, that I gave my interest on that occasion to my Lord Leatherhead. My subsidy of three hundred “sweet voices,” with my personal exertions, turned the doubtful contest in the peer’s favour, and his nominee was duly returned. My claims upon him, for good service done, were no doubt powerful; and in return I received his assurances of eternal gratitude. He longed for an opportunity to serve me, of which, on the earliest occasion, he would convince me. He did so—but let that pass. One would imagine that election promises, like lovers’ vows, are never duly registered in heaven.

Nor was I beholden for professions of lasting regard to my Lord Leatherhead alone. The Countess had taken a lively interest in my welfare, and assured me in confidence that she would never rest till she had made my fortune. And how was this to be effected? Simply enough; she would bring me out in London—must succeed—amazingly presentable—high Roman nose—six feet two—broad-shouldered—waist perfectly reclaimable—brogue enough to distinguish my being an Emerald— and, to complete all, my surname beginning with a large O. I must positively follow her to town. No apology would be admitted; and my Lady Leatherhead made it as clear as a demonstration, that I, Julius Caesar O’Flaberty, must make a sensation—and God knows what that sensation would end in!

Francis, I laid this precious unction to my soul. I felt myself destined to play a leading part in the serio-comic scena of *haut ton*. I went ardently to work, and, like my heroic namesake, determined to be seen and conquer!

Thou, inheriting as many thousands annually as I reckoned hundreds, knowest little what difficulties met my plans “in limine.” The sinews of war were to be provided, and where the deuce were they to be obtained? From my noble patron I could expect no assistance; even his enemies admitted that he was so far removed from a sordid propensity for accumulation, as to be eternally in the deepest distress. He offered to join me, it is true, in raising a thousand, but in Munster his security was not current for a shilling; and in London, the name of



Leatherhead appearing on a hill would have damned all parties to the same in the money market for ever. At twenty-two the mind is ardent, and moderate difficulties are generally surmounted. I drove the tenants twice over; discarded an honest poor agent for a rich rogue who promised a year's income in advance; and, by a world of exertion, was enabled to follow the Leatherheads to town, as soon after the Christmas holidays as people of character might consistently be noticed in the streets.

I need not be minute in my details. You, who are hacknied in London life, can form a pretty accurate idea of the course of my short and showy career. I settled at Long's for a few weeks, until I could establish myself in some gentlemanly first-floor in Regent-street, Piccadilly, or the precincts of Bond-street or St. James's. I went the regular rounds of tradesmen and stable-keepers, turned out a cab in Long-acre, and bought a pair of horses from Milton; and in an incredibly short time made such judicious alterations in my wardrobe and outer man, that Lady Leatherhead protested, "pon honour," I was the most presentable personage she had ever introduced.

The season came on, the Leatherheads were in the best set. I was put up, and halloted in at Brookes's. I then supposed that my admission might be ascribed solely to personal merits; but I heard afterwards that my noble proposer, by mistake in a full meeting of the club, had added a unit to my rental. Nor did the Countess desert me. Through her interest I gained an *entré* into the best circle, and made my debut at Willis's to my own, and, I may add, her Ladyship's perfect satisfaction.

The season was at the full. Nothing could be more promising than the facility with which I was gently insinuating myself into the world of fashion, when, lo! a lucky accident at once established me.

Early in May I decisio'd the Countess to the Opera. Pasta was to sing that night with a sallow-faced Neapolitan, being his first appearance. All the world were to congregate to witness this important affair, and there was a crush accordingly. Lady Leatherhead's coach got entangled with another carriage. The gentlemen on the box were equally obstinate, neither would yield the *pas*. Our antagonist lost a pannel, and we a pole. There was a glorious *brouillée*, great noise, awful swearing, sundry officers, and numerous pick-pockets. But our rival took advantage of our crippled state, cut in manfully, and won the day. We were set down with some difficulty, and discovered, to our infinite mortification, that we had been defeated by a kept woman, and that our victorious opponent was mistress to Sir Harky Hornbeam.

Poor Lady Leatherhead was inconsolable. She leaned back in her chair, declined the assistance of volatile salts, rejected eau de Cologne, and refused to be comforted. Here was a death-wound to her pride. What though Amelia Peters had 800*l.* a month, splendid diamonds, the best cameos in London, and a bill at Howel and James's a yard long, still the thing would look horrible in print; and for an hour neither Pasta nor the yellow gentleman from Naples were heard. Suddenly my lady's eyes brightened; an April gleam played over her *triste* features. "I have it," she exclaimed; "how fortunate! good heaven what a lucky thought! Julius," she said, in her most insinuating manner, "are you a good shot?"

I was a little startled at the abruptness of her inquiry. "Does your ladyship mean at partridges or pigeons—field or trap shooting?"

"Pshaw, nonsense; what do I know of traps and pigeons? I mean with the pistol."

"Pretty fair," was the reply.

"How fortunate! Listen to me, Julius. Need I say how carefully I am watching your career—how anxious I am for your success—and how much I rejoice to remark that fortune has steadily attended you; to-night crowns all, and makes your character for ever."

I listened in breathless expectation for the *denouement*.

"You shall fight Sir Harry Hornbeam!" and her eyes sparkled with delight.

"Fight him!" I was ejaculating, when the box-door opened and in came Sir Hector M'Gillicuddy.

As you never met my countryman, I must describe him, for he cut a distinguished figure in my unhappy history.

Sir Hector was a most original character; some thought him a bore, others thought him a madman. He was member for the Borough of T—, made strange speeches in the House, and did stranger things out of it. Hector had every inclination to be fashionable; he would have played, but he had no money; he would have run in debt, but nobody would trust him. He had now reached his fiftieth year—was no beauty—had lost two fingers in a duel— and by jealous husbands and prudent mothers was esteemed an inoffensive man, and as such had the *entré* of their houses. Although in the brilliant circles of high life he had long since been forgotten, still, in the dull dinner-giving portion of society, he held a steady place. His own estimate of personal and family importance was prodigious; and on these points he was so scrupulous that a doubt expressed upon either score would cost the sceptic a life or limb. With all his eccentricity, Sir Hector was a formidable personage, and few wished to hazard his hostility. His absurd harangues were tolerated in the House with a civil endurance refused to more gifted senators. True, upon one occasion the life of the Speaker, and the annihilation of half the Commons, was threatened by the Baronet, for scouting his celebrated bill making death by duelling only a justifiable homicide; and on another, at a late period of the debate, when the august assembly appeared universally overpowered by a sudden catarrh—Sir Hector observed, "that honourable gentlemen might cough in security within doors, but without he should like to hear a wheeze from the most asthmatic of the Opposition."

Sir Hector M'Gillicuddy had moreover a pedigree as old as the flood; a property large, unprofitable, and in a state of irretrievable disorder: apartments in the Albany, and a pair of job horses. Such was the privy counsellor selected by my Lady Leatherhead on this important occasion.

"Sir Hector, you are the very person we wanted;" and, with peculiar pathos, she narrated the fatal adventure of the evening. Sir Hector took a long and meditated pinch of Masulipatan.

"The thing," said he, "is as plain as a pike-staff—no getting over it—and, if there was, it would be a sinful-omission of as fine an opportunity of slipping into print as has occurred within my recollection. Sir Harry is an inimitable shot—spends half the day in Laing's shooting-

gallery—and you may, at any moment, bet the odds that he holds gun, pistol, or dice-box. He will be delighted to fight you, and what a happy opportunity it gives our young friend here of being *eclaté*—“You know, my dear boy,” and he laid the fore-finger of his mutilated claw on my breast; “you know you cannot afford four-in-hand, or a stable at Melton.”

“Nor can he keep an Opera girl,” added the Countess.

“He can’t play,” said Sir Hector.

“Nor even buy a borough,” rejoined my Lady.

“Heavens then, how fortunate!” exclaimed both voices in duetto.

“Turn your glass into the pit, Countess; I think the blue coat and flowered vest beneath Lady Londonderry’s box is like Sir Harry.” He was confoundedly correct,—it was the Baronet.

“And now, my dear boy, can I be of any service?”

“The greatest,” exclaimed my Lady Patroness; “who so proper a friend for Julius as you, Sir Hector? In the first place you are countrymen.”

“Ay, and eleven a-kin—his great grandmother was M’Gillicuddy,” observed the Baronet.

“In the second,” added the Countess, “your experience is great.”

“Passable, only passable,” said the Baronet, with assumed modesty; “it is true, no quarrel in which I had the honour to be engaged was ever accommodated without a shot or two, and I have managed a few affairs in my day.”

“A few affairs!” interrupted the Countess; “is there a month you do not appear at Wormwood Scrubs? and you pay at least a quarterly visit to Chalk Farm.”

“Oh no, no, not *quite* so often, Countess.” Then turning to me, he grinned graciously, and enquired if he was commissioned? What the devil could I do or say? The parties had determined on a duel. Half the thing had been transacted in pantomime—I gave an assenting nod—and off flew Sir Hector; having arranged with Lady Leatherhead that an apology from the protector of Miss Amelia Peters, and the dismissal of her coachman, were indispensable—both which demands, the parties candidly admitted, they believed would be peremptorily rejected; and they were right.

I was far from easy, Frank; no joke to be targeted for a gentleman’s practice, who spent half his life in a shooting-gallery! I moved my chair forward, and reconnoitred Fops’ Alley. My fair friend the Countess appeared in an ecstasy of delight. Presently I saw Sir Hector’s bald pate peering over a host of heads collected around the pit entrance. He hustled forward marvellously, and made his way with such alacrity that one would have imagined the crowd suspected his errand to be truculent. In a few moments he was fairly alongside of Sir Harry Hornbeam—and I shall at once favour you with their conversation.

“How do, Sir Harry?”

“Ah! my dear Hector, give us thy finger.”

“Infernal crowd!—who’s that woman in pink?”

“Can’t tell. How ill Bertine looks—is she breeding?”

“Don’t doubt it. You heard of a fracas to-night? Your Peters lost a panel.”

"Not a syllable,—did she?—she swore like a trooper, s'pose!—han't seen her these three weeks—wonder is she in her box?"

"Friend of mine—young O'Flaherty, of Surge View—devilish hurt—sent to you for explanation."

"Ah! driven over, was he? 'Melia goes like the devil."

"Gad no—but happened to be with Lady Leatherhead—pole smashed—Countess alarmed—Nothing will do but turn off coachman, and ample apology—"

"Ah! hem—thing impossible—Talk to Amelia—Where shall I find you? back in five minutes—Wait here—"

Exit Sir Harry Hornbeam.

A short time elapsed before I saw the blue coat and flowered vest struggling through the crowd; a brief and pithy conversation apparently ensued. Sir Hector's solitary digit touched Sir Harry's hand, and they separated.

My nerves jarred as the box-door opened, and my humane adviser joined us.

"Nothing could be more fortunate," said my friend and countryman, with a satisfied smile.

"He agrees, then, to the terms proposed?" I exclaimed briskly.

"Oh, Gad, no! Peters was positive, and said she would be cursed if she'd lose a coachman for any Countess in Christendom—Nothing left but to give message and settle place—named ten o'clock; objected to as an unreasonable hour to expect a man to fight who never rose before three—made it twelve—Wormwood Scrubs—And now, my dear boy, that being settled, we can enjoy the ballet in comfort."

Frank, I could have wished the ballet at the devil. Here I was deck and crop in a duel with a man I had never spoken to, and who had the character of being the best shot in England. But the Rubicon was crossed—Sir Hector and Lady Leatherhead were in raptures with Bocard and Anatole; and I, with a heavy heart, was forced to bravo them while I cared not an orange-peel if both were pirouetting at the Antipodes.

I promised to be brief—and to the point. We met next morning—Lord Arthur Anglewell accompanied my antagonist—no interruptions. Directly after an interchange of very gentlemanly bows, we were placed upon the ground. Sir Hector handed me a pistol, and, in a whisper, recommended me to fire instantly, for "Sir Harry never missed his man." Pleasant communication at the moment. I had, however, sufficient grace to hearken to the cry of wisdom. I fired with astonishing celerity, and down came Sir Harry Hornbeam, with a ball through both his legs—his pistol exploded in the fall. We lifted him into his carriage—I jumped into my cab—and M'Gillicuddy wrung my hand, and swore I was made for ever!

The duel ran its regular rounds o<sup>d</sup> the morning papers gloriously. A variety of versions appeared under the most imposing headings—"Fracas in high life"—"Death of Sir H—— H——"—"Desperate duel"—"Daring attempt upon the life of Lady Leatherhead"—"Fatal consequences,"—and names, blanks, and asterisks, were mixed up in exquisite confusion. The Countess was in a paroxysm of delight; although the Morning Post distinctly stated that I had been mortally wounded by her noble Lord, in a daring attempt of abducting her from

the Opera. For a fortnight, no man could be happier. I was persecuted in the streets—followed in the Park—and, under the head of “Fashionable arrangements,” no name was so frequently recorded as that of “Mr. Julius O’Flaberty.”

I was intoxicated with success. The attentions of my Lady Patroness were redoubled. The season was closing; and although I had made a surprising progress in ultra society, no substantial advantage had resulted, or was likely to result, from the circumstance. Even Lady Leatherhead became uneasy. We held a council of war, in a private box in Drury-lane; and after a mature deliberation of three days, the peers determined that I should marry Miss Celia Puffington.

Celia was the only daughter of a defunct sugar-baker, who had been knighted for presenting some consolatory address, and died shortly after, leaving his widow and daughter, as report averred, upwards of half a million.

And now, Francis, I made rather an unpleasant discovery. My favourite partner for the last month was the daughter of Sir Michael Melborne. Emily was young and artless; she might not have been positively handsome, but a more interesting creature never entered Almack’s. From fancy, I always selected her for a waltz or quadrille—I rode with her in the Park—met her at the Opera,—and now found, when destined for Celia Puffington, that I should have been infinitely happier with Emily Melborne.

By degrees, Lady Leatherhead became acquainted with my secret. Never shall I forget her surprise—“Was I mad?—was I aware that Emily Melborne had not a sixpence?—that her father was a retired officer, with nothing but his pension? Her aunt, Lady Loftus, brought her out—but, farther, the ssid aunt could do nothing. Good God, Julius!” concluded her Ladyship, passionately, “are you so weak and improvident as to think of marrying for love?” The sophistry of the Countess was incontrovertible; and I saw Emily Melborne leave London for Dorsetshire, after an accident (which you’ll excuse me from communicating) had revealed the secret of her heart. I was the object of her passionate love! She went. Alas! “my poverty and not my will, consented.”

How Lady Puffington and her daughter contrived to gain access to the magic haunt of the exclusives was a paradox: a more innately vulgar pair were never set down at Willis’s. Could patronesses be subsidized, one might swear that the Puffingtons had come down handsomely, and purchased a right of *entrée*. There were ill-natured conjectures afloat. Certain it was that the Puffingtons were at Almack’s; and the general inquiry was, “How the devil they got there?”

Miss Celia had admirers, but none of them were formidable. She had one noble suitor, a widower of sixty-five; the wags called him “the Baron Bald.” He had eleven children, and an income as limited as my own. There were two elderly guardsmen, gentlemen with padded breasts and dyed moustachios—a City knight—an East India Director—and a few other nondescripts. I commenced the siege with a heavy heart, and Lady Leatherhead “covered my approaches.”

It was now the last week of the season. Our attack, to be successful, must be immediate, and Celia Puffington be carried by a *coup!*

Matters were in excellent train. Celia received my addresses gra-

ciously. I might have succeeded, I believe, had not Emily Melborne haunted my imagination, and damped the ardour of my advances. Could it be otherwise? Emily was lovely and intellectual, and Celia a pug-nosed plebeian.

July came—it was a delightful day—I was in the act of mounting my horse, when Lord Leatherhead drove four-in-hand to the door. “Have I caught you, Julius?—Come, jump up—we are going to dine quietly at Salt Hill—you have no engagement?” I had not, unfortunately. My servant tossed my coat upon the box—I mounted—and we drove off.

I had passed the ordeal of temptation at Brookes’s. I knew that my limited resources would not support the casualties of one unlucky hour, and I avoided play determinately. Dinner could not be served without some necessary delay, when an ill-omened backgammon-box was discovered beneath the table, and a pack of cards *accidentally* open on the mantelpiece. The peers cursed the cook. Chicken hazard and lanskinet were proposed for half an hour, and I won half a pony.

It was really *refreshing*—I love that cockney phrase—to observe how innocently two old members of Brookes’s, and a brace of tyros from the City, dissipated their idle time; it was mere silver play. A lady’s maid might have joined the party safely, and risen from the table without losing the value of her reticule.

The dinner was good, the party in high spirits, and the wine specially recommended by our host, found favour with the company, if I might judge by the rapidity of its circulation. The evening was still young—the horses scarcely rested—and once more the God-send pack was introduced to while the hour away, before which we could not set out for the metropolis.

I promised to be rapid in my narrative. At eleven o’clock, every sixpence I could command at Hankey’s had vanished. The losses of the cits were tenfold greater than mine; and the peers wondered how the devil people coming to dine at Salt Hill could be minus ten thousand pounds before they returned to the stones.

Luck, Frank, is a marvellous auxiliary. It was wonderful how she avoided “Noble Lords” while they betted crowns, and returned when they wagered hundreds. I reached the city in a demoniac state of mind, and the first and, thank God! the only night of mental agony I ever endured, succeeded.

Next day, a note from Lady Leatherhead summoned me to an interview. I was just looking at the last fifty I possessed, as I broke the seal of her perfumed billet. “No matter,” said I bitterly, “the die is cast, and my history concluded;” and I coolly applied the sealing-wax to a letter to my noble winner, covering a cheque for all the assets at my banker’s, and in a sullen, silent state of desperation, I turned my cab to ——— Square.

“Heaven and earth!” exclaimed the Countess, passionately, when the door of the boudoir was closed, “you have played, contrary to my prohibition, and wrecked your fortunes, when a few weeks must have, most likely, secured them for ever.”

“I am, indeed, shipwrecked,” I replied calmly, “with the assistance of my good friend Lord L——.”

“What madness! Have you paid yet?”

"The last shilling of my losses!" and lowering my voice to a whisper, "I may also add, of my funds."

The Lady placed her white finger on her lip—her features were thoughtful. "Julius, we must be prompt: Celia must be yours—she comes here to-night—I will manage to give you an opportunity—be decisive, and Fortune may yet crown us!"

That evening I was punctual to my engagement. Lady Leatherhead manoeuvred admirably; Celia and I were left botanizing in the conservatory: I seized the propitious moment, and told her an ardent and unconnected story of my sufferings; I was favourably listened to and waxed bolder—still encouraged, till at last I stoutly proposed an immediate elopement. But Celia, though unprepared, was not to be surprised; instantly, delicacy, best of mothers, and a tirade on filial duty overwhelmed me. I gained permission, however, to consult my Lady Puffington, and thus we parted.

The Countess was by no means satisfied with the result; the representative of the defunct sugar-baker would be alive to business, and Kerry rentals would ill bear the scrutiny of solicitors from St. Mary-Axe. "Julius," she concluded, with a sigh, "difficulties are increasing, but we must persevere—You will never be a match for this titled featherbed. I think Sir Hector might be successfully employed."

I was delighted to hear any one engaged to negotiate but myself, and the Baronet was again fully accredited as plenipotentiary, being, as the dramatic world would style it, "his last appearance in that character."

That the Baronet was a first-rate accomplice to aid in the perpetration of a gentlemanly murder has been proven, but he was never destined to figure in the "Corps Diplomatique." In a complicated quarrel, or in a case of no quarrel at all, Sir Hector was an efficient and experienced ally; but, alas! in the conduct of a matrimonial embassy, he was tried, and found wanting.

Lady Puffington was duly apprised by Miss Celia of my intended visit, and was expecting me in her front drawing-room in Gloster-place when my worthy countryman was announced by a black footman, as "Sir Hector Maguddy:"—"Gillicuddy, and be d—— to you!" he muttered, mortally offended to hear his ancient and euphonious name thus mutilated by the sable functionary. With difficulty he serpentineed through ottomans, music-stands, and a mass of monstrosities in burl and bronze, and reached the sofa heaped with down pillows, on which the person of my Lady Puffington was comfortably deposited.

To the florid address of Sir Hector the dame vouchsafed a gracious return. Having taken a contiguous chair, the Baronet unclosed his snuff-box, and, after a preliminary pinch, proceeded to open his embassy.

Lady Puffington was a straightforward negotiator; she met my friend Hector gallantly, and in less than two minutes plunged into the particulars of my rent-roll. The Baronet *trebled* it without wincing; but, alas! all that this feat achieved was an unsatisfactory "Humph! small property!" My family and connexions were next upon the carpet. The Baronet raised his head, and in the pride of his heart went off at score. "No better blood in Munster," and he rapped his solitary finger loudly upon the lid of his snuff-box. "I have the honour of

relationship with the old house of O'Flaherty, which, in the direct line, are descended, from Fergus a Roughlya, and the Mac Nabs of Kilty Cormack; and, by the maternal side, are five a-kin to the present Prince of Coolavin." Another ominous "Humph!—Had I any expectations?"

"Expectations! undoubtedly I had; no man in Ireland more likely to profit by God-sends than I. If heaven in its wisdom would throw down the lighthouse on Stranbuoy (and the foundation was suspicious), or even if there came a bad winter, and south-westerly winds, what might I not expect from shipwrecks? My father had lived an entire season upon a cargo of mahogany; and his predecessor, when driven to extremity by an ungentlemanly creditor, was miraculously relieved by the produce of a stranded whale!"

Now my Lady Puffington having little dependence on dead fish, and considering that a six months' regimen upon drift timber might disagree with a tender stomach, in a few words discarded me and my overtures; and Sir Hector was so unceremoniously dismissed, that had not the next male relation of the Puffingtons proved, fortunately for himself, to be an accoucheur—a profession which the Baronet abominated—it is hard to say to what lengths the ambassador's vengeance might not have proceeded.

The remainder of my history is briefly told. My losses at play were generally known, and the secret transpired that my account at Hankey's was overdrawn. Tradesmen became pressingly attentive in the same ratio that friends became distant and polite. But a gleam of hope brightened my cloudy fortunes for a moment—a patent place had fallen to the gift of my noble patron, and Lady Leatherhead assured me that I should have it. Anxiously did I await the Peer's return from the Chester races, and though he arrived at midnight in town, I was at his bedside by nine next morning. His face sparkled with pleasure as he put aside the curtain and squeezed my hand with an energy that entranced me. He told me the race news—how devilish good the running was, and how often he cursed himself for leaving me behind in town. In fact, he thought of me by day, and pondered on me in the night season. "All's right," said Hope, "the place is yours—any odds you are in the next gazette."—"But Julius, my boy, Lady L—— was with me last night—actually fought her way to my dressing-room, although Yanowitz swore it was as much as his place was worth, my orders against intrusion were so peremptory. She is so interested for you, I'm half jealous," and the playful Peer tapped me good-humouredly on the arm. "She came to speak to me for the ——ship, and was downrightly 'enrage' when I told her that I had wagered 2000*l.* against Spaddicini's wine-bill that his son should have it. Egad! I never thought it would be a thing you would think of; but you may reckon on it the next vacancy." *The next vacancy!* Spaddicini's son is twenty-two—the healthiest spirit-dealer in Piccadilly.

From that morning, Lord Leatherhead avoided me as carefully as he did his tailor. Not so the Countess. If sympathy could soften disappointment, I had no cause to sorrow—but "let that pass!"

We parted. She spoke of me incessantly for several days, and on one occasion, at the distance of three months, mentioned my name in confidence to a friend. But any affectionate yearnings her heart retained were dissipated by a young gentleman from Sierra Leone. His



father had been eaten by the Ashantees, and himself escaped mastication by a miracle. He brought to England an enlarged liver, and a quantity of gold dust; was on most intimate terms with a cobra capella, and breakfasted on rump-steaks with a hunting tiger from the Mysore. Lady Leatherhead bestowed her affections on him at first sight, and I was abandoned to oblivion.

In three days after my final interview with the Peer, I disposed of every thing marketable, paid off my lodgings, and left town in the Bristol mail. Had I been inclined to dally around the scenes of my past glory, my servant's report touching divers enquirers of very unprepossessing exterior, who had been observed infesting the premises I had quitted, would have prevented it. Francis, farewell—I have now made a clean breast, and thou may'st profit by my confessions.

W. H. M.

#### JEFFERSON'S CORRESPONDENCE.\*

WE do not know whether these volumes enjoy an extensive circulation in this country, but assuredly if they do not possess it, no surer evidence could be afforded of the decline of public taste for sound, substantial, intellectual food. No work, indeed, has issued from the press of the present day, presenting stronger claims upon universal regard than that of which we have placed the title at the head of this article, both if we consider the author and its contents. Any production of such a man as Jefferson must excite interest without reference to its subject; but these volumes are eminently calculated to command attention, giving, as they do, a faithful portrait of the man himself, and relating to the events and characters of a period among the most momentous in the annals of the world! They do not indeed furnish a regular, consecutive narrative of that era, but they constitute one of the richest sources from which its historian could draw his materials; they may be called the best "*Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire*" of that time that are extant. Playing a prominent part in one grand drama that was then enacted, intimately connected with all its principal actors, and thrown into situations which rendered him a close observer of other scenes and other performers, Jefferson was enabled to make statements and utter opinions, stamped with a mark of authority impressed upon those of very few individuals. It is not, however, merely topics referring to the bustle of politics that are brought before the reader of these books, but almost every subject is treated in them on which he may dwell with pleasure. The philosopher, the man of science, and the general reader, will find in them matter of interest and food for reflection, as well as the statesman, the politician, and the diplomatist.

We are indebted for the work to Thomas Jefferson Randolph, Esq. the grandson of Mr. Jefferson, who was named by his relative both executor and legatee of his manuscripts, and by whom they have been edited. They consist of a copious memoir of Mr. Jefferson's career until the period when he became Secretary of State under General Washington, written by himself, and various papers contained within the body of the memoir, or referred to as an appendix; a voluminous correspondence from the year 1775, when he took his seat for the first time in Congress, down to the time of his death; notes of conversations, whilst Secretary of State, with President Washington, and others in high office,—and memoranda of cabinet councils, committed to paper on the spot, and filed.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Jefferson did not bring down the memoir at least to the time of his retirement from public life; as it stands at present, it is discontinued at the very moment when the narrative of his career from his own pen would have assumed a peculiar degree of interest. For that portion of his

\* *Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers, of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States.* Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph.

life which was passed amid the turmoil of the politics of the United States, after the country had taken its place among the independent nations of the earth, is the only one upon which there rests the shadow of a cloud; and we should have rejoiced exceedingly to see a vindication by himself of the principles which regulated his conduct in the strife of party. This desideratum, it is true, is in some measure supplied by his correspondence, which throws considerable light upon the period to which we have referred, but still it does not accomplish all that could be wished. It would have been well even if the editor had supplied the deficiency which we are lamenting, from the rich materials which must undoubtedly be in his possession, and have completed the memoir which his venerated relative has left in an unfinished state. In his preface, he says the circumstance of its being so prematurely terminated by Mr. Jefferson, may be explained by the laborious tasks assumed or not declined by him, on his return to private life; which, with his great age, did not permit him to reduce his materials into a state proper to be embodied in such a work.

This memoir we are inclined to consider one of the most admirable specimens of autobiography extant. It is not, indeed, composed with the display of fine writing, the beauty and richness of style of a Gibbon; its style, in fact, evinces not unfrequently that it has not enjoyed the advantage of a revising pen; but while it is better calculated to afford gratification in consequence of the superior interest of the scenes in which its author was engaged, it is moreover rendered more pleasing by the complete absence of any thing like egotism, which cannot certainly be affirmed to be the characteristic of the other work. It is, in truth, a task of so much delicacy to write an account of one's self, that great discrimination and tact are requisite to execute it in an appropriate manner; for, fond as men are of making themselves the heroes of their own stories, they generally view with dislike the attempts of others to immortalize their deeds. "Fili enim," says Cicero, "nescio quo modo, ut magis in aliis cernamus, quam in nobismet ipsis, si quid delinquitur." The autobiographer, therefore, is exposed to the double danger of either exciting disgust by an exhibition of vanity and self-love, or of doing injustice to himself from the fear of incurring obloquy as a boaster; and if he escape Charybdis, he still runs a risk of encountering destruction upon Scylla. In order, consequently, to avoid both those rocks, it is necessary to pursue that middle course, in which not only "tutissimus ibis," but the only safety consists; and it is a matter of so much difficulty constantly to preserve it, that few autobiographies are in existence which have attained the object their authors had in view. But of those that are fitted to raise our admiration for their subjects, without causing displeasure by any vain-glorious display, no one is more eminently so than that memoir which has originated these remarks. The author has succeeded perfectly in setting his actions in the most advantageous light, but he details them in so natural and unaffected a way, that he never renders himself obnoxious to the imputation of egotism; without ever seeming to call upon the reader for the tribute of his eulogy, he obtains it from him, as it were, insensibly, and almost makes him lose sight of the circumstance that it is the doer of the acts by whom they are related.

It may not be amiss here, however, or unacceptable to our readers, to give a brief abstract of the origin and history of those parties, the violence of which, at one time, almost threatened to neutralize the happy effects of the arduous struggle of the Revolution. After the war had terminated in the complete triumph of the American States, and confirmed them in the possession of their independence, they entered into articles of confederation by which their connexion and relations with each other were ascertained, and a system of general Government was established. This system, however, after a short trial, was found to be altogether inefficacious, in consequence of several capital defects, the principal of which were, the want of a separation of the executive, legislative, and judiciary functions, and the mere quantum of power that was given to the general government which disabled it from carrying any measures into effect unless through the medium of the State Legislatures, a complete negative being thereby accorded to each of the latter. A Convention was therefore called for the purpose of forming a new Constitution, which eventually agreed upon that which is now in operation. As it may be supposed, this was not adopted without

considerable discussion, and great clashing of political notions and theories. The principal difference of opinion was upon the power with which the Government ought to be invested. Some, who were sceptical as to the prudence or propriety of allowing the greatest share of authority to the people—viewing mankind with the eye of those who deem them unfit to possess political control over themselves in any very considerable degree—were anxious for as strong and energetic a Government as was consistent with the republican spirit, in order to prevent anarchy and disunion. Others, on the contrary, entertaining a more favourable opinion of their fellow-men, as to their capability of self-government, and being more apprehensive of a monarchy than of the evils which their opponents feared, wished to give as little power to the general Government as was feasible. This contrariety of sentiment, upon so important a point, naturally gave rise to two parties, the separation between which was subsequently widened by other causes of controversy. The advocates of the first doctrine, which we have mentioned, were called Federalists, whilst their adversaries received the appellation of anti-Federalists, and afterwards that of Democrats.

The other causes of controversy between the two parties, besides the one by which they were engendered, to which we have adverted, arose chiefly from the French Revolution, from the establishments of a navy and a national bank, and from the system of internal improvements. When the French Revolution first broke out, it was hailed with joy by every one in the United States, of whatever party, as the means by which the nation to which the Americans were most indebted for their liberty would obtain the same invaluable blessing. But these feelings soon received a terrible shock from the crimes and atrocities which rendered that event the most revolting, perhaps, in the annals of mankind, and which occasioned so violent a re-action, that many were induced to view with horror the cause for which such excesses were committed. Others, however, were willing to pardon those excesses in consideration of the cause, and allowed the anticipations of the end to dry the tear which grief, at the enormity of the means, extorted. It so happened that the former sentiments gained an ascendancy chiefly among the Federalists, whilst the latter pervaded the mass of the Democrats, and as it was supposed that those who looked with an unfavourable eye on the proceedings in France would naturally be inclined to favour her most formidable enemy, the term, "Friend of England," became almost synonymous with that of Federalist, and "the Friend of France," with that of Democrat.

During the first two Federalist administrations, those of General Washington and John Adams, the Government of course was carried on upon those principles which were upheld by the Federal party, and a national bank and navy were established, and the system of internal improvement formed. But when, at length, the democratic party became more numerous than the other, and succeeded in raising their candidate, Mr. Jefferson, to the Presidential chair, in the stead of Mr. Adams, the navy and the bank were overturned—gun-boats being substituted for the former, and the currency being left to the guardianship of the banking institutions of the different states. The evils, however, consequent upon this state of things, became so apparent during the administration of Mr. Madison, Mr. Jefferson's successor, that it was found indispensable to change it, and to have recourse to the principles which had been subverted, the effect of which was, as we have said before, to render the Government, though democratic in name, federalist in fact. As soon as this result took place, the opposition of the Federalists to the general Government, which had previously been earnest and indefatigable, began to diminish, until the Federalists ceased to exist as a party, and the term became a mere sound, "*vox et præterea nihil*,"—a sure proof that their opposition was not that of a faction contending for office and power, but one founded and persevered in on principle, which was to terminate as soon as the opinions they advocated were triumphant.

Had we space sufficient, it would afford us pleasure to give an abstract of this Memoir, but this our limits will not permit us to do; in all probability, however, it would be a work of supererogation, as the name of Jefferson has been too long conspicuous not to have attracted already the attention of most of our readers towards his history and character. Every one must doubtless know that

when the proceedings of the British Government had excited feelings of discontent in the American colonies, he was one of the first and most strenuous of those who gave the primary impulse to the ball of the revolution which eventually separated the two people, with respect to all political ties, as effectually as they were before divided, in a physical point of view, by the waters, that rolled between them. Every one must know that, after having laboured zealously in the legislature of his native state in support of the cause of what he deemed his country's rights, he was elected a member of the General Congress, assembled at Philadelphia to concert plans of opposition to the acts of the mother country, in which body he soon attained so high a reputation, that he was chosen one of the Committee of five named to execute the delicate and difficult task of preparing a declaration of independence. This instrument was drawn up by him at the request of his associates, (among whom were John Adams and Dr. Franklin,) and approved, with a few alterations, by the almost unanimous vote of the whole house. He was also employed in various important missions abroad, during and after the revolution, the duties of which he discharged in the ablest manner; and he was recalled from the last diplomatic station which he held in France for the purpose of being exalted by the President, "the Father of his Country," and the man with regard to whom Byron has said,

" His name 's a watch-word, such as ne'er  
Shall sink while there 's an echo left to air,"

to the most elevated and important office in his gift—the Secretaryship of State. He was afterwards chosen by his fellow-citizens, first Vice-President, and then President of the United States, from the latter of which capacities he retired into private life, by a voluntary resignation, after having been called to it a second time by the public voice of his country. The evening of his days was passed in acts of benevolence and philanthropic exertions to advance the interests of education in his native State of Virginia, and in the cultivation of the best social and domestic feelings of the heart; and his death was so remarkable and so fortunate, occurring on the fiftieth anniversary of the great day on which, with his intrepid associates, he had "pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honour," to stand firm in the cause of liberty in which he had embarked, that we may apostrophize him in the words of Tacitus addressed to the departed Agricola—" *Tu vero felix non vita tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.*"

This rapid and unvarnished narrative of Mr. Jefferson's career conveys a greater eulogium upon his character than the most elaborate and highly-wrought panegyric, for it shows by what sure and progressive steps he mounted the ladder of political honours; and the man who reaches the pinnacle of dignity, as he did, in a country where sterling merit is the only certain passport to success, must be endowed with qualities that are not accorded to the generality of mankind. Still more undoubtedly is his claim to pre-eminence established, if his existence has been cast at a period like that in which Mr. Jefferson lived, which calls every latent power into action, tries the mettle of which every man is made, and from this very circumstance is productive of many more great men than make their appearance in ordinary times, by which the struggle of each for superiority is rendered more laborious and difficult. This claim to pre-eminence is still more undeniable, if he has passed through the ordeal of such a period as this with such success, that the credit and influence acquired by his exertions during it have constituted the stepping-stone by which he ascended to the acme of all that proper ambition could desire, after the tempest had passed away.

There is something extremely interesting in the spectacle of the latter portion of Mr. Jefferson's life. Unlike Pompey, he did not continue on the public stage until it could be said of him "*stat nominis umbra*,"—until, as it were, he had outlived himself; but he sought the shades of retirement with his laurels still green around him; at a time, indeed, when his popularity and influence were at their highest point. His was not the visionary seclusion of those who have abandoned all intercourse with their fellow-men, from feelings of disgust at the disappointment of ambitious hopes, and who, while they fancy themselves coun-

pletely weaned from all affection for those glittering objects after which they long sighed and toiled, but sighed and toiled in vain, are constantly reverting to them with many a secret longing, almost unknown to themselves, to be once again engaged in their pursuit. No, it was the voluntary and chosen seclusion of one who had experienced the fulfilment of his most brilliant anticipations; "of one," as it has been beautifully said, "who had well filled a noble part in public life, from which he was prepared and anxious to withdraw; who sought retirement to gratify warm affections, and to enjoy his well-earned fame; who desired to turn those thoughts, which had been necessarily restrained and limited, to the investigation of all the sources of human happiness and enjoyment; who felt himself surrounded, in his fellow-citizens, by a circle of affectionate friends, and had not to attribute to a rude expulsion from the theatre of ambition, his sincere devotion to the pursuits of agriculture and philosophy; and who, receiving to the last moment of his existence continued proofs of admiration and regard, which penetrated his remote retirement, devoted the remainder of his days to record those various reflections for which the materials had been collected and treasured up, unknown to himself, in the long and various voyage of his life." Much credit rarely attaches to the professions of men in the enjoyment of office and power, respecting their anxiety to be released from the cares and burthen imposed upon them by their station, in order once more to taste the sweets of tranquillity and repose in private life; but we must confess we are inclined to believe that those which are continually recurring throughout the letters of Mr. Jefferson were not altogether affected, but were the offspring, in a great measure, of sincere and real affection for retirement. His disposition was placid and gentle, he was not fond of bustle and turmoil; he was too sensitive to the attacks made by the violence of party spirit; his devotion to literature and science, particularly to the latter, was ardent in the extreme: all these considerations induce belief in his repeated asseverations, that his exposure to the stormy ocean of political life was the effect of circumstances rather than of choice, and that he was constantly casting a fond and anxious look at the peaceful haven of privacy, where his bark could be safely moored out of the reach of winds and waves.

The perusal of these volumes of Correspondence is, we think, calculated to impress every one with the opinion that their author was gifted with a contemplative rather than an imaginative mind—that he was a person who could reflect, philosophically and deeply, upon almost every subject, could penetrate to its very foundation, and clearly perceive and explain all its bearings and consequences, but that he possessed little or no creative power—that though he could extract sparks from the flint, he never could have given origin to the stone. Though the intellectual treat which they afford is, undoubtedly, eminently rich—though, as we remarked in the commencement of our article, they contain matter of the highest interest, of almost every kind—yet we do not think they present much original speculation and thought. They likewise carry the conviction that their author was not indebted to nature in any remarkable degree for the faculties of wit and humour, as some of his letters in that line are, it must be acknowledged, decided failures; but *en revanche*, they evince cheerfulness and amiability of temper, at the same time that they exhibit proofs of endowments of the noblest order—liberality of sentiment, unaffected candour, undisguised openness in the expression of opinion, firmness of purpose and judgment, unfeigned and ardent love of truth.

With respect to the United States, we cannot help thinking the publication of a large portion of these letters is ill-timed, and liable to produce effects greatly to be deprecated. The severity and harshness of the comments of Mr. Jefferson, the very Coryphæus of democracy, upon the principles and actions of the Federalists, must have a tendency to rekindle the dying embers of ancient parties, and impart to them fresh life and vigour. The old distinctions of Federalist and Democrat, even the names themselves, seemed to be so near their end, that hopes might have been entertained that they would speedily be consigned to the grave of the Capulets; but we fear there is much in these volumes which will revive and bring them again into operation, together with all the feelings, and perhaps the virulence, by which they were formerly attended. These remarks

concerning the Federalists constitute the chief objection that can be made to the volumes before us, and are totally inconsistent with the general tone of candour and generosity which pervades the writings of Mr. Jefferson. They exhibit his character in a light in which there is rarely occasion to view it, and afford additional proof of the jejune observation, that to no mortal is it given to be perfect in all respects.

"He that perfection ever thinks to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

We were not, indeed, surprised to meet with these harsh and unjustifiable expressions concerning his political opponents, in those letters which were written at the period when the contest was raging in all its violence, and can find some apology for them in the consideration of the excitement and intensity of feeling which are incident to party strife, and are sometimes apt to hurry any one, not cursed or blessed, as the case may be, with unalloyed insensibility or obtuseness, beyond all the bounds of moderation. At such a time, the mental vision is completely warped, and almost every thing connected with the subject upon which the whole energy of the mind and soul is bent, is seen awry. But when, in that portion of the correspondence which was carried on by Mr. Jefferson after his retirement from public life, a period, it was to be hoped and presumed, at which all political animosities had subsided, and "Reason's chart" was exercising a much more powerful influence than "Passion's gale," our eyes fell upon such terms as 'monocrats,' 'monarchists,' &c. applied to the leading individuals of the federal party, men of the purest patriotism and the nicest and most elevated honour, and upon subtle innuendoes, more dangerous than the heaviest charges openly made, insinuating that these persons were desirous of subverting the republican institutions of the United States, and of building up a regal government on their ruins,—when we encountered these things, we could not help experiencing emotions of deep regret that a man and a philosopher should have so far forgotten the dignity of his character, should have in any way rendered himself so obnoxious to the imputation of littleness of soul, as to give the slightest evidence that feelings still domineered in his bosom, which were warrantable only, and scarcely then, when the excitement of the times had almost driven Reason from her throne. While reading those passages, we often reverted to a sentiment not unfrequently expressed in the correspondence, in which we heartily concurred,—that the principles of action should never be impugned, unless they are palpably, flagrantly criminal; and we felt a sincere wish that Mr. Jefferson had always borne it in mind. Although his assertion may be true, and we will not gainsay it, that Mr. Hamilton, the great leader of the Federalists, openly and repeatedly expressed a decided preference for a limited monarchy over a republican form of government, yet he himself confesses that no person was more willing or anxious to give the latter the fairest trial than that distinguished individual, or was more ardent in his exertions to promote the chance of its being successful. It is not our intention, however, to enter into an exculpation of the Federalists from the charges brought against them by Mr. Jefferson, though, indeed, they are mostly thrown out in so vague and indistinct a way that it is difficult to discover what were the principles which he would fix upon them: it will be sufficient for our purpose now to state, that, although the democratic party, so called, have obtained a complete ascendancy in the United States, yet almost all the great principles, the advocacy of which distinguished the Federalists,—such as the establishment of a bank, the system of internal improvements, the formation of a navy, the powers of the judiciary, &c. &c.—are now acted upon by the government in that country; or, in other words, that it is a government of Democrats acting upon Federal principles.

With regard to Mr. Jefferson's notions respecting religion, we do not feel ourselves called upon to say any thing in the way of animadversion or censure. While we acknowledge that we sincerely lament he should have entertained what we may deem erroneous impressions upon the most important of all subjects, yet the man to whom all the friends of freedom of conscience are under the deepest obligations, in consequence of his earnest and effectual efforts to make it

a fundamental principle in the Constitution of his country, should certainly be allowed to exercise it himself. The marks of sincerity and firm conviction which are impressed upon the avowals he frequently makes of his religious opinions, are such as ought also to prevent the expression of any other feeling on the subject than that which we have already intimated, of regret. He was a Deist in theory, but his practice was, in most instances, consonant to the pure and benevolent principles of Christianity; and the lessons which he unceasingly inculcates of the finest morality evince an admirable heart, as well as an excellent head.

Before coming to a conclusion, we must make one or two remarks upon the manner in which the task that devolved upon the Editor of these volumes has been executed; and we are sorry to say, that it gives proofs of no very nice discrimination or soundness of judgment. He has distended the work beyond all orthodox dimensions, by throwing into it a great number of letters, some of little moment, intrinsically, and others almost entirely devoid of interest at the present day. If he had reduced it to half its actual bulk, by throwing aside all those letters, and inserting only such as are calculated to afford real gratification by their perusal, he would have made it a much more acceptable, certainly a much more *saleable*, publication; or, if he were positively bent upon sending forth to the world four closely-printed octavo volumes, had he substituted for those uninteresting epistles, to which we have just adverted, the answers to the more important letters made by the different individuals to whom these were addressed, he would have given greater variety to the work, at the same time that he would have rendered various portions of it clearer and more intelligible. But we feel far more disposed to express thanks and gratitude on account of the rich intellectual banquet for which we, in common with the reading part of the public, are indebted to him, than to grumble or show dissatisfaction at any faults of excess, or deficiency in its preparation; and we may end as we began, by affirming, that no volumes have issued from the press of the present day possessing greater and more diversified sources of entertainment and instruction, than those which contain the "Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson."

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#### THE SPELL OF GENIUS.

THEY tell me, my love, that to choose thee is blindness,  
And marvel what charm thy affection endears,  
Because thou hast suffer'd from Fortune's unkindness,  
And thy steps have declin'd in the valley of years.

Ah! little they know with what ardour my bosom  
Has long the bright phantom of Genius enshrined,  
And turn'd with disdain from youth's beautiful blossom,  
To sigh for the exquisite fruits of the mind.

Ah! little they reck of that heart's quiet feeling,  
Which riches and grandeur could never control;  
Whose dearest enjoyment is Fancy's revealing,  
Whose proudest ambition—the wealth of the soul.

The nightingale pours to the rose her soft measures,  
And sweetly and constantly warbles her lay,  
Though gaudier buds may expand their gay treasures,  
And the leaves and the bloom of her idol decay.

Oh! such is the spell that my heart has invaded,  
I languish'd the bright flower of Genius to see;  
I have found it, alas! with its early bloom faded,  
But I deem my lot blest to have found it in thee!

M. A.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF SWEDEN.

I got heartily tired of Denmark before I had half seen it, a very common occurrence with prejudiced men; and I resolved, one rainy afternoon, to depart the next day for Sweden. Instead of crossing at Elsinour I embarked, carriage, servant, companion, self, and eatables, in a moderate size boat, just large enough to defy rowing, and just small enough to be insecure with its cargo. It was a calm, beautiful morning in June, not the slightest ruffle on the water, and the sea, to use a familiar expression, was as quiet as a mill-pond. I began to be excessively hot long before I got in the boat, and sincerely wished for the breeze, which my Danish friend assured me would be as regular as the trade-winds in the West Indies. We got clear of the pier by a little exertion, launched ourselves on the waters, and dabbled away with two long, shapeless planks, misnamed oars. Only just get from under the land, cried my friend, and you will soon find wind enough, and you will land in two or three hours; this was at seven in the morning, and as far as the eye could reach, not the slightest indication of even a cat's paw on the water could possibly be discerned. There we sat, motionless I cannot say, for the flies, fleas, and mosquitoes, took good care to keep us in perpetual motion; the sun was scorching hot; the boatmen betook themselves to slumber, and the sail hung up and down the mast, as straight and as stiff as a donkey's fore-leg. Ten o'clock and no breeze, no indication of it; the "ocean slumbered like an unweaned child." We were about half a mile from the land, just far enough to see the good things, and yet to be out of reach of them. Noon came, and with it came the breeze, directly against us of course, and with every intention of increasing in force and opposition. Away went the boat, splash, splash through the water, up and down like buckets in a well, bobbing about most disgustingly, and "progressing" very little. The misery of our situation was a little relieved by a very spirited conversation between myself and companion, each kindly placing the blame to the other's account. "This," quoth my companion, "comes of your nautical propensities, the uncommon nonsensical wish to trust to a fickle wind and sea, when roads are established, horses live, and carriages are certain. It is the last time ever I trust myself at sea again."—"This all comes," said I, "of your penurious habits, because you thought that the Custom-house sharks at Elsinour would ease you of some few marcs, and because the horses would cost more than the boat, you gave up a positive certainty for a hypothetical possibility, and now the chances and the wind are against us you rail at me, like a puritanical preacher against the sins of the world." Six o'clock, about half-way across, the servant sick, the same monotonous splash, the same disagreeable bobbing, the eatables eaten, the drinkables finished, all to hope for, and nothing to be had. It was now evident that we should not reach Helsingbourg before midnight, and we knew that the Swedes are a kind of turtle,—once upon their backs they find it difficult to turn themselves. A slant of wind enabled us to fetch the land about eight at night, and we having had quite enough of sitting still, now took to walking the remaining six miles, being exactly three times as much as the whole passage from Elsinour to our destined abode. On the road we made the following resolutions, which were entered in



the journal, from which valuable record I extract them:—In the first place, never to go by sea when we can go by land—because we left our parental roofs to see foreign lands, and not to see the sea, which we can see at any time from the Albion Hotel at Brighton. Secondly, never to take the advice of a third person, who does not care one straw if you are drowned, hanged, or murdered; and who, when he gives advice, is most probably thinking on some other subject. Thirdly, if forced to embark, always to have sufficient wine to enable one to forget oneself and one's miseries. And fourthly, to disregard all expense, as our papas paid the piper. This last was the most laudable resolution of the whole; and to this day my papa has remembered it, for right well we kept to it: and the consequence was, an abundance of pleasure and good humour—a certain circulation of cash, and many invitations, which otherwise we might have whistled for; besides which it saved letter-writing, the paper kites being sufficient evidence for any body, excepting the Lords of the Admiralty, of our being alive, well enough to sign our names, and sane enough to raise the wind. We arrived at Helsingbourg about ten, and soon forgot the care and the worry of the day, found ourselves well lodged and fed, and left the carriage to the sea, the servant, and to-morrow.

To-morrow was not long dawning, for in summer, in these northern countries, the sun scarcely ever is lost sight of; and one continued day saves the trouble of candles and watchmen; the carriage was soon on its wheels, and before I was properly relieved from nothingness, every thing was ready to proceed to Stockholm in appearance—not so in reality. In Sweden, posting is a concern in which your servant plays a very conspicuous part,—a part which none but a Swede can perform, and which, owing to my uncommon dislike to the language, although, when spoken by a pretty woman, it is as sweet a dialect as ever conveyed the feelings of a lover, I never could manage properly. When the shafts were arranged so as to admit of three horses being driven abreast, and the pole taken in part payment, I began to make inquiries for the horses. “Lord, Sir,” said the servant, “the Forebüd has not started yet, and it is of no use beginning your journey until he has had four hours’ advance on the road.”—“And who the devil is our Forebüd?”—“Oh! Sir, that is he taking your portmanteau.”—“Is it?” said I, “then I’ll trouble him to relax a portion of his kindness, as I have learnt in South America that a good traveller never loses sight of his baggage—and that rule I adhere to.” The national character suffered in Gustaff’s estimation by the remark; the colour grew deeper and deeper in his red face, his carroty hair seemed on fire, and he rubbed his hands with all the anguish of a lady’s-maid when she unfortunately finds herself in the family-way. Gustaff, standing on tip-toe, to be on a level with my shoulder, proudly exclaimed, “Then he shall take mine, and I will unlock it; in *this* country, honesty is as common as poverty, and as every one has a share of both, it is never doubted;” a very strange contradiction, thought I, and I shall take the liberty of proving the honesty, before I blindly trust it. Foolish fellow that I was, to hurt the feelings of a good man, when, had I consulted any traveller, I might have learnt, what my readers will now have repeated.

The Swedes are proverbially honest, and are the strangest contra-

diction to all received opinions. The Swedes are drunkards, desperate drunkards, but they are all honest;—house-breakers, pickpockets, highwaymen, thieves of all sorts are exotics, and belong not to the soil. You may leave your purse in the open carriage all night, and the next morning will find it untouched—you may leave any thing but spirits, and need be under no apprehension for its security. I shall give here a short anecdote to confirm this statement, although it belongs not to this part of my wanderings.

In spite of my resolutions, so cautiously entered in the journal, I embarked on board a schooner at Stockholm to proceed to Petersburgh. The morning was unusually foggy, and at times the rain fell as plentifully from the clouds as the tears did from the ladies' eyes when our departure was known. The schooner was at anchor about four miles from the London Hotel, and, in pursuit of her, we did what people often do in the dark,—lost our way; the noise of divers workmen on our right directed us to the shore, and on the quay, where several ships were undergoing repairs, we disembarked ourselves and haggage, and turned the crew to hale the water out, the boat heing a regular sieve. The fog clearing away suddenly, and having caught sight of the schooner, we re-embarked, as we thought, all our goods and chattels. The schooner was under-weigh when we got alongside, and, in handing the luggage on board, I missed my writing-case, in which case was all our earthly treasure—English sovereigns, besides the journal, and money to no small amount: this occasioned a *nota bene* in the memorandum-book, which stands thus—"N. B. never to have more money than we want." "Gustaff," roared my companion, "d—n your Swedish honesty, there is lost the national honour, and our money." Gustaff, who was as calm as a cucumber, merely said, and with some point too, "if the workmen are not *foreigners*, the case is quite safe:" he returned with my companion to commence the search. The fog was still very thick, and the place not easily discernible, but, in rowing along shore, they heard a man calling out to every boat, "Have you lost a writing-case?" and, on landing, received it back as it was left. My companion asked the man what he would have done with it, provided the owner had not been found; "I should have taken it, *of courae*, to the police, as I know there is a great deal of money in it from the weight and the noise of the coin,"—which occurs to me to be the very reason which would have deprived me of it in this country. So much for Swedish honesty, which I believe to be unrivalled.

Gustaff had dispatched the Forebüd, who was to order horses to be in readiness at the different posts at stated times, and when our horses came he acted the part of coachman; if he required to stop, he did not do as we do who drive cabs about London, plant one foot forward, and pull away hard enough to hreak the horse's jaws; he merely called out an elongated "peugh," making a confused noise with the lips, which stopped the horses as short as an Arab hit. It seemed to be one rule of Swedish travelling to gallop down hill as hard as the horse could go—and another system at each post house, to keep you waiting as long as the law allowed. From our starting-place to Stockholm was one interrupted wood, one splendid road, and one starving journey. The King of Sweden, and the Emperor of Russia, might be justly styled the Lords of the forest; there, in summer, the breeze murmurs through the

long avenues, and there, in winter, the boarse winds moan over the dreary snowy solitude: there, in summer, the various patches of cultivation change the scene, to me resembling a drive in a gentleman's park; and there, in winter, a curse seems to hang on existence, and the loud wind and hoarse croaking of the birds alone remind man of his being. The roads are kept in the highest order, and at every half mile is the name of the man whose duty it is to repair any defects, marked upon a post, and mentioning the distance of ground under his superintendence. But the curse of Swedish travelling is the million of gates which are found for the exclusion of cattle from one man's property to another's: this ceaseless annoyance is found from Helsingbourg to Stockholm; every mile or half mile a dead balt to open a gate, and thus the journey, which would otherwise be rapid, becomes a tedious lengthened route. At the inns, or rather houses of call, the law requires the landlord to have bread and porter always ready, and, with these exceptions, the traveller in vain asks for food; they seem to care not if you enter or walk on; here is no friendly welcome; no servant anxious to see you alight, knowing that it will bring grist to his mill; no landlord roaring for the chamber-maid; and no officious boots unpacking the carriage before you have determined if to stay or proceed. No, in Sweden you may stand, as I have stood for hours, looking in vain towards the village for the approach of the cattle; and when at last they do make their appearance, driven by a little urchin of about ten years old, you must use your own harness, you must harness the horses, and you, or your servant, must drive; the little urchin gets behind the carriage, and is only of use to open the eternal gates. The interior of a Swedish inn has not much to recommend it, the sprinkling the floors with the tops of the young firs gives at first a very disagreeable perfume to the room; for in Sweden, as in Russia, air is a rare article: in summer it is excluded because it is hot, and in winter because it is cold; the consequence is, a nasty, fusty, close smell, only differing from that in the Black Hole at Calcutta, inasmuch as the fir-tops already mentioned give a slight perfume to the various close smells so often distinguished in small and beated apartments. The beds were excellent, as beds, but we found we were not the only inhabitants; the bugs, the ferocious bugs, left our skins and our shapes in durability, and undulations like the back-bone of a pike.

On the road, and I am anxious to get off it, we remarked the clumsy manner, common to Sweden, of dividing fields; instead of hedges, which in summer add a fragrance to the air and a shelter to the traveller, the division is marked by a quantity of wood large enough for the beams of a line-of-battle ship (more or less), piled one on top of the other, or diagonally arranged. In winter, a village can never want fuel, if the surrounding country is cultivated; for the poor-sufferer has only to walk to the nearest field and help himself.

It took us four days before we arrived at Stockholm: the first day the road was bad, the second it was better, and the third and fourth unrivalled for excellence in any part of the globe. The scenery far from delightful,—excepting in the vicinity of Norkojung, situated on a narrow slip of ground which separates two lakes, one of which is the great Wetteren lake, eighty miles in length, and twenty-four in breadth—the banks are cultivated, and the expanse of water over which

the sun went down, gave an idea of some of those splendid romantic scenes described by all the novel-writers since the time of Nesh. I awoke my companion to enjoy this last view, he being one of those luxurious souls who can sleep through a long voyage and all annoyances—the blessing, he says, of an easy conscience, and a mind free from inquisitorial disposition, which always worries the owner, and annoys his neighbours. On our nearing the capital, we enjoyed the view of the Custom-house at Soder Telge, and its accompanying sharks: there they were, all ready to devour us, and at the doors, both sides, in an instant. “Unpack—turn out—let us examine—must do our duty,” and many more of those comfortable short sentences, which every traveller has experienced from Dover to Constantinople, and from the North Pole to the Hottentot countries. Gustaff shook hands with one, whispered to the other, winked to a third, and the fourth told us to pass on. I observed some few paper notes passing from one hand to the other; but although all four were bribed, and I conceive handsomely bribed, and certainly contented, I find in returning to my invaluable journal, the following entry on the “expended” side—for bribing at two Custom-houses, four officers at each, three shillings and four pence English money.” I wish the journal could show me any thing half so moderate in Prussia, Austria, France, or Dover.

Before I commence my recollections of Stockholm, I shall mention two or three conveniences and inconveniences. The first, and the greatest, is the perfect release from the constant importuning for charitable donations: during the whole route, I never was asked once for charity, and never saw a beggar. Boys who run by the side of the carriage offering heaps of the wild strawberry, or the different fruits of the garden, although they put on rather a look of supplication for a little more than they had the impudence to ask, cannot come under the denomination of beggars, any more than a very pretty chambermaid can be called beggar, when she, by the greatest accident in the world, contrives to meet you at every door, and every turning, the morning she hears of your departure. The next is, the perfect reliance to be placed in the honesty of the inhabitants; thus you are relieved from the most disagreeable annoyance in travelling—the eternal packing and unpacking the carriage. This continual lading and unlading is one of the greatest annoyances in seeing the world, especially where attended with the additional lumber of women and their boxes, monkeys, dogs, birds, and children. In vain the next morning you propose to start at dawn of day, before the scorching rays of the sun threaten, in an open carriage, a *coup de soleil*,—Miss Charlotte is not dressed; the monkey has (innocent creature!) put her nightcap in the water-jug; the dog cannot be found; and the carriage is not packed; the servants have not had their breakfast, and the enormous bill has yet to be paid. But when men travel in this delightful country (Sweden), where all is honesty and readiness to serve, without these drawbacks, at close of day the carriage is left in the yard untouched; a small portmanteau, or *sac de nuit*, is all that is required to be withdrawn; and long before the dawn all is ready, and all in its place. The inconveniences are the following:—In the first place, being quite at the mercy of the Forebūd, if you do not give him something more than he can carry, he will carry it, and pocket the expense of the horse which draws his cart; for this

reason Captain Jones filled his portmanteau with small logs of wood; and, in our case, Gustaff's open trunk answered the same purpose. Now, if the Forebüd carries the trunk, falls asleep, gets drunk, or loses his way, then of course you arrive at the *relais* before him, and there you may wait two hours before the horses come; and, as I said before, the time cannot be converted into dinner-time, the innkeeper having no dinner to give. Invariably, although we started our Forebüd overnight, giving him always seven or eight hours' advance, we overtook him before the end of a day's journey, and sometimes had to wait for the horses. The next is, the paper currency; for ten pound sterling, you receive, if you take small notes, which always save the large ones, four large volumes of notes, to carry which is an annoyance, and to count which would occupy about four hours, especially if the said volumes undergo the torture of addition, and afterwards "division," to turn them into English money. The next is, the business of the harness: if it breaks, which ours did only four times, the business of getting it repaired, if the accident happens about two o'clock in the afternoon, is beyond description, and to a certainty it will happen at that time; for these *contre-temps*, these little annoyances, are certain to occur when you are most in a hurry. Who has not found, when he is late at his toilette, that not a shirt can be met with having a button on; and the malicious soap, as if instigated by the Devil himself, slips about a dozen times through your hands, and ultimately deposits itself upon the shining shoe, leaving a track like the tail of a comet down the pantaloons, marking its course, and your annoyance. At two o'clock, all Sweden is wrapped up in the blanket of repose; the shops are shut, and the greedy inhabitants having eaten themselves previously to a state of torpor, lie down, regardless of worldly affairs or approaching poverty, gorged like the boa-constrictor, "to steep their senses in forgetfulness," or turn, in restless dozing, with just warning from the mosquitoes to fancy themselves awake, and just laziness enough to keep them quiet. At this hour assistance is hopeless; and to progress onwards, you must make use of your own resources. In vain would the carter have implored Jupiter to send him relief when his cart got in the ditch; Jupiter himself, thunder, lightning, and rain to assist, would not rouse a Swede from his *siesta*; and, until three o'clock, the carter might dispense with his prayers and supplications. At Stockholm, my companion was anxious to get some shoes; we found out a good-looking shop enough, and began a noise at the door loud enough to startle the dead, but it startled not the shoemaker. We were resolved to gain admittance, and at last awoke the wife, who, it is presumed, had not gorged quite so much as her lazy, luxurious lord. Up-stairs, in a small room, so horribly offensive as to frighten me from the attack, rolled up like a hedgehog, with a silk handkerchief round his head, and curled upon a sofa, was the snoring, unworthy follower of Crispin. In vain we roared, in vain we shook him. The wife looked on in drowsy agony, and only used her languid limbs in waving us to depart. If a Turk, as Voltaire says, "finds it labour to think," the Swedish frow found it equally laborious to talk; and thus, after having rolled the hog upon the floor, we left them, to wallow out life to the utmost of their wishes.

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One more remark before I proceed, which is on the favourable side. The expense of travelling in Sweden is so ridiculously small as to be hardly credible. Posting is a Government concern, and by no means a lucrative one. In summer, when more horses are required, travelling is rare. On our road from Helsingbourg to Stockholm, we did not pass one carriage, or travellers of any description, until we arrived at Nyköping, which is about three-fourths of the whole distance. Our expense for the journey—three horses for our own carriage, one for the Forebüd's, sleeping four nights on the road, and eating, (whenever we could find any thing to eat,) postilions, &c. amounted to nine pounds five shillings, the distance being 408 English miles.

We had only one circumstance on the route. We had at Hamburg purchased our vehicle, a britchika, from a very honest Jew—as honest, indeed, as a Jew can be; his fair fame was known to all the city, and I regret that my treacherous memory has allowed Moses's other name to slip from its stronghold; for this vehicle, which looked very well in the shop, we paid down 604 marcs of Hamburg, about seventeen of which then made a pound sterling, the article being warranted to stand all the bad roads ever heard of; and well I remember Moses concluding a long speech on its excellence with, "If it stands between Hamburg and Lubec, it will not break going over Mount Caucasus." To be sure, that road did shake it not a little; but no accident occurred, although we set every ditch and rock at defiance. In Denmark, one of the fore-wheels gave great signs of indisposition to move in a right line, and began to waddle like an old woman with a bad leg; it was not improved by the helter-skelter gallops down the Swedish hills; but still it kept on, only wandering a little more from its proper track; and at the last *relais* before entering Stockholm, it began to give evident symptoms of a bad government, which, after going first on one side, then the other, ultimately comes to the ground. We were only five English miles from Stockholm, when we held a council if it were prudent to proceed; and at every hill we laboured as much as the horses to ease the weight on that side. We got into the city, passed the gates, rattled over the bad pavement, and broke down exactly at the inn door. Exactly as we stopped, the wheel stopped, and down came the carriage; for which accident mine hostess of the London Inn, situated on the Quay, overlooking the barbour, is indebted for our residence therein for three months. We had Jones's book in the carriage, and as he says it is the finest inn in the place, I suppose it must remain so; but a more miserable exterior, and a darker, dirtier, more detestable entrance I never saw in all my life. "Gustaff," said I, still sitting in the half-overturned vehicle, "this cannot be the London Inn?" Gustaff never threw away words; he pointed to a large board, on which, as plain as paint could make it, stood the words, with a hand pointing up a dark lane to the entrance. I know not how to describe the entrance, but it was as bad an approach to good rooms as ever I met with, even in a nobleman's house in Russia; and there, in cleanliness and comfort up-stairs we endeavoured to make amends for past starvings, and to rub off some of the darkened hue of our countenances, with about as much effect as the man who attempted to scrub the blackamoor white. There, in good clean beds, we slept in glorious unbroken slumber, in spite of the

serenade of the watchmen, or the song of the sailors unlading the ships, the bowsprits of which pointed to our windows, and were within speaking-distance of us.

These will come into the next paper, in proper time and place, and then I promise to be more amusing and more instructive. It is right to give all readers an account of the traveller's troubles and vexations in the country of which he intends to write, and I would not give a straw for the man who begins his recollections in a capital without recollecting how he got there, and what he paid for his trip; besides, it does not look like a good traveller to begin a paper from the drawing-room of an inn. No, no; "my plan is to begin at the beginning, and never to stop until I reach England again."

## ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

FAREWELL, farewell, ye shores of white,  
Flashing mid ocean's hue,  
A silent star of silvery light  
Sparkling in sapphire blue—  
Farewell, farewell, my home and thee,  
Thou glory of the unbounded sea!

Isle of the Free, my passion's bower,  
The treasure of my heart,  
Farewell, farewell, it is the hour  
We may for ever part;  
Grave of my sires, soil of my birth,—  
Farewell, farewell, my childhood's earth!

When far away I keen shall feel  
A sadness that will last,  
As thoughts of thee upon me steal,  
Link'd with the parted past.  
Farewell, farewell, Star of the Sea!  
England, I still shall think of thee!

Thou'rt in the wave and  
The world is all my b  
I reck not where my d  
Beyond thy billows  
Since thou past cease  
England, a long fare

C. R.

## THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

THE French Revolution of 1830 stands alone in the history of the world ; its singularity consists, not in its causes, nor in any individual feature by which it is characterised, but in the union of qualities apparently the most incongruous—enthusiasm and moderation, disorganization and order, hatred and clemency, all appear conspicuous in the eventful week which terminated the month of July. To present anything like a detailed account of all the occurrences of those memorable days, would not only far exceed the bounds which could in a periodical work be allotted to the subject, but would also be in itself a task for which, at this moment, it would be almost impossible to collect sufficiently authentic materials. All that I propose in the present paper is to lay before my readers a very slight sketch of the state of the country at the time of the Revolution, and then narrate with fidelity those scenes of which I was myself an eye-witness, preserving the connection of the facts by details furnished to me by those on whose accuracy I can implicitly rely. In order to have a right understanding of the causes of the late events, it is necessary to recall to our recollection, that after the abdication of Napoleon, in 1814, it was considered indispensable that some security should be given to the nation against a recurrence of such an assumption of arbitrary power on the part of the sovereign, as had been the immediate cause of the revolution of 1789 : in compliance with this feeling, Louis XVIII. agreed with the Nation on the terms of a Charter, the principal articles of which guaranteed individual liberty and equality under the laws, the liberty of the press, the free elections of the Deputies, and other essential ingredients to the formation of a constitutional monarchy. These restrictions on arbitrary power were in no slight degree galling to the partisans of the *ancien régime*, and various attempts were made from time to time by different ministers to elude the provisions of the Charter ; in some instances they were successful, particularly in carrying into effect an alteration in the law of elections, which tended greatly to increase the influence of the ministry in the formation of the Chamber of Deputies. Still every thing was done with a show of attention to the forms prescribed by the Charter, and no open attempt was made to violate the Constitution during the reign of Louis XVIII. His successor, Charles X. a haughty, weak, and bigoted prince, filled with extravagant notions of the "right divine," and entirely governed by the priests, could ill brook the thoughts of being compelled to govern with moderation ; and accordingly the court journals took every opportunity of insinuating that the Charter, far from being a compact between the prince and the people, was a mere voluntary grant on the part of Louis, and therefore not legally binding on his successors. Affairs continued in this situation until the 8th of August, 1829, when the King, finding that the administration of M. Martignac, though warmly attached to the interests of the Crown, was not prepared entirely to annihilate the liberties of the people, suddenly dismissed them, and appointed in their stead an administration headed by Prince Polignac, and composed entirely of men of ultra-Royalist principles, most of whom were also personally obnoxious to the Nation. This occurred during the recess of the Chambers ; and from August until March the contest was carried on between the Liberal press and the Government ; the latter supplying by prosecutions their deficiency in argument. In March the Chambers assembled, and the House of Deputies immediately voted an address entreating the King to dismiss his ministers ; the King returned an angry reply, and dissolved the Chambers. New elections were ordered, and the Chambers summoned for the 3rd of August. In the mean time the expedition against Algiers was undertaken, in the hope of diverting the minds of the people from their causes of complaint at home ; but the manœuvre was too evident to escape the observation of the Liberal press, and accordingly produced no effect. On the 19th of May the finishing stroke to the formation of the ministry was given by the retirement of Messrs. Chabrol and Courvoisier, the only moderate members of it, and the appointment of M. de Peyronnet, the most unpopular member of the most unpopular administration which had been in office since the Restoration. Up to this time no serious apprehensions of open attack



on the Charter had been apprehended; the timid and vacillating character of Prince Polignac rendered it tolerably certain that he would take no step which would place him in too great danger;—but the case was now widely different; Peyronnet was known to be a man totally destitute of principle but possessing both talent and intrepidity, and his accession to power gave the country every thing to fear for the welfare of the people. Contrary, however, to expectation, he affected a tone of moderation, and spoke of warm attachment to the Charter, and enmity only to its abuses. In the mean time the elections proceeded, and it soon became evident, that notwithstanding all the arts resorted to by Ministers, in the destitution of Liberal prefects, and other similar measures, the majority against them would be greater in the new Chamber than in the old one. Still nothing indicated the approach of a political convulsion; the contest appeared to be a constitutional one between the Ministry and the Opposition; and every one was waiting in perfect tranquillity the meeting of the Chambers, when the fatal blow was struck. On the 22nd and 23rd of July, the usual letters summoning the members to meet on the 3rd of August were, circulated in the ordinary manner; on Sunday the 25th were signed at St. Cloud by the King and his seven Ministers, three *Ordonnances*, which, while they pretended to adhere to the forms of the Charter, which gave the King power to direct by ordinance the mode in which the laws should be executed, virtually abrogated all its most important provisions. The first of these *Ordonnances* abolished the liberty of the press; the second dissolved the Chamber, which had not yet assembled; and the third altered the law of election in such a manner as almost to throw the nomination of the members into the hands of the Ministry. These *Ordonnances* appeared in the "*Moniteur*" of Monday morning, and some time necessarily elapsed before they were generally known. As the fatal intelligence gradually spread, anxious groups were seen assembled in the Palais Royal discussing the probable results of the measures; gloom and despondency appeared the prevalent features in their aspect, and it was not until late in the evening, when the mechanics had left work, and learnt what had been done, that any thing like a tumultuous assembly took place. I am informed that about ten o'clock in the evening the gardens of the Palais Royal were filled with citizens murmuring imprecations on the Ministry, but wholly unarmed; and that in an attempt made by the *Gens-d'armes* to compel them to disperse, the people had the advantage, and remained in the gardens until the usual hour of retiring, when they proceeded in groups through the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Neuve des Capucines, hooting as they passed the residences of the various Ministers, but not attempting any violence. This commotion was, however, quite local; I was at one of the theatres in the evening, and on my return home had to traverse the greater part of the Northern Boulevards, where I found every thing as tranquil as usual. During the day a meeting of the principal journalists had taken place, in which a spirited remonstrance was agreed to, and it was resolved to publish the papers as usual the next morning notwithstanding the prohibition,—a resolution which received the judicial sanction of M. de Belleyne, President of one of the Tribunals. In the morning of the 27th, however, the presses were forcibly seized by the police, as well as all the copies printed which could be found, and all public reading-rooms and coffee-houses were threatened with the severest penalties if they retained a copy of the obnoxious publications. I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy of the "*Figaro*," a paper eminently distinguished for the force and brilliancy of its sarcasms; as a specimen of its style I quote one passage from the suppressed number:—  
"The Government of Algiers promised, on payment of a certain subsidy, to allow our ships the free navigation of the seas. The Ministers of the King of France agreed, on sufficient security being given, to allow the Press the privilege of thinking and publishing with freedom. In contempt of the treaty, the pirates of Algiers seized vessels which had submitted to pay the subsidy; in contempt of the laws, the Ministers of the King destroy the presses of journals which have given the required security. Twenty days were sufficient to overthrow the government of Algiers." The effect of writing of this description on the minds of the French people is incredible. The morning of the 27th, how-

ever, passed quietly; the public buildings were open as usual; great agitation prevailed on the Exchange, but nothing gave signs of more than a momentary ebullition of popular discontent. I heard several orators declaiming, in the course of the morning, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and many revolutionary placards were distributed, but there appeared nothing like an organized system of resistance. About four in the afternoon I had been to the Museum of the Louvre, and returning to the Rue Saint Honoré by the Rue de Coq, I found all the shops shut, and the street occupied by troops of the line. Forcing my way to the Place du Palais Royal, a large open space in front of the principal entrance, I found a strong body of mounted Gens-d'armes drawn up in order of battle, and was informed that the people had assailed the military with stones and bricks, and had, consequently, been driven out of the Palais Royal at the point of the bayonet, and were attempting to make head against the soldiers in the Rue St. Honoré and adjoining streets. Still the people appeared entirely unarmed, except with stones and bricks, which they obtained from a heap lying at the corner of the Palais Royal for rebuilding the wing which was burnt down some time since. From time to time the mounted Gens-d'armes charged the people, who retreated in confusion, but returned to their old posts as soon as the military resumed their position. A few rounds were fired, but did not appear to do much execution; indeed, I have some reason to believe that on this day many of the pieces were only charged with blank-cartridge. It was not until after eight o'clock, when daylight had ceased to betray their operations, that any thing like regular preparations for resistance were made. By this time every quarter of Paris was in commotion, and it soon became evident that civil war was inevitable. The popular party, which had hitherto been composed wholly of the lowest orders, was now reinforced by numerous auxiliaries from among the young students in law and medicine, and also by several members of the old National Guard, some of whom appeared in their ancient uniform. Under their direction, all the lamps were simultaneously destroyed, and the favourite Parisian system of barricading was commenced. All the armourers' shops were broken into, but not the slightest injury or depredation was committed on any species of property, the weapons only were taken. Several volleys were fired by the soldiers in the Rue St. Honoré, and numerous individuals were killed. About ten o'clock, I perceived the horizon brilliantly illuminated immediately over the Palais Royal; and in making my way across the Rue St. Honoré, and by a circuitous course to the Place de la Bourse, I perceived that the light proceeded from the conflagration of the Guard House, near the Exchange, of which the people had gained possession, after disarming the whole Corps de Garde, and appropriating their arms to their own use. This was the first decided advantage gained by the people, and tended greatly to raise and confirm their courage. On crossing the Boulevard des Italiens, I perceived that considerable skirmishing had taken place; some of the trees had been pulled down, and a bonfire was blazing in the middle of the road, surrounded by a numerous group of the people. Lower down the Boulevards, in the direction of Prince Polignac's house, and just visible by the light reflected on their arms, appeared a strong body of troops, guarding the approaches to that quarter. I have since learned, that at the very time of which I am speaking, all the Ministers were assembled at dinner at Prince Polignac's hotel, the entrance to which was strongly fortified by artillery inside the gates; fortunately for them, this fact was not publicly known, or there is little doubt that an attack, too strong to be resisted, would have been instantly made, and the whole party would inevitably have been sacrificed. Every carriage which passed in the direction occupied by the people was stopped, and search made for the obnoxious Ministers, but no violence was offered to any one. In the course of this day, the Liberal Deputies who happened to be in Paris assembled at the house of M. Lafitte, and agreed on a declaration, protesting against the Ordonnances, and announcing their determination to exercise the functions with which they had been legally invested, unless prevented by force. During the night, both parties were actively employed in reinforcing their strength; additional troops marched into Paris, consisting of Lancers, Chasseurs, and troops of the line, and occupied the

strongest positions in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries and the Louvre; while, on the other hand, the people busied themselves in procuring arms from all quarters. Having obtained possession of the Museum of Artillery, they armed themselves with every thing it contained—not even the sword of Charlemagne was left behind. On Wednesday, the 28th, the battle may be said to have commenced in earnest. Early in the morning I traversed the Faubourgs of St. Denis and St. Martin, and found the people everywhere prepared to resist to the last; the inhabitants had armed themselves with paving-stones and missiles of every description, with which they seriously annoyed the troops as they entered, particularly from the Porte St. Denis, which was the scene of the most obstinate conflicts throughout the day. On approaching the Place du Palais Royal, I found every thing nearly in the same situation as on the preceding night; the troops were more numerous, but their position was the same; one piece of ordnance commanded the Rue Richelieu, and others were stationed in the neighbourhood so as to be brought into activity at a moment's notice. The lower part of the Rue St. Honoré was entirely occupied by the people, and occasional shots only were interchanged. Finding every thing comparatively quiet in that quarter, I proceeded through the Rue Richelieu, and the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, towards the Place des Victoires, in which I found a numerous body of the people, headed by several of the National Guard in their full uniform; they formed on one side of the square, and in a few minutes I perceived a body of the mounted Gens-d'armes advancing down the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, supported by part of the 5th and 53rd regiments of the line, and a small party of Chasseurs. The people waved their hands to them as they advanced, a salutation which the soldiers appeared to return, and on their arrival in the Place des Victoires, the Chasseurs took up a position as if to defend the bank, and the troops of the line fell in with the National Guard and the people. Supposing that the whole body had joined the popular cause, I was proceeding in another direction, when, after the lapse of some minutes, I heard a rapid firing in the quarter I had left. I returned towards the Place des Victoires, and found that the people were entirely dispersed, and the troops formed in line were firing down the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs upon every one who came in sight. This piece of treachery cost the people a number of lives, and was worthy of the General (Marmont) by whom it was directed. It appears that the royal troops then proceeded down the Rue Montmartre, firing in the same manner, but much embarrassed by the missiles which were showered upon them from the houses, until they were stopped by the barricade opposite the Passage du Saumon, which was the first constructed in Paris. In the mean time I proceeded towards the other quarter of the town, and advancing along the Quay of the Louvre, which was occupied by the royal troops, arrived at the Pont Neuf. In this neighbourhood I perceived, that the contest was raging with the greatest violence. I found that at a very early hour the people had gained possession of nearly all the detached Corps de Garde, by which means they were partially supplied with arms, and had hoisted the tri-colour on the towers of Notre Dame; they had then marched upon the Hôtel de Ville, which was garrisoned by a large body of Gens-d'armes, horse and foot: here the insurgents attempted a parley, but those who advanced for that purpose were fired on by the Gens-d'armes: goaded to fury by this wanton cruelty, the people, though more than half unarmed, rushed on the bayonets, and succeeded in putting the enemy to flight and hoisting the national colours on the Hôtel de Ville. This triumph, however, was but of short continuance; in about half an hour, a detachment of the Garde Royale was seen marching towards the Place de Grève, and formed in front of the Hôtel de Ville: a sharp fire was kept up on both sides, and another body of the people having advanced by the Pont Notre Dame and attacked the royal troops in flank, they were obliged to take flight after considerable loss; and the victory appeared secure, when nearly two thousand men, composed of the Gens-d'armes, the Garde Royale, the Swiss troops, and the troops of the line, supported by a squadron of Cuirassiers and four pieces of cannon, advanced to the attack, and after a murderous fusillade, succeeded in regaining possession of the Hôtel de Ville;

the people, however, were not discouraged, numerous bodies poured in from every quarter, and in the course of the day the contested post was thrice taken and retaken. At the time I passed the bridge, the royal troops were in possession of the Place de Grève, and of all the avenues leading to it in the direction of the river; the firing was incessant, and the carnage immense; the troops of the line, however, appeared to abstain as much as possible from taking any part in it, contenting themselves with forming a line across the bridge, so as to prevent access from that quarter, and leaving to the Garde Royale the office of butchering their fellow-citizens, which they did without remorse. Leaving the scene of this conflict, I proceeded along the quay until I reached the Morgue, which I entered, and beheld a spectacle of horror which I never can forget. In the midst of battle men fall unregarded; amidst the universal excitement of conflict hundreds may fall without exciting even a passing sigh from those by their side; but here it was widely different—all was tranquil and still; eleven bodies, stripped and laid out on boards, remained to await the recognition of their friends; they were citizens, they had perished in the contest which I still heard roaring round me: their wounds were various; one was a woman, apparently in the seventh or eighth month of her pregnancy; a ball had entered her left eye and penetrated to the brain; another was a child, about ten years old, that had been transfixed with a lance. Among those whom curiosity had assembled round the ghastly group, I observed a young man about seventeen or eighteen, whom *Salvator* would have chosen as a model for a young bandit. Never did I see a countenance in which beauty and ferocity were so singularly blended: he had round him a girdle, in which were two pistols and a large semicircular hanger; in his hand he had a broad two-edged knife, the blade of which glittered in the sunbeams: he entered hastily, cast one look of unutterable expression on the corpses, as if to whet his fury, and rushed out with a yell of defiance in the direction of the Grève, where the fight was then raging the fiercest. Shortly after quitting the Morgue, I found my arm seized by a man in what appeared at first a hostile manner, but in looking at his face I perceived it was only the excitement of strong agitation; he asked me whether there was much fighting in the direction whence I was coming? I told him that all was quiet there, and he proceeded towards the Morgue. After advancing a few paces, curiosity induced me to retrace my steps and follow him; I had scarcely reached the door of the Morgue, when I saw him stagger out and fall senseless on the stone before the door:—among the victims he had recognised his only brother! Crossing the river in the direction of the Rues St. Jacques and La Harpe, I found the people engaged in preparing barricades, &c. but perfectly tranquil. I then returned along the quays, and crossing the Pont Neuf, arrived at the Place du Palais Royal about five o'clock. Here the face of affairs was materially altered: all the troops who in the morning occupied the square, had retired into the adjoining houses on the left side, while the people were still masters of those on the right, the centre of the square presented a scene of the most perfect tranquillity, while from the upper windows of the houses a constant fire was kept up between the two parties: every shot was fired with a deliberate aim at some exposed object, and the effect of this desultory, but murderous fire, contrasted strangely with the unremitting volleys which I had just witnessed in the Place de Grève—the one had all the excitement and heart-stirring effect of a struggle for life and liberty, the other appeared a mere species of human fowling, all the horrors of butchery, without a redeeming spark of enthusiasm to throw a lustre over the scene. This continued until dark. During the day contests had also been going on in various parts of Paris, in all of them the people had been victorious; the pupils of the *École Polytechnique* distinguished themselves in every quarter by their cool and determined bravery. The warmest engagements, in addition to those which I have mentioned, were—1st. In the Rue St. Antoine, where 1000 of the Garde Royale kept up a murderous fire on the inhabitants, which was answered by missiles of every description, until the troops were called off to assist in the attack of the Place de Grève. 2nd. On and near the Porte St. Denis, where the combat continued until eight o'clock at night. 3rd. In the Rue St. Denis, where the officer commanding

the *Garde Royale* was killed; and 4th, on the quays opposite the Louvre, whence the citizens, protected by the portion of the Institute, were enabled to gall the Swiss guards occupying the Louvre with a constant and harassing fire, notwithstanding the strong position of the royal troops, supported by a piece of artillery commanding the Pont des Arts and playing directly on the people. The columns and walls of the Institute are completely pierced with balls. During Wednesday night the troops in the neighbourhood of the Hotel de Ville were called in, and the whole royal force was concentrated in the Louvre, the Place du Carrousel, and the Tuileries, with the exception of a small body of Swiss which occupied a house at the corner of the Rue Rohan in the Rue St. Honoré, another party in the hotel, near the corner of the Place du Palais Royal, and those who were in the Swiss barracks in the Rue de Babylone. In the course of the night the people had so completely barricaded every street in Paris as to render them quite impassable, and able to sustain a siege if requisite: the fifth and fifty-third regiments of the line, that had from the first been unwilling to fight against their fellow-citizens, had openly joined the people; and on the morning of Thursday the 29th, the national colours floated upon every public edifice in Paris, except those which I have just mentioned: the word "royale" was effaced from the theatres, and every shop bearing the royal arms had carefully effaced the obnoxious emblem. Yet so blind were the Ministers to their real situation that even on Wednesday afternoon, when Messieurs Lafitte, Gerard, and Casimir Perrier, ventured through the fire to the Tuileries, in order to have an interview with the Duke of Ragusa, the commander-in-chief, and proposed to him to guarantee the immediate cessation of all tumult if the *Ordonnances* were revoked and the Chambers assembled as usual, Prince Polignac refused even to enter into negotiation with the Deputies on any terms but those of unconditional submission on the part of the rebels, as he was pleased to term the people. Up to this time there appears to have been no idea of a change of dynasty, a return to the charter was all that was asked; but on Thursday morning, when it was become evident that the King would continue blind to his own interests, it became necessary to take some decided step: the re-organization of the National Guard was the first object, and the venerable General Lafayette, ever foremost in the cause of rational liberty, immediately accepted the command, and establishing his head quarters at the Hotel de Ville, issued his first proclamation, while both the Louvre and the Tuileries were still in possession of the royal troops. On Thursday morning about thirty soldiers, whom I have mentioned as being stationed in an hotel near the corner of the Place du Palais Royal, were besieged by a numerous body of the people: my window overlooked the balcony, or rather open platform, on which they were defending themselves, and their resistance was indeed a gallant one, and worthy of a better cause. For two hours they continued to keep up a cool and deliberate fire on the assailants, who were, from their inferiority of situation, not able to return it with any thing like equal effect; but it seemed that every man among the people who fell was replaced by three, until, by dint of superior numbers, they succeeded in forcing the doors, and the soldiers were compelled to surrender. I was delighted to hear that they were only disarmed and retained as prisoners. During this attack, one of the national party was brought into the house in which I was, with his leg shattered by a ball; the noble fellow appeared wholly to disregard the wound, and, though unable to stand, could hardly be prevailed on to desist from making the attempt to rejoin his comrades; his only anxiety seemed to be the fear that his mother should bear of his danger. While we were attempting to bandage the wound until a surgeon could be found, another of the citizens came in also seeking a surgeon for some one else; he no sooner cast his eyes on the wounded man than exclaiming, "mon frere," he seized his hand and burst into tears; the other instantly snatched away his hand replying, "les larmes sont indignes de notre cause, tu n'es pas blessé, retourne au combat et reviens me voir après la victoire." This true hero is, I am happy to say, doing well, and will not even lose his leg. About the same time the Duke of Ragusa had issued a manuscript proclamation offering a suspension of arms; a common mechanic, who had it in his hand, spat on the name of Marmont;

an English gentleman by my side, wishing to possess the paper as a relic of the day, and seeing the man in the lowest state of poverty, offered to buy it of him; the man instantly gave it him, but refused the smallest compensation, saying, "C'est à vous, Monsieur, mais nous ne combattons pas pour l'argent." Did my space permit, I could multiply instances of noble heroism, and almost romantic disinterestedness which fell under my own observation, to an incredible extent. While these events were going on, the Louvre was invested by the people. Although not present at this assault, I am able to give a correct account of it from the relation of a gentleman whose window faced the principal point of attack. The Swiss guards were stationed on the upper story of the building, occupying the whole of its immense length and protected by the columns which are between the windows; there were about three soldiers at each window; from five in the morning they kept up a constant fire of musketry upon such of the people as came within reach, particularly those employed in constructing the barricade of the Rue des Poulets;—on the other hand, the people returned the fire from the windows of the surrounding houses and from the portico of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, but without much effect; not many of the Swiss fell. One little fellow, apparently about fifteen, had ensconced himself behind a projecting angle of the church, where his comrades supplied him with guns ready loaded as fast as he discharged his piece, which he did as rapidly as possible, but taking a deliberate aim each time: whenever he saw that his shot had taken effect, he put down his gun and clapped his hands in exultation, then resumed his occupation. One of the National Guard who was near him assured me this boy had, in a very few hours, discharged upwards of three hundred cartridges. This species of firing continued until a quarter before eleven, when two men from the Rue des Poulets rushed through the fire and succeeded in obtaining the shelter of the dwarf wall which surrounds the enclosed court of the Louvre, without sustaining any injury except one slight wound in the thigh; four others rapidly followed, and one of them succeeded in planting a tricolour flag on the exterior railings. This was received with a shout of exultation from the people and a general volley of musketry from the Swiss. In a few minutes some hundred people had made their way to the gate of the Louvre, where they stood the fire of the garrison until a quarter before twelve, when they forced an entrance, and after a short but decisive struggle succeeded in repulsing the Swiss, the majority of whom escaped by the northern and western gates, to take refuge in the Tuileries. The boy, whom I have before mentioned, was the first who entered the gate, but was completely pierced through with balls; he was carried to the Church of St. Germain, and thence to the Hotel Dieu, where I believe he still survives. On taking possession of the Museum, the greatest care was taken to preserve every thing from injury; the picture of the coronation of Charles X. was torn into fragments, but no other was touched. From the Louvre the national army proceeded at once to the Tuileries, which being invested on every side made but a feeble resistance: a short but murderous conflict took place on the Pont Royale, in which the people completely routed the guards, and immediately forced the gates of the Palace. A young pupil of the École Polytechnique, aged sixteen, who had distinguished himself at the attack of the Louvre, rushed into the Tuileries and ascended to the dome with a flag in his hand; he had hardly strength to plant the national colours in their proper position when, overcome with loss of blood from his numerous wounds, he fell dead on the platform. His body was immediately placed on the royal couch, where it remained covered with crape until claimed by his family. Every picture and bust of Charles X. was instantly destroyed, but those of Louis XVIII., the author of the Charter, were respected; the people only covered his largest bust with a veil of black crape. Every one had unrestrained access to the Palace, and not a single article of value was purloined; the clothes and ornaments of the Duchess d'Angouleme were thrown contemptuously out of the window, and one of her white satin petticoats soon figured as part of a tri-coloured flag on the garden gate. Every thing in the apartments of the Duchess de Berri was scrupulously respected; so minute were the shades of discretion which appeared to regulate the movements of this self-

guided populace at the moment of their wildest enthusiasm!—The occupation of the Tuileries by the people was much facilitated by a circumstance which does not appear to have been generally known. During the early part of the morning, the Tuileries gardens, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Place Vendome were occupied by a very strong body of the Royal troops, supported by several pieces of ordnance. Between ten and eleven, the cannon were brought into the Rue de Rivoli in such a manner as to command all the approaches in the direction of the Place du Carousel, and the soldiers were drawn up in the gardens and across the Rue de Rivoli in fighting order. A little after eleven, two Commissioners, in court dresses, arrived in the Place Vendome, and informed the troops that a suspension of arms had been agreed to by the Duke of Ragusa; the intelligence was received with an universal shout of joy; all the knapsacks were instantly taken off, the arms piled in the garden, and preparations made for relieving themselves from the state of almost starvation in which they had been for many hours. Numbers of the people approached the gardens, and shook hands with the soldiers through the railings; the latter seated themselves round huge cauldrons containing joints of meat and other provisions, and were thinking of nothing less than hostilities, when a terrific shout, or rather yell, was heard in the direction of the palace, and inspired an universal panic. The soldiers precipitately rose, left their scarcely-tasted victuals, and retreated, in many instances without even stopping to take their arms and knapsacks. The noise which had thus alarmed them was the cry of the people, who, having gained the Louvre, were rushing on to the attack of the Tuileries by the Place du Carousel. Had these troops not been thus thrown off their guard by the absurd conduct of the Duke of Ragusa in proclaiming a suspension of hostilities before he was aware whether it would be acceded to by the other party, a dreadful carnage must have taken place from the number of pieces of ordnance which were ready to be brought to bear on the advancing people. Indeed the Duke of Ragusa appears to have acted throughout in a manner displaying either the greatest want of generalship, or a most culpably blind security in the magic effects which the very sight of a royal army was to produce on an undisciplined mob; for he constantly marched his troops into the narrowest streets, where neither cavalry, artillery, or discipline, could be of any use to him, and where the people entrenched behind the impassable barricades, and on the tops of houses, could annihilate his men almost at pleasure.—As soon as the Tuileries were taken, the Gardes-du-Corps, who were quartered in their hotel on the Quai d'Orsay, surrendered their arms, and, with the remains of the Garde-Royale, and the Lancers, retreated through the Champs Elysées, taking the road to St. Cloud, where the royal family still remained. In the mean time, the Swiss barracks in the Rue de Babylone were invested by a numerous body of the people, commanded by one of the Ecole Polytechnique. The national troops being well provided with arms from the various Corps-de-Garde, which they had taken, and with ammunition from the powder manufactory called Les Deux Moulins, were enabled to sustain an equal part in the tremendous fusilade which ensued: the number of people that fell was immense. The Swiss, protected by large mattresses, suffered much less; and the success of the attack appeared for a moment doubtful, when it was proposed to fire the gate: this was instantly accomplished, and the garrison precipitately fled, pursued by the halls of the people. There was not now a single enemy remaining within the barriers of Paris, except the handful of Swiss intrenched in the house at the corner of the Rue Rohan. These men continued to fire upon the people, defending themselves with the united energy of hate and despair. About six o'clock, the people forced their entrance through the fire, and all who remained alive of the Swiss were sacrificed to a just revenge. Throughout the contest, the Swiss and Gens-d'armes, together with the 3rd Regiment of the Garde-Royale, appear to have been alone willing to fire on the people; the troops of the line gladly seized the first opportunity of joining the national cause. I may mention, that in passing a few days afterwards round the city, I observed that most of the stations of Gens-d'armes, at the external barriers, had been completely gutted with fire,

particularly at the barriers of La Villette and Des Martyrs; but as I do not hear of any affairs of great importance having taken place there, I apprehend that the destruction of the stations was adopted merely as a matter of precaution to prevent their being re-occupied. The victory was now complete: three days had sufficed to render Paris free, and in the evening of the third day every thing was as tranquil as before the commencement of the disturbances. The barricades were carefully guarded, and every facility afforded to passengers; lights were placed along the front of every house to supply the place of lamps; 70,000 men of the lowest class were in arms about the city; not a single outrage to person or property of any description has been heard of, except in the instance of one man, who being detected in secreting some valuable property, was instantly shot by his comrades in the Place de la Bourse; and the most timid female might have traversed Paris from one end to the other in the most perfect security. A young pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique was placed in the apartments of the Tuileries to guard the property during the night; his guard consisted of twelve men, all mechanics, who appeared in the greatest state of pecuniary distress; the articles of value, which lay scattered around them, were far more than sufficient to have made them rich for life; there was nothing to prevent their taking them, and detection was impossible. The young chief admitted to me, that he felt for a moment a little uneasy at his situation, but an idea of personal interest never seems to have even crossed the minds of the brave fellows: they passed the night in talking of what had been done, and in the morning returned tranquilly each to his usual employment, as if nothing had happened. Here is the marked feature of the Revolution,—a populace, unaided, unguided, unofficered, by the mere force of moral and physical courage in three days achieve for themselves the possession of absolute power; the first and only use they make of that power is to divest themselves of it, and place it in the hands most qualified to wield it for the true interests of their country. This circumstance it is which, as I have before observed, makes this Revolution stand alone in the annals of the world, and afford a lesson both to kings and people which never can be mistaken or forgotten. On Friday the 30th of July, the Deputies having again assembled at the house of M. Lafitte, resolved to offer to the Duke of Orleans the title of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, a title which (as Francis II. told the Duke of Guise, when he pressed him to bestow it on him at Amboise,) conveys the real monarchy of France: a deputation was accordingly sent to the Duke at Neuilly, and in the evening he arrived in Paris, and accepted the office, on which Generals Lafayette and Gerard, the members of the Provisional Government, resigned the reins of authority into his hands, the former only retaining the command of the National Guard. During the day, the King sent to General Lafayette, stating that he had revoked the Ordonnances, and discharged his Ministry; but it was too late, and no notice was taken of the communication. On the same night, after an ineffectual attempt to induce his troops to march against Paris, the King retreated from St. Cloud to Trianon, and thence to Rambouillet. On Saturday the 31st, a small body of Parisians, headed by some of the Ecole Polytechnique, defeated the Lancers who were left at St. Cloud, and took possession of the chateau. On Sunday I was there, and found every thing perfectly quiet. In the mean time, all the neighbouring towns and villages hoisted the tri-coloured flag, and sent in their submission to the Lieutenant-General. On Monday, Paris exhibited no signs of what had passed; the shops were open, as usual; the barricades were destroyed, and the streets repaired; the heroes of the Revolution had disappeared; the carpenter had betaken himself to his chisel, the mason to his mallet, and the blacksmith to his forge; and but for the flags which waved around us, and the graves of the noble victims who had fallen for their country's liberty, the events of the preceding week might have passed for a dream. On Tuesday the 3rd of August, the day originally appointed for the purpose, the Chambers met, and the Lieutenant-General communicated to them a letter from Charles X. in which both himself and the Dauphin renounced all claims to the throne in favour of the little Duke de Bordeaux; this letter was deposited in the archives of the House, and the Chambers proceeded to the deli-



berative business of the session. By another letter, the King nominated the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General, and demanded to be safely conducted to some port whence he might leave France, and applied for money for the purpose. Thus did this unhappy monarch, by the futile weakness of his concessions in adversity, forfeit even the slight tribute of respect which firmness and dignity might have extorted from those whom his former conduct had forbidden to esteem him. On the evening of the 3rd, finding that a large body of Parisians were preparing to march upon Rambouillet, in consequence of the haughty yet vacillating manner in which he had received the Commissioners appointed to attend him to the coast, the ex-King hastily surrendered the crown jewels, which he had endeavoured to retain in his possession, and started, with a guard of about 1200 men, for Cherbourg, where he will embark, but for what port does not yet appear decided. On Wednesday night the Opera reopened, and a scene of more brilliant enthusiasm it never was my lot to witness; the opera performed was, "La Muetto di Portici," a piece abounding in allusions applicable to the recent events; each of these was eagerly seized; and in the scene in which the rebellion breaks out, the Marseilloise hymn was loudly called for, and performed by the whole strength of the company. Many years had elapsed since those sounds had been heard in a French theatre, and no description can convey an idea of the enthusiasm with which they were received. At the conclusion of the piece (which very prudently was made to terminate at the end of the 4th act,) Nourrit, in the full uniform of the National Guard, sang Cassimir Delavigne's new song, called "La Marche Parisienne." The effect of the admirable manner in which it was sung was increased by the recollection that the singer had been foremost in the ranks of the patriots who had achieved the victory he was celebrating, while the gracefully-modest manner in which he refused a crown of laurel presented to him, placing it instead on the tri-coloured standard which he held in his hand, raised the enthusiasm of the audience to a height of which we phlegmatic English have no idea. The remainder of the week was occupied by the Chambers in making some alterations and modifications of the Charter, which being completed, it was offered to the Duke of Orleans, with the title of "King of the French." On Monday the 10th of August, the new King swore to the remodelled Charter, and ascended the throne amid the acclamations of the people, under the title of Louis-Philip I. A Ministry composed of the most talented among the Liberals was immediately appointed, and every post bringing the adhesion of the different towns of France to the new Sovereign, nothing but the acknowledgment of the foreign powers (which will, of course, immediately take place) seems wanting to the firmness and integrity of the new dynasty. Amid all the results of the Revolution, there is but one on which I look with sorrow: it is the manner in which the legitimacy of the Duke of Bourdeaux has been attacked in several of the papers;—thus to wound the feelings of a woman who, like the Duchess de Berri, possessed in prosperity the love of every one who knew her, and carries with her into adversity the sympathy and esteem of all classes, is as unmanly as it is useless: the story is not true, and if it were, it is of no consequence; the Duke of Orleans holds the throne with a better title than the illegitimacy of the Duke of Bourdeaux. The late King staked his crown against the liberties of the people; he lost it fairly, and the nation having won it, not usurped it, have exercised their paramount right of bestowing it on whom they pleased. This the present King knows, and is proud to acknowledge that the "choice of the people," not "divine right," is the motto of his diadem.

## LORD BYRON.—THEATRICALS.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,—Some of Lord Byron's biographers have asserted that much, perhaps the whole of his misanthropy, real or pretended, might be attributable to his distorted limb. This is, undoubtedly, true; but, as those who made the observation were not aware of the extent to which it was correct, I shall be excused for detailing its history, as I received it, from Lord Byron's own lips. I became acquainted with his lordship about 1807-8, when he consulted me professionally upon his unfortunate defect, of which he gave me the following account.

The peculiarity subsisted before his birth. Being born in Scotland, his mother sought for all the assistance which could be obtained, in Edinburgh, and other parts of that country. Her endeavours proved of no avail; for the universal opinion was that the defect was incurable. She finally caused the case to be stated, by her own medical adviser, to John Hunter, who confirmed the sentiments which had been declared by the profession in Edinburgh, with this reservation:—that *he* did not know any means by which the child could be cured: if any person did, I was that person; and he advised that I should be applied to—a recommendation which was not acted upon.

In the year 1798 I published a professional treatise on this subject. It acquired considerable reputation in Scotland, as well as elsewhere, and occasioned Lord Byron to be sent to London for the purpose of being placed under my care. He was fixed at Dulwich, in a private school then kept by a Mr. or, as he was sometimes designated, Dr. Glenny, who was ordered to send for and employ me to do whatever might be in my power to remedy the affliction.

A person calling himself Mr. Sheldrake soon appeared. He was found stupid, ignorant, and neglectful. After having been nominally occupied for some time, in which he had actually done nothing, that person was dismissed in course, and, with him, all hopes of diminishing the boy's lameness were abandoned, and his foot was left to its fate.

Lord Byron continued at Glenny's school until he was removed to Harrow,—and, in due season, to Cambridge, where, a very few weeks before he presented himself to me, he had, for the first time, received some information which induced him to visit London for the purpose of consulting me personally.

Such was Lord Byron's account of himself. I believe that none of his biographers mention his having been at any school before he went to Harrow,—that he had been with Glenny was certainly unknown to them, as was the object of his going thither, and its frustration; and as this disappointment had so much embittered his future life, I shall relate all the circumstances connected with it, as far as they are within my own actual knowledge.

About the time when Lord Byron arrived from the North, a gentleman called at my then residence in the Strand; said that Lord Byron had been sent by his mother to London with the sole view of benefiting by my professional skill, and, as he was about to visit the metropolis, Lord Byron's mother had desired him to go to the school where her

child was, to see how far I was likely to succeed. She had given him a written direction to the school, but he had lost his pocket-book in which that address was. The lady had told him that I was to be employed in curing her son's foot; therefore he came to me for the address, that he might go immediately to see him before he wrote to inform her of her son's actual condition and prospect. All this was unintelligible to me. I neither knew Lord Byron, nor his affliction, nor his mother, having had no communication with any one on those subjects. We were evidently at cross purposes, and neither of us could explain why we were so. The gentleman departed without having given me his name and address, and, not having repeated his visit, I neither heard nor thought farther of the matter.

A few days afterwards I received from Dr. Glenny, by the post, a letter, reproving me in no mild terms for not having attended Lord Byron as I had been ordered, when I knew the case was of so much importance to his lordship. In conclusion, it directed me to see to it immediately. As this letter was correctly addressed to me at my own house, I now began to see what had caused the misunderstanding. Lord Byron had been sent to London to be under my professional care, but I had neither received letter nor application respecting him. His mother had contented herself with sending her son to the school which had been provided, trusting that the schoolmaster would employ me. It was probable that Glenny had sent some person, who heedlessly left a message at the first house where he saw the name of Sheldrake, without taking the trouble to ascertain whether that might belong to the individual for whom his orders were intended. When Glenny found that his message was not noticed, he referred to his papers for my real address, and wrote, in great indignation, to reprove what he considered my carelessness.

As this seemed an unfortunate mistake throughout, I immediately wrote to apprise Glenny of the gentleman who had called upon me, and his motives for doing so; and I sent a copy of my book to show Glenny that I was the individual whom it had been intended to have employed, stating my readiness to wait on his noble pupil whenever I might be required.

To that letter Glenny never returned an answer, nor did I hear more of Lord Byron until in the twentieth year of his age he sent for me, and told me what he had suffered; that Glenny persevered in employing the individual whom he had chosen to call in, notwithstanding he well knew him to be another than was intended; and Lord Byron, although he was at that time a mere child, and saw how incompetent this person was, yet was forced to submit to his unskillful treatment, till even the pedagogue could not shut his eyes to the conviction of his incompetency: and the time came, that Lord Byron having derived no benefit from his attendance, was removed to Harrow. From that period all attempts to improve his foot were given up, and it was left to take its course without seeking any farther relief, till he applied to me in the twentieth year of his age.

In narrating this part of his history, Lord Byron expressed great indignation at the baseness of Glenny, who had deliberately left him in the hands of a worthless, mercenary empiric, to whose misconduct he

owed much of his suffering, and especially that of confirming upon him evils which might remain till the end of his life. To this Lord Byron amiably added, that so far it was all past, and it now only remained to consider what could be done for him in future.

I found upon examination that his was a case which I could certainly cure, even at that advanced stage, if it were left entirely to my own management: but, to accomplish it, he must be subjected to a course of treatment which, while he was a boy at school, might have been conducted without inconvenience; whereas, now that he was entering life in an elevated rank, it would give to his aspect a peculiarity which might induce him to avoid society, and any appearance in public, for the one or two years which the cure would occupy; if he could not decidedly resolve that he would submit to such restraint before he began, it would be better not to engage in the undertaking, as it must necessarily end in disappointment. He said he would take a few days to deliberate before he determined; but that whatever he should resolve upon, he would go through with.

I saw him again, after an interval of some days. He deeply regretted having been deceived by Glenny and his associate; for while he was at Dulwich, he would have suffered any thing, without repining, to gain the perfect use of his foot: he would have done the same at Harrow and at Cambridge, had he known that I could have effectually served him, and he could have induced me to go with him; but now his position in life was wholly changed—he was soon to take his seat in the House of Lords, and his station in every department of life to which his rank entitled him, and he could not seclude himself from that society in which he ought to be seen. For these reasons he must submit to his destiny, mortifying as it was, and bear it as well as he could; but he still recurred to his first question—Could nothing be done to diminish his defect, and render it less prominent than it had been? In answer to this, I told him, that by peculiar management I could conceal the defect so completely, that he might appear in the drawing-room, or any other place, where the fashionable costume of the time prevailed, without his peculiarity being noticed; that he might engage in all the exercises customary in that rank to which he pertained without being unpleasantly conspicuous; but to do this it would require much personal exertion on his part, and great attention from those who were employed about his person. He did not mind that, he said: he would gladly submit to that, and more, to gain a point which, in his unfortunate situation, was of paramount importance.

In consequence of that determination, I was continually employed about him, from the time when he left Cambridge till he first went to the Continent, and after his return, till he finally quitted England. During the whole of those periods, the peculiarity of his foot, if not altogether hidden, passed absolutely without notice; and he enjoyed and kept up the concealment with much satisfaction to himself, though with great and unceasing exertion. I have since known a lady, who, in the year after Lord Byron came of age, was travelling in Nottinghamshire with a party who were desirous to see Newstead Abbey, not knowing that its noble owner was in the country; and they drove up to the house as unceremoniously as they would have done to any other house.

which was to be publicly shown. They were told at the door that they could not then see the house, because Lord Byron was there, engaged with a party of friends. They were turning to drive away, quite disappointed, of course, when Lord Byron came forward, invited them to alight, handed the ladies from the carriage, and attended the party round the mansion with the utmost politeness, pointing out whatever was worthy of observation. During the whole of this scene the eyes of all the company were upon their condescending host, and no one perceived the least peculiarity in his foot, nor any approach to lameness in his mode of using it.

To this plan of concealing his defect Lord Byron adhered while he remained in England; and when he went abroad the first time, his servant was provided with the means which were necessary to its continuance during his travels. On his return, my intercourse with him was resumed as before, and lasted until he left England—for ever!

It was after this his final departure, when he had exhausted the stock of necessaries which he had carried with him to conceal his defect, that it became visible to all who had access to him; and his consciousness that it was observed, increased that tendency to misanthropy which was brought on him by other events in his remarkable life.

I have detailed Lord Byron's impressions upon this interesting topic, nearly in his own words; and when we consider that it was forced upon his mind daily by his peculiar situation, it cannot be doubted that, although it might not have been the first, it certainly was a primary means of cherishing that misanthropy which showed itself in his latter days. This predisposition was not diminished by the reflection, that, notwithstanding his defect had been originally imposed upon him by that God to whose chastenings all must submit, it was not continued by any of the unavoidable ills which flesh is heir to, nor by the neglect nor misdirected officiousness of friends, but was fixed upon him by a deliberate, vile conspiracy between a miserable schoolmaster and a mercenary tradesman, and was framed for the laudable purpose of abstracting from his purse the comparatively insignificant sum of money which could be obtained by the deception; and this fact, perhaps, contributed to the dislike which he certainly had imbibed for many classes of mankind.

As my intercourse with Lord Byron began when he was a mere youth, and scarcely known to the world, and continued for several years, as his character rose in the general estimation, I had numerous opportunities of observing the progress of his mind, by opening such subjects for conversation as I might, without impropriety, introduce during the communications I had with him respecting his own personal affairs. My first observation was that he possessed no common talents, and, when his rank was taken into the account, must make a distinguished figure in any department to which he might choose to direct his master-mind. He had recently published his "Hours of Idleness," a work which to the present moment I have never read, and, of course, have only hearsay knowledge of it. Lord Byron spoke very lightly concerning that performance to me; but he mentioned one remarkable fact which related to it: he said that by some management, which he did not explain, but which it is not difficult to comprehend, he was permitted to write a critique upon his own book, and that criticism was

regularly inserted in one of the reviews of that day. He spoke angrily of the treatment which he had received from the Edinburgh Reviewers, and expressed his determination to punish them for it when he should have an opportunity—a threat which he carried into execution, when he afterwards published his “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.”

Lord Byron at this time, when he was in London, led the life of a gay young man of rank, without doing any thing of a nature to lower his character as a gentleman; and which could not be said of some of his contemporaries, members of the same rank in society, who were engaged in similar pursuits. He took lessons in boxing from Mr. Jackson, the well-known pugilist; but did not consider himself, and was not considered by others, as a patron of “The Fancy,” as it was called, because he thought it would be degrading himself. His more serious amusement at that early period of his life seemed to be of a literary nature; and upon subjects of this kind, so far as he chose to lead to them, I frequently conversed with him.

I once asked him if he had any collection of pictures? He answered quickly, “No; nor will I ever buy any pictures, or other curiosities. I believe that all who deal in pictures, or articles of *vertu*, as it is called, are completely dishonest. They make it their first object to seek out young men of rank and fortune who are just entering into public life, with much money, little knowledge, and no experience; and insinuate themselves into the confidence of these unthinking youths, till they induce them to spend large sums in the purchase of such things as they find, when it is too late, are of little or no value. If ever I become the dupe of any person, it shall not be of such people as these, whom I think quite as bad as the worst species of gamblers.” I believe that he adhered strictly to this resolution throughout his whole life.

When Lord Byron became connected, in some way, with Drury Lane Theatre, he was reported to be one of the Committee of Management; this induced me to ask a favour of him. A literary friend had written a dramatic piece which, having been offered to that theatre, had been rejected and sent back unopened. The author's aim was, through his lordship's influence, to get it examined and dealt with according to its deserts. Lord Byron said, “I am one of the Committee, but I have nothing to do with the stage-management, wherein many things occur which I think far from proper, and, therefore, have no wish to be concerned in. However, give me the manuscript; I will look it over myself, and, if I think it calculated for the stage, I will see whether I cannot make them accept it for representation.” The manuscript was placed in his hands accordingly; but, before I relate its final destination, I will sketch its previous history, which bears much resemblance to the account given by Smollett of his own adventures with the managers of his time.

In some of the many changes which occurred in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, while it was under the direction of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, it was professed, publicly, that much care had been taken, in the new arrangements, that every department, and particularly that which related to the consideration of new pieces, and which had been a source of loud and just complaint, would be thenceforward conducted in so liberal a manner, as to give universal satisfaction.

This puff direct induced my friend to transmit his manuscript to James Aicken, who was appointed stage-manager under the new order of things; he returned it, with information, that the reception of new pieces did not belong to his department, but was in that of Mr. Richardson, to whom the author immediately conveyed it. Not being urgent for a decision, the author allowed one season to pass over, without making any inquiry for his manuscript; but, at the beginning of the second, he thought it time to ascertain what reception it was likely to be favoured with, and he made various attempts to obtain the desired information, without success. A third season having commenced, the author became impatient, and determined that he would have an answer from Richardson; but here, alas! he forgot to make the necessary addition—"if he could get it." He annoyed Richardson by applications of every kind: wrote by post, and left messages, with his card, at the door; but all in vain; still no answer could he elicit. At last, as he knew that I had several friends who were connected with the theatre, he requested my assistance in the recovery of his manuscript; for, to that point only, were his endeavours now directed. I knew that, besides whatever reasons there might be of a dramatic nature, there were many legal reasons why no male visitor should be permitted to intrude on the privacy of Mr. Richardson, who enjoyed no privilege of Parliament.

I was intimately acquainted with old Mrs. Linley, whose connection with the theatre gave her access to the sacred presence whenever she chose, without asking. I escorted her in my carriage to the manager's door, and waited while she broke in upon the seclusion of the great man, told her business, and demanded the manuscript. Richardson made the usual excuse, want of time for careful perusal, and was proceeding with the other endless items of the catalogue of procrastination, when she interrupted him by saying, "That will not do, Sir! I know you have used this gentleman very ill; I also know that his manuscript must be in this room, which I will not leave without it." Finding that all excuses would be useless, Richardson pulled out a drawer, whence he produced the manuscript, which had never been opened, the author's seal remaining still unbroken, and his name written upon the envelope by Richardson. In this state it was once more consigned to the author, who, in spite of this repulse, offered it successively to all the managers who followed James Aicken, until John Philip Kemble filled that situation. The manuscript was then sent to him likewise, and at the end of three weeks, with the usual polite intimation that it had been examined and was not adapted to the use of that theatre, it was again replaced in the hands of its owner.

The author was satisfied with Kemble's decision, and laid his drama aside for several years, till, accidentally turning it over, he found that one leaf was folded down; upon looking at the place, he saw that two pages had been transposed when they were stitched together; say that page 35 was placed before page 34. This made a hiatus in the progress of the scene, which became thereby unintelligible, and was, no doubt, marked to show why it had been rejected. Its merits, whatever they might be, were not decided upon; therefore the author, having rectified the mistake in the arrangement of the leaves, again offered it

to Drury Lane, which Mr. Kemble had quitted for Covent Garden; his successor, whoever he was, returned it unopened, as did several others. A friend of the author, *au fait* as to the interior of the theatre, declared his conviction that none of these people had even looked into the packet, and offered to get it read by Graham, with whom he was intimate. An appointment for dining with Graham, and reading the play afterwards, was made. When the manuscript was produced, with the wine, after dinner, Graham said, "Give it to me, I will read it carefully over in the morning, and let you have my opinion." "No," said the friend, "I have pledged myself to see you read it, and to report your opinion: we are met for that purpose, so let us proceed to business; I am determined to see you read it before I leave the room."—"Pooh, pooh!" said the justice, "you know how these things are managed, so give me the papers; let us now stick to our wine, and you shall have my opinion in the morning." This was declined, and the manuscript was once again returned without having been opened!

While such was the managerial routine in one department of the theatre, it is not surprising that its affairs should get into confusion, nor that Lord Byron, with honourable feelings, should say there was much in its management which he would not be concerned in. However, he took this manuscript with a determination to put it in train; but circumstances in his own affairs made him resolve to go abroad immediately, and he left that manuscript, and all his other papers having reference to the theatre, in the hands of his friend, the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, who was a member of the Committee, and would account to me for it. I saw Mr. Kinnaird; he had examined the manuscript carefully, praised it very much, and suggested some alterations, which being made, he promised that it should be brought before the public on the stage. The manuscript was returned to the author for that purpose; but, ere the alterations were completed, Kinnaird, like Byron, withdrew from the Committee in disgust at what was going on, and this attempt was frustrated.

There is much in the management of every theatre which most render it unpleasant to any save those whose minds are especially formed, perhaps hardened for it; but the peculiarities of Sheridan were such as would have overthrown any theatre, and brought it to ruin; and, as the example of the master will generally be followed by the servants, when it seems for their own advantage to do so, it is not to be wondered at that the affairs of Drury Lane passed into a state which induced Lord Byron and Kinnaird to withdraw from all connection with it. Of this I will give one memorable instance which I discovered, and, by so doing, procrastinated at least the destruction of the property.

When Justice Graham was director of the theatre, as well as of the Metropolitan police, the former was in great distress from some inexplicable cause. The salaries of none of the establishment were paid, because, though there had been an overflow of company every night, for many successive weeks, and the issue of orders of any kind was disallowed, it was said there was no money in the treasury. A suspi-



cion prevailed that Sheridan abstracted the money every night; but that was not the case.

I wrote to Wroughton, who was at that crisis stage-manager, that a conspiracy existed to such an extent as to render inevitable the ruin of the theatre, without the possibility of preventing it, unless the proprietors had information, which I could give: I did not like to know that property was doomed to destruction without apprising those interested, and which I was willing to do, provided the intelligence should not be known to have come from me.

In consequence of my letter, I had an interview with Graham, from whom I obtained a solemn pledge, that I should not be required to bring forward my informer, who was a young man whom I did not wish to expose publicly for keeping low company. Having protected my informer, I disclosed the facts to Graham. The door-keepers, money and check-takers, and all the persons entrusted with the various entrances to the boxes, on every side of the theatre, had made an arrangement, by which they admitted into the boxes, at whole, or half-price, as many as chose to go, on any or every night of the performance, upon payment to them of eightpence per head, out of the house, instead of paying the regular price of admission at the doors. The consequence was, that, as this arrangement became known to the payers, the boxes were crowded to an overflow, the lobbies and coffee-rooms were equally thronged, and there was never money enough in the treasury to pay the expenses of the night. This seemed to be absolutely incredible; but the proofs were asked for, and given.

Those who remember Drury Lane Theatre as it was built by Holland, will recollect that at each of the entrances to the boxes were, immediately within the doors, halls for servants to wait in, and, opposite to the doors, a staircase which conducted to the paying-place. That consisted of two niches, within one of which sat the man who received, and gave checks for the money; and within the other, a man who received the tickets, or documents of any kind, by which those who presented them gained admission. Having examined these, he gave checks, which entitled the holders to pass. By the side of each of the check and money takers stood a man who held a door, through which he suffered those whom he had seen pay their money, or deliver their tickets, to pass. They then ascended a staircase into a saloon, in which were four or six men, who saw that the intended spectators, as they came in, had checks, which they delivered finally to those who stood at the door through which they passed into the theatre.

This arrangement was admirable, because connected with each entrance were ten or twelve men, who were severally employed to see that those who went into the theatre had regularly paid their money, or delivered their tickets; so that if any one of them acted dishonestly, some of the others could not fail to detect him. Holland's knowledge of the world, however, did not enable him to foresee the possibility that all the twelve might concert to act fraudulently, as if they had been one man; yet, in the present instance, this was actually the case.

The conspirators having settled their plan, established, in Marylebone and other parishes, where most abounded those ladies who were likely to be or to procure their principal customers, offices in which the pecuniary business was transacted: these offices were the shops at which those ladies dealt for other articles. When they wanted admissions to the theatre, they paid eighteenpence each for as many as they required, to the shopkeeper, and received a small scrap of paper, on which was written a single letter: it was the pass-sign for the evening, and was given, at the theatre, to the receiver, whose business it was to take the renters' tickets, and all other admissions which were not paid for with money. He gave checks, which passed unquestioned by all the confederates, who afterwards divided the spoil among themselves.

I had learned all this from a gay youth, one of their associates. After I had made my disclosure to Graham, I asked him how he could prevent the farther continuance of this mischief? I will try what can be done, he said, this very evening. There was in his manner something which excited my curiosity, and I determined to be present at the *denouement*. It was five o'clock when I left him; and being at the theatre soon after the doors were opened, I beheld a scene which was as amusing as any I had ever witnessed upon the stage.

In the short time which had elapsed since Graham and I parted, all the partitions which divided the receivers' boxes had been swept away, as well as the boxes themselves, and nothing remained but one large hall, which began at the door out of the street, and at the farthest end a staircase by which the company was to ascend to the door of the lobby. It suggested to my mind the idea of a man-of-war cleared for action. Graham was a post-captain, and probably adopted this plan by imitating what he had often seen on ship-board.

Close to the street, and next the wall, was placed the poor receiver of tickets: he had been acting-manager of all the roguery. He was surrounded by tables so large, that when the spectator endeavoured to hand his ticket-order, bone, or whatever it was, and the receiver to exchange a check for it, they were both obliged to stretch their arms at full-length across the table to make their hands meet; and thus whatever passed from one to the other might be seen from the farthest end of the hall. The tables were covered with green cloth, and were surrounded by a blaze of light. The little fellow was really an object of compassion; for his conscience told him what was to come, and the sport soon began.

The night was marked for the first appearance of a new actress, of whom great expectations were formed, and a multitudinous assemblage of spectators, contraband as well as lawful, had collected, and soon rushed into the hall. They were astonished at the unexpected alterations which presented themselves to their view. The woe-begone knight, with his melancholy face, and piles of checks, indicated where those who had money to pay were to deposit it, and pass on; those who had proper free-admissions did the same; while the ill-fated patrons of contraband looked at the receiver with faces no less deplorable and conscious than his own, as anxious to inquire what was meant by the change, to which he dared not reply even by a sign. They soon discovered how matters stood; and as most of them had left their

money at home, they went back to seek it, and forgot to return. After that eventful night, though the house was less crowded, there was more money in the treasury. When such parts have been, and may again be acted, one cannot reasonably feel surprise that Drury Lane Theatre has been in a humiliating condition.

To return to my subject. In his childhood, Lord Byron might have felt the misfortune of his deformed foot, as it would be felt by others of the same age and station; but, from the age of nineteen, when I became acquainted with him, till he left England for the last time, he regarded it as a serious calamity, which had been needlessly fastened upon him. He struggled hard to get free from it; and when that could not be done, he strove with unabating energy to conceal it from general observation. In that he was for a time more successful; but when he was at last compelled to let it take its own course, my acquaintance with him had ceased, therefore I cannot speak of him from my own knowledge. It is too evident, by the accounts which have been published of his feelings in his latter days, that his reflections on this head had a very harsh effect on his sensitive mind. He lived not to learn that his bane had produced an antidote, which has been beneficial to others who laboured under similar afflictions. The fact that he might have been cured when I became acquainted with him, if he could have submitted to the restraint which, according to the course of practice I then followed, was absolutely necessary, pressed, nay oppressed my mind, and prompted me to a series of experiments, which ended in my acquisition of a power of curing others, similarly situated, without subjecting them to the confinement which Lord Byron could not endure. Were he now alive, and in London, I could have restored his foot to its natural state, as I have done by many others; but he is gone!

T. SHELDRAKE.

### LUNATIC LAYS, NO. III.

"I must have music in my soul."

I MUST have music in my soul,  
 Though envious tongues deny it;  
 I'm very certain I've a voice,  
 And spite of fate I'll try it;  
 I'll practise morning, noon, and night,  
 I'll buy the best instruction,  
 I will abjure all solid food,  
 If singers live by suction.

I'll hold a note—till you shall think  
 That very like a miser  
 I never mean to change that note,  
 But you shall find I'm wiser;  
 For you may fix on any key,  
 Then name of notes one dozen,  
 My spendthrift chest shall soon pour forth  
 The treasure you have chosen.

At present up and down the scale  
 I run with zeal unwearied,  
 Nor deviate into an air  
 Till minor points are carried :  
 When morning dawns, my task begins,  
 At midnight hour it endeth,  
 (Except those *tasty* intervals  
 That man in *eating* spendeth.)

But genius and the world are foes !—  
 I have a hateful neighbour,  
 A scientific man, forsooth !  
 I scorn his plodding labour !  
 He sends me messages, and says,  
 My noise distracts his study—  
*My singing noise !* poor wretch, he knows  
 Nought about taste—how should he !

Two other neighbours—invalids,  
 Who live on slops and dozing,  
 Complain *my* singing wakes them up  
 Just when their eyes are closing !  
*I* never sing till *five* o'clock !  
 As if *t'at* could disturb them !  
 I 'll let my talents take their course,  
 And scorn those who would curb them.

*One*, (much too cold to estimate,  
 My talents in their true sense,)  
 Did—oh it cuts me to the soul !—  
*Indite me as a nuisance !*  
 I shook—but 'twas a *vocal* shake,  
 Not one from terror springing,  
 No judge *could* venture to assert  
 I 'm no great shakes at singing.

Once came a crowd, a meual crowd,  
 Crying, " There must be murder !  
 We heard a female's horrid screams—  
 Yes, hereabouts we heard her !"  
 They climb'd the wall !—they forced the door !—  
 The ragamuffin *sort* !—  
 They found me sitting all alone,  
 Aud singing *rather forte* !

I 'll sing the air that Sontag sings,  
 Rode's air with variations,  
 My throat shall be the thoroughfare  
 For all the new inflations :  
 All styles I 'll master,—I 'll outgrowl  
 The Trombone when I go low !  
 And when in *alt*, Velluti's self  
 Shan't sing so high a solo !

B.

## THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

A GENERAL election is so obviously different from what it should be, according to the theory of the Constitution—its results are so far from expressing the deliberate opinions, the honest feelings, or the natural prejudices of even the majority of the electors—that there is some danger of treating its struggles and events too lightly. Independent of the effects of direct corruption, and of menace, there is so much of accident, of management, and of local partiality, influencing the game, that a mere individual result can prove little, unless accompanied by some knowledge of its causes. And yet, amidst all that is censurable in the arrangements of a contested election, and all that is base and disgusting in its conduct; amidst the exhibitions of besotted ignorance, of low debauchery, of pitiable weakness, and of degrading selfishness, with which it too often abounds, it must present indications of the state of public feeling worthy the attention of the dispassionate observer. It is impossible that the minds of a large portion of the people of England should be strongly excited by causes wearing the semblance, at least, of political importance, without disclosing many interesting traits of character and of feeling, and affording evidence of the progress of observation and thought among all classes of the community. The principles appealed to, however partially understood; the watchwords and symbols chosen, however imperfectly applied; the degree in which old and ignorant prejudices are called into action on the one hand, or the glowing hopes and prospects of humanity suggested on the other; may supply valuable materials to those who can make due allowances for the coarse enthusiasm of the time, and look through its transitory bustle to all which may belong to it of the true and the lasting. At all events, it is full of life and passion—and where these are, subjects of moral interest cannot be wholly wanting. The franchise gives at least “an hour’s importance to the poor man’s heart,” though often followed by his degradation; and if its contemplated exercise in many only quickens the pulses of selfishness, it awakens others from the torpor of daily cares to higher thoughts, and not rarely first enkindles in the young a sympathy with abstract good. It would often be unfair to estimate the quality of the zeal and devotion called forth at such a time by the value of the immediate object to which they are applied. Our noblest impulses, those in which we find the surest evidences of an immortal being, must of necessity be kept in action in this world by association with things beneath them, and are thus cherished for worthier purposes. Thus, in a mere party contest, deathless energies may be developed; untried virtue may win its first victory over self-interest or fear; the sense of active benevolence may first inspire generous spirits, destined to improve and gladden the world.

There are, also, circumstances peculiar to the time, which give unusual importance to the principal incidents of the late elections. During the four years of the last Parliament, great change has been wrought in the opinions of the people, and a greater alteration effected in the policy of their rulers. Shortly before the commencement of that period, the Government had presented an iron front to the advancement of popular rights, and the claims of humanity were laughed to scorn by its minions. The nation was divided into two great par-

ties—one consisting of the Ministry, their dependants, and expectants, and of that large body whom timidity, prejudice, or the natural cleaving of the mind to things which have become hallowed by time and custom, had infected with the dread of change; the other embracing all who had learned to prefer the happiness of the many to the interests of the few—who felt that the hour was approaching when human nature would no longer submit to be oppressed under the forms of liberty—and who desired, though in an infinite variety of degree, to see our institutions so moulded that they might accord with the increasing knowledge and sharpening wishes of the people. For a time, the struggle of the popular party seemed hopeless; for the Ministerialists had only one intelligible object, while their opponents were necessarily divided amongst themselves, and full of distrust of each other. Every suggestion of improvement was repelled with disdain. The most moderate views of Parliamentary Reform were “met by a direct denial of its necessity;” the most convincing development of the mischief produced by any law or custom, was set aside with the assertion that they had lasted a hundred years; an attempt to diffuse cheap knowledge was answered by an Act for the infliction of banishment on a second conviction of libel, tending to bring the Legislature into contempt; all arguments for restraining the punishment of death to offences against life, were derided as the sickly dreamings of enthusiasm; and the only great question on which the Ministerialists were divided, and on which a free opinion might be expressed without the imputation of disloyalty, was one on which the majority of the people themselves were misled by honest and obstinate prejudices. How long this division between concentrated power on the one side, and increasing knowledge and indignation on the other, might have lasted, is now, happily, matter of needless speculation; for much of the separating barrier has been cut away by the decisive arm of a soldier, who, without feeling or affecting any regard to abstract rights, saw the exigency of the time, and resolved at once to afford scope for the spirit of the age to work in those institutions, which otherwise it must speedily destroy. For this high office he was qualified no less by his want of imagination and sentiment than by his energy. He saw the necessity clearly, and prepared to yield to it without shrinking or delay. Had he felt for us more, he would have served us less; because the suggestions of feeling or opinion are ever liable to waver and change, and to yield to the fears or passions of the interested and the weak; while nothing could affect the determination of a brave man, arising from a simple sense of peril and of duty. Strong in the influence of military glories—which never were employed to such noble uses—and in the singleness and resolution of his own character, the Duke of Wellington at once settled a question, which had been a topic of declamation and a source of national division for many years—and thus deprived the baser politicians of an engine by which they were enabled to enlist all the prejudices and ignorance in the kingdom on their side. Beyond the settlement of this question, no striking practical good has been as yet realised; but the necessity of reform has been acknowledged, and its living principle admitted to work its way through the most important departments of the state. The late elections, therefore, found men of

all opinions in new relative positions to the Government and to each other; and it became a question of curious interest in what manner they would act when in a state of excitation; how far the altered tone of the Ministry would be adopted by its accustomed supporters; how often "the old instincts" of party would "call back its old names," when the substance was dispersed; whether the cry of "No Popery!" lately so influential, could be revived, to live a few days more; how, in short, the scattered elements of the opposing masses would be arranged and arrayed in opposition to each other? Besides these grounds of interest, arising from general causes, there was another of great immediate importance, in the well-known desire of the East India Company to strengthen their power in the House of Commons against their approaching hour of trial. We propose, therefore, to devote a few pages to a review of proceedings at such of the late elections as we deem most interesting, and of which we happen to know most—and of the prospects which the returns present to the Ministry and the people.

In the present state of the elective franchise, elections for counties present fewer indications of the public feeling on political questions than those for boroughs, because the expense of the contest is so enormous that few are able "to disturb the peace of the county," (as the phrase is,) who have political talents or character. Contests for counties are, therefore, generally mere struggles for precedence between two rich families, in which political opinion forms a small consideration, or none; and they often terminate in a compromise, which reduces the county to the condition of a close borough, which only some great spite is potent enough to open. At this time, therefore, it could not be expected that the activity of political zeal should overcome the scarcity of money among the class from whom county candidates are taken; and consequently the contested elections for counties have been few. In so far, however, as the county representation has changed, the alteration is in favour of the people, and in some instances exhibits remarkable proofs of their augmented power. In the great county of Devon, Lord Ebrington, a nobleman who has been long known as the eloquent advocate of the popular cause, has triumphantly displaced the late Tory member Mr. Bastard. In Cambridgeshire the influence of the Duke of Rutland has been signally defeated in the return of Mr. Adeane, to the exclusion of Lord C. Manners. In Surrey the retirement of Mr. Palmer was followed by a severe contest between Mr. Briscoe, a candidate on the popular interest, and Colonel Jolliffe, an inveterate enemy of reform, which terminated in the election of the former, and the exemplary discomfiture of Mr. Holme Sumner. In Norfolk, a colleague of congenial sentiments has been given to the excellent veteran Mr. Coke, in the room of Mr. Wodehouse; and the unopposed return of Mr. Hume with Mr. Byng for Middlesex, although partly attributable to the fear of an expensive struggle with popular force, proves that the body of freeholders, who are the best informed of their class, are capable of preferring worth to show, and of appreciating painful labours for their benefit, although unaccompanied by any qualities which can astonish or charm. The short contest for Oxfordshire, between Lord Norreys, the son of the Earl of Abingdon, and Sir George Dashwood, was merely personal, and (as the news-

papers say of the trials which they do not report,) "of no interest except to the parties."

Although the issue of the Essex election left the County in the same state of nonrepresentation in which it has been for several Parliaments, returning one member for the Whigs, and one for the Tories, the contest brought into action a most salutary power, for the first time felt, in the combined strength of the smaller freeholders, disputing the will of the Esquires, which had so long been law. On this strength chiefly Mr. Wellesley stood; and, in spite of the feeling which the unfortunate notoriety of certain passages in his life had excited against him, would have succeeded, if some of the principal supporters of Mr. Western had not split their votes with Colonel Tyrell, in order to exclude him. At the hustings he rested his claims on the assertion of the principles of constitutional reform; but his arguments and illustrations, though often forcible, were as often in marvellously bad taste, and his virulent personalities, and his foolish allusions to his readiness to enforce his pretensions by the pistol, were not calculated to advance him in the good graces of the moral or the fastidious. Whether an increasing distaste produced by these circumstances, or a secret wish to preserve the county in its old state of ignoble compromise, induced some influential persons, who have always supported the principles avowed by Mr. Wellesley, to vote for Colonel Tyrell, who was pledged to oppose them, we know not; their resolution is to be deplored, not so much as it occasioned the defeat of Mr. Wellesley, but as it tended to throw discredit on the motives of men to whom the more liberal part of the county have been accustomed to look for encouragement and example. Even with all these disadvantages, Mr. Wellesley polled more than 2300 votes, of which 2000 were plumpers: and has rendered an essential service by enabling a class of freeholders, daily increasing in intelligence, to know and assert their power; to rely on themselves, and never again to be made the tools of opposing or combining factions.

But the greatest event in the County elections—perhaps the greatest in the whole history of elections—is the return of Mr. Brougham for Yorkshire. It is, indeed, a new and glorious sign of the times, that a man without birth, high connexion, office, or estate, should be elected almost by acclamation as the representative of the greatest county of England, with which he was wholly unconnected, except by the exercise of his profession at its assizes, simply because its thousands of reflecting minds regard him as the most powerful advocate of humanity and freedom. It is idle to contend that the last position which Mr. Brougham has chanced to take, as the leader of a miscellaneous opposition to the Duke of Wellington, has influenced this choice; for, whatever the opinion of the County may be on this low personal question, it could never excite such enthusiasm or impel to such an issue; but his constituents have looked back on those efforts which appear as so many watch-fires along the course of knowledge and liberty, appalling their enemies, and lighting their friends upon their onward path. They see, or think they see in him, an earnest and practical reformer of the laws; an opponent of monopoly in the East Indies, and of slavery in the West; and the most zealous and active friend of every plan for diffusing knowledge; and, believing in his constancy to these objects,



which influence the great prospects of our species, they care but little how he may choose his part within the smaller circle of political intrigue. It is foreign to our purpose to speculate on his future course as a politician; it is enough to know that the impulses which he has given to society cannot be chilled, nor the debt which it owes to him paid. It may be regarded as the most singular coincidence in the history of human affairs, that the person whose intellect philosophers would consider as among the most remarkable of his time, should thus have been elevated to the greatest of those stations for which wealth and mediocrity have been the immemorial requisites—or rather let us call it one of the most signal evidences of the progress of that silent and peaceful revolution, which, without breaking up the surface of society, is animating its forms with a new expression, and working in its dull antiquities till they become the symbols of living and influential truths.

The mere results of elections for boroughs, where the right of voting is in burgesses, without regard to residence, are of little value as indexes of public opinion. Dispersed throughout the kingdom, the electors have often no subsisting connexion with the place in respect of which they vote, except that which enables them to take a drunken journey thither, whenever they can wind up some unhappy "third man," to the perilous determination "of giving every freeman an opportunity of exercising his franchise." There is no local interest or feeling common to the scattered members of the fantastical corporation; no reason why they should be brought to disturb the repose of an insignificant town, which can scarcely lodge them under pretext of voting for its representative; but as far as regards the distant electors, every inducement to sell or barter their votes, without the check or restraint of local vigilance or opinion. For the continuance of such a franchise, there is nothing to be said—except that it exists; which will scarcely be accounted a reason much longer.\* But a contest for the representation of such a place may become interesting by reason of the principles which it may involve, the parties who may be opposed, or the energies which it may inspire. Thus the little romantic town of Bridgenorth, which seems almost to grow out of a rocky promontory of the Severn, among the gayest undulations of Shropshire, became the scene of a stirring drama, in which the

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\* The little town of Maldon in Essex exhibits a practical *reductio ad absurdum* of this kind of franchise. It contains about 2000 inhabitants; but has a charter which, in due course of time, may embrace the whole kingdom as electors, and make it the citadel of universal suffrage. At the election of 1826, nearly two thousand persons were admitted its burgesses, and who were brought from all parts of the kingdom to be made free; and as thus the demand for voters was always met by a fresh supply, the polling continued for fifteen days, and the aggregate expenses of the three candidates probably exceeded 40,000*l.*—the greater part of which was, of course, spent in brutal excess. As the daughters of all freemen have, under this beneficent charter, the right of making their husbands free, several honest couples were married to create voters on the spot—and in some instances the nuptial tie was fastened in vain, for it was too late discovered that the lady had no freedom to give! As the persons having a title to this privilege, increase with a rapidity far beyond that of Mr. Malthus's geometrical ratio, it is probable that had there been a contest in 1830, at least double the number of incipient freemen might have been raked up; but such a contest was of course out of the question—and it is only to be hoped that the two present members, on whom the greater part of the enormous expense fell, will keep for life the seats they have paid for so dearly. By the next dissolution, a contest for Maldon will be as costly as for Yorkshire.

real actors were the monopolists of the Bank and the East India Company on the one side, and the great manufacturers of the midland counties on the other.

The representatives of this place were Mr. Whitmore, of Apley, and Mr. W. Woolryche Whitmore—the first the head of an ancient family, possessing a large and beautiful estate in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, who had generally inclined to the Tory principles; the second also residing in the neighbourhood, and related to Mr. Whitmore, but representing a different family, had chiefly distinguished himself in Parliament as the advocate of free-trade. These gentlemen had each, almost of necessity, a strong interest among the resident voters: and they were of course liable to be attacked by the cry of "Coalition" from all those who wished to diversify the dullness and the borrough by a contest, and who formed a "third man's club," to promote the circulation of ale and money, without the least regard to who or what the "third man" might be. The efforts of this party would be little worth noticing if they had not been aided by some powerful friends of those monopolies, whose day of reckoning is at hand, and who felt an invincible objection to have Mr. Woolryche Whitmore as one of their judges. This gentleman has been for some time recognised as one of the most formidable opponents of absurd restrictions on trade in the House of Commons. He has brought to the investigation of the subject a mind of the best English class—masculine, sincere, and powerful; and to his advocacy of the cause which he has espoused, great force and vividness of exposition, and that simplicity of manner, which the habits of a country gentleman have cherished, and which give to his arguments a freshness that distinguishes them from those of men trained to business. He is also an obviously improving debater, as the occasional ruggedness and prolixity which are almost inseparable from the first development of original thinking, are disappearing, and his style is becoming adapted to an impatient and fastidious audience. To oppose him, therefore, was a great object; and, for the purpose, a candidate of considerable pretensions was found in Mr. Richard Arkwright, a gentleman of high character and agreeable manners, inheriting a large fortune derived from the most honourable sources, and a name worth half the titles of the House of Lords. To what extent he was supported by the Bank and the East India Company can only be guessed; but that powerful members of those bodies anxiously desired his success was certain; and he was accompanied at the election by the Lord Chancellor's secretary. The conviction that Mr. W. Whitmore would be thus opposed, produced a combination of talent and energy to ensure his return rarely to be found in the annals of electioneering. The principal manufacturers of Kidderminster, and some of the greatest iron-masters of Staffordshire and Salop, unrepresented else in the House of Commons, resolved to show their gratitude for his past devotion to their cause, and commenced a subscription to defray the expenses of the contest, to which Liverpool subscribed largely, and the Chamber of Commerce at Glasgow voted a donation of 500*l.* But money was the least of their contributions; they brought to the struggle such intelligence, zeal, and discretion, as gave to it a noble aspect, and has rendered its issue sure. So completely were their arrangements spread out in every part of the country whence voters

could be brought, that the attempt of Mr. Arkwright, though conducted at an enormous expense, was soon found to be hopeless; and after the third day of the election, he retired, leaving Mr. Woolryche Whitmore with a majority almost doubling his numbers. But this was not all; for as Mr. Whitmore of Apley, on the first day of the election, in answer to a question put to him by Mr. Watson, an eminent manufacturer of Kidderminster, pledged himself to vote for the opening of the China trade, the principal supporters of Mr. W. Whitmore also supported him; and thus adding their force to his natural interest as a landlord and a neighbour, placed him yet higher on the poll. This election is not only important as exhibiting the defeat of a candidate of the monopolists by the new-tried energies of the manufacturing interest, but as enabling that interest to feel its moral and intellectual power; as inspiring its members to trust in each other; and as arming their selected advocate with new weapons of attack on that system which has shut out our merchants from the vastest fields of adventure, and has perpetuated the degradation of India merely to supply the incitements of jobbing and corruption in England.

The representation of London, Westminster, and the two Universities, remains unchanged. Southwark, where the right of election is in the payers of scot and lot—the franchise best calculated to make an election reflect the popular feeling—on this occasion gave an example of popular waywardness. Its electors, professing to support moderate reform and judicious retrenchment, rejected their old member, Mr. Calvert, who had uniformly voted for these measures, to elect Mr. Harris, whom they knew only as a kind and wealthy neighbour; some, we believe, being angry with Mr. Calvert because, contrary to his apparent interests, he had voted for the Beer Bill, and others because they took for granted that he had voted against it! Their present, however, was fatal to poor Mr. Harris; for his delight at his elevation brought on a fever, and he literally died of his success. At Newark, Mr. Sergeant Wilde made another gallant stand against the power which the Duke of Newcastle once asserted with an unreserve and *vaireté* so eminently serviceable to the popular cause, and almost succeeded, in spite of notices to quit. This able advocate, who in sheer force and impressiveness is without an equal at the English bar, though he yields to one or two harristers of the Court of King's Bench in tact and elegance, was necessarily hampered by the charges recently made against him in the Vice Chancellor's Court, and which have been urged out of that Court with at least as much malice as love of justice; yet he had nearly defeated Mr. Sadler, though sustained not only by the interest of the Duke, but by the higher power of his own honest enthusiasm, which, if verging on a certain "thin partition," is of no common order, and when exerted on behalf of the claims of the poor on the state, commands our entire sympathy. At Shrewsbury, one country gentleman, Mr. Panton Corbett, was displaced by a wealthier country gentleman, Mr. Jenkins, without, as we believe, much expectation of change in the votes to be given in the House; but Mr. Slaney, a very active and intelligent member, on the Liberal side, maintained his ground, in spite of great efforts to remove him. At Colchester, Norwich, Abingdon, and Newcastle-under-Lyme, the popular cause was triumphant. At Bedford, it was provokingly defeated, Colonel Polhill

being elected in preference to Lord John Russell by the single vote of the Mayor—a result greatly to be lamented, yet obviously affording no inference as to the predominance of any opinion, except that of the worthy Mayor. Several of the contests involved no political feeling whatever; as that at Marlow, where the attempt by Colonel Clayton, a gentleman residing in the town, and heir to a large estate in its neighbourhood, to obtain one of the seats now held by Mr. Owen Williams and his son, was narrowly frustrated; and that at Stafford, where the true struggle was, in the minds of the electors, between the pride of being represented by men of talent, and the desire to preserve certain tangible advantages which they had been accustomed to look for. The result did them high honour; for they have sent to Parliament, in Mr. Campbell, a man of an understanding as comprehensive and as subtle, as quick for the detection of sophistry, and as apt for the discovery and accomplishment of practical good, as is possessed by any one who has, within our recollection, devoted himself to public life. Mr. Campbell began his course among the friends of Mr. Fox; he has risen to the foremost rank in his profession without the least compromise of the principles of his youth, by the mere force of his industry and intellectual vigour; and we believe he will be found as active in promoting useful reform in the laws, as he has been astute in applying them to the uses of his profession.

Of all the borough elections, none was more interesting in its progress, or more worthy of observation, than that for Reading. The right of voting in this beautiful and well-ordered town is possessed by more than 1100 electors, payers of scot and lot, among whom are many gentlemen, who have retired on moderate fortunes to enjoy the pleasures of the country, in a cheerful society, within a short distance of London, and a great number of substantial tradesmen, yielding to none in the kingdom for intelligence and spirit. The place has thus a public mind of its own; capable not only of being strongly excited by the ordinary contentions of party, but of taking a refined and abstracted interest in the greatest questions which affect the welfare of the species. For many years, the electors have been divided into two parties, which, until the late change in our policy, were widely distinguished in principle—one class being devoted to what they would term the resistance of popular encroachments, and the other to the extension of what they deemed popular rights. Of these parties, the Reformers have, for the last twenty-two years, proved the most powerful; having, during that time, returned both members to Parliament, and having attained that object with an expense to the candidates returned comparatively trifling. At the election in 1826, the Ministerialists, who delight to name themselves "the Blue party," made a gallant effort to attain the ascendancy, by supporting Mr. Wakefield, the well-known writer on Ireland, but opportunely converted from the cause of Catholic emancipation, and Mr. Spence, a gentleman of the Chancery bar, in opposition to Mr. Palmer and Mr. Monck, the former members; and they succeeded in obtaining the return of Mr. Spence, with a majority of four votes; but the return was set aside on a scrutiny by a Committee of the House of Commons, who restored Mr. Palmer to his seat. At this election, the game was played after the old intelligible fashion—the cries for economy and retrenchment were met by charges of

disloyalty; indignant allusion to the toleration of slavery were parried by a reference to "vested rights;" every hint at the necessity of legal or political reform was stigmatized as tending to revolution, and parried by those cabalistic words "the wisdom of our ancestors;" and so deadly an influence had the name of Popery, that the plain avowal of a determination to support the Catholic claims by the old members, was thought a piece of dangerous Quixotism. At this last election a vacancy was made by the retirement of Mr. Monck—a man as constantly attached to truth and right, and as indefatigable and unassuming in the pursuit of general good, as ever sacrificed domestic comfort to public duties; and "the Blue party" naturally resolved to take advantage of the presentment of an untried candidate to dispute the seat which he had vacated. Dr. Lushington, who offered himself on the popular interest, was personally unknown to the electors; but his name was honourably connected with every question on which their minds had been for years active—the establishment of universal liberty of conscience, now almost achieved; the extension of the elective franchise to meet the increase of intellectual power in the people, just within their grasp; the amelioration of the penal code, already begun; the extermination of slavery, now admitted to depend only on time; and the payment of that debt of justice so long due by us to the great Eastern empire, which we have resigned to the dominion of a trading company. Had such a man appeared in 1826 as a candidate, the objection to him by the "Blue party" would have been obvious—he was opposed to the Ministry, therefore an enemy to all our venerable institutions; he was friendly to some reform in a system which "worked so well," therefore a Radical; he had a sense of the value of human life, even when defiled by crime, therefore a visionary; he was an advocate of the Catholic claims, therefore an enemy to the Church of England. Times were now changed; the language of reform was no longer disloyal; the Catholic question had been carried, yet the tithes of the Church were still paid, and her worship loved; yet "the Blue party" must have a candidate of their own. They had a right to have one; and if nothing distinctive was left them by the progress of opinion but a name and a colour, their adherence to these cannot be complained of. It is better that men should attach themselves to a principle than a colour; but the first thing to be desired is, that they should have some object of unselfish regard, which may call their nobler energies into play, and raise them above the narrow aims and engrossing cares of their daily life; and, in this point of view, devotion to a colour is not to be contemned. The Blue candidate put forward, himself unknown to fame, was the younger brother of Mr. Russell, of Swallowfield, a gentleman, himself known as possessing a large fortune, and endowed with splendid talents, but who had become unpopular by a practical exposition of ultra-Malthusian doctrines, in a code of laws framed for the government of the paupers of his own parish, and which, however honestly designed, would not have been a recommendation at the hustings. The contest was a most weary one, lasting ten days—one devoted to oratory, six to polling, and three to the discussion of votes remaining undecided at the close of the poll; and at the termination Mr. Russell was declared elected, with a majority of nineteen over Dr. Lushington, with Mr. Palmer, whose return was never in danger. Although this

election was contested between the identical parties opposed four years ago, there was a total change in its character; the cry of no Popery was unheard; "civil and religious liberty," so late words of evil omen, were displayed on the Tory banners; and, excepting the East India question, on which Mr. Russell did not speak distinctly, but upon which his inclinations were generally understood, it would be difficult to find a matter of political interest on which the opposing candidates did not, in terms, agree. The triumph was even less that of a person than of a principle; for Dr. Lushington won the esteem and affection of his adversaries—every thing but their votes. Even in questioning the franchise of those who tendered their votes against him, which he did the whole day before the assessor, he so performed his delicate office as to gain regard; and his public addresses, bearing on the nicest points of an elector's duty, and embracing the widest range of philanthropic contemplation, sank deep into the hearts of his hearers. His failure, after such a struggle, must be regretted by all who are attached to the causes of which he has been the indefatigable advocate; but if the individual issue be painful, the aspect of the contest was cheering; for it has shown that the principles of freedom have been silently triumphing among the ranks of those who were originally banded to oppose them; and that they can only earn a difficult triumph in a place like Reading, by adopting those sentiments and watch-words which, so late as 1794, were treated by the King's Attorney-General as evidence of treasonable combinations.

The prominent incidents, and general aspect of the late elections are clearly auspicious to the views of those who desire to witness the calm and gradual extension of popular rights, the abolition of slavery, the maintenance of the principles of free trade, and the opening of the commerce of the East. At the greater number of really popular elections, the candidates who have most decidedly pledged themselves to vote for these objects have succeeded; and almost all candidates who had any constituents to propitiate, were obliged to borrow some of the language of their advocates. There is no candidate, we will venture to affirm, who stood a real contest, without pledging himself distinctly to vote for retrenchment, and for all possible reduction of the public burthens. There is no candidate of whom we have heard who has boldly answered the question so often asked, whether he would vote for opening the trade to China? by a direct negative; for it was evaded even by those who were notoriously supported by the East India Company. Instead of bearing every argument for reform answered by the avowed dread of revolution, we have found the difference between the most zealous reformers, and those who once sneered at the very name, sunk into a question of degree; as the abolition of slavery has become a question of time. Although the season had come when the Catholics, restored to the privileges of citizens, might be expected to struggle for the acquisition of that "political power" which was so often referred to with a superstitious terror, we heard no alarm of "The Church in Danger." The apprehensions which were turned to such excellent account four years ago, were all forgotten now that the contemplated exigency had arrived; and the restrictive laws, so late vaunted as the safeguards of the Protestant establishment, were as things which had never been. In particular places, no doubt there was a violent col-

lision of parties; but the mere conflict of opinions had lost much of that bitterness which prevailed when there was only a fear of insurrection on the one side, and a sense of oppression on the other. Every thing bespoke the beneficial effects of the advancing intelligence of the people—of power derived from knowledge—and, therefore, accompanied by a disposition to use it wisely.

But are the results of the elections favourable to the Ministers? We answer, Yes, if the Ministers be for us—No, if they be against us. That the Government has lost rather than gained in the number of those on whose votes it can absolutely and at all events reckon, we believe; because, unquestionably, this has been the case in the popular elections, and it must be so more and more, as prejudice retires before knowledge. The Duke of Wellington himself, in making the first breach in those fortresses behind which Government had long entrenched itself from the people, prepared the way for this issue. When the Ministry ceased to be identified with penal and restrictive laws, it lost that distinctive character which enabled its supporters to invoke all the loyal, and all the timid, and all the expecting, to vote at its bidding. The members returned by the people in this Parliament will not give a blind support to the Duke of Wellington because he is Minister; but neither, we believe, will they hasten to form a factious opposition—to league with the scorner and the scorned—with all they have most detested, and with those who gave most vehement utterance to that detestation, merely to destroy an administration, without any faith in the constructive or healing power of those who require their aid. When the Duke of Wellington perceives, as speedily he must, what the requisitions of the people are, and the force with which they can urge them, will he not yield, as before he yielded, and place himself at their head? He may have no strong sympathy with them; but he has no fancies, no theories, no fine and delicate prejudices against them; and when he sees where power is, he may choose the office of leading it to victory. He is, at all events, no dotard dreamer over antiquated abuses; he at least sees clearly and acts promptly; and if he should perceive that his interest and his glory require that he should point and direct the force which he cannot restrain, he will supply to the cause of human improvement exactly what it has always wanted—unity of purpose and decided action. Whether he thus goes forward, or attempts a retrograde course, is of more consequence to his fame than to the interests of the people; for with the people will be the newly-infused energy of the Parliament; and with them the great events on the Continent are irresistibly working. We know that the corruptions which are already withering, cannot live in that great and beneficent light which has just been struck out by the collision of the intelligence of the French people with the crazy stupidity of their rulers; we hope the Duke of Wellington will yet “place his armed heel” upon them; but if he refuse, their fate is no less sealed, and we shall have nothing to lament but that one who has done so much and so nobly, should want the fit completion of his fame.

## CONTINUATION OF REMARKS ON TRAVELS IN GREECE.

BY MR. S. T. HUGHES, B. D.

HAVING discussed some of the principal points in the earlier part of Mr. Hughes's Travels, we now proceed to pay attention to his second volume, which comprises an elaborate account of Albania, and of that frightfully-distinguished character, Ali Pasha of Joannina. The ground here is less perfectly classical than some places which Mr. Hughes had previously visited; but if it teems with less historical interest, it is full of matter for our sympathy with the living. Awful, indeed, is the picture of human manners and circumstances which this country holds up, and, we confess, to our own taste, more appalling than amusing; but it may not be uninteresting.

The knowledge of even the reading public respecting Albania was, till of late, exceedingly superficial and circumscribed. In a general geographical view, it corresponds to ancient Epirus; but the limits of neither the ancient nor the modern country seem to have ever been very accurately defined. To ancient Epirus the civilization of Greece never extended; and though it was famed for its Oracle of Dodona, and is abundantly alluded to by classic authors, yet it was always vaguely described, and imperfectly explored. When the Romans conquered it, they destroyed all the places that could be called its cities; and having thus made the land more savage than they found it, they left it to remain so during their empire—for no regular Roman road lay through Epirus. In later times, it has been remarked, by the most diligent of modern geographers, Conrad Mannert, that the wilds of America, and the interior of Asia, are better known to us than this *not* very remote corner of Europe—Albania.

Of late, however, it has been made an object of research by several intelligent English travellers. At the head of these must be reckoned the accomplished Colonel Leake, who has given an able account of the language and lineage of the Albanians. About ten years ago, an anonymous traveller offered a Life of Ali Pasha to the London booksellers, but could find no publisher, though Ali had been already made an object of public notice by his intercourse with several Englishmen, and by the pen of Byron. The refused work was forthwith translated into French, and came out at Paris. It became immediately so popular that it was about to be re-translated into English, when the author caused this trouble to be saved by bringing out the work in its original state. Mr. Hobhouse, Dr. Holland, and Mr. Pouqueville have also described this extraordinary barbarian; but Mr. Hughes, who dined with him, seems to have seen him more familiarly than any of his preceding biographers.

Ali was born, most probably, in the year 1741, at a small town called Tepeleni, about sixty miles north of Joannina. His family had been established for several centuries in this place, and one of its members, whose name was Muzzo, having been very successful in the honourable calling of a Kleft, or robber, secured the Lordship of Tepeleni to himself, and transmitted it to his descendants. Mouchtar, his grandfather, fell at the siege of Corfu in 1717, just as he had scaled the ramparts, and was animating his troops to follow his example. His sword was long kept as a relic in the armoury of Corfu. The father



of our hero, Vely Bey, was most iniquitously treated by his brothers, who robbed him of his patrimony, and drove him from home; but he returned suddenly with some followers, set fire to the family mansion, and consumed his two brothers in the flames. He died, however, in the prime of life, harassed and menaced by surrounding enemies, leaving two widows, with a daughter and two sons. One of these widows was Khamco, the mother of Ali, and of his sister Shainitza. This ferocious woman's first proceeding was to get rid of her rival, and of her rival's child, by poison thus securing all the rights and property of her husband to Ali, who was at this time fourteen years of age. She then headed her own clan, with a musket over her shoulder, gave battle to her enemies, and took her son, as an obedient associate, in her expeditions. She had in this manner, for some time, not only maintained resistance to her neighbours, but carried incursions into their lands, when the inhabitants of Gardiki dispatched a secret expedition at night against Tepeleni, and succeeded in carrying off both the mother of Ali and his sister Shainitza. Ali himself narrowly escaped the snare by being absent. The women were carried to Gardiki, where they suffered the worst outrages that can be offered to the sex. The generous compassion of a Gardikote chief enabled them to escape, and they rejoined Ali at Tepeleni; but the stain upon their house was considered as indelible, except by blood. The authority of his mother, and the influence of his sister, who inherited her spirit, were henceforth exerted to keep alive the flame of vengeance in his heart. The former, on her death-bed, declared to her son that her spirit would never rest till he had exterminated the guilty race; and the latter, who, if she had been a man, would have fought with Ali inch by inch for his dominions, incessantly told him that she should never know peace of mind till she had stuffed the couches of her apartment with the hair of the Gardikote women. After the lapse of nearly half a century, the vengeance enjoined by those furies was fulfilled by Ali.

Ali's education consisted in little more than warlike exercises, and listening to songs and stories of battles and revenge.\* In spite of this martial training, however, he was, soon after the above adventure of his parent's capture, defeated in battle, and his indignant mother threatened to clothe him in female attire, and to shut him up in the apartments of the women. A second time he took the field, and was again unfortunate. Deserted by his followers, he retreated into the ruins of an old monastery, where, as he stood musing on his melancholy prospects, he accidentally raked the ground with his staff, and picked up a casket filled with Venetian sequins. With this treasure he returned home, appeased his mother, and married Ermineh, the daughter of the Bey of Delvino, a chief whom he afterwards murdered. After many reverses and struggles, he succeeded in bringing his enemies to terms of peace, and in strengthening his native fortifications, but not until he had assumed the whole government of his affairs to himself, and confined his mother for the rest of her life to the apartments of the harem. It has been even said that he accelerated her death; but, bad as he was, this anecdote appears to have been a calumny.

All this time he was engaged, with but few intervals, in the regular profession of a robber; and in this capacity he made some marvellous

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\* It appears, however, that he could write.

escapes from the reward that was due to his merits. Kourt, the Pasha of Berat, took him prisoner, and was strongly advised to put him to death. But the old man was so fascinated by the appearance and manners of his captive, that he took him into favour, employed him in a petty war with one of his Albanian chiefs, and made him his treasurer. In this chieftain's service Ali signalized his bravery, and even won the affections of the Pasha's daughter; but he could not obtain her in marriage, as she belonged to one of the first families in the Ottoman empire. He was dismissed, however, with many presents, and enriched himself once more by robberies, till he was taken prisoner by the Pasha of Joannina. By that officer he was liberated, for reasons that have not been explained; and he renewed his depredations on so large a scale, that the Porte sent orders to the Derven Pasha of Rumelie to attack and put him to death. The Derven Pasha at this time happened to be that very Kourt in whose service Ali had been lately engaged; and the latter found no great difficulty in propitiating his old acquaintance, and through his means in obtaining a pardon from Constantinople. Disgust must make us brief in the summary of his atrocious career, and we omit many revolting details. By perfidy, assassination, and intrigue, he contrived to reach the office of Pasha of Rumelie, which he retained by sharing his spoils very largely with the Ottoman Court; and so high did his character stand for bravery and success, that in 1787, when war broke out between Turkey and the Allied Powers of Austria and Russia, that he was invited to an important command in the army of the Grand Vizier Usouf, under whom he was considered one of the best officers in the Ottoman service.

After annexing places to his territories that gave him the command of the river Voiusa, from its source in Pindus as far as Tepeleni, and the free navigation of the whole Ambracian Gulph, he next fell foul of the unfortunate Suliots on the south of his dominions, a people who preserved many traits of the personal beauty and warlike spirit of the ancient Greeks. The locality of the little Suliot republic was unique in its adaptation for resistance. Their villages lay upon a fine plain, at the perpendicular height of 2000 feet above the bed of the Acheron; a grand natural breastwork descended precipitously to the river, whilst behind them rose a towering chain of mountains, at once their ornament and defence. To the strength of their passes was added the intrepidity of the people, among whom the women took precedence at the wells and fountains, according to the bravery of their husbands. Ali's preparations for his first expedition against this people were made in 1792, when assembling 10,000 men, on pretence of attacking the Bey of Argyro Castro, he allured seventy Suliots into his ranks, treacherously seized them, and next day marched upon Suli. It is agreeable to interrupt the narration of his successes, by stating the fact that he was defeated in his first invasion of this country. Flying from the last battle in the campaign, Ali killed two horses by his eagerness in the precipitate escape; and when he arrived at his capital, he shut himself up for some days, in a state of well-merited mortification.

About this time, the political horizon began to be darkened with the harbingers of those storms that so long convulsed all Europe. French revolutionists were busy around Ali. Hopes were held out to him of his being able to shake off dependance on the Porte, and to as-

sume the sovereignty of Epirus. It was supposed that his chief reason for attacking Suli was, that he might establish himself in an impregnable fortress; but, failing in his first project, he became wary of his new friends. His great aim was to dispossess the Venetians of their settlements upon the coast, for he had yet no marine, nor the means of forming it; the politic Venetians having inserted in their treaty with the Porte, "that no subject of Turkey should build a fort within a mile of the Ionian coast, nor sail with any armed vessel through the channel of Corfu." At last, in 1797, Ali saw the Venetians driven from the Ionian islands, whilst the French flag waved upon the shores of Epirus. This was the moment for which he had anxiously waited. Suspecting that the great Republic entertained views against the tottering power of Turkey, he sent a confidential agent to Bonaparte's head-quarters in the north of Italy. In the negotiation between these two great and crafty personages, Ali seems to have had rather the advantage. He gained permission, in spite of former treaties, to sail through the Corfiote channel; he seized upon the towns of Aghio, Vasili, and Nurteza, the inhabitants of which he massacred at their prayers in church; he got the important fishery at Santa Quaranta, and the harbour of Porto Palermo: he thus drew, as it were, a cordon round the Pashalic of Delvino, and at the same time, whilst he paid tribute to the Sultan for every place which he conquered, he raised the estimate of his piety at Constantinople by the accounts which he caused to be circulated of his massacres and confiscations among the Christians—accounts which had the modesty and merit of falling considerably short of truth. The Grand Turk himself could no longer be insensible to the virtues of Ali; and in the dispatches which he received from Constantinople, he was regularly honoured with the title of Aslan, "the Lion."

Matters soon changed so far that Ali found it his interest to take part against the French; but before he made this step, he took the liberty of arresting a French general (Rosa) whom he found at Joannina, and extorting from him by bodily tortures a confession of the defenceless state of the French in the Seven Islands.

Before England, Russia, and Turkey, could bring their fleets to cooperate against France, Ali, alive to his own interests, had commenced his operations. He attacked Prevesa, a city which became the key of his marine, and which may be called the Portsmouth of Albania. At this place, Ali brought ten thousand men to bear upon eight hundred French, and their native allies. He overwhelmed them by numerical force, and massacred them in such numbers that the executioner, a negro of gigantic size, had his wrists swollen and his strength exhausted by the exercise of decapitation. Upon his return to Joannina, he determined to recommence operations against the Suliots, several of whose families, it is lamentable to say, had proved accessible to his arts and bribery.

The story of his second Suliote war is too deplorable to invite us to a long narration. The Republican mountaineers were such objects of general sympathy, when on the point of their yielding to Ali, that his own wife, a woman described as beautiful and amiable, pleaded before her husband their unfortunate cause. Ali, enraged at her interference, fired a pistol at his interceding wife, and she died, though not of a wound, yet from convulsions brought on by terror. The poor Suliots

were at last so worn down by war and famine, and so strictly blockaded on every side, that they accepted of terms of capitulation on the 12th of Dec. 1803. The rest of their history, and the treachery and massacres that awaited them, are too painful to be transcribed.

In the course of political events, Ali found it his interest once more to change sides. The victory of Austerlitz was followed by the union of Illyricum and Dalmatia with the French empire, and Ali now thought it prudent to recover the favour of Napoleon. He sent a request to him, that a Consul might be established in the Albanian capital, and M. Pouqueville was selected for that office.

In 1808, Ali became actively engaged in correspondence with our commanders, for the purpose of bringing about a peace between Turkey and Great Britain. Our minister, Mr. Adair, arrived at Constantinople in the latter end of that year. During this negotiation, Ali attempted to engage Mr. Adair in a promise of co-operating with him in the reduction of Parga; but our countryman for the present foiled his disgraceful purpose. As soon as the preliminaries of peace were signed, Ali despatched an agent to England, who so well enhanced his services, that the British Government sent him a park of artillery, with several hundred of the newly-invented Congreve rockets, and Colonel Leake, who had the care of this artillery, was ordered to remain to teach his Albanian troops the use of it, and to act as English resident. In this last capacity, Col. Leake was succeeded, in 1810, by Mr. G. Foresti, a Greek by birth, well educated, and sagacious, and well acquainted with the character of Ali. Mr. Foresti, in his unenviable situation at Joannina, acquitted himself with great credit, and kept the Vizier constant to that line of policy which favoured England, and frustrated the views of France. The task was difficult; for promises had been incautiously made to him, on the part of England, which it would have been either impossible to have performed, or unwarrantable on better knowledge of his character. Meanwhile, Ali went on extending his continental possessions in Albania, and eagerly expecting to be put in possession of some one of the Greek islands, upon the expulsion of the French, in which event he hoped to create a navy, and set the Porte at defiance.

In the same year, he escaped the greatest danger with which he had hitherto been threatened. This was no less than a plan of operations concerted between the French generals, and sanctioned by the Porte, to attack him with a force from Corfu, aided by a large corps under Marmont from Dalmatia. Nothing but our successes in Spain, which called off the enemy from that quarter, preserved him from destruction. The French, however, never totally gave up the plan, and would have made the attempt from Corfu alone, but for the intervention of a British fleet.

Thus, by a fatality more sad than censurable, our navy was protecting the monster who, two years afterwards, fell upon the city of Gardiki, and exterminated its inhabitants with acts of horror unparalleled even in those regions of ferocity. After this, he still farther gratified his revenge, by immuring in a dungeon, and starving to death, Mustafa, Pasha of Delvino. He was anxious for another victim, Ibrahim Pasha, who, as an officer of the Porte, had been implicated in the formation of the design against him lately meditated by the Turks.

But though he got this respectable old man into his power, he thought it necessary to ascertain how far he might displease the divan by proceeding to murder him. He, therefore, gave out a report that Ibrahim had disappeared, and that no one could trace whither he had gone. Ibrahim's daughters set up the cry for him as if he were dead, and the very subjects of Ali had the courage to weep for him: the city was filled with lamentations. Among the persons thus deceived was the venerable dervish Joussof Sheik, or chief of a Teké in Joannina, a personage very different from the ordinary character of the dervishes, whom even Ali could not help respecting for his virtues. Indignant at the supposed murder of Ibrahim, who had been his intimate friend, he proceeded instantly to the serai, pushed aside the guards, and burst into the presence of the despot.

"At the sight of his aged monitor, Ali, who suspected the cause of his visit, rose from the divan with great humility, and, moving towards him, would have placed him upon one of its cushions; but the dervish regarding him with a fixed look of displeasure, raised his arm and motioned him to be reseated: then addressing him as a judge might lecture a criminal, he ran over a list of his most enormous crimes, concluding it with the following awful admonitions. 'The very carpet on which I stand is moistened by the tears of thy miserable subjects: sit upon thy sofa indeed! is it not stained with the blood of thy murdered brothers? Have not the weapons on these thy walls been blunted on the skulls of Suliots and Kimarriotes, whose errors our religion teaches us to deplore as long as they submit to our authority? Do I not behold from this very window the tomb of Ermineh, that virtuous wife of whom thou wert the murderer?' Here the awe-struck despot gasped for breath, and made signs to stop his severe monitor, but in vain. 'Do I not behold,' said he, 'that fatal lake into which thou didst precipitate seventeen innocent matrons, and which daily opens like the jaws of hell to devour the victims of thy insatiable fury? Has not thy sister, that daughter of Belial, emulating thee in crime, profaned our most sacred laws, in tearing off their veils from the Gardikiote women? Has she not torn—I see thee shudder!—has she not torn an innocent victim reeking from the womb of one of her own women, because a Gardikiote was its father? Wretch! thou shalt for once hear the truth: thou canst not stir a step out of thy palace without walking over the grave of some being, created in God's image, whom thou hast sent out of the world, to stand and accuse thee before his throne. Thou livest in the midst of luxury and pomp, surrounded by detestable flatterers, the panders of thy vices; and time, that marks every child of Adam with the ineffaceable seal of age, has not yet taught thee that thou art mortal, and that a day shall come'—'Stop, stop, my father,' cried the Vizir, 'thou hast just pronounced the name of Ermineh—I adjure thee by her memory not to overwhelm me with the weight of thy malediction.' The Sheik did stop; and without uttering another word walked out of the apartment, shook the dust from off his feet against the accursed walls, and returned to his cell: he had done his duty, though without any hope of reforming the tyrant, whom he never again troubled, but left to the horrors of his own conscience and to divine justice."

On hearing the report of Ibrahim's murder the Sultan was indignant, and sent a messenger to inquire into the business. Ali affected astonishment at the sight of the messenger, and sent him with his own ministers to see Ibrahim in the best apartment of the Seraglio, apparently surrounded by every comfort. The poor old prisoner having been threatened with the extremity of torture if he disclosed the truth, sent word to the Sultan that he was perfectly well treated, and more than contented with his condition; after which he was remanded to his dungeon.

Another of Ali's achievements—we cannot call it the next, for a series of horrors intervene—was getting possession of Parga. On this distressing event Mr. Hughes, though he has treated it with historical clearness, has been able to throw no new light that can relieve an English mind from the impression that it is a blot on our national character. In some quarter or other there was undeniable and culpable apathy to the fate of this brave people, though in a business where the agency was so complicated, we are disposed, for fear of blaming the innocent, to abstain from fixing individual culpability. We turn from the sad transaction, wishing that our country may for ever view it with penitence, and atone for it by better deeds.

Not even the possession of Parga could satisfy Ali's ambition, though its possession made him master of Continental Greece, from the Attic boundary of Parnes, to the rugged mountains of Illyrium. He turned his eyes still farther north, and kept a party in pay that favoured his ambitious views upon the Pashalic of Scodra. But he was disconcerted by the unusually prompt policy of the Turkish government, which now began to think seriously of chastising this arch rebel. Indeed Sultan Mahmoud had early shown a character marked with greater decision than that of his predecessors for many generations; so energetic had been his measures that he had reduced all his refractory Satraps, excepting Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and Ali Aslan, Pasha of Joannina. The Porte appointed a new Rumelic Vasilee, who was stationed at Monastir to overawe and check our Albanian Vizier. Moreover at Constantinople Ali had two most bitter and implacable enemies; the celebrated Haleh Effendi, Sultan Mahmoud's chief favourite, and Ismael Pashou Bey, a distinguished man, whose life had been a series of persecutions contrived by Ali. The latter having learned from his agents how highly Pashou stood in the favour of the Sultan, made an attempt to get him assassinated. One morning in February 1820, two Albanian horsemen rode up briskly to his residence, discharged their pistols at his head and scampered off—but, unhappily for Ali, Pashou's head was pistol proof, and he was but slightly wounded. The marksmen were overtaken, and being put to the torture, confessed who had sent them. This last act of audacity completely roused the indignation of the Sultan: a secret divan was held, in which the destruction of the Old Lion of Albania was resolved upon, and he was placed under the ban of the Empire. Little, however, did the Divan suppose, that by this attack upon a rebellious vassal it was lighting the train to the explosion of Greek insurrection. In precipitating the commencement of that event, there can be no doubt that Ali's rebellion had an important concern; as if, to use the words of another traveller, that monstrous spawn of despotism, "Ali Pacha, had been reserved to make, before he perished, one involuntary atonement to liberty for the outrages which he had employed his long life in inflicting upon her."\*

The monster was now in serious difficulties, and having to face the firman of the Sultan and the anathema of the Mufti, could place little reliance on his Mahometan subjects. He might have fled to Corfu, where his English allies still, in consistency, owed him protection; and this he attempted too late: or he might have thrown himself, with all

\* Waddington's Travels in Greece.

his riches, into the hands of the Greeks, who would have defended his mountain-barriers against all invaders. But the cause of Greek liberty was happily never polluted by any farther obligation to him. He took some half measures, indeed, and bribed the Greek *Armstoli*,\* but he never inspired the Greeks with confidence. At the first decisive movement of his opponents, Ali's power began to crumble to pieces. Place after place surrendered to the Turks, and the surrender of Parga was a signal for the *Sulists*, a considerable number of whom still existed in the Ionian Isles, and the Neapolitan dominions, to return and act against their ancient foe. Their principal leaders were *Noto Botzari*, and his nephew *Marco*, the *Leonidas* of modern Greece, under whom these valiant mountaineers chased the troops of Ali up to the very gates of his *Castron*. At last, in the February of 1822, affairs were brought to such a state, that Ali, after having, with his accustomed atrocity, destroyed his own capital, was driven to shut himself up in the *Castron* within a large tower strongly fortified, and constructed with three stories. In the lower one was the magazine, containing an immense quantity of gunpowder, over which *Kutchuk* (or little) *Achmet*, the most daring and devoted of his slaves, held constant watch, with a lighted match, ready at his master's signal to blow the whole into the air; in the middle story was the *Old Lion's den*, and at the top were those treasures to which he clung even on the brink of the grave.

*Courschid Pasha*, who now commanded the expedition that was to hunt down our hero, was more than a match for him in the craft of Ottoman policy. He assured Ali that he was his best friend, and that he had procured for him a promise of pardon, and the liberty of retiring to any place he pleased with half his treasures. This was a master-stroke of policy. Had Ali been told that he was to retain none of his wealth, he would have blown himself up immediately. Had he been offered all his treasures, the hoax would have been too plain. He fell into the snare on the 5th of February 1822. *Kutchuk Achmet's* match was extinguished—the imperial standard was hoisted upon Ali's last strong hold—and his power was gone.

During these transactions Ali was seated in the Convent amongst a few remaining friends. They were exhausted and depressed in spirits, and so was he, but his countenance still retained fortitude. An officer of *Courschid Pasha* entered with his guards, and began a friendly conversation with Ali. He desired to know if he was in want of any provisions, and was answered that a supply of meat would be agreeable, whilst it was hinted at the same time, though with an acknowledgment of scruples on Mahometan principles, that a little wine would be an acceptable support to his age and infirmities. The visitant arose to take his leave; Ali arose at the same time, and whilst he was in the act of bowing profoundly in return for a similar obeisance, received from his visitant the stab of a poniard into his back with such force that it pierced his heart and passed out at his left breast.

An apology seems to be due to human nature for holding up a being who so much disgraced it, as an important object to the curiosity. Travellers account for their attaching so much interest to Ali, by alleging, that with all his crimes and cruelties, he governed Albania

\* A species of militia.

better than it had been governed before, or has been since governed. This savage country, they tell us, never claimed the notice of the world—except at three very widely separated epochs of time, under Pyrrhus, under Scanderbeg, and the late Old Lion—and that, in point of talents, it may be doubted whether the hero of either the classical or middle age surpassed this adventurer. The exploits of Scanderbeg at least have been certainly much exaggerated. Albania, within the last sixty years, has been materially changed in its government, institutions, and political condition, and all these changes it owes to one man—Ali Pacha—who, detested as he may be for his enormities, is still entitled to the praise of courage and talents. We yield considerable deference to this general opinion of travellers—but must he allowed to express our own scepticism on the subject. By Mr. Hughes's own showing, it seems impossible to find any interest in this savage, on the positive good which he effected; and we cannot help suspecting that he and Mr. Hobhouse and other travellers have entertained a most exaggerated idea of his title to the name of a great man. It does not appear that he had any idea of war, except those of bribing his adversaries, or fighting them from a robber's ambush. He was distinguished, we may be told, in the Turkish army, but the very name of a Turkish army was at that time synonymous with *that of a rabble*. In his battles with the most undisciplined troops, he was very frequently defeated, particularly by the Suliots; and in his last contest with the Porte, he evinced a total want of tactics and a miserable series of miscalculations. Of general principles of government he could form no idea, his system being one of constant expedients, applied to particular occasions, often, perhaps, evincing adroitness, but always founded on impolitic treachery, and executed with still more impolitic ferocity. He established no dynasty, and left his subjects as ignorant, as barbarous, as poor, feeble, and dependant as he found them. Whilst he fancied he was turning the good faith of European powers to his advantage, he was the victim of his own duplicity. If he had resolutely adhered to the interests of France when Napoleon offered him his protection, he might have established his independence, and by civilizing his subjects, might have been able to resist the Porte. Good faith towards Russia, at another period, would have achieved a similar result. Very few rebellious Pashas ever made so contemptible a resistance to the Sultan, and perhaps no person, in ancient or modern history, ever committed so many crimes to so small a purpose.

Though it would be prostituting words, therefore, to call him a great man, it cannot be denied that he was extraordinary. That travellers passing through his dominions should wish to see him was very natural; and if he wished to see *them* it would have been rather unwise to have declined his invitation. When Mr. Hughes was in the country, Ali was straining every nerve to make himself acceptable to the English. Accordingly, before they left Joannina he and another English gentleman were invited to the honour of dining with the Vizier in person. This was a distinction which no foreigner, except the late Lord Guilford, had before received; for even Sir John Stuart and General Airey, Governor of the Ionian Isles, though invited to dine with his Highness, had been seated at a different table. The fête, though given by Ali Pasha, was held at the house of a Greek gentleman,



Signore Alexi, and at his expense. The intimation of the honour awaiting our countrymen reached them just as they had finished their own dinner; but they preferred the chance of death by a surfeit to sending an excuse. Scarcely had they dressed themselves in their best apparel, when a chaoush arrived to conduct them through the streets. All the approaches to Alexi's mansion, as well as the court and galleries, were crowded with Albanian guards and others in the Pasha's train. The rooms were brilliantly lighted up, and the clang of cymbals, drums, and other Turkish instruments, denoted the presence of a potentate. They stopped for a short time in a large ante-room, where the Vizier's band was playing to a troop of dancing boys, dressed in the most effeminate manner, with flowing petticoats of crimson silk, and silver-clasped zones round the waist. They were revolving in one giddy and interminable circle—twisting their pliant bodies into the most contorted figures, throwing about their arms and heads like infuriated Bacchanals, and sometimes bending back their bodies till their long hair actually swept the ground.

As our travellers entered the banquet-room, they observed the Vizier seated as usual at a corner of the divan upon cushions of rich silk. Next to him sat a Turkish nobleman named Mazout Effendi, a venerable-looking man, with a long white beard, that exceeded the Vizier's by six inches. This old gentleman lived at Constantinople, but generally came to spend a few months of the year with Ali, being a great favourite on account of his convivial propensities. Below Mazout sat the Archbishop of Joannina, with the two Epitropi or Greek primates; so that the whole party, including two Englishmen, amounted to seven. Signore Alexi, the owner of the mansion, coming out from the midst of a crowd of Greeks that stood at the lower end of the divan, advanced with the Englishmen towards the Pasha, who received them with every mark of civility, and motioned them to sit on the sofa at his right-hand. Ali was in extreme good-humour, and profusely dealt out his wit, which of course produced immediate peals of laughter. Old Mazout in the mean time preserved the most dignified silence and demeanour; nor could it have been anticipated that Bacchus himself was to turn this haughty effendi into such a merry rogue and buffoon as he afterwards exhibited himself. Psalida, the school-master, was introduced as interpreter of tongues, though before the feast was over he lost the use of his own tongue, and was clipping the Vizier's Greek.

After the lapse of half an hour, the lady of the house came forward with a silver pitcher and ewer, and a finely-embroidered napkin thrown over her arm. Having advanced to the Vizier, and made her obeisance, she poured out warm water into the basin, with which he washed his hands; water was then brought to the other guests, and they performed the same ablution, which is certainly not unrequisite in a country where the knife and fork are superseded by the fingers. The Vizier then motioned his guests to draw round a circular tin tray, which had been scraped bright for the ceremony. Rich scarfs were thrown over their shoulders, and napkins placed before them, but so embroidered with gold as only to serve for decoration. A fine silken shawl being placed on the Vizier's knees, he courteously spread it out and extended it to Mr. Hughes and Mr. Parker.

Before dinner, they had an antecœnium of fruits and sweetmeats;

then came a tureen of thick soup, into which the Vizier dipped his wooden spoon. It was succeeded by a roasted lamb, the meat of which was stripped off by the fingers of all present; for though forks and knives were laid before the English travellers, they dispensed with them as much as possible. The lamb was followed by partridges, ducks, and poultry of every description, in quick and long succession—every dish, after a momentary appearance on the table, being quickly snatched away, but regularly replaced after it had been torn limb from limb by the dirty fingers of the hare-legged Albanian guards who stood around. The courtesy of the Vizier helped the plates of the Englishmen so plentifully, that the author expresses his surprise at their surviving the day's cramming. After they had run the gauntlet for two hours through eighty-six dishes, some of them excellently cooked, consisting of hoiled meats, fish, stews, pastry, game, and wild fowl, the dessert again appeared. Meanwhile no other liquor had been drunk but wine which was poured out by several beautiful youths of Ali's seraglio. In due time the Vizier, who was fond of seeing every one around him inebriated, ordered the goblets to be filled more frequently, and calling the crowd of Greeks to advance from the lower end of the room, he bade them drink like fishes. For himself, however, he took only a moderate portion, and very considerably advised the English guests to follow his example. The most distinguished toper was the lately venerable and dignified Effendi Mazout. He sang droll songs in the Turkish language; shouted, rolled about upon the divan, threw off his turban, snatched a tambourine from the leader of the dancing boys, and capered about beating the instrument like an ancient Silenus. Sometimes he went up to Ali, and almost suffocated him with his embraces. Again he ran off to the dancing boys, and seizing their coryphæus nearly stifled him with caresses; then dragging him up to the divan, he coaxed Ali to give him a handful of small gold coins, which he wetted with his spittle, and stuck like spangles over the boy's face, who struggled hard to get free that he might pocket the affront. When the dancers had quitted the room, the toasts began to circulate with great rapidity, all of which were given in full humpers. Ali gave the health of the Prince Regent and the Royal family of Great Britain; in return for which our travellers drank to the prosperity of his house and dynasty, and to the immortal memory of Pyrrhus, his heroic ancestor. Another toast that was proposed by Mr. Hughes, namely, the youngest and favourite son of Ali, having highly excited the Vizier's approbation, he ordered a fresh cask to be tapped, and the Greeks surrounding him and kissing the hem of his robe, tossed off glass after glass till he desired them to forbear. After this ebullition the Archbishop prudently decamped, and Psalida was led off in a state that disabled him from longer acting as interpreter. Meanwhile, though Ali and the Englishmen preserved their senses, old Mazout rolled under the table, and the Greeks seeing how the Vizier was inclined, though in the presence of an autocrat on whose breath their very lives depended, began to play all sorts of practical jokes on each other, tripping up heels, knocking off calpacs. The noise and confusion roused Mazout from his trance. Starting up in a delirium, he thrust his hand and arm through the sash-window behind him. The joke seemed to be relished. Signore Alexi put his arm

through another pane, and Mazout immediately broke in the whole sash with his hands and feet. All the Greeks now fell to, and in like manner demolished every window in the apartment, amidst the loud laughter of Ali and the Bacchanalian triumph of the Effendi, who ran to caress the Vizier after every feat that he performed.

When this work of destruction was finished, Ali gave the signal for breaking up the party, and silence immediately succeeded to yells like those of an Indian war-tribe. The Greeks retired to the bottom of the room; the pitcher and ewer with warm water were again introduced, and the customary ablutions were performed. Several guards then entered, and preceded the Vizier, with long wax tapers, to the head of the staircase, where he stood a few minutes, asked for his English friends, and took a very courteous leave of them. In the area stood several hundreds of his Albanian retinue, with a fine Arabian charger richly caparisoned. Vaulting into his saddle, he set off in a gallop towards the Serai of Litaritza, followed by his motley crew, some on horseback, others on foot, shouting, waving their torches, and running at full speed to keep up with their chief. Mr. Parker and myself, continues our author, walked silently home, and when we arrived at Signore Nichols's mansion we stared at each other, and mutually asked whether it was not all a dream.

Mr. Hughes's volumes are closely printed, and contain a vast mass of information, out of which we have selected and sought to epitomize some of the most interesting parts, having necessarily omitted, however, many subjects of his researches. But even from what has been said, we trust the reader will coincide in our opinion, that he is an enlightened and agreeable traveller.

T. C.

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BYRON AND SHELLEY ON THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET

It was indeed a delightful day. We had spent the hot time under some of the old, over-canopying chesnuts of the Grand Duke's wood; and perceiving now the green and golden light of sunset through the valleys of tree-tops, we began to wind our way home through the wilderness of underwood, following the track of a little path or sheepwalk, which led through the forest, as it gradually opened, and ended in the stately avenue of the Grand Duke's palace. Here, in the wide space, under those lofty trees, we were no longer constrained to walk singly, and Shelley placed himself beside Lord Byron, who led the way through the trees: "You seem very ineffable this evening," said he.

"I have been reading," he replied, "Hamlet."

"No wonder then you are melancholy."

"No," said Lord Byron, "'tis not so much melancholy, but I feel perplexed, confused, and inextricably self-involved; a nightmare sensation of impotence and vain endeavour weighs upon me, whether my own or Shakspeare's. Nor do I at all recognize in my feelings that calmness and grandeur which you said the other day one always felt in the presence of great genius."

Shelley. I understand you! 'Tis a feeling one but too often feels; when an object stands before one, unintelligible, "wrapped in its own formless horror like a ghost."

*Byron.* I don't wonder you quote that line of yours. It is one of the best you ever wrote. I think it great affectation not to quote oneself.

*Shelley.* But you must not let Hamlet pass. Pray go on with your observations upon it, if not disagreeable.

*Byron.* It takes some time for one's feelings to form themselves into any definite and expressible shapes—just as they say that it takes three days for the rain-water to get to the rivers—one for the ground, one for the drains, and one for the ditches; and it is very hard of any one to come as you do now, and trampling over one's feelings, while they are yet soft with the drenching of your Castalian dew, to stamp uneffaceably the impression of the moment.

*Shelley.* Oh, I assure you we wont print you down at your word. You may say just the contrary, if it please your Lordship, to-morrow; but sufficient for the evening is the opinion thereof.

*Byron.* Why, believe me, I have no opinion of any sort. If I had but an opinion—what can any man want more? But now I am like a nothing, a want, a privation. What is Hamlet? What means he? Are we, too, like him, the creatures of some incomprehensible sport, and the real universe just such another story, where all the deepest feelings, and dearest sympathies are insulted, and the understanding mocked? And yet we live on, as we read on, for

————— “Who would lose  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
These thoughts that wander through eternity?”

And who can read this wonderful play without the profoundest emotion? And yet what is it but a colossal enigma? We love Hamlet even as we love ourselves. Yet consider his character, and where is either goodness or greatness? He betrays Ophelia's gentlest love; he repulses her in a cruel manner; and when in the most touching way, she speaks to him, and returns his presents, he laughs her off like a man of the town. At her grave, at the new-made grave of Ophelia his first love, whom his own unkindness had blasted in the very bud of her beauty, in the morn and liquid dew of youth, what is the behaviour of Hamlet? A blank—worse than a blank; a few ranting lines, instead of true feeling, that prove him perfectly heartless. Then his behaviour in the grave, and his insult to Laertes, why the gentlest verdict one can give is insanity. But he seems by nature, and in his soberest moods, fiend-like in cruelty. His old companions Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he murders without the least compunction; he desires them to be put to sudden death, “not shriving-time allowed.” And the same diabolical refinement of revenge, when he finds the King at his prayers, induces him to wait for some more horrid time, “when he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,” to assassinate him, that “his soul may be as damned and black as hell, whereto he goes.” Polonius, the father of Ophelia, he does actually kill; and for this does he lament or atone for what he has done, by any regret or remorse? “I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.”—“You shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby!”

But suppose him heartless, though he is for ever lamenting, and complaining, and declaiming about the false-heartedness of every one else; Richard is heartless—Iago—Edmund. The tragic poet of course deals

not in your good-boy characters: But neither is he, as Richard is, a hero, a man of mighty strength of mind. He is, according to his own admission, as "unlike Hercules" as possible. He does not, as a great and energetic mind does, exult under the greatness of a grand object. He is weak; so miserably weak as even to complain of his own weakness. He says

"The time is out of joint,—O cruel spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right."

And yet he is always boasting and bragging of his own powers, and scorning every one else, and he swears he will sweep to his revenge, "with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love." For revenge was his love. But in truth he loved it, Shelley, after your own heart, most platonically; for his heart is too faint to win it fairly, and he contents himself with laughing at himself, mocking his own conscious cowardice, and venting his spleen in names, instead of doing any thing like a man. So irresolute is he, that he envies the players, he envies Fortinbras, Laertes, any one that can do any thing. Weak, irresolute, a talking sophist. Yet—O I am sick of this most lame and impotent hero?

*Shelley.* And yet we recognize in him something that we cannot but love and sympathise with, and a grandeur of tone which we instinctively reverence.

*Byron.* Then Ophelia, how gross are the scenes of her madness! She, too, seems as inconsistent and as false a character as her faithless lover. The graceful and gentle Ophelia changes somehow or other as shapes change in a dream, into an insane gypsy, singing no very delicate songs. Laertes is a braggadocio kind of fellow, and as for the rest of them, King and Queen, and Polonius:—why do we, through five long acts, interest ourselves in the fates and fortunes of such pitiful beings?

*Shelley.* But do you not admire the buried majesty of Denmark "revisiting the glimpses of the moon?"

"Alas! poor ghost!" said Byron. "I had forgot it, but the ghost is as whimsical a person as any of the others. It seems to come and go without any reason at all. Why should it make all that bustle in the cellarage when it cries out 'Swear!' in echo to Hamlet? Why should it appear so unexpectedly and uselessly in that scene with his mother? But ask not why, seek not reason, or consistency, or art, in the wild rhapsodies of this uncultivated genius."

*Shelley.* Are you then so orthodox in any thing as to think Shakespeare a man of no art or thought—a prophet of poetry, possessed by a spirit unintelligible to himself?

*Byron.* My dear fellow, who can read this very play, and call Shakespeare a thoughtful artist? Let us rise a little higher, and consider the whole play, and the play as a whole. The story, the action, after the first prologue and preparation of this ghost, remain stagnant; all the rest is stationary, episodic, useless. What is Fortinbras to the usurpation of the King, or the revenge of Hamlet, or any part of the plot? nor do Ophelia or Polonius conduce to the main of the story, or to the progress of the interest. Add *quantum suff.* of courtiers, players, grave-diggers, clowns, and such like stuff, ridiculous and incongruous,

and out of all keeping with the high-heeled, tragic strut; useless, in truth, in relation to the play considered in itself; but I suppose poor Will found sufficient use and reason in the pence and praises of the gods of the galleries. And thus this will-o'-th-wisp, this meteor of genius, leads us poor mortals, who would fain analyze his nature and detect his "airy purposes," a weary and a fruitless chase; while the simpler solution of the difficulty would be, that Shakspeare was a man of great genius but no art, and much preferred satisfying his hostess of the Mermaid with a good night's profit, to satisfying the troublesome and inquisitive readers of future ages, which he dreamed not of."

This seemed to make Shelley melancholy, and we walked in silence through the arched gateway into the public road; nothing was heard but the echo of our steps. I felt a kind of sorrow and mournful shame, as if the glory of man was proved indeed to be the "dream of a shadow." "But," said Shelley, beginning again, with the kind of wedgelike, thin voice with which a man brings in a solid argument that he is sure of, "What do you exactly mean by a great genius without art? do you mean a man who throws out in his writings some odd passages of great beauty, but leaves the whole, as a whole, rude and unformed?"

*Byron.* Take it that way, if you will.

*Shelley.* Well then, what do we mean by a beautiful passage or line? Is not a line, as well as your outspread heroics, or a tragedy, a whole, and only as a whole, beautiful in itself? as, for instance, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank." Now, examining this line, we perceive that all the parts are formed in relation to one another, and that it is consequently a whole. "Sleep," we see, is a reduplication of the pure and gentle sound of sweet; and as the beginning of the former symphonizes with the beginning *s* of the latter, so also the *l* in moonlight prepares one for the *l* in sleep, and glides gently into it; and in the conclusion, one may perceive that the word "bank" is determined by the preceding words, and that the *b* which it begins with is but a deeper intonation of the two *p*'s which come before it; sleeps upon this slope, would have been effeminate; sleeps upon this rise, would have been harsh and inharmonious.

*Byron.* Heavens! do you imagine, my dear Shelley, that Shakspeare had any thing of the kind in his head when he struck off that pretty line? If any one had told him all this about your *p*'s and *s*'s, he would just have said, "Pish!"

*Shelley.* Well, be that as it may, are there not the coincidences, I suppose you would call them, that I showed in the line?

*Byron.* There are. But the beauty of the line does not lie in sounds and syllables, and such mechanical contrivances, but in the beautiful metaphor of the moonlight sleeping.

*Shelley.* Indeed, that also is very beautiful. In every single line, the poet must organize many simultaneous operations, both the meaning of the words and their emphatic arrangement, and then the flow and melting together of their symphony; and the whole must also be united with the current of the rhythm.

*Byron.* Well, then, I'm glad I'm not a poet! It must be like making out one's expenses for a journey, I think, all this calculation!

*Shelley.* I don't say that a poet must necessarily be conscious of all this, no more than a lady is conscious of every graceful move-

ment. But I do say that they all depend upon reason, in which they live and move, and have their being; and that he who brings them out into the light of distinct consciousness, beside satisfying an instinctive desire of his own nature, will be more secure and more commanding. But what makes this metaphor beautiful? To represent the tranquillity of moonlight is the object of the line; and the sleep is beautiful, because it gives a more intense and living form of the same idea; the rhythm beautifully falls in with this, and just lets the cadence of the emphasis dwell upon the sound and sense of the sweet word "sleep;" and the alliteration assimilates the rest of the line into one harmonious symmetry. This line, therefore, is it not altogether a work of art?

Byron. If it is, I don't see what this has to do with the discussion about Hamlet.

Shelley. Why, just this. You recollect, you said Shakspeare was a great genius with no art?

Byron. Yes.

Shelley. And that you meant by that, a man who would strike out two or three good lines, and purple patches of poetry in his work, but who leaves the whole unfinished?

Byron. Yes.

Shelley. And we afterwards agreed that every line, or part of a line, that was good, was made good by art only?

Byron. Well!

Shelley. Why, then, this is the conclusion, that a man of great genius, but little art, means only, one who is able to perceive in the small what his powers are not wide enough to comprehend in the greater.

Byron. Well, well—for heaven's sake, what does it signify about the words, art, or genius? This does not explain Hamlet.

Shelley. Only that, if what I have said is true, and if Shakspeare is one of the most glorious names among mankind, and Hamlet one of his most famous plays, it is more than probable that he was not so blind as you would make him; and that there must be some point of view, if we could find it, some proper distance and happy light, in which the whole would appear a beautiful whole. I once attempted a kind of commentary upon this very play, and if you will allow me, I will read it to you.

Byron, though half provoked and half amused, with what he thought the mad and ridiculous speculations and imaginations of his friend, agreed—and, after dinner, Shelley read us out his view of Hamlet:—

"The character of Hamlet himself we must first endeavour to penetrate into, and if we can understand this central germ, we shall be better able to follow the poet in the conception and organization of his great work, and to see how every part is what it is necessarily, and bears in itself the reason of its existence and its form.

"The character of Hamlet, as I take it, represents the profound philosopher; or, rather, the errors to which a contemplative and ideal mind is liable: for of necessity the lessons of the tragic poet are like the demonstrations, *ex absurdo*, of Parmenides, since the mind's eye is so dull and blinded, so 'drunk-asleep,' to use Hamlet's words, as not by intuition to recognize the beauty of virtue, to prove it, as it were, by the clashing contradiction of the two opposite extremes: as, if a man derived a more sensible, or rather sensual, consciousness of health,

which also is indeed a gift of the same Apollo who bestows upon us truth and beauty, from having been previously in sickness:—there is but one demonstration of the excellence of health, and that is disease.

“ Purposing, therefore, to body forth a character so deeply, indeed, and pre-eminently tragic, but most hard to fix and bring down into the definite world of action, as it seemed to lie beyond it in the sphere of thought, silent and invisible, Shakspeare invented the sublime idea of the ghost; an outward and visible sign of the sudden apparitions of the mysterious world within us. The ghost of his father, clad in complete steel, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, may be considered as a great purpose coming suddenly upon a meditative mind. All the outward circumstance and actual reality, of course, immediately become necessary as the laws and conditions of the visible world into which it is translated. Now Hamlet the father was a man of action: his character is finely realized for us in two admirable lines, where, describing the appearance of this hurried majesty, Marcellus says—

‘ So frown’d he once, when in an angry parle  
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.’

But his son Hamlet, brooding over the remembrance of his father, has embarked upon that shoreless sea of melancholy,

‘ Whose bottom none could ever sound, or find  
The ooze, to show what coast his sluggish craft  
Might easiliest harbour in.’

At the time when the play opens, he is about thirty years old, as we learn from the clown in the fifth act. He is by birth a German; and from indulging in the inactive habits of that deep-thinking nation, he has become ‘fat, and scant of breath,’ as the Queen says. He has passed all his life at Wittenberg, famous in Shakspeare’s time, as the college of Dr. Faustus; and we know that he had there been very much with the players. At the court, he still lived a recluse life, complaining of the excesses of the times, and ‘walking for hours in the lobby’ reading or meditating.

“ The play opens with mysterious notes of preparation,—

‘ And prologues to the omen’d coming-on.’

We are far removed from all the stir of society, in the solitude of the open air and darkness; only distant noises from the palace come at intervals, making solitude more solitary; the soldiers of the watch begin talking mysteriously about the signs of the times, ‘dreaming on things to come,’ when the ghost appears. In the next scene, we come back into the pomp and pride of the world, and kings and courtiers: Hamlet is among them, but not of them. His very first words are most significant of his character, when he exclaims, ‘Seems, Madam! I know not seems.’ Observe, too, when Horatio tells him of this wonderful appearance, how philosophical his questions are, as of a man trying to realize completely, in his own mind, the image of the thing. The mysterious contradiction between reality and ideality, one of the most profound questions of ontology, is strongly shown in the beginning of this dialogue. ‘My father! methinks I see my father!’—‘O where, my Lord?’ cries Horatio, starting in terror. ‘In my mind’s eye, Horatio.’ To this subject Hamlet recurs again, in the conversation with his two good friends: ‘There is,’ says he, ‘nothing



either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.' And again in another place, where Osric asks 'if he knows Laertes?' he replies, 'I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; for to know a man well were to know oneself.'

"In the next scene of the first act, Hamlet, in the midst of a long metaphysical speculation, in which he had forgot all time and place, is suddenly visited by the apparition. He breaks off in terror. When the ghost has faded from him, he is left overcome with his feelings, and with the weight of the commanded action. He confuses his external body with his inner self, as if he were nothing but a spirit; and when he says that he will raze out all that he learned from experience or from thought,

'And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,'

he takes out his real tablets and writes it down.

"The levity of his expressions afterwards is most true to nature; and the mysterious movements of the ghost make flesh and blood shudder to think upon the invisible world that is around us, and within us, and whose purposes, and silent operations and recoilings, are to us most awfully unaccountable.

"But the great artist, between these two more intense scenes, has interposed a gentler shade, which not only relieves and alleviates the deeper interests of the tragedy, but brings out also many new views of Hamlet's character, and marks the moral of the whole more deeply. She was a beautiful young creature,

'Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,'

but not the woman to fix or seriously engage the mighty mind of Hamlet; and thus he is here also perplexed with the difference between mind and body; and she, like a dew-drop from a lion's mane, is shaken to air. As to old politic Polonius, his precepts are most amusing; certainly they are the very reverse of Hamlet's ignorance of all external seemings, as they appear to know nothing but appearances, and they all follow each other, after the manner of his own sage simile, 'as the night the day,' that is, without any method of reason.

"The whole play is a play of plots and contrivances of all sorts, and an endless extravagance of ingenuity in every thing; and the first scene of this act shows us Polonius, who is a kind of mock Hamlet, or a Hamlet grown old, and with nothing left of 'the soul of wit' but the husk and 'frothing circumstance,' the limbs and outward flourishes—and here we see him working at his little underplots with windlasses and with assays of bias—

'By indirections to find directions out.'

Hamlet, meanwhile, in pursuance of his plan of pretending madness, which, indeed, he does by indulging into excess his own real feelings, and thus feeding the loneliness of his heart with exaggerated solitude; led now by the instinct of his shock at the detected infamy of his mother, has frightened poor Ophelia, and so set off all these sage old folk—

'Who hunt the trail of policy so sure'—

on the very scent which he intended; where let us leave them in full sonorous cry.

"The next scenes are too insignificant to require any comment, excepting, perhaps, Hamlet's letter. Many have agreed with Polonius in thinking 'beautified' a vile phrase; but it is just of a piece with his signature,—'while this machine is to him, Hamlet,'—and only shows in every thing his metaphysical turn of thought. 'My soul's idol' sounds ordinary, but Hamlet, I do not doubt, meant it more accurately.

"Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as Goethe well observes, are a brace of those half creatures, who, taken single, would be nothing, and always take care to go in couples. How deplorable would the smiling but crooked-councillings Rosencrantz have been without the gilded and guileful Guildenstern! But here come men much more to Hamlet's taste—how heartily he welcomes them!—there are the players. The introduction of these players is one of the most admirable and artful inventions of any in all Shakspeare. They represent the whole body of literature, 'whose object is, and always has been,' as Hamlet with his usual profundity observes, 'to hold up the mirror to nature,' and is dedicated to the same light-giving God who bestows upon us the heaven-descended *γρῶσι σεαυτοῖς*. We have here an opportunity of learning something of Hamlet's taste, and we accordingly find him deeply delighted with the most lofty and imaginative poetry that ever swept over a theatre in tragic pall.

"The verses themselves, as that most excellent critic Schlegel observes, are necessarily elevated two degrees above nature to modesty of nature, that they might stand out from the rest, as a play within a play. They seem like a thing seen through a magnifying glass; and are, indeed, one of the most extraordinary productions of wondrous Shakspearian art. Hamlet's soliloquy, which crowns and concludes the act, is not merely the casual product of a chance situation, but, like every work of Shakspeare's mind, contains or implies a profound view of some important question—in the present case the relative situations of the two loftiest divisions of human intellect—the poet's and the philosopher's. In his next soliloquy, the famous 'To be or not to be,' we may observe developed, in a grand style, the peculiarity of Hamlet's mind, its tendency to idealize every thing; he quite forgets the reality of the case, and impersonates in one all the ills that flesh is heir to—

'The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,' &c.

"And this we must bear in mind against the scene at Ophelia's grave, for Hamlet was not selfish.

"But he was disposed to idealize to excess. What a deep feeling both of his weakness, and yet the grandeur of his strength is conveyed in his address to his friend—

'Horatio, thou art e'en as *just* a man,  
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.'

"After the play, he is much in the same state of uncertainty and vacillation in which the ghost left him; he recoils and swerves from action; and it is an instinctive feeling of this sort that makes him impatient even of the necessities of versification,—any thing necessary he feels a disposition to resist or avoid.

'For thou dost know, O Damon dear,  
This realm dismantled was  
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here,  
A very, very—peacock.'

“ ‘ You might have rhymed,’ says the man of just sense, Horatio. But there is the same lame and impotent conclusion in every thing he does. Soon after this, when he tries to lash himself into exertion, reminding himself of the ghostly time of night, and graves giving up their dead, and vaunting as extravagantly as falsely, ‘ Now could I drink hot blood,’ &c. his considerations about killing his mother, and determinations not to do it, are but a bitter though unconscious mockery of himself, and just an antistrophe to his curious refinements on the murder of the king. In both cases it is but the excess of an overingenious intellect,

‘ With thinking too precisely on the event.’

“ There is a deep meaning signified in the next scene with his mother, where, in the midst of his declamation, gazing upon the picture, the reality suddenly comes. Always his profound meditations seem without beginning or end, while he wanders in a wilderness of thought, and enterprises of great moment, while he is declaiming with the player, or tracing the dust of imperial Cæsar to a bung-hole, or flattering his own weakness with proving to himself the shallowness of all the actions and the actors of life, become ‘ sicklied o’er with this pale cast, and lose the name of action.’ Whenever he does any thing, he seems astonished at himself, and calls it rashness.

‘ Rashly, and praised be rashness for it—’

as he tells his friend Horatio, he set about his deliverance from the false ambassadors. In the next lines he gives, in my opinion, the moral of the whole :

‘ Let us know  
There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.’

“ ‘ That is most certain,’ Horatio replies.

“ How different is Laertes. *His* father also has been murdered—but he at once collects the people, storms the palace, compels the king, at his peril, to account for the murder. Nothing, he cries, shall stop him, but ‘ my will, not all the world’s.’ His will he follows impetuously ; he looks not to right or left, with “ considering too curiously.” But he errs on the other side. He raises the mob—he would, he says, of Hamlet, ‘ cut his throat in church.’ He does kill him with a treacherous poisoned rapier. His thoughts are so fixed upon his end, that he sees not any thing between.

“ Now such a rash gunpowder spark as this Laertes, Hamlet must at once have envied and despised. Well, they meet at the grave of Ophelia—for the simple young creature, half by accident, and half on purpose, in her half-witted state, drowned herself. The simplicity of her girlish youthfulness, and the manner in which Hamlet had wooed her, became sufficiently evident in her ballads ; her character was necessarily what it is—for in a play so full of thought, and the deepest interests of the soul, a more strong passion would have been a note, ‘ harsh, and of dissonant mood.’

“ Hamlet, when he discovers her death, only says, ‘ What ! the fair Ophelia !’ But when this Laertes, who always so outran his thoughts with an excess of hair-brained action, leaps into the grave, and declaims ‘ with such an emphasis and phrase of sorrow,’ Hamlet is thrown into a towering passion, and conscious of the weakness and

vagueness of his own feelings on the occasion, he cries out, in the bitterness of his contempt, both for Laertes and himself

— Show me what thou 'lt do !  
 Woul't weep, woul't fight, woul't fast, woul't tear thyself,  
 Woul't drink up esel? eat a crocodile?

"What falseness is all this sorrow of yours!—I could do just as much, Come, what shall we do?—weep, or fast, or tear our hair, or drink vinegar, or eat crocodiles to make ourselves shed false tears! &c. But Hamlet is ever a perfect gentleman, and his apology to Laertes is one of those gentle mellowings and softenings of a strong outline which Shakspeare so well understood. With regard to his alleged cruelty, this appearance arose from his philosophical habit of seeing every thing as laws, or necessary consequences.

"As Spinoza says of himself, '*humana actiones non ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere*'—'neither to laugh at, or bewail, or detest the actions of men; but to understand them.' He allowed the two false courtiers no shriving time, because it was necessary for his plot—if they should be heard, all would be found out—and he says, 'They come not near my conscience,' viewing it as a general and necessary case.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes,  
 Between the pass and fell incensed points  
 Of mighty opposites.'

"What noble lines! But we have passed a hundred admirable and significant groups and views; we have missed the clown and the gravedigger. In Shakspeare 'one may suck matter out of every thing, as a weasel sucks eggs,' as Jacques says. These clowns are very like their betters, they are not thinking of the thing they are about; but make themselves happy in the exercise of an endless ingenuity.

"Fortinbras shuts the scene. He surrounds the play as with a frame.

"It appears, therefore, that Hamlet is, in itself, a complete and reasonable whole, composed in an harmonious proportion of difference and similitude, into one expressive unity."

Shelley, as he finished, looked up, and found Lord Byron fast asleep.

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#### TO FLORINE.

Could I bring lost youth back again  
 And be what I have been,  
 I'd court you in a gallant strain,  
 My young and fair Florine.  
 But mine 's the chilling age that chides  
 Devoted rapture's glow,  
 And Love, that conquers all besides,  
 Finds Time a conquering foe.  
 Farewell! we're sever'd by our Fate,  
 As far as night from noon;  
 You came into the world so late,  
 And I depart so soon.

C.

## THE LITTLE-PEDDLINGTON GUIDE.

"How provoking! I have lost the Guide-book."

"Then we must find our way about Little Peddlington without it."

"But the origin, the history, the antiquities of the place—its curiosities, its amusements, its places of public resort, and so forth—how are we to become acquainted with those?"

"That's very sensibly put, my love; we must have a Guide-book; so I dare say that, if you will just look into some one of the trunks, you will find a Cheltenham Guide, or a Margate Guide, or a Harrogate Guide, or a Brighton Guide: either of them will serve our purpose."

"Preposterous!"

"Not so absurd as, at first sight, it may appear. Compare any one of these works with any other of the same description, and you will be astonished at the amiable understanding that seems to exist between them. It is but altering the name of the place in the title-page, as occasion may require, and the same book will carry you very creditably through every watering-place in England. You have in each a High-street, and a north-street, and a crescent; a parish church, a poor-house, and a charity school; the best-supplied market in the kingdom; the most highly-talented apothecary in Europe; the most learned parson in Christendom; the most obliging circulating-library-keeper in the known world; the most accommodating mistress of a boarding-house in the universe; and the most salubrious of climates, adapted to the cure of every imaginable disorder, and to the improvement of every possible constitution. It is true that the tradesmen recommended to you by one Guide-book are severally named, Scarsnell, Larkins, and Simcoe (the townspeople usually consisting of ramifications of about three families); whilst by another you are referred to nothing but Tupfords, Ruffens, and Whiffnells. This certainly is a remarkable difference, but it is the only one I could ever discover in these polite Cicerones: all other points, or, at least, nineteen points out of every twenty, being notices of precisely the same things in precisely the same language, and the twentieth hardly ever worth the trouble of a distinction."

"I'm so delighted! I have found it: I have it here in my reticule."

"Then sit down; and that we may be prepared for the wonders we are to see, I'll read it to you. And though you won't admit that any of the 'Guides' I have mentioned would have assisted us in our walks about Little Peddlington, I think you will presently be convinced that the 'Peddlington Guide' will answer quite as well as a Guide to any other place of fashionable resort in Great Britain. Ahem! ahem!"

## THE STRANGER'S GUIDE THROUGH LITTLE PEDDLINGTON;

Comprising its History from the earliest period to the present time; together with an account of its Antiquities, Curiosities, Amusements, Promenades, &c. &c. Also a description of its Environs.

By FELIX HOPFF, Esq. *Master of the Ceremonies.*

Embellished with four elegant engravings of the Parish Pump, the Rev. Jonathan Jubb, the Vale of Health, and the extensive New Burying-Ground.

"Hail, Peddlingtonia! Hail, thou favour'd spot!  
What's good is found in thee; what's not, is not.  
Peace crowns thy dwelling, Health protects thy fields,  
And Plenty all her cornucopia yields."

PEDDLINGTONIA: a Descriptive Poem, by the Rev. J. Jubb.

Oct.—VOL. XXIX. NO. CXVIII.

2 A

## HISTORY.

The Universal Deluge which transformed the variegated and smiling face of our terrestrial globe into one unvaried and monotonous mass of the aqueous element, and which, in its ruthless and un pitying course, overwhelmed and swallowed up cities, empires, and nations, sparing neither the monarch's palace nor the peasant's hut; and which bowed down alike the gentle hill and the giant mountain, rooting up not only the tender plant of the garden, but also the mighty oak of the forest; and which, unlike the genial and beneficial showers of spring which beneficently foster the fruits of the earth for the use of man; but which, more like the raging cataract, converted our rolling planet into one wide, vast, waste of waters, disfigured also the fair spot on which now stands the town of Little Pedlington.

But to descend to a later period. Little Pedlington (or as it has at various times been written, Peddle-le-town, Peddle-in-town, Piddle-town, Peddletown, and Peedletown,) (it is now invariably called by its more euphonous appellation of Pedlington,) is situated in the county of —, at the distance of — miles from London. And here, reflecting on these successive changes, we cannot refrain from quoting that apt line of the Swan of Avon—we need not inform our poetical readers that we allude to the immortal Shakspeare—

“Each doth suffer a sea change.”

But to proceed. Of the extreme antiquity of this place there can be no doubt, for our ingenious townsman, Simcox Rummins, Esq. F.S.A. has clearly proved, in his learned and elaborate Essay on that subject, (a few copies of which may still be obtained by an early application to Mr. Snargate, Bookseller, High-street,) that the *identical ground* on which the present town is built, existed long prior to the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar! And if farther proof were wanting, it might be adduced in an ancient coin, dug up about thirty years ago by some workmen who were employed in removing Hob's Pound, which formerly stood at the north-east corner of South-street, and of which the curious visitor may still discover some faint traces. Of such antiquity is this precious relic, that one side of it is worn perfectly smooth; whilst on the other, nothing more can be perceived than the almost imperceptible outline of two heads, and these remains of the legend, which have baffled the attempts of the most profound antiquaries to determine to which epoch of Roman greatness to refer it:

GUL—US ET M—R.

The sneers of a certain bookseller not a hundred miles from Market-street, who has published *what he calls* a Pedlington Guide, and who describes the coin as nothing more than a William-and-Mary's shilling, we treat with the contempt they deserve. It is in the possession of the eminent gentleman we have already mentioned, who, with his well-known liberality, is always happy to offer it to the inspection of intelligent visitors, who will know how to decide between the ignorant assertion of a Sn-gg-rst-n and the opinion of a Rummins! During the Civil Wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, as well as in the later conflicts between Charles and the Parliament, indeed in every case where courage and wisdom were called into action—

“O that dissension should our land divide!”—*Pedlingtonia.*

it does not appear, from any positive record, that our town took any part; but who can doubt the fact? "The fortifications" (see *Rummins*) "if any did ever exist, must long since have been demolished, for not the slightest traces of any are to be found. I must, however, except the ditch which traverses the north end of High-street, and which, although it now be dry, and so narrow as to allow of one's stepping across it, must, if ever it had been a military work, have been so wide and deep as to be capable of containing a considerable quantity of water. Nor must I conceal the fact that, not many years ago, two sword-blades and a cannon-ball were therein discovered: these are now in my possession." The testimony of so impartial a writer to the prowess of the Pedlingtonians cannot be too highly valued, nor must their modesty recoil if we again quote the unrivalled poem from whence we have extracted our motto:

"Fair are thy daughters, and thy sons how brave!  
No Pedlingtonian e'er will be a slave.  
Friend to his country, and his King's well-wisher,  
At Glory's call he'll serve in the militia."

But it is only of late years that Little Pedlington has assumed its present importance, and justified its claims to be ranked amongst those towns and cities which adorn and dignify the British Empire; and if it yield the palm for extent and splendour to the metropolis of England (London), it will confess itself second to no other for antiquity, beauty, and salubrity; nor need it fear to enter the lists in honourable competition with any, for the meed due to intellect and refinement, boasting, as it does, of possessing in its bosom a *Rummins* and a *Jubb*, a few copies of whose unrivalled and truly classical Poem called *PEDLINGTONIA*, descriptive of the beauties of the place, may still be had at Yawkins's Library, price 2s. with a plate, and for which an early application is earnestly recommended.

"We have no hesitation in declaring it as our impartial opinion that, for classic purity of taste and style, nothing, since the days of Pope, has appeared worthy of comparison with this Poem: it is truly Doric. Without intending to decry B—r—n, Sc—tt, M—re, or C—mpb—ll, we will venture to prophecy that this work will operate a reform in the public taste, bring back poetry to what it ought to be, and obtain for its author a deathless fame. We are proud to say it is the production of our highly-gifted Rector and townsman, the Rev. Jonathan Jubb."—See the *Pedlington Weekly Observer*, June 17th.

#### THE TOWN.

The entrance to Little Pedlington from the London road is by High-street, and presents to the astonished eye of the visitor an aspect truly imposing; nor will the first impression thus created be easily obliterated from the "mind's eye."\* On one side, after passing between two rows of well-grown elms, stands Birch House, a boarding-school for young gentlemen, under the able superintendance of the Rev. J. Jubb, the terms of which may be had at Yawkins' Library; and on the other, the view is met by the George and Dragon Inn, kept by Mr. Scorewell, whose politeness and attention are proverbial, and where travellers may be sure of meeting with every accommodation on very reasonable terms. Passing along, we come to East-street, West-

\* Shakespeare.  
2 A 2.

street, North-street, and South-street, so named from the several directions they take (see Rummins), all converging into a focus designated Market-square, the market having formerly been held on that identical spot, now occupied by the New Pump; of which more in its proper place. But if we are at a loss to which of these noble streets to give the preference, whether for regularity or cleanliness, in what terms shall we describe the Crescent! Well may it be said that Englishmen are prone to explore foreign countries ere yet they are acquainted with their own; and many a one will talk ecstatically of the marble palaces of Venice and Herculaneum, who is ignorant of the beauties of Little Pedlington. The Crescent, then, is at the end of North-street, and is so called from the peculiarity of its form (we are again indebted to Rummins), it being somewhat in the shape of a half-moon. It consists of twenty-four houses, mansions we might say, uniformly built, of bright red bricks, which, when the sun is full upon them, are of dazzling brilliancy. There are bow-windows to all the edifices, and each having a light-green door with a highly-polished brass knocker, three snow-white steps forming the ascent, an effect is produced which to be admired need only to be seen, and which, though some other places may perhaps equal, none certainly can surpass. We cannot quit the Crescent without calling the attention of the literary pilgrim to the second house from the left-hand corner, No. 23. THERE LIVES JUBB!

“ A something inward tells me that my name,  
 May shine conspicuous in the rolls of Fame;  
 The traveller here his pensive brow may rub,  
 And softly sigh, ‘ Here dwelt the tuneful Jubb.’ ”

PEDLINGTONIA.

#### THE BOARDING-HOUSES, LIBRARIES, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

Proceed we now to matters which, albeit of less stirring interest, are yet not devoid of pleasure and utility. And first to the

##### BOARDING-HOUSES.

The principal Boarding-house is kept by Mrs. Stintum, and is delightfully situated No. 17, Crescent. This excellent establishment combines elegance with comfort, and nothing can exceed the care and attention of the proprietress to her guests, who will find under her fostering auspices all that their own homes would afford. This house is always thronged with the most elegant company.

Mrs. Starvum's Boarding-house, which yields to none for comfort, and which for elegance few can excel, is most beautifully situated. No. 11, South Street. The attention and assiduity of Mrs. Starvum are proverbial. As none but the *haut ton* are received here, we need not add that visitors will not find a deficiency in any of those comforts and conveniences they have been accustomed to in their own houses.

##### LIBRARIES.

Yawkins' Library in Market Square, has long been known to the frequenters of Little Pedlington; and, if an excellent collection of books, urbanity, all the new publications, attention, all sorts of choice perfumery, tooth-brushes, dispatch in the execution of orders, Tunbridge-ware, &c. &c. all at the most moderate prices, can claim the suffrages of the public, we have no hesitation in requesting their patronage of Mr. Yawkins.



Nor should we be just in failing to recommend Snargate's long-established Library in Market Street. Here will subscribers be furnished with both old and new publications with the utmost readiness, and with a politeness highly creditable to the proprietor. And if moderate charges for Tunbridge-ware, perfumery of the best quality, &c. &c. &c. are a desideratum, Mr. Snargate will be certain of an ample share of support. Here also is the Post-office.

There is also a *minor* establishment in Market Street, kept by a person of the name of Sniggerston, the publisher of a *would-be* Pedlington Guide. It would ill become us to speak of the work itself, which abounds in errors of the grossest kind, and will be found altogether useless to the traveller; but of the establishment, we are bound, in fairness, to say that nothing can be urged against it, as we are informed that it is resorted to by many of the respectable TRADES-PEOPLE of the town and the reputable FARMERS and COUNTRY-FOLKS on *Market-days*.

#### THE THEATRE.

From time immemorial the drama has been a chief source of amusement to the intellectual and the enlightened. Nay, the Greeks and Romans patronized this innocent refuge from the busy cares of life, and it is beyond dispute that theatres were to be found in both Rome and Athens. No wonder is it, therefore, that Little Pedlington should languish for a fitting temple for the reception of Thalia and Melpomene;\* and that Yawkins' timber-yard should be contemplated as a convenient scite for its erection. Mr. Snargate, the architect, has already executed a plan for a theatre which will, in every respect, be worthy of our town: *we need say no more*; and Messrs. Yawkins, Snargate and Co. our obliging bankers, have liberally consented to receive subscriptions for that purpose. At present, Mr. Strut's inimicable company, from Dunstable, perform in a commodious out-house belonging to Mr. Sniggerston, the brewer, which is tastefully fitted up for the occasion. Ere long, however, we hope to receive the facetious Tippleton, the heart-rending Snoxell, and the versatile and incomparable Mrs. Biggleswade, in an edifice more becoming their high deserts.

#### YAWKINS' SKITTLE-GROUND.

Nor should the lover of skittles and the fine-arts fail to visit this place. On entering, he is astonished at beholding, at the farther extremity, a Grenadier with firelock and fixed bayonet, standing, as it were, sentry. "What!" he exclaims, "the military in these peaceful retreats!" But, on nearer approach, he discovers it to be—what?—incredible as it may seem, nothing more than a painted canvass! Such is the illusion of art! For this unrivalled work we are indebted to the pencil of Mr. Daubson, portrait-painter, No. 6, West-street, where likenesses are taken in a superior style at five shillings to one guinea, and profiles, done in one minute, at only one shilling each.

Yet, will it be believed! A certain jealous body of artists, in London, refused to exhibit this production, now the pride of Little Pedlington. Such is the force of jaundiced envy! Well might our "tuneful Jubb"

\* The comic and tragic Muses.

thunder out the satire, which, should it demolish them, it will be well for modest merit like our Daubson's.

"Where seek him," (cries th' astonish'd stranger here,)

"Who drew this all-but-breathing Grenadier?"—

Not where in academic pride we see

Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Martin Shee,

Ward, Westall, Phillips, Pickersgill, and, yea!

Turner, and R. R. Reinagle, R.A.

*His* works they hide in darksome nook, while they

Exhibit *theirs* in all the blaze of day;

His hang they high upon their highest wall,

Or, such their envy! *hang them not at all.*

Stand forth, my Daubson, matchless and alone!

And to the world in general be it known,

That Pedlingtonia proud, proclaims thee for her own!" }  
 PEDLINGTONIA.

#### INNS.

Of the inns we have already mentioned the Green Dragon. No way inferior to it for accommodation, civility, and reasonable charges is Stintum's Golden Lion in East Street; and truth compels us to pass the same encomium on the Butterfly and Bullfinch in Market Street, kept by Snargate.

#### BATHS.

That immersion in water, or, as it is commonly called, bathing, was practised, both for health and cleanliness, by the ancients, is clearly proved by the existence of baths in Rome, still bearing the names of the Emperors for whose use they were constructed—Emperors long since crumbled into dust! But *baths*, properly so called, were reserved for the use only of the great; the middling and lower classes plunging (such is the opinion of our learned townsman, Rummins,) into the Tiber.\* Our town, however, can boast of two establishments to which all classes may resort; and if we hesitate to say that Mrs. Yawkins' hot and cold baths, No. 22, West Street, are unequalled for comfort and cleanliness, it is only because we must in justice admit that nothing can exceed the cleanliness and comfort to be found at the cold and hot baths kept by Widow Sniggerston, No. 14, Market Square.

#### THE MARKET.

The market is in Market Street, which (as Rummins has ingeniously observed in his *Antiquities of Little Pedlington*, a work which no traveller should be without,) appropriately derives its name from that circumstance. This edifice is well worthy the inspection of the curious. It is an oblong building with a roof, which effectually protects the various articles exposed for sale from the inclemencies of the weather. Formerly the market was held in the open air, to the great inconvenience of both purchaser and vender, as well as to the injury of property; when it struck the intelligent mind of our townsman, Mr. Snargate, the builder, (to whose patriotic exertions we are indebted for the present edifice,) that an *enclosed* building would at once obviate all those inconveniences—an example which, we doubt not, will be followed in other parts of the kingdom. A subscription was soon raised for the

\* A river in Rome.

purpose, and the Market of Little Pedlington now stands an eternal monument to his fame. Here are stalls for the sale of the finny tribe, the feathered creation, the produce of the earth, &c. &c. *all separate from each other*; and in such abundance, and so reasonable, that not only for occasional visitors, but for the continual residence of families, especially of limited incomes, we should recommend this place as preferable to any other in England.

## CURIOSITIES, &amp;c.

A few years ago, the Stocks, which had stood, time immemorial, at the church-door, were removed, and the present Cage was substituted in their place. Mr. Rummins, however, with praiseworthy zeal, anxious to preserve a relic of the venerable machine which had confined the legs of so many generations of offenders, petitioned the competent authorities of the town for leave to place one of the sliding-boards in his collection of curiosities. This was granted; and Mr. R. is always happy to exhibit this interesting fragment to respectable persons, between the hours of twelve and two, on any Friday during the season.

The New Pump, which stands in the centre of Market-square, is an elegant and conspicuous object, as seen from the farther end of any of the four leading streets; but it will amply repay the curious for a close and attentive inspection. It is composed *entirely of cast-iron*; its predecessor having been merely of wood; such is the progress of luxury and civilization! It is in the form of an obelisk, or nearly so, on the top of which is a small figure of Neptune brandishing his trident, the attitude of which is much admired. The spout represents a lion's mouth; and the effect, as the water flows from it, is as pleasing as it is appropriate. The handle is in the form of a dolphin's tail—fitting emblem! On the front, towards South-street, is the following inscription, for which we are indebted to the classical pen of Mr. Rummins:—

"THIS PUMP,  
THE OLD ONE BEING WORN OUT,  
ON THE 1ST OF APRIL, 1829,  
WAS PLACED WHERE IT NOW STANDS,  
AT THE EXPENSE OF THE PARISH OF LITTLE PEDLINGTON.  
THOMAS YAWKINS, CHURCHWARDEN.  
HENRY SMARGATE, OVERSEER."

To the disgrace of human nature, we regret to add, that, shortly after its erection, the ladle which was suspended to it, that "the thirsty might drink," was stolen by some monster in human form!! This circumstance gave rise to dissensions which disturbed the town for many months, one party supporting the motion for a new ladle; the other as warmly opposing it. We rejoice to say, however, (for we make no secret of our opinions on *that* subject) that a new ladle, with a strong double chain, will be affixed, and that all rancorous party-feeling is fast subsiding, notwithstanding the efforts of a certain publisher of a certain Guide to prolong it. The robbery is finely and indignantly alluded to by Mr. Jubb, in his galling satire on a certain magistrate who opposed the restoration:—

"I'd rather be, than such a thing as Crump,  
The wretch that stole the ladle from the pump."

## THE ENVIRONS.

Having conducted the stranger through the town, we will now lead him to the environs, and point out those spots most worthy of a morning's drive or walk. And first to the Vale of Health. There is, perhaps, no place in Europe which can boast of so salubrious an air as Pedlington. Such, indeed, is the declared opinion of those eminent sons of Esculapius, Dr. Drench and Dr. Drainum, of this town. But the Vale of Health is paramount; and for invalids suffering from asthma, fits, indigestion, corns, weakness of sight, gout, and other disorders of the same class, no other spot can be so safely recommended. It is most delightfully and conveniently situated near the new and extensive Burying-ground (the old church-yard having long been full), which was planned by Doctors D. and D. who had the honour of laying the first stone of the entrance-gate, and is at little more than a quarter of a mile distance from the town.

No lover of the picturesque should leave us without visiting Snapshank Hill. There is no carriage-road to it; and the path being broken and uneven, full of holes and ruts, and not altogether safe for horsea, we would recommend a pedestrian excursion, as by far the most agreeable. It is exactly nine miles distant from the pump in Market-square, and is for the whole of the way a tolerably steep ascent. On arriving at the summit of the hill, a scene presents itself which the world cannot equal. But since prose is too tame to do justice to it, we must borrow the exquisite description by our poet:—

“Lo! Snapshank Hill! thy steep ascent I climb,  
 And fondly gaze upon the scene sublime.  
 Fields beyond fields, as far as eye can spy—  
 Above—that splendid canopy, the sky!  
 Around—fair Nature in her green attire;  
 There—Pedlingtonia and its antique spire;  
 I gaze and gaze till pleasure turns to pain!  
 O, Snapshank Hill! I'll now go down again!”

We now take our leave. Respecting the subscriptions to the Master of the Ceremonies' book, which lies at Yawkins' and at Snargate's libraries, as also to his weekly halls, it is not for us to speak; we therefore refer the visitor to those exceedingly obliging and attentive persons, who will candidly acquaint the inquirer with what is proper and customary on the occasion. We cannot more appropriately conclude, than by repeating the charming lines which we selected for our motto:

“Hail, PEDLINGTONIA! Hail, thou favour'd spot!  
 What's good is found in thee; what's not, is not.  
 Peace crowns thy dwellings, health protects thy fields,  
 And Plenty *all* her cornucopia yields.”

P<sup>a</sup>.

## LUNATIC LAYS, NO. IV.

“ Adieu my Moustachios! farewell to my Tip !”

ADIEU my moustachios! farewell to my tip!  
 Lost, lost is the pride of my chin and my lip!  
 His Majesty wills it, like Samson I'm cropt,  
 And the killing career of Adonis is stopt!  
 The razors are ruthless! my honours they nip!  
 Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

Alas! what avails the loud clank of my spurs,  
 What signify tassels, and feathers, and furs!  
 The padding above that the waist may look slim!  
 The trowser's compress'd to exhibit the limb!  
 My form I no longer exulting equip—  
 Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

I know they deride a Commander who stoops  
 To cull foreign fashions to deck British troops;  
 But surely the *biggest* look *rather more* big  
 In moustachios and tip—like a judge in his wig!  
 I know *I* look *small* with my sword on my hip,—  
 Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

When Laura *last* saw me, she own'd that the world  
 Contain'd no moustachios so charmingly curl'd;  
 She thought my head *foreign*, and unlike the skull  
 Of the money-bag, mercantile fellow, John Bull:  
 But now she will call me “ contemptible rip!”  
 —Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

I went to the levee both pensive and pale—  
 I felt like a puppy-dog robb'd of his tail!  
 The Duke eyed me coldly when notice I craved,  
 —Ah! would he had seen me before I was shaved!  
 And as I kiss'd hands, I'm *afraid* I let slip  
 “ Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!”

Oh, at a mess dinner, how graceful to dip  
 My napkin, and wipe off the *mess* from my lip!  
 The hair that grew on it was steep'd in each dish,  
 And nourish'd by gravy—soup—sauces of fish—  
 They are gone—and my claret I pensively sip,—  
 Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

They were *red*—and I dyed them—and *now* at the stain  
 Which remains on the *skin* I scrub daily—in vain!  
 The hair is shaved off, but a *something* is seen  
 Which I *fear* may be thought to look *rather* unclean.  
 I *hope* it don't look like a chimney-sweep's lip—  
 Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

My principal reason, I frankly confess,  
 For being a soldier *at all*,—was the dress;  
 The line on my lip, and the dot on my chin,  
 Became me—the change is a horrid take in—  
 I might just as well now have gone on board ship.  
 Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

I know that they deem it unmanly to weep  
 So into half-pay I'll despondingly creep!  
 The star of my beauty is lost in eclipse!  
 I'll sit in seclusion and sigh for *hair-lips*!  
 The tears down my nose now incessantly drip—  
 Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

T. H. B.

## A TALE OF BORDEAUX.

BORDEAUX is certainly one of the handsomest towns in France. The old city, like most other old cities, is narrow and confined. The builders of that day seem to have imagined that there was not room enough in the world for them, and have therefore packed their edifices into as small a space as possible. The finest parts of the town are beyond the old walls, the line of which is still to be distinguished by the appellation of Fossé, given to the new streets, now built upon their former site. The river being, as it were, the wet-nurse of Bordeaux, the houses have accumulated upon the bank, following the bend of the Garonne, in one of the most splendid crescents that can be conceived, and a beautiful bridge of seventeen arches, with a fine simple triumphal gate at the end of the Rue des Salinieres, adds not a little to the beauty of the scene.

The town is formed, in general, of a light kind of stone, very easily worked, which, perhaps, is one cause why the private hotels and principal streets are so magnificently decorated in the upper stories—but it is in the upper stories alone, for the ground floor is frequently occupied by petty ill-contrived shops, and never by any means harmonizes with the higher parts of the building. I have seen the lower story of a princely habitation tenanted by a cobbler, and a small pastry-cook's dirty shop below one of the finest houses in Bordeaux.

The theatre, too, which is a very superb piece of architecture, has its arcades crammed full of book-stalls and old clothes shops; in short, the extraordinary incongruity which is found in every thing French, shows itself nowhere more strongly than in the buildings of this town, certainly one of the most beautiful in France.

Bordeaux occupies a much larger space than is absolutely necessary for its population. Long rows of trees, planted in the finest streets, magnificent public gardens, and promenades now fill the ground, which, in the city's earlier days would have been piled up with story above story, and warehouse over warehouse, till earth groaned with the load. But luxury follows commerce, and the great merchants of Bordeaux must have room to breathe; this, however, is not without its consequences, the extent of the city makes it fatiguing to walk from one end to the other. As Doctor Pangloss would have said, men were made to be carried in this best of all possible worlds, and therefore we have carriages. Now, those who have none of their own are plentifully provided with *fiacres*, which are generally far superior to those of London or Paris.

The cathedral is a fine gothic building, the towers of which make a beautiful object in the view when seen from the heights beyond the town; but in point of architecture it is far inferior to many others in France.

Bordeaux is highly susceptible of embellishment, which, indeed, it receives every day in the greatest degree. Formerly, between the Quai des Chartrous and the Chateau Rouge, stood a sort of citadel, called the Chateau Trompette. This has been thrown down since the peace, and the site, together with the glacis, has been levelled and portioned out for new buildings and promenades.

In general, a portion of the receipts of the Octroi go to the

embellishment of the town to which they belong; but here let me explain, that the expenses of all French cities are defrayed and provided for by means of a tax called Octroi, levied upon certain articles of consumption at their entrance. These articles, if not sold or used within the town, are, of course, not subject to this sort of toll. In so extensive a country as France, of course, the tax is laid by different towns upon different commodities, according to the productions of the province in which they are situated, but universally it falls upon liquors, provisions, firing, forage, and building materials. To collect this, officers are placed at all the entrances of the town, and many others are employed to detect and prevent frauds, which are carried on by all the means that invention of man can suggest. The salaries of the officers are very low, and the expenses of collection seldom amount to more than from ten to twelve per cent. The punishment, in case of fraud, is a penalty not exceeding the value of the object smuggled, and which is subject to diminution. The vender in entering the town makes a declaration, at the "Bureau d'Octroi," of the nature and quantity of the commodity for sale, which is verified by the officer, who gives a receipt, the counterpart of which remains at the office for the examinations of the superior officers.

It is endeavoured by every means to render this tax as little vexatious as possible; and one great facility is afforded to trade, by allowing any respectable inhabitant to establish an entrepôt at his own house, the goods consigned to which do not pay the duty at their entrance. This is technically called "*marchandises en entrepôt aux domiciles des habitans solvables et connus.*" When any object thus enters the town, the proprietor signs a double register, containing a form of obligation, by which he binds himself to produce the article so introduced when called upon, or, in its place, a certificate that it has quitted the town. From time to time a verification takes place, when the duty is paid on all articles which have been sold within the limits of the Octroi. It has struck me that this plan might be very beneficially applied to our own commerce. To wine-merchants, especially, it would give the greatest relief, which the bonding system effects but partially. Every merchant of consequence is obliged to have a large stock of wine in his cellars for years, on which he is obliged to pay, in the first instance, an immense duty, the very interest of which is lost to him from the moment the wine is taken out of bond. The only danger to the Government would exist from bankruptcy, which might be guarded against by requiring always a stock to remain in entrepôt, sufficient to cover the debt to the King; and this might be ascertained by the permits.

At the first view, the Octroi appeared to me a more vexatious method of providing for the expenses of the town than simply to defray it from an addition to the ordinary taxes; but I have since been convinced that, though somewhat more expensive in collecting, it is more convenient in every other respect, but, above all, far better suited to the genius of the French people, who would murmur at the same sums collected in mass, which they pay without thinking, while it only affects them by slightly increasing the prices in the market.

When the army of the Duke of Wellington was marching upon Toulouse, a deputation was sent to him from the Royalists of Bordeaux, promising, that if he would detach a small force in that direction, the town should be given up to him for the King.

Immediately Rumour, with her thousand tongues, sent about the town all manner of reports; lying here, lying there, till she frightened all the peaceable inhabitants out of their wits. The commandant of the Chateau Trompette was resolved, they said, to defend it, for Napoleon to the last; and there he lay, with a formidable force, keeping the tricoloured flag flying continually, and threatening to turn his cannon on the town if it submitted to the English. On the other hand, came the news that the British and Spanish forces were marching upon Bordeaux, and that their general threatened if a shot was fired in its defence, to give the town up to the fury of the soldiery; and immediately rape, murder, and assassination got into all the old women's heads in the place, and nothing was thought of but finding some hole to hide their daughters and their money till the storm had blown over.

There was at that time living in Bordeaux an old Welsh lady of the name of Jones, and, like Jephtha, judge of Israel, she was blessed with one fair daughter, whom she loved passing well. She had continued to live on in France through peace and war, without minding any one, and as she said, had never been frightened at any thing since her poor dear husband's death, till she heard that the English and Spaniards were going to take Bordeaux by 'sault. For the Spaniards, she understood, were most voracious savages; as to the English, she did not mind them.

At the time of the French revolution, old monasteries were to be sold for an old song, and nunneries were to be had for the having. Thus it so happened, that in those days, Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, (who had once been a Jew and had become professionally a Christian, though he was strongly suspected of being of no religion at all,) had acquired, under a revolutionary sale, the property of the convent which lay on the one side of the Rue de l'Intendance, and the monastery which lay on the other. Now, Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, for reasons best known to himself, espoused a certain French lady; his marriage with whom appeared to be the proximate cause of his Christianization; and having imbibed her fortune, and bought the buildings aforesaid, he set up as a great dealer in marine stores. After a certain period of conjugal felicity, the lady died, and left to the care and guidance of Emmanuel Latouche, a certain remnant of herself, called a son, which she had had by a former marriage; and as Monsieur Latouche was reputed to cheat all the world, he was by no means so inconsistent as not to cheat his own step-son, at least so it was generally supposed. Finding that it would be a great deal better speculation to let the monastery aforesaid, he prevailed upon old Mrs. Jones, whom we have heretofore mentioned, to take a great part of it, assuring her, as a farther inducement, that in case she should in future have any thing to hide, he could show her a place in that very house which would never be discovered by the keenest eyes. It is not known whether Mrs. Jones was biased by this information or not, but, however, she took up her abode in that part of the monastery which looks down upon the Marché Dominique on the one hand, and the Theatre Français on the other; and Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, with his step-son, continued to live in the old convent on the other side of the Rue de l'Intendance. It was by these means that an intimacy first took place between pretty Lucy Jones and Edward Fontange, the step-son of Monsieur Emanuel Latouche.



There can be no doubt, since Horace says it, that the best plan is to begin in *medias res*, but there is, notwithstanding, some trouble in working up one's lee-way. Being arrived at this point, however, all the rest is simple. Having put a handsome young man and a pretty girl together, what in the name of heaven can they do but fall in love with each other? It is what they always do in novels, and poems, and plays, and, I am afraid, in real life too; for propinquity is a terrible thing, and, for my own part, I am a firm believer in animal magnetism, that is to say, as far as retraction and repulsion go. However that may be, Edward Fontange and Lucy Jones tried very hard to fall in love with each other, and, after a short time, succeeded to a miracle: so much so, indeed, that Mrs. Jones, perceiving what was going on, thought fit to speak to Mr. Latouche upon the subject, desiring to know if he intended to take his step-son into business with him, in which case she should not scruple, she said, to give him her daughter. But Mr. Latouche informed her that he should do no such thing; that his step-son was no better than a beggar, whom he had educated out of love for his dearly beloved wife deceased, and that, farther, he would not give him a farthing, or do any thing else for him in the world; whereupon Mrs. Jones quarrelled with Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, called him a miserly old curmudgeon, and going home turned young Fontange out of her house, and bade her daughter Lucy to think no more of the young vagabond. Now love, being no better than a pig, the best way of making him go on is to pull him back by the hind-leg; and consequently Lucy Jones, who was the most obedient creature in the world, thought more than ever of Edward Fontange, saw him on every occasion that she could contrive, and it is supposed let him now and then take a stray kiss without saying any thing but "don't," which, he being a Frenchman, did not at all understand.

It was at this time that the Duke of Wellington's army crossed the Pyrenees, and fear took possession of Mrs. Jones, who was not only terrified for her daughter Lucy, but also for certain sums of money which she had kept long under lock and key. What was to be done? She puzzled a long time; but in a moment the words of Monsieur Emanuel Latouche came to her remembrance. He could show her (he had said) a place, in that very house, which would never be discovered by the keenest eyes; and as she thought of it, her hope grew high; she seized a candle from the table without saying a word, and rushed into the cellar. For where could it be, she asked herself, but in the cellar? Lucy, who beheld her mother so suddenly seized with the spirit of locomotion, naturally imagined she was mad, and followed her as fast as she could. Her first supposition appeared confirmed, when on entering the cellar, she found her mother gazing fixedly upon a small iron cross in the wall. "There it is, sure enough," cried Mrs. Jones; "there it is!"

"Are you out of your senses, Mamma?" demanded Lucy, respectfully; "Are you mad? There's what?"

"Why, the terraqueous suppository, girl!" answered Mrs. Jones, who had forgotten a considerable portion of her English during her residence in France. "The terraqueous suppository that that old curmudgeon, Latouche, told me of when he attrapped me into taking this old conventicle."

"I do not see any repository at all," said Lucy. "I see nothing but the cellar wall, and an iron stanchion to keep it up."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Jones; "I'll have a mason this minute, and get to the bottom of it;" so away she ran and brought a mason, but the first thing was to make him keep secrecy, and having conducted him in pomp to the cellar, she shut the door, and made her daughter Lucy give him the Bible. "Swear!" said Mrs. Jones, in a solemn tone, like the Ghost in *Hamlet*. "Swear!" The mason held up his hand, "I swear never to reveal," &c. "Je jure tout ce que vous voudrez." "I swear any thing you like," replied the mason; and Mrs. Jones, finding this oath quite comprehensive enough, set him forthwith to work upon the wall just under the iron cross, when, to the triumph of Mrs. Jones, and the astonishment of Lucy and the mason, a strong plated door was soon discovered, which readily yielded them admission into a small chamber, only ventilated by a round hole, which seemed to pass through the walls of the building, and mount upwards to the outer air. Nothing else was to be found. The rubbish was then nicely cleared away, a chair and a table brought down, and the mason paid and sent about his business; when, after having looked in the dark to see that there were no sparks, for the chamber was all of wood, Mrs. Jones and her daughter mounted to upper air, and retired to bed, not to sleep, but to meditate over the convent subterranean.

It was about the middle of the next day that an officious neighbour came in to tell Mrs. Jones that the British forces were approaching the town. There could be no danger, he said; but, nevertheless, the tri-coloured flag still flew on the walls of the Chateau Trompette, and Lord Wellington had sworn he would deliver the town to the soldiery if there was a shot fired. It was very foolish to be afraid, he said, trembling in every limb, but the people were flying in all directions, and he should leave the town too, for he had no idea of being bayoneted by the Spaniards.

"Let us shut the street-door," said Lucy, as soon as he was gone; "and all go down together to the hole in the wall, and when it is all over we can come out."

"No," replied Mrs. Jones, "you, Lucy, and the maid shall go down, but I will stop here and take care of my property; perhaps I may be able to modulate their barbarosity."

"Lord, Ma'am," cried the maid, "you'll be killed; you'll be ravished."

Mrs. Jones replied very coolly, that they never would think of killing an old woman like her, who had but a few years to live; and she was not afraid of any thing else.

The maid then vowed, if her mistress remained, she would stay and be ravished with her, and the tears rolled down her cheeks at the idea of her self-devotion. Lucy said very quietly that she would stay with her mother. But Mrs. Jones would not hear of it; and finding her daughter very much resolved to do as she said, she had recourse to a violent passion, which was aided by the noise of a drum in the street, and seizing Lucy by the arm, she snatched up the box that held her money, carried them both down-stairs to the cellar, and, pushing them into the dark chamber, shut the door with a bang; after which she re-

turned to the maid, for whose safety she had not the same maternal regard, and waited the event with indomitable fortitude.

In the mean time, Lucy remained in the dark. The first thing she did was to feel about for the chair, and sitting down, she had a good opportunity of crying to her heart's content. She was still engaged in this agreeable occupation, when she heard a knocking, as if somebody wished to come in. Lucy wiped her eyes and listened. It could not be her mother; she would have come in at once, without any such ceremony; besides, it did not seem to come from that side. Lucy listened again; the knocking continued, but evidently came from the opposite part of the chamber, and did not seem so near as the cellar. Lucy now got upon her feet, trembling as if she had the palsy, and began to approach the sound. She knocked over the table, and almost fainted with the noise. She picked up the table, and knocked over the chair, and then again *vice versa*, stopping awhile between each to take breath; having arranged all that, she tumbled over her mother's money-box, broke her shins, and hopped about the room on one foot with the pain for full five minutes; then, not being able to find the chair, she leaned against the wainscot for support; but the wainscot gave way with a creak, as if it moved on hinges, and she had almost fallen headlong into another room as dark as the first. Lucy now doubted whether she ought to be most surprised or frightened; but fright had decidedly the majority, when she heard something move in this same dark chamber, on the opposite side to where she herself had entered. Now Lucy, though she had never studied modern tactics, was possessed of many of those principles which are supposed to constitute a good general; and in the present instance, not having had an opportunity of reconnoitring her ground, and finding her forces totally inadequate to meeting an adversary of any kind, she resolved upon making a retreat under cover of the darkness, but, unfortunately, she had neglected to observe which way she had advanced, and, for a moment, could not find the entrance into the other chamber. The noise which she had at first heard of something moving increased; she became more and more bewildered, ran this way and that, till, Ugh! she ran against something soft and warm, which caught fast hold of her, and in this interesting position she fainted. What could she do else? Oh, ye bards and romancers, give me some delicate description of a young lady recovering from a fainting fit! But, oh! When Lucy opened her eyes, she found herself sitting in the manner that European young ladies and gentlemen generally sit, with an engaging youth, no other than Edward Fontange sitting beside her in mute despair, and from time to time fanning her face with the tails of his coat, while a lamp, with its accompanying phosphorus-box, stood by with its dim light, showing in more gloomy horrors the walls of a dark vault, which, to the terrified eyes of Lucy, seemed interminable.

Forgetting all the ho's and the ha's of the two lovers, together with question and answer without end, be it briefly stated, that Edward Fontange had never contrived to forget Lucy Jones, and always remembering that it was his want of fortune which had broken his love-dream, he incessantly meditated the means of remedying that wherein fate had wronged him. But all ordinary plans demanded years, long years, to perfect, and love would brook no delay. He had heard,

however, of hidden treasures, and of monks who had concealed immense sums during the revolution, and he bethought him of searching the cellars of the old convent where he lived, without ever dreaming that he should there find a subterranean communication with the dwelling of his Lucy. Upon his first examination, he was struck, like Mrs. Jones, by an iron cross in the wall, and resolved, like her, to come to the bottom of it the first opportunity.

The first opportunity arrived with the arrival of the British troops; for his good step-father, not having the most courageous disposition, flew instantly to the country with his wealth, and left Edward to take care of the house. No sooner was he gone, than poor Edward descended to the cellar, and with a good pick-axe, and a strong arm set to work upon the cellar wall. He soon, like Mrs. Jones, discovered a door, and a small chamber exactly similar to hers. Examining this more closely than she had done, he soon found his way to an extensive vault, and on narrowly viewing the walls with his lamp, he discovered another iron cross, smaller than the former. Here he set to work again with his pick-axe, when suddenly he thought he heard a noise as if something fell. He listened, and hearing it again, he blew out his lamp for fear of an intruder. Two or three subsequent clatters succeeded, then a creak, as if of an opening door, and immediately after he clearly heard some one move and breathe in the vault. Whether it was curiosity, or one of those odd presentiments that sometimes come over us, or the Lord knows what, but his prudence left him; he advanced to find out what it was, got hold of a woman's gown, and in a minute after had his own fair Lucy fainting in his arms. As may be supposed, he lighted his lamp, and on finding who it was, went through all the stages of surprise, consternation, and anxiety. He then tried several ways of bringing her to herself, amongst which was kissing her more than once, but that did not answer at all, for the more he kissed her the more dead she seemed to be; but at length, as I have said, after a reasonable time, she opened her eyes, and then she had violent fits of astonishment, which were calmed and appeased by hearing an account very similar to that which has just been recited. Lucy had no curiosity at all, she cared for nobody's affairs but her own; nevertheless, simply out of affection for Edward, she insisted on his going on with his researches under the little iron cross in the wall while she was present; she would not have it delayed a moment, and looked on as eagerly as if she had been the most curious person in the world. Edward worked away. The wall was soon demolished, and behind it appeared no door, but a small cavity, and a small wooden chest. "Here it is! Here it is!" exclaimed Edward, in a transport of joy, taking it out and setting it on the ground. "Lucy, dear Lucy, you are mine at last. I would give nothing for the treasure if my Lucy did not share it."

Lucy could do nothing but cry, for the generosity of her lover's sentiments left her no other answer. However, she took the lamp, and both knelt down to look what was on the top, when, oh horror! the only word which met their view was "Reliques." Edward gazed on Lucy, and Lucy looked at Edward, without saying any thing. "Well, let us see, at all events," said Edward at last, and taking up the pick-axe, he very soon opened the case, when sure enough nothing presented

itself but old bones and mouldering scraps of linen. "Sacre bleu!" cried Edward: Lucy said nothing, but she thought the same. "Hark!" cried her lover, "there is your mother!" But, no: they listened; there was nobody, and they again turned to gaze upon the box. "Lucy," said Edward, "I am very unfortunate to lose you again in this manner."—"You do not love me, Edward," said Lucy. "Do you think it is money I care about?" Edward caught her to his breast, held her there a moment, then starting back, much to Lucy's surprise,— "It's all nonsense," cried he, "old bones could never be so heavy!" Then down he went upon his knees, and away with the relics. The first tier was bones, and the second tier was bones, but the third was of bright, shining Louis d'ors; and Edward starting up, caught Lucy in his arms, and kissed, and re-kissed her, till he had almost smothered the poor girl.

The next thing was, what was to be done with the money? for though Edward believed himself to be the legitimate owner thereof, yet he had some twinges as to its being found on the premises of his step-father. At length, after many pros and cons—"Go you back, Lucy," said her lover, "to the room where you were, and be not afraid, for there is no danger to the town, or any one in it; for my part, I'll take the money, and away to M. G——, who was a good friend to my poor mother: he is the soul of honour, and will tell me what I can do honourably; one more kiss, and then good-b'ye; but say nothing to any body of what has happened till you hear from me."

It was two days after this, that Monsieur Emanuel Latouche paid a visit to Mrs. Jones, for the apparent purpose of congratulating her upon the quiet and peaceable state of the town; but in reality to inform her that his scapegrace step-son had found a treasure in his cellar, and run away with the same; "But," said Emanuel, "I will make him refund every sou, or send him to the galleys for a robber."

"Surely," said Mrs. Jones, "you would never think of sending your wife's child to the galleys, Monsieur Latouche?"

"I would send my own father," replied Emanuel. As he spoke, the door opened, and in walked no other than Edward Fontange and his mother's friend, Monsieur G——. Now, Emanuel Latouche looked rather blank to see this accompaniment to the tune of his step-son; but thinking it probably best to attack, rather than be attacked, he began upon poor Edward in most merciless terms, reproaching him with ingratitude, threatening him with the galleys, and asking him if the house where he found the treasure was not his.

"I think not," replied Monsieur G——, to this last question; "I think not, Monsieur Latouche. It certainly is not, if you bought that house with the money of this young man's mother, which was left to him at her death. Take my advice, be content with what you have; for I am not sure that, if this business were investigated, you yourself might not find your way to the galleys, instead of sending him there."

There was something in the tone of Monsieur G—— that wonderfully calmed Emanuel Latouche, who at first had been inclined to fight it out strongly; but, upon second thoughts, he swore he was ill-treated, very much ill-treated, but, as "suffrance was the badge of all his tribe," he walked out of the room, grumbling as he went; and as for the rest, why—"hey for the wedding!"

## MODERATION AND RATTING.

" *Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,  
Ultra quàm satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.*"—*Horace.*

" *Ἀμείβω δ' ἀντίμα κάρτα.*"—*Odys.*

Do you not, my dear reader, from the bottom of your heart, detest that straight-laced, puritanical sort of person, who has eternally before his eyes some monstrous model of superhuman perfection for gauging morality, by which he perseveringly measures the conduct of his neighbours, and makes believe to regulate his own? Is there on the face of the earth a greater curse than a prig or a pedant, who would sacrifice the universe to a principle, and keep society eternally in hot water, rather than abate an iota from the letter of the law, either in morals, politics, or philosophical doctrine? Horace, who was the very type of a *bon-ton* philosopher, and stands advantageously opposed to that foul-mouthed libellist, Juvenal,† for the good taste of his ethics, has borne decided testimony against Ultras of all sorts in the above-quoted lines; and next to the Church Catechism, Horace is a first-rate authority with every well-educated Englishman. In all ages, there has been no lack of such public nuisances; and though it would be unjust to say that the march of intellect has done nothing towards putting them out of fashion, yet even now, in the nineteenth century, there are but too many rigorists, who are for pushing every thing to extremes, and who are "nothing, if not critical." It matters little by what name they are called, or by what principle they abide, they are all alike troublesome and offensive, villainous spoil-sports, and inveterate disturbers of the King's peace. The Stoics of antiquity, and those Ultra stoics the Cynics, would have reduced the world to a pretty pass, if their powers of persuasion had been equal to their exaggeration; and the ascetics of the desert, who did not think the morality of the Gospel sufficiently anti-mundane, have more human misery to answer for than the most butcherly conquerors. Need I cite the mischievous folly of the elder Brutus, who, like a brute as he was, murdered his own son on a point of law? or of the other Brutus, who killed his benefactor (some say his father) in the name of that virtue which he afterwards discovered to be but a name? Or shall I insist upon Læretia, who committed suicide to make a sensation, upon an occasion which she had much better have said nothing about? or upon the still less justifiable homicide of Virginius, who slew his daughter upon a like punctilio, without as much as saying "by your leave" to the poor girl, when she might have preferred another way of voiding the quarrel. These are pregnant instances of the danger of Ultraism, and of the mischief which social order may suffer at the hands of those who pride themselves on pushing a proposition to all its consequences.

" *Il y a,*" says Tartuffe, "*avec le ciel des accommodemens,*" ‡ and

\* This may be translated by Pope's line—

"Content to dwell in decencies for ever."

† "I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,

Although, no doubt, his real intent was good,

For speaking out so plainly in his song,

So much, indeed, as to be downright rude."

*Don Juan, Canto I.*

‡ "There are certain modes of accommodating matters with Heaven."

he is quite right; for I do not see how an unaccommodating fellow, who is inflexibly precise and obstinately right, can hope to get there; and if so, the affairs of this nether world of ours may well admit of temperaments and expediencies. Principles are made for men, and not men for principles. But man is of a mixed nature; his essence is a *mélange* of many contradictory and mutually-controlling qualities; and there is nothing simply and absolutely true in the business of life. Aphorisms, which are the abstract conclusions drawn from many cases, can never be strictly applicable to any one. Even the axiom, that twice two are equal to four, is so far from practically correct, that in any four material objects, grouped two and two, the least fanciful observer will discover some motive for giving a decided preference to one of the parcels. The case of the ass between the bundles of hay would otherwise be the type of many a man's position. Hesiod, in the spirit of a profound philosophy, has remarked, that "the half is better than the whole;" and proverbial wisdom declares that half a loaf is better than no bread: a lesson of moderation, which the genuine Ultra blindly despises when he stands out for the extreme of every thing—pretty much as wisely as the spoiled child, who quarrels with his bread-and-butter because it is not covered with brown sugar, and scored over with glass windows, by a complaisant nurse. For my own part, I have always thought that "behind the foremost and before the last" is a position which, in morals as in worldly welfare, might satisfy any honest ambition; and I heartily wish that society would enter into a close combination to *put down* every madman who will not *put up* with *amezzo termine*, and who will make himself conspicuous by out-heroding Herod, even in what is estimable and proper. There are, I am aware, authors of good repute, who deem moderation a proof of lukewarmness, and a mere compromise with truth. "Moderation in practice may be commendable," said a celebrated politician, "but moderation in principle is detestable. Can we trust a man who is moderately honest, or esteem a woman who is moderately virtuous?"\* A strange question this, if it be not a downright sophism. But one question is good till another is asked, and I would ask this caviller, whether he would prefer to deal with a man who is immoderately honest, a splitter of hairs, and a quarreller about straws? I would inquire of him how he would like for his mistress an immoderately virtuous woman, whom gods and men are agreed in qualifying as a prude? Then, as to the distinction between principle and practice, it concedes the whole question; for a principle is but an empty sound—*vox et præterea nihil*—till it is embodied in action. If a man acts wisely, that is, moderately, it signifies little to the world if in his inward conscience he is a very Don Quixote.

It is precisely in politics that excess of rigour is most especially mischievous, and that a certain degree of laxity and condescendence is of the first necessity, not only to the ease and comfort of the individual, but to the regulated movement of the state machine. The uncompromising Jekylls of the old school may sit on the Opposition bench for ever, while the Aristippuses, who accommodate themselves to the temper of the times, are, as the poet has told us, "never out of place." The moment a man allies himself too closely to a party, or too osten-

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\* Memoirs of Major Cartwright.

tätiously advances a severe and unbending principle, as the polestar and guide of his actions, he involves himself in a labyrinth of difficulties, becomes utterly impracticable, embarrasses his friends by his unyielding obstinacy, removes all chance of turning the hearts of his enemies, and must make up his mind to "eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor." The rigorist is in every man's way; he rolls the stone of Sisyphus, and he pours water into the tub of the Danaides. However numerous the crowd with which he starts, he is sure to be left alone before he has passed the half of his journey; for if all the world agree with him, to a certain extent, no man in his senses will go his whole length. In summing up his labours, at the end of a long life, he will find that he has given himself an immensity of trouble, has endured an infinity of privations and mortification, and has effected no assignable purpose, except the having lived all his days in a glorious minority. Not so the man who is moderately honest, moderately staunch, and moderately limited in his views; who is all things to all men, and who will accept of a little when he cannot get a great deal. Such a man has nothing to fear from the tyranny of the despot, or the fury of the mob. Would Socrates have been hurt by a little harmless flattery of the mob of Athens? or would Seneca have kept his veins so long untapped, if he had not laid some of his stoicism at the feet of his pupil Nero? Soft fire, they say, makes sweet malt; and the flexible, insinuating politician will often conquer a portion of his object, where he who plays for all or nothing, will be sure of getting only the latter chance on the turn of the political teetotum. At all events, the moderate man, if obliged to content himself with not pushing his point farther than the disfranchisement of an East Retford, the abatement of a million or so of unnecessary taxes, or the discomfiture of a Welsh judge, may yet do a great deal for himself: and public happiness being only the sum of individual prosperities, he who shifts well for himself, so far, at least, may be said to serve his country. Temporizing and moderate politics are particularly suited to the genius of the British constitution, which being a beautiful compound of conflicting elements, a balance of contradictory principles, would be wholly overthrown if any one of its constituent maxims were pushed to its extreme. If the representation of the people were perfect, we should have a republic. If the King could really do no wrong, we might as well have the Stuarts back again; and if the interference of peers with elections were strictly forbidden, affairs would come to a standstill, or the House of Lords be turned to the right-about. Under such a government, it is as impossible to make a good citizen by overdoing him even with wisdom, virtue, courage, or patriotism, as to make good punch with a predominating quantity of any one of its ingredients. Thus, an uncompromising radical reformer, who will accept of nothing under annual parliaments and universal suffrage, would, if undiluted, make but a poor and acid tiff, as unpalatable in the mouth, as torturing in the stomach. A thorough-paced Tory is sheer spirits, stimulating and unwholesome, as rum fresh from the still, and "faithful to its fire." A ministerial optimist is mere syrop, all treacle and honey; and a genuine Whig is the water, mawkish and nauseous in itself, but admirably adapted to qualify the other ingredients, and to blend their opposite excesses into a mixture, such as John Bull can be persuaded



to swallow. In all governments alike, the out-and-outers, however, have done mischief; and prove that too much of a good thing is good for nothing. A pretty piece of business the Robespierres, the Dantons, and the Marats, made of it in France, who were the rigorists of equality, and the uncompromising advocates of the justest of all principles, the majesty of the people. Had they been contented with less than the whole, and (to use the language of a great master of political wisdom) would have stopped at Brentford, instead of dashing on with their principle to Windsor, what lives would have been saved! The French would not have been frozen in the snows of Moscow, and the butchers' shops of England would not have been filled with those buzzing blue-bottle flies which the child and champion of Jacobinism introduced to spite us;\* Great Britain would have been some hundreds of millions less in debt, and the present ministry would have been less pestered with those other buzzing blue-bottles, the Newcastles, the Davenports, and the Blandfords. Charles the Tenth was unquestionably a man of principle, who feared God and honoured the king; but would he not have been wiser and happier in giving up a point or two of the rigor of his ecclesiastico-political Utopia, than in playing the throne of France against Ghent or Lulworth, for the sake of doing that by main force which his brother of England might, if he chose it, so much better effect by insinuation and management? It happens in politics, the rigorists in principle frighten the greater part of mankind, by their exaggerated pretensions, into a morbid apathy, and predispose them to reject all interest in public affairs, through an apprehension of falling short of the perfection of their leaders. Who could hope to attain to the protestantism of an Eldon? to the retrenching economy of an Hume? or to the disinterestedness of a Camden? This it is that caused so many faint-hearted Tories to rat on the Catholic Question;—that now leaves the House contented with a minimum of financial reduction; and prevents the Lord Charleses from voluntarily abandoning a shilling of their pensions and their sinecures. And what, I beseech you, is the consequence of this unhappy state of things? Why, that ascendancy is left without a rag to cover its nakedness, that the Church is in danger of losing its tithes, and that the whole system of aristocratical plunder is scarcely worth five years' purchase. There is one circumstance, it must be owned, under which moderation in politics is of a more equivocal value, if not altogether to be eschewed. In times of crisis, when the minds of the people ferment, and a nation labours under a hot fit of enthusiasm, experience teaches that exaggeration is the only road to distinctions and honours, and often the only means of personal safety. In such moments, moderation is weakness, and weakness always goes to the wall, *i. e.* to the gallows or the guillotine. Witness the Brissotin faction, who were the honest men and the best citizens of the Revolution, but who went to their death, loaded with the execrations of the people, simply because they had one grain more of common sense than their neighbours. I have blamed their opponents, it is true, for their falling into the opposite fault, and substituting anarchy for freedom; and, as the question stands between the Terrorists and humanity, the matter is already judged. But as,

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\* Rejected Addresses.

between the Terrorists and the Brissotins, it is clear that the former, by their exaggeration, best maintained their ground; and that though both parties were eventually sent to the executioner, yet the Terrorists reserved a property in their own heads for some months longer than their rivals; and that, in the matter of revolutions, is a consideration of no trifling consequence. In one sense, indeed, the Brissotins were more exaggerated than their enemies; for if their republicanism was less sanguinary and extreme than that of the Montagne, it showed more of obstinacy and stiffness to stand out for it "to the death," than simply to maintain the point, at the expense of the heads of others.

The great and most important advantage of moderation in politics, the point for which, if for no other reason, it ought to be systematically cultivated, is, that it leaves the head clear, and the judgment cool, enabling the hard-pressed politician to shift his position with adroitness, when he finds it becoming no longer tenable. The Ultra is generally a man of one idea, and he has not room in his intellects to entertain a sound notion of the circumstances which may modify its value. Youth, which never pauses to reflect, but yields implicitly to first impressions, is likewise very apt to overlook the fitness of things; and, in defence of its favourite abstraction, to champion the world to the utterance; but they who have lived somewhat longer in society, discover, if they have any *savoir*, that to-day and to-morrow make all the difference in the value of a principle; and they never either attack or defend general positions but under such restrictions and exceptions as leave them free to act as they please on a future occasion. The value of this mental reservation in debate is immense; for when a man has been in the habit of roundly asserting the wholesomeness of a dogma or a measure, and feels suddenly called upon to run it down, he really does find himself, be his impudence what it may, in a very disagreeable predicament. This was the case with Mr. Peel, when he consented to the passing the Catholic Relief Bill. The measure was a good measure, and he was not without plenty of good arguments for justifying his new opinion; but he was confoundedly hampered with the memory of his old ultra ascendancy; and the most paltry parson, "much bemused in beer," of Oxford, could convict him out of his own mouth. There is nothing more effectually proves the advance England has made in civilization, than the increased frequency of political changes, and the superior ability and effrontery with which they are effected. It is in vain that those sticklers for the good old times (who, as Paul Courier had it, would, on the day of the creation, have called lustily for the preservation of Chaos,\*) have given these tergiversations a ridiculous nickname, and called them ratting. The practice is an essential part of the constitution, and a *sine qua non* in the conducting of the government; nor can it be deemed less respectable than it is useful. The man of sense, "open to all parties, and influenced by none," hears all sides, and shifts his banner as he sees good; the hlockhead alone never changes an opinion, and is only the more inconsistent by his obstinacy, in a world in which every thing is changing around him. The greatest of British statesmen have ratted, upon due provocation.

\* "Le jour de la création, quel bruit n'eût-il pas fait? Il eût crié, Mon Dieu, conservons le chaos."—*Œuvres de P. Courier*.

The elder Pitt accepted a peerage; the younger Pitt persecuted the reformers, whom he had incited both by precept and example. Burke would have been the greatest and most distinguished rat that ever sat in Parliament, if he had not too palpably betrayed the pecuniary motive which influenced his change. Circumstances change, and he who will not bend to circumstances must break under their impetus. The difference of in and out is ninety-nine points in the hundred; and nothing can be conceived less reasonable than to expect that "Lord Palmerston in place and contented, and Lord Palmerston out of place and dissatisfied," should think precisely alike. Of this error, however, there is little cause for apprehension. England has arrived at a perfection altogether unprecedented. *Venimus ad summum fortunæ*; and we may turn our triumphant eyes on the national rat-trap, and laugh to scorn the barbarous French, who, when Polignac only wanted thirty members (rats, I mean,) to complete his majority, could not supply from their whole Chamber so small a number. No, the French are all *exaggerés, exaltés*, with heads too high mounted to appreciate the weighty reasons which a minister can adduce in favour of moderation. The introduction of ratting into the British constitution may well be considered as the seal of its perfection. Perfect it always was, indeed, in all its various stages; but this lever once applied, it became preter-plu-perfect. The facility, the promptness, and, if I may so say, the grace with which public business is now transacted, excite the wonder and admiration of all beholders. Ratting, moreover, is an immense additional security to the liberty of the subject; for rats are always for half measures, and anxious to prevent excess alike in evil and in good; and as long as a Minister feels his dependence upon the rats, he must necessarily abstain from such violent conduct, as, by threatening to sink the state ship, would induce those prescient animals to quit the vessel at the shortest given notice. Ratting also adds considerably to the pleasures of the country. Politics have become a country-dance, "change partners and back again;" and the most animated portion of Parliamentary debates are made up of explanations of conduct, which explain nothing, and of apologies for new arrangements, which nobody can understand. Still, however, moderation in all things is best; and I cannot approve that Ultra versatility, which prevents any man or party from speaking the same language two nights together. It hegets an unwholesome suspicion that Parliament-men have no principle at all. The debates, during the late session, became a perfect embroglio. The members seemed perpetually striving, as dear Lord Cas used to say, to turn their backs on themselves; and if some hounds be not placed to this levity and flux of sentiment, the Minister will be obliged——But my paper is out.

M.

## SKETCHES FROM THE GANGES, NO. II.

THE late General Palmer, the distinguished sire of a distinguished son, was as remarkable for his eminent abilities, as for playful retort and brilliant repartee. A young and forward officer, whether of the Company's civil or military service the chronicle sayeth not, was rather freely and pertly cross-examining the General as to his early career and rapid promotion. He insisted on knowing the date of every grade, and the history of every distinction. Things went on very quietly for some time; at last the General fired the following shot, *en ricochet*, and the curtain fell. "I have now, young gentleman, had the pleasure of satisfying *your* curiosity, will you likewise permit me to indulge mine?"—"Assuredly, General; I shall willingly answer any question you may put to me."—"Well, now, I have told you how *I* came to the country, and when—may I ask in what capacity *you* arrived in it?"—"Doubtless, General. I left England in the Kent, as a guinea-pig.\* It was two or three years ago."—"Really! Well, upon my conscience, I thought so. Are you sure, though, it was only two or three years ago? You have grown up such a great *bore* since!"

Now, I am quite persuaded, I shall not be suspected of making any invidious application of what I recollect in my *Æsop's* fables was found under the head of the moral of my tale, for I introduced it expressly for the very opposite purpose. It was absolutely essential, to avoid personality; and yet I wished to mention that aquatic parties on the Ganges (and I desire it to be distinctly understood that I mean water *au pied de la lettre*, tea-parties having nothing at all to do with the matter) are rendered singularly inconvenient by a sort of whimsical, noisy, unmanageable nondescript of a thing, which is called "a bore," and which appears to be very little known out of the City of Palaces, though I have heard that it has sometimes been observed as high as Barrackpore. Unlike General Palmer's bore, it seldom goes any farther; and it is pretended that the phenomenon is unknown on the banks of the Thames, though not of the Severn: but of this I propose to make more particular inquiry. As far, however, as the matter regards Bengal, I shall make an immediate application to the Medico-Physiological Society, lately instituted in Calcutta, whose sederunt, as may reasonably be supposed, is held at a respectable distance from the river.

It is difficult to have any thing to do with bores, aquatic or terrestrial, and keep in tolerable good-humour. Here they are ruffling my temper and usurping the space which I had destined to some little gossiping account of the fine arts in our city: and how to dispose of them? seeing that they have the ubiquity of cholera and taxation, and are to be found in the painting and the music-room; and even the cutcherry is not safe from their incursions. Let us, however, betake ourselves with all speed to Mrs. P——'s music-room; let us but hear her strike, "Strike, strike, the light guitar:" let me to thy easel, and thy sketch-book, dear P——; to thy gifted brother's cenobitium, who, like Falstaff, is not only witty himself, but the cause that it is in other men.

\* An inferior grade to a midshipman, formerly in use on board the Company's ships.

Where are the bores now? not, certainly, within reach of P——'s speaking chords, or polished R——'s lyre.

Yet, while I pencil out these outlines in pleased recollection of the talent which might fill up the portrait, I am constrained by the veritable nature of these details to remark, that my sketches start at once from the canvass, because the background as yet is more than commonly opaque and shaded. The arts are certainly not cultivated with spirit in our Eastern empire, and such brilliant exceptions as D'O——, R. S——, L——d, C. W. S——, the P——ps,\* rather establish than disprove my hypothesis.

But to the proof. In these far-famed palaces, for example, of which honourable mention has been made above, room after room will be traversed, *longo ordine*, whose wide expanse of white-washed wall is covered with paltry lithographs or second-rate engravings, in frames which for expense might attest the respect of a Mæcenas for a *chef-d'œuvre* of art, or heighten the immortality of a Claude or a Correggio. The Cardinal Virtues, *l'Amour naissant*; the King, for we are strictly loyal; the Duke of Wellington—for, to say the truth, we like to have it believed that we first made a General of him at Seringapatam; all the Governors-General and Commanders-in-chief—for this is a delicate way we have of showing our respect for the constituted authorities; a bishop occasionally, but of course not near so often. All these are favourite subjects, and doubtless of very meritorious exhibition: but let it not be forgotten that the same sum would have set up the outward and visible signs of loyalty, subordination, and religion; and still there might have been something left for the pencil of Prout or Varley. Yet, while I make these remarks, I would fain desire not to give them an indiscriminating breadth of application; for I am unwilling that even such weak authority as mine should be assigned for a total indifference to one of the strongest tests of refinement and a highly-polished state of society. Mr. W. P—— will give a better price for a good picture than a bad print, particularly if pepper happens to be looking up, and silk less dull than usual. This gentleman's patronage of the eccentric, but highly-gifted and dissipated C——, † speaks, if possible, more for his liberality than even his good taste and good-nature. Sir C. D'Oyly's name would be dear to the arts wherever they are known. He needs not even to copy his own magnificent Berghems and Vaudykes. If Mr. H——'s industry were not far below his genius, his pencil might afford more extensive aid to his purse in the embellishment of his luxurious apartments. In Sir C. M——'s house there is a Claude, which he purchased with, I think, eighteen or twenty other pictures, at a price far below its single value. Mr. C——'s paintings should change light

\* As there are seven of these brethren in the East, and all have been appointed to Bengal, doubtless for the sake of avoiding mistakes, it becomes necessary to specify that I allude to numbers 4, 5, and 6. T——y, to the best of my knowledge, draws nothing but inferences, and now and then, but with discretion, a cork.

† A good story is told of a violent altercation between Ch——y and his agents, Messrs. P——r and Co. which terminated by his offering them three propositions, all or any of which he declared himself prepared to accede to, as affording the only possible chance of an adjustment of accounts—1, To admit him as a partner into the house: 2, To put him into the Calcutta gaol: 3, To get him appointed to act as Bishop during the vacancy of the See.

and frames with his prints. Two splendid pictures of Sir H. Russell and Sir W. Burroughs, in the Supreme Court, might encourage aspirants after forensic honours, if the gentlemen of the long robe would now and then look up at them, or if any one would take the trouble even of keeping them free from dust and cobwebs. In the Governor-General's private drawing-room, there are two charming pictures of Louis the Fifteenth and his Queen. The history of these paintings is curious; they were destined for the Government House at Pondicherry, when Dupleis (a man whose genius, had it been seconded by fortune, might have permanently secured to him the empire, which, with these trophies, has been transferred to his great rivals) ruled uncontrolled over the plains of the Carnatic. The despotism he erected, and the despot he served and imitated, have sunk long since into merited oblivion. Mignard's charming talent yet delights us after the lapse of little less than a century—

"Rome vainquit le monde,  
Athènes l'éclaira,  
Le conquérant n'est plus,  
Le bienfait restera."

If painting is little known, and less esteemed among us, of sculpture there can be but slender encouragement. Even in England, the taste can only be indulged by a few favoured sons of Fortune; and there one certainly meets with twenty houses where there are good paintings for one which can boast any thing higher than a bust of Milton over a bookcase, one of the Duke of Wellington upon the stairs, or, peradventure, a trashy, exaggerated nudity of a Venus after Canova, picked up in that repository of good taste and elegant associations the Palais Royal. Accordingly, none of us have a good statue; and of two or three which belong to the public, I am constrained to notice that it might be possible to show more care in the preservation, and more taste in the *locale* of their exhibition. But to the proof again.

There is Bacon's noble statue of a nobler man; it has been crammed into the lower apartments of the Town Hall, probably the very spot where it was unpacked, and where it looks as if it were warring, not with ignorance, prejudice, and vice, but with the superincumbent weight of the vast beams which support the upper story of the structure, and which, in India, take the place of ceilings. And there are the glancing, dusty drops of a paltry chandelier close to the speaking marble—mute witness of many a scene of frivolity, intemperance, not to say of something worse; for be it known that in this very apartment our ball-suppers are laid; and here the lottery is drawn, and clubs debate and dine. And to crown the awful lesson to all future Governors-General of the nothingness of their high estate, should they shuffle off this mortal coil in our unimaginative city, Mr. Gunter, is accustomed to debit anchovy sauce, and sparkling champagne, and hermetically-sealed oysters, at the very base of the statue. Now, it may be said, truly enough, that the juxtaposition of a great nobleman's figure with bottles of champagne, cannot have any thing in it incongruous or offensive during life; and thus far it is but just to say, that we have some excuse in the words of the exalted person himself; who, when consulted as to his last place of rest, simply remarked, "where the tree falls, there let it lie;" still I can scarcely think he could have anticipated our leaving the noble

trunk among the wine cups, where Fortune gambols hand in hand with Vice—where Folly holds her Court, and fools are presented.\*

In short, it is a very crying sin, for which penance should be done in some way or other, and repentance proclaimed, by an early erection of some vast and conspicuous structure, like the Pantheon at Paris, to which we might affix the same simple and touching inscription; not in painted letters such as theirs, with which the rain and the winds have taken unseemly liberties, but on a good durable Chunar stone tablet—thus:—

"Aux grands hommes—La Patrie  
Reconnaissante."

There should be plenty of spare niches, (I cannot, for obvious reasons, do more than merely suggest the precaution,) and then we should hear no more of the reproaches of the legislator, the sighs of the philanthropist, or the objurgation of the artist, for having hid the speaking image of Marquess Cornwallis, where those only see it who least require, or are least likely to profit by the example.

I shall renew these remarks in another sketch, when I have ascertained how my suggestion, as to the temple, has been received in the City of Palaces; and when I have discovered what is to be done with the statues of Mr. Hastings, Marquess Wellesley, and the Marquess of Hastings, all of which are either coming or come. Nobody, however, seems to know *where* they are—very likely in the Sea Custom House. The presiding deity there, the "genius loci," has some right to be fond of statues, considering how closely sculpture and the drama are allied.†

And here is obviously the time and place to say something of our Calcutta Drury, for I dare swear there are vast numbers in the seagirt isle who religiously believe that we have as yet got no farther than the waggon of Thespis. Now this is a great injustice to a very pretty, well-lighted, well-painted, and sometimes well-filled theatre; one of the most delightful resources in a country which, after all, I believe I must acknowledge, requires a few more. I am inclined also to record my belief, that our Oriental audiences are content with the drama in its legitimate walk, which I have certainly heard is not upon Madame Saqui's slack-rope, stretched between the pit and shilling gallery of Covent Garden theatre, or on the backs of five horses all at once! To be sure, strict regard for truth compels the admission that we have no gallery at all in our house; and, if we had, I do not know that we could well put it to the above use! Madame Saqui, and her flesh-coloured pantaloons, being in so much requisition on the other side of the water. We do, however, under these circumstances, as they do in France—and every body knows how that is.

It is to be regretted that the performances are irregular and infrequent; that the admission is necessarily very high; and that, as there is no half price, a seat is harred to a numerous class, who would, doubtless, contribute to fill both the house and the manager's pockets.

\* "Non una ratio omnibus locis convenit." Those islanders at Bombay shut up their statue of Cornwallis in Messrs. Renington and Crawford's godowns, and covered the body so ingeniously with bales of cotton, and cases of indigo, and pipes of Madeira, that the murder was not discovered for some years.

† Mr. G. S.—s is at this time collector of sea customs.

The company, however, is far more select in consequence; and we never hiss bad actors, and always diligently clap our hands when the Governor-General takes his seat. All which are pleasing features in our theatrical character—nevertheless, the performances would be more attractive were greater attention given to what is called stage-business, and there are some few in our society to whom a little more room to move between the benches might not be unacceptable, whether the objects of their visits be the flirting a fan, or the fanning a flirt. All these, however, are very trifling defects; and when it is considered that the main-spring of our machine is amateur talent, and that sometimes, just as it begins to develop itself, the tyro, civil or military, is directed to take a little turn of some thirteen or fourteen hundred miles towards Alexander's altars, or old Imaus, it is only wonderful that things go on so well.

Again, it should not be forgotten, that we labour under the singular disadvantage of a total dearth of female performers. We never had but one good actress on the Chowringhee boards; and we, of course, wanted to marry her, "*à l'envi l'un de l'autre*," just as is usual and proper in England. At last she did marry, and was no more seen; and, as her loss has never been replaced, the inconvenience is sensibly felt in a country which, in this respect, has been obliged to reverse the usage of the parent clime. *There* men go to see female performers in men's clothes from preference; *Here* we look at men in petticoats because we cannot help it.\*

The cause of this is not very apparent. Surely the capital of Asia might support half a dozen sons and daughters of Thespis; and, I own, I have heard this is not the difficulty. The objection comes from a quarter where paternal solicitude is said yet to exist, lest we should run away with the actresses, or lest the actresses should run away with us. But some of the enlightened supporters of colonization seem to think this would be no great misfortune; and I have seen good sensible Tories of the old school, who think that a *mésalliance* or two need not be found wanting, when weighed in the scale with the advantages to be derived from those lessons of morality which are always taught by the drama; whatever besides may be learnt extraneously in a theatre during the performance.

The theatrical club, "*et olim meminisse juvat*," have frequent and social meetings; and their association is unquestionably next to the Bengal United Service,† a late establishment, the reputation of which Lord Combermere and the constituted authorities, consented to support. The meetings of the theatrical club have for their scene the

\* We except our *djous* of a Mrs. Malaprop and H. W——'s admirable representation of some female characters.

† Clubs are so entirely a part of the social system in England, that it may be matter of surprise that hitherto none have had any considerable or lasting success in *Ind'ia*. We are essentially domestic in our habits, and there is very little play since poor B—— became food for fishes, and Mrs. M—— carried away all our money. This club, however, appears to have a fairer chance of protracted existence, for the members are numerous and highly respectable, and the funds so much more than cover the expenses, that there is a considerable accumulating surplus. The terms are extremely reasonable. An admission of 300 rupees (35*l.*) is paid, and 100 (10*l.*) per annum, which gives the free use of an excellent house, billiard-tables, lights, and periodical publications. There is a daily house dinner, at 3 rupees, *tiffin* 2, and breakfast 1*rs* 8*as*.



theatre, the tables being laid on the stage; and if Bacchus should ever return to India, and Momus accompany him, here they will certainly set up the staff of their rest; and here, until they do come, I— must reign with undivided empire.

And shall I quit this scene of your triumphs, P—, H—, P—, P—; shall I, with your impassioned declamation yet ringing in the ear, your graceful delivery yet before me, your felicitous adaptation of the action to the word yet fresh in my recollection; shall I betake myself to the wild and the waste, leaving behind me no record more imperishable than the loud plaudits of your admiring countrymen? Believe me, if I do, it is that I feel how little I am entitled to hope that this narrow page should rouse one scintilla of your genius, or add one blazon to your fame.

I lament that my limits should drive me to brief notice of our musical state; though details on this subject would be uninviting; and, indeed, when I think of what those are said to be good for who have not music in their souls, it is quite lamentable to think of the future state of half my Calcutta acquaintance.

I must, however, be strictly just; for I know how willingly such details will be pressed into the service of the anti-orientalists in England, as proofs of our being nearly on an equality with the New Zealanders, in point of civilization. Bad music then, and very bad too, I have heard politely, yet somewhat somniferously, attended to; but never did enthusiasm or gratitude for high enjoyment sleep when Mrs. P—, or Mrs. B—, or Mrs. H—'s charming talent was awake.

Still, I fear me, I must confess, that ours is *not* a musical society, or a theatrical one; and I doubt not I excited pity for our state, when I remarked that we never had but one first-rate actress. In like manner, in the course of twenty years, we have had but one really fine professional violinist. The actress we forthwith married, which was gallant and proper enough, but it was not quite so fit to starve the musician. I must not, I believe, tell this story just as the discussions upon the charter are about to commence; but, if any body doubt the fact,\* let him get into the steam-boat and go as far as Trieste. It will be an especial occasion to eat lampreys, and drink "*lachryma Christi*." At Trieste there is a Mr. Scheidlenberger, whose exquisite performance on the violin—but stay, it's a "*triste*" story—suffice it then to say, that I devoutly hope he may not be put into the box, when we are on trial for "*treasons, stratagems, and plots*." It is true, we shall call as witnesses in our defence Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, who sold us "*les beaux restes*" of a once beautiful "*organe*," for something above ten thousand pounds sterling; Messrs. Delmar, father and son, whose talents are not remunerated because they only desire to exercise them on particular occasions, and for particular individuals; and if we can get Mr. Linton to sing, which, by the by, is not very likely, and he will do us the justice to tell the Court that he alone is to blame if his

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\* It is astonishing how generally information is diffused of our constitution under this said charter.—I have repeatedly been asked by natives of distinction if the Company was not an old woman who had twenty-four husbands. We are of course better informed—the wife of one of our body asked me the other day, if I thought it likely that the Magna Charta would be renewed?

talent is rewarded only with our thanks, the fact should plead in mitigation of the penalty. Some effort should also be made to induce the Judges to attend one of Mr. Young's or Dr. Wilson's musical evenings, it being understood that their Lordships stay for the grilled turkey.

But I have ventured to speak of the Bench, and not a word of the Bar. Where shall I seek my excuse, or what apology shall I prevail on mankind to accept? Sketches professing to treat of things as they are in the City of Palaces, and not a syllable as yet of her Court Supreme, its decisions, its reasonings, its wisdom, and its wit!

Now to this I can make but brief reply, always bearing in mind that wise and retired men, in general, are disposed to keep, as far as possible, out of the way of commitments for contempt, and informations at the suit of our Sovereign Lord the King; and farther, that the law of libel is an unpleasant and uncertain rule of action to have any thing to do with, even in England—at least so I have heard, and I merely notice the circumstance incidentally, for it is needless to remark that in India, and more especially in our well-regulated Presidency of Fort William, if any body were depraved enough to write a libel, none of us would be ill-advised enough to read it.

This very fruitful subject, therefore, for forensic eloquence, is closed to the Calcutta bar; and there is another, likewise, which our friends in Portland Place and Leadenhall Street will be glad to hear neither awakens the eloquence and genius of our lawyers, or tries their erudition. We are all in general much too busy to be vicious; and, as we never break any promises of marriage *before* the ceremony, it is superfluous to mention that we strictly observe them *after* it. I hope the fact will be duly remembered to our honour, and that nobody will talk nonsense about self-praise being no recommendation, when we go to Parliament in 1832, and ask for a renewal of our privileges, for this, and other good reasons. I ask pardon for this short digression.

Again, much of the interest which follows a British Court of Justice, is intimately, deeply connected with that first personal pronoun, which, bating a little fondness for the "spectacle" of the affair, and the pomp and circumstance of black caps and red gowns, and javelin men, and sheriffs in court-dresses, throngs the doors of our assize courts, and leads us to Westminster Hall at the risk of suffocation, congelation, starvation, and all other ills which flesh is heir to in that revered pile. In England men feel universally that, in many cases, what is the plaintiff's witnesses, and even the prisoner's case to-day, may be theirs to-morrow. In India the decisions of the judges can affect, comparatively, but a very few, and of those few nine-tenths are separated by wide and overpowering distinctions of religion, colour, country, caste, which must greatly tend to silence, if they do not entirely subdue, all individual feeling.

Again, ours is well-known to be a painstaking, calculating, industrious, arithmetical population; in which every one is, or for the sake of appearances affects to be, deeply engaged with his own or his neighbour's affairs: and if it be true, as the great moralist has remarked, that men are seldom so innocently employed as when making money, we are unquestionably the most innocent society under the sun. The "desœuvre" sort of person, who, to use Dr. Johnson's expression, "loves to fold his legs and have his talk out," would be sorely pressed

in our city not only for conveniences but matter. We keep no chairs in our offices even for tourists; and when a misguided individual strays among us, with a view of enjoying our conversation between the hours of ten and four, we thrust the Indigo Planter's Manual, or the Bengal Directory into his hand, and leave him to his fate. Every one has an occupation good or bad, and all those occupations tend "per tot discrimina rerum," to the same paramount and exclusive object—money! "Nous passons la vie à décliner le même verbe." A little money to spend here, and a great deal to carry away and spend elsewhere. Now I devoutly trust I am not within reach of an action for libel when I venture to remark, with great deference, that it is not frequent attendance in a court of law which is likely to accelerate this consummation.\*

Upon the whole, therefore, so far from its being matter of surprise that forensic eloquence is, with some brilliant exceptions, less general than at the English bar; that the solid merits of the profession are in esteem rather than the ornamental—it is far more wonderful that there is so much, whether of solidity or elegance. I suspect, too, that the public prints may fairly be charged with helping to fix eloquence at a discount in the Supreme Court, and plain downright reasoning at a premium. The column devoted to law reports is always meagre, often a blank. Perhaps this is a necessary consequence of what I have slightly touched upon, ss relating to the classes who may be affected by the decisions of the Calcutta bench; for, after all, men cannot be expected to speak of Baboo Ram Lele's sorrows and sufferings in an action of *clausum fregit*, in Nunkoo Jemmadar's Lane, as if the question had been Sir Francis Burdett's commitment to the Tower, while Senates listen and nations wait the decree.

Having now arrived at this last weighty conclusion, I must terminate this sketch, however difficult it may be to stay the hand where there are such attractions "desipere in loco." Here is no ample room and verge enough to speak of T——'s brilliant but sarcastic periods, of P——'s animated appeals, of P——'s reasoning, or of C——'s wit. To another, and a more practised pen, I leave it to examine, if the Calcutta bar has been less willing than its parent, on the banks of the Thames, to render truth attractive, and virtue and justice popular; if it has always been as ready to enforce the stern injunctions of the law, as to cause them to be respected by endeavouring to make them understood. To me it belongs not to inquire, if the forensic genius of the West has been busy with the chains of the East, or with the keys of her prison.

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\* I of course allude to the mere wanderer in search of amusement. Law, we know, must be paid for; and, if people do not like their attorneys' bills, I advise them to go to the Master, who almost always takes off fifteen or twenty rupees (being about the sum of his own fee,) from a bill of five or six thousand. A friend of mine had a slight difference with his Calcutta attorney, on some items of his account; and called upon him to obtain some modification. The result of the visit was another neatly engrossed square-lettered note:

" To hearing your objections to my bill,  
Equal to six attendances . . . 15 rupees

## THE DEPUTATION AND DINNER.

I WHO seven long years ago (*cheu fugaces!*) witnessed and recorded the imposing solemnities of an Edinburgh Graduation Day,\* do now essay to sing the milder glories of a deputation and a dinner; and if Time, "the subtle thief of youth," have not dimmed and rendered dull my mind, will faithfully portray a scene not uninteresting, and of a very recent date.

Since that ever-to-be-remembered day on which the sun went down on so many doctors, the prophetic feelings with which their graduation was witnessed have been fully verified; and many an eventful tale could be told by those who were then so tranquil and so full of hope. Scattered over the wide world, and each pursuing his own particular path to wealth or fame, few of the students who then shook hands and parted have met, or will ever meet again. What, though each county town from the Frith of Forth to the Tweed, and from the Tweed to the Trent, and from the Trent to the Thames, and from the Thames to the sea which Julius Cæsar crossed, may have the advantage of possessing one of us; although the mountains of Wales, and the far-extending Land's End, may boast of some great person of *the twenty-one*; men, engaged as they are do but meet their former fellow-students in mid-land provinces, on the tops of coaches, where a momentary glimpse revives the memory of former years; or encounter them in the street of Regent, when each party is paying a visit of a day to the metropolis. The time of romantic walks, in the Glen of Roslin perchance, or on the heights of Pentland, is past and gone; and those nights of long-remembered wit are lost in the darkness of years.

But the accession of his Most Gracious Majesty William the Fourth has been the means of collecting together, once more, many of those who studied together in Edinburgh, with some of their former teachers, and the very reverend the Principal himself. Curious was it to see, in a dingy apartment in the Thatched House, a collection of faces known of old in the North Bridge-street, and in Surgeon's-square, recognised as having once lingered in the wards of the Edinburgh Infirmary, or lodged in the altitudes of Lothian-street. There stood the Principal too, robed precisely as when last we saw him; his countenance still glowing with benevolence and good humour, and blooming in advancing age with health and vigour. There, too, was Dr. Monro, the descendant of an illustrious line, in no respect changed during the ten years which had passed since last we beheld him; and there also Dr. Alison, though much younger perhaps the most changed, and yet not much. Greater far, I fear, were the changes which had come over many of their former pupils; changes wrought in some by study, and in some by care, and in some by voyages and travels in all climates, and in not a few by the mere wear, tear, and worry of a London life. Over men who live in provincial towns, or even in the northern capital, years pass smoothly and calmly, and leave their faces as unruffled as the smoothest sands of the sea in the softest day of summer; but the fretting waves of such a struggling and restless social system as that of London, indent the human countenance into as

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\* See "New Monthly Magazine," March 1823.

many lines as the same sands present in turbulent weather. We live upon excitement, and our life is a kind of fever. The least pause is intolerable. Stimulus after stimulus drives us on and on, until we stop for ever; and we only know that men are dead and gone when we perceive new men in their places, driving and hurrying after them.

The occasion of our meeting was this:—The Principal and certain of the professors were deputed to lay before the King and Queen an address from the University of Edinburgh. Let it be said, by the way, for it may be said truly, that among all the addresses which have poured in from a loyal people on the accession of a kind monarch and his queen, none have been more honourable to the addressers than the two which this deputation had the charge of; they breathed towards the King an enlightened attachment, and towards her Majesty a well-founded confidence that the simple virtues of her character would diffuse their mild and salutary influence over a virtuous court. The victories of peace were placed before those of war, and the interests of science before the interests of the Holy Alliance.

On a former occasion, I acknowledged the obligation of the Edinburgh graduates to the profession of the law for their gowns. On the day of the deputation the *Church* seemed rather to have been put in requisition. Every parish in London had contributed. Moreover, I detected a stray robe or two from Dublin; and am strongly of opinion that I saw some which belonged to the London University. A gown at court is a great privilege; it renders the ludicrous arrangements of a court dress unnecessary; and although some of our deputation were conspicuous in laced frills, and had appended to their collars what was formerly a part of the bag-wig, it was understood that they were so bedecked for private reasons—some of them being to be presented separately, and one, Dr. Ballingall, to be knighted.

As the Deputation moved along St. James's-street, I beheld with satisfaction the ancient maces and the venerable head of the Principal surmounted with a cocked-hat. Upright and alert was he, the Principal, and looking as the head of a college ought to look. On we went, led by Sir Patrick Walker, wearing his massive chain of office, doubtless through an admiring crowd; and gaily and loyally did we ascend the stairs of the palace, heedless of the curse of Dante's bell; for we did not tread the stairs of great men in hopes of favour, but to do a subject's duty to a king, who had evidently banished much of the old and cold formality from the place.

I will turn courtier, for a court is a glorious place. Imagine ye, who never went up with a deputation, most spacious rooms, adorned with paintings, glittering with gilding, and crowded with the noble and the gay, all splendidly attired, and courtly in their manners, as becometh the scene. There were, not to mention numerous persons in bag-wigs and swords, at least three hundred dazzling uniforms, and among the wearers almost every distinguished man in the land or the sea-service. Ribbons, crosses, and stars were all around us, gained, in not a few instances, in exchange for an arm, a leg, or an eye. The British scarlet was intermingled with the blue of the navy, softened by the sky-blue of the yeomanry cavalry; and the colours and trappings of every European nation were there, save the Turks and the Greeks. Through

this room we passed by folding-doors, which seemed to open with more than usual grace, into a second apartment, somewhat smaller than the first hut decorated with equal magnificence. There are two portraits in this room well worthy of attention; one of Nelson, the very portraiture of a dandy; his head gracefully drooping, and one leg raised, as if to show the delicacy of his ankle. The other portrait is that of Lord Howe, the very personification of what is at once bluff, and brave, and intelligent. There is no drooping of head there, or exhibition of ankle, but the old Admiral stands with his large feet apart, to give steadiness to his stout and manly frame; his hands are crossed before him, and he holds a telescope, through which he has evidently been watching the fleet of an enemy on whom he meditates an attack.

Yet I saw these pictures at no time for gazing on the painted forms of those who were once alive and brave; for the room was filling with all the illustrious living of England, as well as with the ambassadors from every other country. Near the door reserved for those who have the *entrée* were sitting two military veterans, dressed with all the scrupulous care observable in the uniform of the youngest officer in the room. One was General Sir Alured Clarke, the oldest officer in the service, and recently elevated to the rank of Field Marshal; he stooped with age, and required the support of a friendly arm when he rose; but his countenance was cheerful, and bespoke health unbroken, and a gallant spirit not yet fled. It was pleasant to see the two old gentlemen chatting together with all the animation of Chelsea pensioners. Whilst I was looking at them the door opened, and in glided the Duke of Wellington, in a plain general's coat and white trowsers. He stopped and paid his respects to the two old generals, and when the younger of them, who could not be less than eighty, seemed disposed to enter more fully into conversation, gradually withdrew with a respectfulness and courtesy of manner for which those who have not seen the great conqueror at court would hardly give him credit. Very interesting was it to observe his gentle step, his constant and imperishable smile, his raised eyebrows, his well-known and singular features, his white but not thin hair, and the quiet glancing of eyes which are those of the eagle. On whichever side he turned, he met involuntary bows, and returned them. He led the good Archbishop of Canterbury towards the fire-place, and talked with great animation, whilst the Bishop of London stood by, all keenness, restlessness, and attention. After shaking hands with some of the ambassadors, and howing to others, the Duke walked gently into the throne-room, from whence, after paying his respects to the King, he soon returned, and went away. Many of his great companions in arms were there—men whose names are as the sound of a trumpet—Lord Hill, whose appearance gives little indication of what he has gone through; one of the Lords Somerset, whose lost arm bore honourable testimony to his having been in the heat of some bloody fray; and Lord Combermere, in the full-dress of a dragoon officer, a most chivalrous looking person; yet, to these and many more, the attention which was given was far less intense than that with which the less imposing appearance of the Duke was regarded, for his name and his fame fill the mind.

All this while we were standing in the middle of the antechamber, and were, from time to time, not a little gratified to observe that our

venerable Principal was an object of attention and admiration. Proud were we to note the bland demanour of the Bishop of London when he conversed with the old Scotch divine. Now and then we could also see, it is true, that the appearance of our deputation was a little enigmatical, and that even experienced courtiers were rather puzzled to comprehend our business among them.

At last we moved onwards into the throne room, breaking into single file, and warned by friendly voices among the glittering uniforms of the crowded but silent room, of the necessity of taking off the glove, which was the first intimation that any of us had of our being about to kiss the king's hand. It had been imagined that we should be received by the king on his throne, and that the address being read we should retire. On entering the throne-room, too, the throng was so considerable, and so many of our deputation from the North, in the front rank, were so tall that we could not see the situation of his Majesty, although the Duke of Sussex, who looked in excellent health and spirits, was seen towering above all. When the excellent Principal came opposite to the King he stopped, imagining, I believe, that the address, which some attendant of the court had taken from him, would be restored, in order to be read; but the address was no more to be seen, and the King bowed, and the Principal passed on. Those immediately behind him, finding that all was over, hurried after him with all speed, and some, I fear, without noticing the hand of the King at all. The consequence of this to me was, that I found myself most suddenly close to his Majesty, and heard my name loudly announced to him; but, luckily, I also heard, in the under-tone of the lord in waiting, the words, "Kiss the King's hand," just in time to render that sincere and dutiful homage to the most benevolent and honest King in Europe, not excepting Louis Philip the First himself. Making a bow, a too hasty one I apprehend, to the Duke of Sussex, who stood on his Majesty's left, my attentions to the rest of the company were suddenly interrupted by observing that all those who had walked before me in the procession had vanished from the presence. Some of these gentlemen, and nearly all who were behind me, passed the remainder of the day in a vain search after the Principal and his followers; wandering up one staircase and down another; sometimes directed wrong by old Townsend, the police-officer, and then rushing back in desperation to get right. In the mean time, the Principal, although with a sadly diminished train, was ushered into the Queen's drawing-room. Whether the Principal had kept a more tenacious hold of the address to the Queen than he did of the other I do not know, but he had it with him, and read it with admirably becoming expression to her most gracious Majesty, who listened to it with marked condescension and kindness, and replied to it with graceful propriety. The members of the deputation who had not been thrown out were also happy enough to kiss her Majesty's hand, which they did kneeling; they then all retired, and returned to the Thatched House in the order in which they had left it, quite unable to account for the remarkable defection which had taken place in the deputation within the palace, until all were again assembled, a few days after, at a dinner given by the Edinburgh graduates resident in London to the Principal and Professors from the University in which they had formerly studied.

The voices of the friends of former years fall solemnly upon the ear, even in a convivial scene, when many of them are brought together at once after long separation. The sounds bring back the memory of hopes once indulged, and contrast it with what the intervening years have taught us. Exceedingly fond of melancholy, however, must those be who are proof against turtle and champagne; and, to say the truth, considering the gravity of our profession, a merrier set of men I never saw than were gathered round the Principal under the hospitable auspices of Mr. Cuff. Toasts were given, speeches were delivered, and Scotch recollections indulged "without any mitigation or remorse;" and altogether, among the wonders to be related by the deputation to those of their colleagues who were so unfortunate as to remain in Scotland, (I do not presume to ask why the University loyalty was exclusively *medical*.) it will not, I imagine, be the least agreeable part of the duty of the travellers returned to give to their hearers some faint idea of the spirit and eloquence with which the former pupils of the University of Edinburgh expressed their attachment to the place of their education, and to the professors from whom they derived their first instructions.

C.

## FAREWELL WORDS.

'Tis vain to hide!—too well I see  
 The bitter change in look and tone—  
 And, oh! the more than agony  
 With which the fatal truth was known!—  
 How I have borne it—Heaven alone  
 And this heart may interpret well;—  
 How I've deserved it—let thine own,  
 Alas! too cruel bosom tell!

I know there's many a fairer maid,  
 With finer form—with brighter eye—  
 And ringlets beauteous as the shade  
 Of evening sunset in the sky;  
 And whisper'd tones of melody,  
 That may thy faithless soul have won:—  
 But, ah! thou'lt find whene'er I die,  
 Not one will love as I have done!

How few—how few and brief the years  
 We've passed—and, mark! the change to me;  
 I knew but little then of tears!  
 And nothing of life's misery!  
 My young, glad bosom woke as free  
 As wakes the spring bird from the bough,  
 Nor dreamt—how could it dream?—to be  
 The dupe, the victim it is now!

But go! I neither court thy smile,  
 Nor bend, nor deign me to implore,  
 No! though my heart may break the while,  
 Though we on earth may meet no more.  
 Yet, I'll ne'er ask thee to restore,  
 The heart which can so lightly woo!  
 Would I had known that heart before,  
 I had not wept this wild "Adieu!"

C. S.



## THE PRISON-BREAKER.

It was a custom, some years ago, with a few young men, to meet together once a week at each other's houses, and to communicate their ideas in writing. These productions were always read and left at the house of the entertainer, who returned, with a cold supper, a small portion of the good that he received in the shape of imagination and wit. Every person, as I have said, communicated his ideas, but no one was bound to any particular subject. Each one was to do his best. He who could not write prose was allowed to take refuge in rhyme. He who could not be entertaining was permitted to be learned. "We can sleep, at all events," said one of the body, when a person of indifferent merit was proposed. In a word, one or two members of unknown talent were admitted into our party (which was to consist of a dozen), and among the rest an old gentleman in spectacles, of a somewhat saturnine aspect, from whom we expected to receive at least an *Essay on Optics*, but who, to our infinite surprise, presented us with the following anecdote. (The circumstance of my being host of the evening will account for my possession of the manuscript.)

It was thus our sexagenarian began;—

"I am an old man, almost sixty. Some of my vivacity is perhaps gone; certainly all my sentimentality has vanished. My 'sallad days' are over! Instead of manufacturing bad rhymes and groaning at the moon—instead of sighing, after a villainous fashion, at every mantua-maker I meet, I set down my thoughts in level prose; I sun myself leisurely at mid-day, and I care no more for a milliner than I do for a mousetrap. All this philosophy I have learned in the great school of old age, where one gets wisdom in return for giving up all one's enjoyments. Yet these matters may be drawbacks with some persons?—and if so I am willing to be silent. If, however, there be any one who shall still desire 'a touch of my quality,' let him proceed with the following narrative. It is, I assure him, every tittle of it *true*:—

"About five or six-and-twenty years ago I went to reside at Charwood, a little village in the south-west part of England. Charwood is a pretty spot—a green, out-o'-the-way place, with a semicircular wood crowning the high land above it, and a brisk, glittering trout stream running away at its foot. The reader must understand that I was *not* a recluse. I did not shut myself up, like the Hermit of Tong, and let my beard grow for a recompense of half-a-crown per week. I did not even retreat to this seclusion from any lofty misanthropy. I liked the world well enough—I had no cause for dislike. My play had not been damned—my wife had not run away—I had not been kicked or caned at Newmarket or Brookes's. In short, I was very comfortable, and—a bachelor.

"And now to begin with my story. It is to be owned that I commence under some disadvantages. My heroine is the last in the world that a novelist would have selected. She had scarcely any of the ordinary qualities which allure from the eyes of ladies'-maids and sempstresses such rivers of tears. She was neither romantic nor mysterious, nor fond of sighing; she had no confidante, and was not devoured

by a 'secret sorrow.' I scarcely know how, with such defects, I can contrive to infuse any portion of interest into her narrative. But I have undertaken her little history, and must do the best I can. — Little Sophy Ellesmere (for that was her name) was the daughter of a small landed proprietor in Charwood. She was an only child—the offspring of a selfish, wilful father, and a patient, housewife-like little woman, who, through twenty years of her ill-assorted union, endured more troubles than were ever borne by any one, except those who have suffered under that most damnable of human vices—domestic tyranny. Sophy had something of her father's wilfulness, and all her mother's kindness of heart. She was, moreover, sufficiently spoiled by both—just enough to save her from the disgrace of being a common heroine. She had her full share of faults, and a few virtues. These things grow up together in Charwood like weeds and flowers, although, in the illuminated Leadenhall MSS. they are kept carefully apart, lest human folly should be mimicked too closely, and nature be pronounced a libel.

"Our little girl was lively, good-hearted, headstrong, passionate; as wild as a colt, and as brave as a lion. In respect of her person, she was not perfectly beautiful; on the contrary, she was almost as brown as a gypsey, had irregular features, dark, piercing eyes, and lips like a Moresco. These defects were, it is true, redeemed by certain beauties; for with piercing eyes (whose intense expression amounted almost to the painful), a sweet smile, unblemished teeth, and a figure that would have graced a Dryad, she could not have been said to be utterly without beauty. Such as she was, the reader (the 'courteous reader') will, I make no doubt, regard her with interest—if he can.

"When Sophy was about sixteen years of age she became an orphan. Both her parents died in the same week—the one through some fit (of apoplexy or paralysis), caused by violent passion; the other by incessant watching, by exposure and agitation, each operating upon a constitution that had been previously undermined by ill-treatment and disease. They died; and Sophy, to whose mind death had never occurred before, found herself, for the first time in her life, utterly alone.

"It is at such times that the mind destroys or matures itself. The weak one despairs and falls; but that which is strong collects its strength, and prepares to struggle with adversity, and to run a race with Fortune. Our heroine was of the stronger order; but she had loved her mother tenderly, although the gaiety of her temperament had somewhat abated the show of those filial attentions which quieter children love to exhibit. Now, however, that both parents were gone, her grief became for a time uncontrollable. For a time, I say; because her spirit, naturally firm and aspiring, rose up from the sickliness of useless sorrow, and put on once more a healthful aspect. In her endeavours to regain serenity she was assisted by the good counsel of a friend. This friend was a female, a foreigner, a native of Padua, 'learned Padua,' and under her auspices the little Sophy, who had originally begun with her a course of French and Italian, now took lessons in a more useful science—namely, that of practical philosophy. Madame de Mercet at first wept with her pupil, afterwards soothed her, and finally reasoned her into tranquillity. I believe, indeed, that the relation of her own little history had more effect in quieting the mind

of the mourner than any argument; for she thus learned all that the fair foreigner had suffered, and her own sorrows shrank in importance.

“Madame de Mercet was a dutiful daughter, a happy wife, and a fond mother, when she was suddenly made an orphan and a motherless widow by the Libérators of St. Antoine, at the time that they sacrificed science, and art, and knowledge of all sorts, to the unreasonable *God-dess of Reason*. The mother of Madame de Mercet died in a revolutionary prison, and she herself, and her husband, were suspected of incivism, and, invited to attend at the Place de Grève. They went, accompanied by great honours—a shining array of sahres and sans-culottes—and must have both perished amidst the execrations of regenerated France, but for one trifling circumstance. M. de Mercet had luckily been of service once to Citoyen La Lanterne (formerly *un cordonnier*), and the citizen had committed great benefits on the Republic. At his intercession, a reprieve was sent when the De Mercets were at the scaffold. They were declared innocent more suddenly than they had been pronounced guilty; they were hailed and wept over; and Madame de Mercet, after having received the kiss of fraternity about eleven hundred times, after hearing her name screamed out and lauded till the tympanum of her ear was almost broken, was, with her husband, escorted back to their hotel with the same honours that surrounded them in their progress. Indeed, the only difference between the going and return was, that Monsieur de Mercet left his head to grace the boards of the scaffold, the reprieve having come (for *him*) just three minutes too late. After this, Madame took an unaccountable aversion to the good city of Paris, and her child dying soon after, (from a mixture of terror and distress,) she packed up her jewels secretly, obtained by some interest a passport to Franckfort, and thence proceeded to England, where she finally settled at the village of Charwood, and became the tutoress of the little Sophy;—to whom it is now time to return.

“Six days after the death of her parents, Sophy Ellesmere (now sixteen years of age) heard the will of her father read, and found herself placed under the guardianship of Mr. Dacre, a friend and occasional visitor of her father, but with whom she had till then had but little intercourse. Mr. Dacre was the husband of a lady whose good or bad qualities need not delay us, inasmuch as she has nothing to do with the present narrative; but he was also the father of Harry Dacre, who was a person of more importance to our story. Harry Dacre it was who fell in love with our heroine.

“We do not mean to wax tedious in detailing the loves of young Dacre and Sophy Ellesmere. We shall cut the matter short, by saying simply that they fell over head-and-ears in love according to the most approved fashion. They sighed, and whispered, and languished, and looked unutterable things. The young man swore that he could not live without her; she vowed, on her part, to be eternally his; and, indeed, the girl had a heart that was worth the winning—open, honest, and constant. The youth was sincere enough in his professions, for he was furiously in love; but his heart owned more attractions than towards the one true magnet. It was allured by a cockade and a scarlet

jacket so effectually, indeed; that at the age of twenty, his father (persuaded that his son would turn out a hero) purchased a cornetcy for him, in order that he might bring down fame upon himself and family.

"Cornet Dacre very speedily showed himself to be an 'altered man.' With a sword by his side, and I know not how many yards of gold-lace upon his person, he appeared to have forgotten all the whippings of his school-days, and walked as though he had won the victories both of Blenheim and Ramilies. Once, he was as 'modest as morning' towards strangers (although a Hector with his inferiors); now, he was 'whiskered like a pard;' spurred like a fighting-cock; 'full of sound and fury,' and, to justify the complete quotation, he also, it must be owned, signified 'nothing!'

"It was not his fortune to remain unemployed. His country required his services. She invited him, his sabre, his gold lace, his whiskers, and other appendages, to ride forward and strike terror into the French. He yielded—not with alacrity, for some of his errors were on the side of discretion—but obediently, because he did not dare to draw back. Shame is often the spur to youthful minds. It sends forward the as yet untempered spirit by its recoil, and transmutes mere boys to heroes. It was not without its effect even on Dacre, who, backed by a thousand or two of his comrades, plunged carelessly enough into the *mêlée*, and was—taken prisoner at the first charge, conducted in due time to Verdun, and afterwards (on attempting to escape) was finally lodged in the formidable fortress of Bitche.

"To this place it was that Sophy Ellesmere was destined to go. She did not indeed know the precise spot where her lover was confined; but she knew that he was a prisoner, and resolved to attempt his rescue. It was in vain to contend or to reason. Like many resolute spirits, she had a grain or two of the vice of obstinacy mingled with her courage; and after hearing all that could be said against her enterprise, she equipped herself secretly, and, at the age of twenty, set out upon one of the most romantic expeditions that have distinguished modern adventure.

"It was a long journey for a young girl to undertake,—to go alone as far as Copenhagen, and thence through many of the States of Germany, into France itself, then a hostile country. Apparently it was a needless circuit; but at that time all the ports of the Continent were shut against us, and Denmark alone remained neutral. To Denmark, therefore, it was necessary to go. I do not mean to detain the reader with the thousand difficulties that beset our heroine in passing from Denmark through Holstein, by Hamburg, Bremen, Minden, (once red with slaughter, although then

'All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,')

Cassel, Franckfort, Heidelberg, (ten times renowned for its tun of Rhenish,) until she set foot in the pretty States of Baden. It is sufficient to say that she arrived there, and found, without much difficulty, the house of M. Villeneuve, who had married the sister of her friend De Mercet, and who, with his wife, received her with distinguished kindness. M. Villeneuve lived at Baden in great retirement; free from all suspicion, however, the names of himself and family having been erased from the list of emigrants, and some portion of his pro-

erty restored; but not without anxiety regarding their son Henri, whose imagination had taken fire at the splendid exploits of Napoleon, and who himself had rushed into the French ranks, and had already risen to the dignity of serjeant. 'He is not far from us,' said Madame Villeneuve, 'which comforts me, although he complains bitterly of being appointed to guard the English prisoners, which he calls a degrading service.' It may be easily supposed that our heroine's curiosity was stimulated by this piece of news. She restrained her agitation, however, and made the necessary inquiry with apparent indifference. 'And your son, Madame? He is at ——?'—'He is at present at the fortress of Bitche,' replied Madame Villeneuve, 'where refractory prisoners are sent. The principal dépôt is, as you know, at Verdun, which is farther from us.'

"Sophia treasured up the information thus acquired, and resolved to take Bitche by stratagem or storm. She continued for a day or two asking what the lawyers call 'leading questions;' but at last the natural candour of her spirit rejected this system of policy. 'I cannot go on thus, my kind friends,' said she; 'I cannot, and I ought not to go on thus. I am deceiving you, and it is fit that all be plain between us. I am journeying to Verdun—to Bitche—to wherever else it is likely that a friend of mine (a young English officer) is detained. He is imprisoned; he is unhappy. I will find him—I will traverse all France but I will find and rescue him,'—and here the simpleton burst into a passion of tears. M. Villeneuve looked somewhat serious at this piece of information. He did not wish, to say truth, to implicate himself and his family in an adventure which seemed to exceed rashness itself. He had been an exile once, and stripped of all his patrimony, and he had no desire—with a son to succeed him—to put himself and his estates in jeopardy again. He was under something like a tacit promise, too, to a friend who had promised to answer for his good conduct; and under the influence of all these things he strenuously dissuaded our heroine from proceeding farther on her travels. His persuasions, however, were vain. The sole hope of many months was not to be thus abandoned; and therefore, after the delay of a few more days, which were occupied partly in obtaining a passport, and in purchasing a variety of small wares and trinkets, (in order to enable her to traverse the country in the character of an itinerant trader,) she bade adieu to her kind hosts, and set off, by the public conveyance, to Kehl.

"It was almost dusk when Sophy Ellesmere trod, for the first time, upon the bridge of boats over which the traveller enters Strashourg. Strashourg, famous for its snuff, its hells, and its cathedral, had, however, but few charms for our heroine. She accordingly, after having answered the challenge of the sentinel, (who patted her cheek, and let down the wiry muscles of his face into a smile,) and delivered her passport, which authorized Sophie Mercet to travel through various places, enumerating among others, Bitche and Verdun, took up her abode at a humble place of entertainment, and dreamed of success till morning.

"With the first blush of a September sun she quitted Strashourg, bade adieu to the beautiful Rhine, and after travelling for a couple of days, arrived on the second evening upon the high land which overlooks the fortress and town of Bitche.

"The town of Bitche is situate in the department of the Moselle, about forty English miles (as the crow flies) from Strashourg. It is commanded by its gloomy fortress, a place famous for its strength, as well as remarkable for having been the prison of many Englishmen who had endeavoured to escape from the confinement of Verdun. This fortress, which is half buried in a dark-looking wood, and which, with its drawbridges and other securities, presents any thing but a pleasant aspect, seemed to the poor way-worn Sophy the haven where her weary voyage was at last to end. She was, it must be owned, a little staggered by the stern, strong appearance of the place; and it occurred to her that a fortress, which had opposed successfully twenty thousand Prussian soldiers, would scarcely yield to the attack of a single maiden. But she considered too, that things that had resisted a *coup de main*, had at last been undermined by gold, or had yielded to the persevering efforts of human ingenuity. Above all, the desire of success rose up and flushed her cheek, till bars, and bolts, and chains, and drawbridges, and strong holds, gave way one after another before that unquenchable, irresistible spirit of *Hope*, which burns without dying in the youthful heart.

"In this state of mind she proceeded till she found herself on the banks of the small lake which lies on one side of the fortress, and in which the bastions and turrets glass themselves, and seem to pore over their own stern and imposing aspects with all the vanity of unquestioned power. The lake—I do not know its name—forms, I believe, the source of the little river La Blise; which, falling into the Sarre, soon after swells the current of the Moselle, and thus finally mingles with the famous rapids of the Rhine. On this lake Sophy found various persons casting their nets, (fish forming an article of commerce with some of the inhabitants of Bitche), whilst others, chiefly females, were waiting on its banks. The evening was closing, and our heroine was without a lodging. She scrutinized, therefore, the countenances of several of the women near her; and at last, fixing her eyes on a broad, open, sunny-faced dame, who stood grinning at the approach of a boat which contained (apparently) her husband, she mentioned her forlorn situation. 'I have no home,' said she; 'I am wandering—I know not where—after one whom I love.'—'*Ciel!*' exclaimed the other; 'no home? no home? You must come with us. You shall come with us. You are welcome. You shall have a dish of perch for your supper—and we have a bed too, which is yours. Come along, come along! Here is our Bernard as impatient as ever, although he has got his net full of fish.' Bernard the fisherman landed, and after some good-natured peevish exclamations on the inattention of his wife, he broke out into a loud laugh, kissed both her cheeks, and confirmed the welcome which his wife had previously given, with an alacrity, and even grace, that would have done honour to a court.

"Our heroine accompanied the old couple home, and found that their hospitality did not content itself with words. The best of their homely fare was offered—was pressed upon her. She was invited to stay a week—a month—a year: why need she ever leave them? There was enough for all. They had no children, and needle-work found many purchasers in the neighbourhood of the town of Bitche. Sophy listened to all they said with a patient smile, but her heart wan-

dered away after the imprisoned soldier whom she had travelled so many leagues to enfranchise. It was her cue, however, to stay at present at the home of the fisherman; and she did not think it right indeed to give an ungracious and sudden refusal to the proffers of the good-natured couple. She would stay a short time with them. She would consider. She could not remain at Bitché for ever—but she would rest her unquiet spirit a little, and would wait for a smile from Providence. And accordingly she remained with them during several days, ripening into favour with both, and obtaining, from time to time, amidst the desultory conversations which occurred between Bernard and his neighbours, some little insight into the rules and secrets of the fortress. Neither did she neglect other means of obtaining information. She would take her little basket of wares, and go her rounds amongst the tradesmen and cottagers of the town, and sometimes ventured into the cabarets and other places where the soldiers were allowed to resort, when not upon actual duty.

“It was on one of these occasions that she came suddenly on a group of French soldiers, who stood chattering together at the door of a small inn, about half musket-shot distance from the fortress. One of these heroes had just completed his harangue as our little Quixote arrived. He was a good-humoured looking fellow, and bore marks of service upon him. A gash across the nose, a medal, and the ornaments of a non-commissioned officer, showed that he had made one sturdy step up the hill of fortune. ‘Well, well, Monsieur from Picardy,’ replied one of his companions, ‘we shall see, we shall see. It is your turn to mount guard to-night.’ Sophy listened to these words attentively. Madame de Mercet was a native of Picardy, and she had taught her one or two of her native airs. Her presence of mind instantly suggested that these might be of use. She began, and threw all her powers into a song and succeeded. Our Picardian was captivated in a moment. He stood by her as she sang, and tapped his fingers on his arm in accordance with the tune. Tears stood in his eyes, (for a Frenchman is soon moved by these little national reminiscences,) and our heroine might have risen speedily into his confidence and favour.

“But it was desirable to preserve her trading character, and she accordingly repressed her curiosity till a better moment should arrive. She turned to his companions and accosted them, ‘Messieurs,’ said she, curtseying, ‘will you not lay out a trifle with a poor girl? Gentlemen soldiers,’ continued she, ‘will not you give me a sous piece for charity?’

“‘Bah!’ said one, ‘we have enough to do with our money. Give, too! *Sacre!* what are eight sous a day to give with?’ He smoked on with a frown that was rigidly philosophical.

“‘Come hither,’ said the Corporal, whose name was Jouvét. ‘Come hither, my little girl, and tell me what you want, and where you are going?’

“‘I am going to see my—my lover, Sir,’ was the reply.

“‘Ho, ho, ho!’ This was too much for the gravity of the republican heroes; even the smoker could not contain a smile; but the Picardian viewed her with increased interest.

“‘Soh!’ said he, ‘and where is your lover, Marie? Is not your name Marie, my child?’

“ ‘ I am called Sophie, Sir,’ answered our heroine, ‘ and I am going to Verdun, and afterwards to Tours. My friend is a soldier,—poor fellow !’

“ ‘ Poor fellow !’ said the smoker, turning round ; ‘ Do you call a man poor fellow who fights under the First Consul ? You are a fool.’

“ ‘ A fond one, at all events,’ replied he of Picardie, ‘ and that is enough for me. Come along, my Demoiselle ; I must call at the house of Bernard the Fisherman—walk by me—I am old enough to save you from scandal. Let us walk together to Bernards, and you shall tell me your story by the way.’

—“ But let us hasten with our tale, or we shall become (if we have not already become) tedious. Our heroine used her time effectually in opening a correspondence with Dacre, who she discovered was in the prisons of Bitché, and in planning, in concert with him, his escape. She made acquaintance with the soldiers, many of whom bought of her some trifle as tokens of their good will, some purchasing cigars, others little buckles, and pins, and ornaments, or casts and prints of the First Consul and his coadjutors, besides various other matters wherein she dealt. Some of these men admired her face, and some her songs, and all her cheerful willing nature. Many, as I have said, laid out money with her ; but I must except one hero, M. Blaise, who, as it chanced, was a Picardian, like our friend Jouvét, but otherwise was his opposite in all things—saving only in his love of songs. It is impossible to say how many times our little patient girl sang, for this rogue’s pleasure, various airs of Picardy. She sang, and was encored, and sang again, till the musketeer was moved into mighty commendations ; but still he would not part with his coin. One night, however, his desire for pleasure overcame this engrossing love for money.

“ ‘ If you will bring me a skin of wine to the north rampart to-night,’ said he, ‘ (I shall be on guard there, and will fasten it to a cord, which I will throw across the moat,) I will lay out a double franc piece with you, Mademoiselle. Come ! you shall bring it, and sing me a Picardy air ?’

“ ‘ Sophy, who was by this time prepared to take advantage of any occasion, however sudden, of forwarding her lover’s escape, gradually assented.

“ ‘ But your Governor will not allow wine at night ?’ said she, inquiringly.

“ ‘ *N’importe,*’ returned the valiant Blaise, ‘ we will drink his health notwithstanding.’

“ No more objections were made by our heroine, who immediately proceeded to the house of a woman who did work for the fortress, and through whom she contrived to apprise Dacre that the time had arrived for attempting his liberation. To purchase a skin of wine, and dissolve in it some opium which she had stored up from time to time was all the preparation that Sophy required. Ropes and such things had been previously purchased, and the route of escape arranged.

“ It was hard upon midnight when our heroine, trembling for the first time from head to foot, arrived by the side of the moat, where it circles the northern rampart. The skies were almost obscured by vast masses of cloud, and the wailing winds, as they came over the gloomy forest, dashed occasionally a few drops of rain in her face. It was a



night fit for such an adventure, and Blaise was there ready (though he knew it not) to forward it. The signal agreed on was a Picardy song; for the soldier's love of music more than rivalled his love of wine.

" 'You shall sing 'O Picardie!' said Blaise, when they were agreeing upon a signal, 'and nobody will dream about wine.'

" It was no easy matter, however, to sing under the circumstances which agitated her; indeed it was not easy (although she had previously reconnoitered the road) to find the way through the darkness to the precise spot where Blaise had asserted that he should be waiting. Sophy, however, proceeded on her course until she heard some of the little runnels of water, which the rains had increased, gurgling and babbling along, and at last falling into the moat. A sudden survey of the fortress, its walls, and windings, and projections, became necessary. This was speedily made, and the north rampart descried without much difficulty. Near this point, it so happened, that Dacre's prison was situate, and it was from that rampart that he and a companion (for one was necessary to the other's escape) should let themselves down into the water, in order to their liberation. The signal, therefore, that was to awaken the attention of Blaise was sufficient for the prisoners also; and it was resolved, that, during the period that the heroic Blaise was occupied with song and wine, the two prisoners should become free men.

" Sophy commenced her song in the lowest breath that terror could produce. 'Who goes?' said a deep harsh tongue. She recognized the tone of a soldier whom she knew, but gave no reply, and passed on with almost noiseless steps. She was now near the point that Blaise had specified, and she sang once more in a hoarser key. 'Ah, ha! Picardie, are you there?' asked the voice of Blaise. 'Who calls?' said Sophy; but she received no answer, for at that moment the tramp of feet was heard above, and the answer, 'All's well!' resounded through the silence. Blaise himself had apparently departed at the first sound of footsteps, but soon returning, he gave orders to the sentinels in a loud voice, as though to assure Sophy that no discovery had occurred. He placed all the sentinels at their posts excepting one, whose post he volunteered to take; an offer that was willingly accepted. In a minute there was no one within hearing except Sophy and the soldier Blaise—save that *within* the walls of the prison, Dacre, and his companion Carlton, were listening for a repetition of the signal song. This was speedily given, and they then commenced their labours.

" 'Before we sing we must drink,' said Blaise, and threw over the wall a cord, to which he had fastened a tolerably heavy stone. He threw scarcely far enough, and the stone rolled back into the moat. A second cast, however, and the exclamation, '*Sacre!*' made all right. Sophy tied the skin of wine to the cord, and began singing like a thrush. At this moment proceedings of a similar nature were going on at a little distance, and the fall of some rope, or hook, into the water, awakened the attention of Blaise. 'What was that?' said he, 'I heard something drop into the moat. Wait here, and I will go my round and return.'

" 'Stop!' replied our heroine, 'you are easily frightened for a sol-

dier. It was I—I was too careless, I threw the stone that was fastened to your cord into the water, and Monsieur Blaise, who has faced the Austrians, was alarmed.'

"This answer appeared satisfactory, for Blaise in a trice inserted a tube into the top of the skin, and took a formidable draught of liquor. 'That is a brave skin of wine,' said he; 'I have paid ten francs for no better, and yet you charge me but two. You are a good girl, and shall sing me a song as a reward.' Sophy thought for an instant—(how much we may recollect in an instant of time!)—of her own perilous situation—of her hopes—of her own native place—now desolate indeed—but she recollecting it as it was when the poor Marie de Mercet was living, and she poured forth in sweet low tones her little Picardian song. There is not much in the words; but the air is simple and beautiful.

- 'O Picardie! O Picardie!  
 No home for me like Picardie!  
 The sun may rise  
 In other skies,  
 But nought like the sun of Picardie.
- 'The grape is bred in Picardie,  
 And the apple is red as e'er you'll see,  
 And the yellow corn  
 Where I was born,  
 Is the best in all good Picardie!
- 'And the girls dance light in Picardie,  
 And their eyes are bright where I would be,  
 And the men are fleet,  
 And the song as sweet,  
 As ever was heard in Picardie.
- 'But what is all else in Picardie,  
 Dear home of mine, compared with thee?  
 When the wars are o'er  
 I'll march no more,  
 But dwell till I die in Picardie!

"The song was repeated at the urgent request of the sentinel; but, at the conclusion of the encore, the quick ear of Sophy heard a gentle splash occasioned by the immersion of some body in water, and she hastened, after a few more words, to quit her military acquaintance.

"'The rain is coming on,' said she, 'and I must bid you good night.'

"'Good night, my little Demoiselle,' returned Blaise in a dull tone, which announced that during the singing he had employed himself in copious and effectual libations; 'Good night, you will come and sing me Picardie again—eh?'

"'Never fear,' answered Sophy, and left him to certain slumber.

—"She found that Dacre had arrived safely on the other side of the moat, but that his companion was still within the limits of the prison. The rope had somehow become entangled, and he had just reached the ground with great difficulty. There was still another impediment, and the moat also to ford.

"'Come,' said Dacre, when he saw her, 'let us be off. I should not have waited here a second, but that I could not find the way without you.'

“ ‘But your friend?’ inquired Sophy; ‘where is Mr. Carlton?’

“ ‘Oh, by Jupiter! I can’t wait for him; he must take his chance,’ was the reply.

“ ‘He has risked his life to aid your escape; and if you leave him, you leave him to certain punishment—perhaps to death.’ This was the language of her apprehensions.

“ ‘Tush!’ said Dacre hastily; ‘in these cases we must not be too nice. Let us be gone. Every minute is worth a thousand pounds to me, and I must proceed accordingly. *Allons!*’

“ But Sophy still continued to look at the place whence she expected Carlton to come, and did not move, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of her lover. He was violent and impatient, but she remained firm to her principle. ‘Stay, Sir, stay!’ said she; ‘this is not the way to do our duty. Your friend must be saved,—ab! see—he comes—the wall is scaled—he is in the moat—hush!—gently—he is over—is safe! Now then, take up the portunanteau, and let us begone, as you say.’

“ They took their way for about a quarter of a mile straight in the direction of Huinegen. At this point, they retired and clad themselves in dry babits, leaving their wet clothes and some fragments of rope (as, indeed, they had once or twice previously done,) to mislead pursuit. They then turned short round a path pointed out by Sophy, and took a westward course towards the forest. ‘Observe,’ said she to them, ‘you will skirt the left bank of the lake; then, take the green path into the forest—keep on straight for nearly half a mile, and at the cross roads, where the great chesnut-tree stands in the middle, wait for me amongst the bushes by the road-side. I will call out ‘*venez,*’ and you will then know that it is I.’ At this moment the roll of a drum, and a musket-shot from the fortress, announced that their flight had been discovered. ‘Come along, Carlton,’ said Dacre; ‘those ropes which you left hanging on the window have betrayed us.’—‘Farewell!’ said Carlton, approaching our heroine and taking her hand, ‘if we meet no more, God bless you, and farewell!’—‘We shall meet,’ replied she; ‘I shall be with you shortly; but now, speed, and away!’ There was no need for entreaty; for while Sophy was weighing the careless words of Dacre, and the solemn farewell of his friend, the quick walk (almost the run) of a small body of men struck on their ears, and they turned rapidly on their course towards the forest. Sophy herself went home to the fisherman’s cottage, for some provision which she had been unable before to bring, and also to answer any visit that the soldiers might make there. ‘I shall be with you in half an hour, or an hour,’ said she; and the prisoners and their *liberador* parted.

“ Harry Dacre and his companion reached, without much difficulty, the cross-roads in the forest of Bitche, and there, concealing themselves amongst the fern and brambles that skirted the green pathway, they awaited the coming of their preserver. All was solitary and still on their arrival, except that now and then the winds broke upon the forest in huge gusts, and made the cones of the pine-trees rattle, while overhead in the sky large masses of cloud began to assemble, threatening rain. Occasionally, the fall of a leaf disturbed them; or the willows or sycamores, sighing with all their boughs, appeared to lament their destinies forlorn. Dacre gave way to despair, and cursed the unkind-

nesses of Fortune; while Carlton, of a more steady temperament, collected all the energies of his soul, and awaited the result with a brave patience. In this state they remained at least half an hour, when suddenly Carlton exclaimed, in a quick whisper, 'Hark!—I hear footsteps.'—'She is come at last, then,' said Dacre, rising; 'I never before so much wished to see her.' He was about to walk onwards to meet her, when his companion pulled him down. 'Stop!' said he, 'drop down amongst the bushes, or you will be lost: 'tis the tramp of a horse;' and he pulled him down without ceremony, till the danger, if such it were, had passed. Once or twice, after this first alarm, the two freedmen were compelled again to hide, till at last, after an hour of terrible anxiety, and some peril, a light quick footstep was heard coming along the path from Bitche. The person was hurrying, and almost running onwards, and her short and loudly-drawn breath showed that she was almost spent with fatigue. 'It is our little friend, at last,' said Carlton; and our heroine stood before them.

" 'I have had great difficulties,' said she, after a moment's pause for breath. 'I am suspected, notwithstanding all my pains; and I fear that I too must fly. At all events, however, I have brought you something necessary to your expedition.' Saying which, she took from her shoulders a bag containing some small loaves of bread and cold meat, the amount of the good dame Bernard's larder. Dacre seized the provision. 'We will divide the labour between us,' said he to Carlton; 'I will carry this for the first hour, and then I will shift it upon you. Sophy, my girl, good by t'ye: you're a devilish clever lass, and have managed the matter famously. One kiss, and then tell us which way our route lies out of the forest, and we will begone.' He was proceeding to take his farewell in the fashion he mentioned, when Sophy once more spoke: it was with great hesitation and evident pain. 'I told you, if you remember, that I must leave this place. I am suspected—and my life is threatened. I am very unwilling to encumber your flight, but—' 'But, what?' inquired Dacre impatiently. 'Why—I thought—that you would not refuse, perhaps, to take me with you.'—'Impossible!' said Dacre, 'we should be retaken in a couple of hours. I know you would not wish us to be imprisoned again. It is quite out of the question, believe me.' But Carlton could not brook this selfishness of his associate. 'Dacre,' said he, 'she must go with us. What! after having saved us both, shall we do nothing for *her*?'—'I tell you she cannot go,' replied Harry. 'Sophy, my dear,' continued he, 'you *must* see that the thing is impossible. Depend on't, the rascals wont harm you: 'tis only us—'tis men, child, that they put in prison. Come, come, all will be safe. Go back to your old fisherman and his wife, and all will turn out well, I engage. Come along, Carlton, we haven't a moment to lose.' Sophy stood in bitter wonder at the hard levity and detestable ingratitude of her lover. Even love, if love can so soon perish, seemed growing cold in her own bosom, and receding. All that she had done and suffered for him shot in a single instant through her brain, and flashed despair upon her. 'Will you not save me, then?' said she, timidly and slowly; 'I—I saved you.' Dacre turned on his heel, but his more magnanimous companion took her hand tenderly, and with respect. 'You have

saved us both,' said he, 'and may God desert me if I leave you till you are safe. Mr. Dacre,' he continued, 'you may go—you may do as you like; but I and Miss Ellesmere go together. If you choose to leave us—why be it; but remember, Sir, that the first person who attempts to betray her, or impede her flight, shall have a bullet through his brain—and so let us understand each other clearly.'

'By this time the rain, which had begun to fall gently, came down in formidable showers. They set off, however, Carlton and his friend, followed by the glooming Dacre. The plashy and slippery ground rendered their course difficult even at first, and finally it became desperately fatiguing. The two men, although accustomed to rougher exercise than their companion, did not, however, stand up better against the troubles of their progress than the little light-footed, brave-hearted girl, who had come so many miles to their rescue. She walked on stoutly, and with almost a merry heart. Even the men caught a tone from her courage, and seemed rising into hope and exhilaration, when the short sharp whistle of a bullet amongst the trees near them turned their attention to their own safety. They stopped, but had not remained a minute stationary, when the sound of heavy feet treading amongst the brambles and leaves told them that some one was close upon them. In an instant a figure stood before them on the path. Their eyes had grown so accustomed to the dim light about them, that they could see it was an armed man who opposed their progress. 'Qui vive?' exclaimed a stern voice, while at the same time the cocking of a pistol announced a formidable foe. Carlton, who was a good linguist, began a statement of their having lost their way, when the soldier (for such the new comer was) bade him be silent in an imperious tone, and lifting something that looked like a bugle to his lips, was about to call in a reinforcement. Not a moment was to be lost; and not a moment was lost. The intrepid Carlton plunged directly upon him. So sudden was the onset, that the pistol was dashed from his hands, and the horn or bugle instantly displaced from his mouth. Neither spoke, but a short struggle was heard, like that of two animals fighting for life amongst the crackling leaves. Once or twice a blow resounded amidst the panting and short-breathing of the combatants, whose strife was made doubly 'errible by the darkness about them. It was evident that the death of one or the other must conclude the affray. Dacre and the now agitated Sophy awaited the event in frightful anxiety, when suddenly a short cry, a curse, and a rattling of the voice in the throat, announced that the victory was won—and lost! A slight blow ensued, and was itself followed by a sound like the bubbling of blood or water. At last one of the men rose up, with a deep sigh, and staggering to a tree, exclaimed, in English, 'He is dead!—I could not help it. It was necessary that one should fall—or three. He is dead. Let us leave this place at once—silently—and quickly,—quickly!' His companions made no reply, but followed him quickly and silently through the melancholy forest darkness."

Our sexagenarian could get no farther with his story: he would, indeed, have gone on telling every minute and tedious particular of the escape (for the three people of his story *did* escape), but that the time limited for the evening's labour was exhausted, and the old gentleman was obliged to pause.

"It is too bad to leave off before the story is concluded," said I, (desirous of paying the old gentleman a compliment); "come! we have still ten minutes left before supper. Mr. — shall tell us the remainder of his tale in half a dozen sentences, and then we shall go to rest contentedly. Did your party escape, Mr. —? or were they sent back to the prisons of Bitche?"

"They escaped," replied Mr. —, "and are safe enough, I' faith! and two of them are merry enough, also."

"I am sorry for that," retorted I; "I like that there should be poetical justice in all stories, and your lover deserved rather to be hanged than married."

"He is *not* married," was the answer, "and he *may* be hanged. Far more improbable things have occurred in the history of the world."

"But what became of your heroine? She is really a heroine; for she had a man's courage in her woman's heart."

"Oh!—" said Mr. —. "Why, Sir, it was impossible, you see, that she should link herself to such a lump of selfishness as the scoundrel to whom she gave her girl's heart away. Her travels had improved her reason; so she turned off the worthless lover, (if I may profane that pretty word, Sir,) and took an excellent fellow to her arms, and is as happy as the day is long. I do not know a more beautiful sight, indeed, than to look at my friend Mrs.—*Carlton*, with all her children about her."

#### GALT'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,—It has been a rule with me not to notice, publicly, either favourable, ignorant, or malicious criticism, but only when error has been pointed out, to make the necessary corrections. On the present occasion I am induced to deviate from this rule, out of personal consideration for Mr. Hobhouse, the member for Westminster, and the friend of Lord Byron, and accordingly I request a place in your Journal for the following remarks.

Mr. Hobhouse has informed me that I have done him wrong in conjecturing that he was "probably" the critic who opposed the first publication of *Childe Harold*. (See *Life*, p. 161.) The conjecture was founded in believing him to have been in the entire confidence of his Lordship. Lord Byron told me himself at Athens that he had not *then* shown the manuscript to any person. Mr. Hobhouse says that he had left Lord Byron before he had finished the two cantos, and excepting a few fragments, he had never seen them until they were printed. An inscription on the manuscript has been preserved, and in his Lordship's handwriting, viz. "Byron, Joannina in Alhania, begun October 31, 1809, concluded Canto II. Smyrna, March 28, 1810.—Byron." Mr. Hobhouse was with his Lordship long after the latter date.

At page 212, I have quoted from Medwin that Mr. Hobhouse was with Lord Byron and Shelley in a boat, &c. It seems Mr. Hobhouse was not there; his name, therefore, should have been omitted by Capt. Medwin. At page 211, I have stated what I think of Captain Medwin's work, and in my preface have alluded to a suppressed pamphlet which was not seen by me until after my opinion had been printed.

Mr. Hobhouse says that the verses which have always been considered as the last Lord Byron ever wrote, were not so, and that my version of them is not correct in nine different words. To this I can only answer that they were copied from a printed copy, having no other, (I believe the Parisian edition of Byron's works,) and that I still cannot say what corrections should be made. If Mr. Hobhouse be engaged on any illustration of Byron, he will, of course, mention what edition should be preferred.

I take leave on the present occasion to say that, having long considered Lord Byron as a public man, in writing his life, it seemed to me that I should confine myself to what had been already given to the world concerning him, authenticated with so much of what I knew myself to be correct, as would enable me to furnish the grounds on which I formed my notion of his Lordship's character. By adhering to this principle nothing improper could be done to his memory.

A public character, like public events, can never be justly described by contemporaries. The only course that contemporaries can fairly pursue—and I have endeavoured to do so—is to add their personal knowledge to that of others. From the materials thus accumulated, posterity alone can be able to construct the proper work. It was no part of my plan to controvert the statements of others, but only to take such of them as were either generally admitted, or were not satisfactorily disproved.

I am, &c.

Sept. 22, 1830.

JOHN GALT.

N.B. Since the foregoing was sent to the printer's, it has been suggested to me that I am not the only one who has done Mr. Hobhouse the injustice to suppose that he was the critic who condemned Childe Harold, and the following words have been laid before me as old as 1826. "' Critics,' says Lord Byron, ' are all ready made;' and how early Mr. Hobhouse was qualified for the trade, will appear from his having advised Lord Byron not to publish *Childe Harold*."

J. G.

I cannot find a better place than the present to express my regret at a paper on the subject of Lord Byron, signed T. Sheldrake, having disfigured the last Number of the *New Monthly*. I never allow papers to be sent to the printer without my sanction, nor did I see this article in manuscript. In the most sincere and positive terms I acquit the Proprietor of the *New Monthly*, and all persons connected with it, of having intended to bring out this offensive production without my knowledge. None of us could have any possible motive to wish for its appearance—but quite the contrary. It got to the press by a mere unfortunate accident. In consequence of a change that lately took place in the Sub-editorship, a transference of the manuscript papers took place, and in that transference this paper, which I had never seen, was accidentally misplaced from among the papers which I had not inspected to those which I had inspected and approved of. I left town for a few days at the end of last month, confidently believing that the printer had no papers in his hand but those which, according to custom, had my sanction for publication. What was my horror when, on my return, I discovered in our September Number this puff of an instrument-maker, aggravated by a foul and false attack on the memory of my beloved and respected friend, the late Dr. Glennie of Dalwich. The friends of Dr. Glennie would degrade themselves if they condescended to answer this calumny any farther than by explaining the accident to which it owes its getting into any decent publication. I knew Dr. Glennie long and well, and like all who knew him, (it was a wide circle) can feel only contempt and abhorrence towards his traducer. Even to those who knew not Dr. Glennie, this paper must betray itself by its contents, as the manifest effort of a malignant and impudent man wishing to force himself into notice and business. He has had the audacity to send a postscript, desiring that he may not be confounded with some who bear the same name of Sheldrake. I scarcely think that Sheldrake, the really well-known instrument-maker, has any wish to be confounded with this brother of his, Timothy, the calumniator of Dr. Glennie; but at all events I have no wish that the calumniator should be mistaken for a contributor to any work edited by

T. CAMPBELL.

## JOURNAL OF A PARISIAN RESIDENT.

SEPTEMBER 13.—Six weeks have scarcely elapsed since the completion of the Revolution, and all the legislative and executive functions of the State exhibit the tranquillity and regularity of an established dynasty; the eyes of the world are fixed on France, and the mediums through which the conflicting interests of different individuals present the passing events are so various and contradictory, that we cannot be surprised at the erroneous opinions which so frequently occur in foreign journals, and being these conveyed into society, influence the mass of the people. I shall therefore endeavour, in a few words, to give the result of my observations upon the various parties as called into active life by the events of the last week of July. The contest which then took place was a simple struggle between the oppressors and the oppressed; the people felt the violation of the Charter by the *Ordonnances* of the 25th of July as a burthen too grievous to be borne, and took up arms to relieve themselves from it; this was the universal feeling, and faction had no part in the contest; so far from there having been any premeditated idea of a change of dynasty, there is no doubt that, even as late as Wednesday morning, it was still open to Charles X. to revoke the *Ordonnances* and dismiss his Ministers; had he done so he would still have been seated on the throne of France; but that infatuated monarch spurned every idea of concession, and has paid the just penalty of his obstinacy. The victory of the people and the flight of the royal family having left the throne vacant and placed the sovereign power in the hands of the nation, it became necessary to decide in what manner the functions of government were to be exercised. General Lafayette, the idol of the people, and placed in a situation which might have given him any power he chose to assume, was naturally the centre of universal attention; from the 31st of July to the 3d of August, the destinies of the nation may be said to have depended on his fiat; that his feelings and principles were in theory strictly republican was well known, and it remained only to be seen whether he would seize the opportunity of bringing these principles into action: the uncertainty was soon cleared up; Lafayette, as sound in judgment as elevated in principle, was not, like most theorists, blinded by the love of his own opinions; he perceived that the institution of a Republic in France would not only be an immediate source of discord with the most influential powers of Europe, but would also be perfectly inconsistent with the present genius of the French nation. It is only in the infancy or the full maturity of civilization that a Republican government can safely be instituted; a people either unacquainted with the luxuries and fictitious wants of an artificial and corrupted state of society, or sufficiently enlightened to see their true value and despise them, may with propriety be formed into a Republic; but France, long since emerged from the state of ignorance, is equally far from having attained that of enlightenment. This truth was forcibly felt by General Lafayette, and, under his influence, the reins of the State were placed in the hands of the monarchical and constitutional Chamber of Deputies elected under the late reign. The eyes of the Chamber were immediately directed to the Duke of Orleans, a Prince of the blood royal, whose elevation to the throne could not offend the dignity or even prejudices of the other Powers of Europe, while his personal character was a sufficient guarantee for the liberties of the people being protected in the amplest manner. The Crown was offered to him, and with a noble frankness he at once accepted it, thereby laying the nation under an obligation of the highest and most important character. Had the Duke of Orleans been an ambitious man really desiring the Crown, it is probable that we should have witnessed a repetition of Cæsar's farce on the Lupercal; but he felt that, in becoming King of the French, he was making a great and painful sacrifice to the welfare of the country, and he offered it without hesitation. No one who knows the domestic character of the present King, and the perfect happiness he enjoyed in his family circle at Neuilly, can hesitate for an instant in agreeing with me in the opinion I have just expressed, that, independently of the real danger of his head in the event of any successful effort being ever made by the exiled family to re-enter France, the simple change of situation from Duke



of Orleans to King of the French, was to him a positive evil. He has submitted to it in the hope of securing the happiness of France; and never, I believe, was a Prince more deeply imbued with the wish of placing the felicity and prosperity of his people on a rational and unalterable basis than Louis Philippe the First. From the period of his accession the French nation may be considered as divided into four distinct classes,—the Buonapartists, the Royalists or Orleanites, the Bourbonites, and the Republicans. The first class is rather the shadow of a party than a party itself, consisting principally of those veterans who, having been illumined by some of the rays of that halo of glory which the victories of Austerlitz, Jena, and Lodi, shed round their Imperial commander, still cherish his memory with a superstitious veneration, and respecting the father in the son, consider the rights of the young Duke of Reichstadt as theoretically unalienable; but treating their allegiance to the Imperial dynasty much as Sir Arthur Wardour, in "The Antiquary," did his Jacobitism, allow it quietly to subside into a speculative theory by no means militating against their practical adherence to the government established *de facto*, whatever it may be. The adherents of the present King comprise the main bulk of the kingdom, being composed not only of those who see in his dynasty the best security for the welfare of the country, but of that very numerous class of individuals whose allegiance being attached to the Crown, not to the King, see in the dispenser of places and pensions, for the time being, the only legitimate claimant on their devoted allegiance. These are the Court hutterflies, who having been the first to flatter and uphold every measure of tyrannical spoliation by which they might be benefited, no sooner see that the power which supported them is fallen, than deserting in adversity him whom they abjectly flattered in prosperity, they crowd to pay to his successor a homage as contemptible as it is hollow. The friends of Charles X. are divided into two classes; the first, the number of which is very, very small, consists of such men as M. de Chateaubriand and M. Hyde de Neuville, who, having been friends, not flatterers, of the exiled monarch in his prosperity, remain faithfully attached to him in adversity, from an admirable but mistaken notion of chivalrous fidelity; men who, having never hesitated to draw on themselves the royal frown by firmly opposing any measures hostile to the true interests of the country, hesitate as little to abandon every hope of advancement, every path of advantage and interest, rather than desert the monarch who owes his fall to his haughty and obstinate rejection of their counsels: such men carry with them into retirement the respect and esteem of the virtuous of all parties; and the manner in which the whole Chamber of Deputies crowded round M. Hyde de Neuville, when he descended for the last time from the Tribune in which he had, while lamenting the errors of his exiled sovereign, declared his adherence to his family, the Members vying with each other in expressions of admiration, was as honourable to them as gratifying to him. The other class of Bourbonites, which is very far more numerous, is composed of a totally different race of beings; these are the Jesuits, the *ex-gens-d'armes*, the priests; all, in short, who, finding their power and influence fled with the Royal fugitives, would leave no means untried to plunge the kingdom into all the horrors of anarchy and civil war, in the hope that, by some turn of the wheel of fortune, they may once more find themselves on the surface. With this view they have joined themselves with every body whom they thought at all likely to be hostile to the present Government: they have stirred up the Republicans to revolt; they have persuaded the workmen that their interests were neglected, themselves oppressed, and their wounded companions poisoned in the hospitals: fortunately, their manœuvres have been unavailing; the activity of the National Guard has instantly repressed the partial tumults they had succeeded in exciting, and by exposing the real characters of the ringleaders, have proved to the deluded people that their pretended friends were their most inveterate and dangerous enemies. Hence every thing in Paris is perfectly quiet, and the few towns in the South which might be disposed to favour the cause of the Bourbons, seeing no hope of external support, and knowing their own own inability to cope with the mass of the nation, are contented to submit themselves to the government, of which they, in common with the rest of

their fellow-subjects, will reap the advantage. The remaining party, the Republicans, finding themselves abandoned by their chief, have been obliged to give up all idea of the realization of their Utopian schemes at present; they have therefore merged into what may be termed the ultra-liberal, or opposition party, having a certain number of journals in their interest who are constantly employed in goading on the Ministry to a complete change in every part of the old system, both of men and measures. The changes in the state of the Press in France, and the various shades of complexion assumed by the different journalists since the Revolution, is a most curious subject of consideration; but as it would occupy far too much space at present, I must defer it until a future article. From the account I have given of the different parties, it will be evident that the present state of France is one which affords the strongest grounds of hope for the future, as well as of satisfaction for the present; but we must never lose sight of the important fact that these hopes and that satisfaction are solely based on the circumstance of the present Government having its foundation in the unbiassed affection and firm confidence of the mass of the people; the moment these are shaken, all the various parties which are now so insignificant, will insensibly acquire partisans, and having once succeeded in sowing the seeds of distrust among the people, will not rest until anarchy and civil war, its never-failing fruits, have ripened to their baleful perfection. Great, therefore, is the importance of every step of the new Ministers: of the feelings, intentions, and wishes of the King, there can fortunately be no doubt; but the Ministers, though selected from the most talented of the Liberals, do not appear to have succeeded in satisfying the expectations of the people. M. Dupont de l'Eucre, the *Garde des Sceaux*, has alone had the resolution to lay the axe to the root of the evil, and effect a thorough reformation in his department. The other Ministers, and particularly M. Guizot, the Minister of the Interior, have appeared willing rather to temporise with opposing interests, and forgetting the deplorable results which have invariably followed the employment, even in a subordinate capacity, of the adherents of a fallen but intriguing party, hesitate in clearing their offices of the agents of the Ultra administrations, and indulge the visionary hope of amalgamating principles possessing no one particle of affinity. The long expected report, presented yesterday to the Chamber of Deputies by the Minister of the Interior, has increased the popular dissatisfaction; it is of far too negative a character; it recapitulates various changes which have been made, but develops no general views for the future, and affords no grounds on which the nation can with any certainty build a well-founded dependence on the course to be pursued in the various departments. The non-dissolution of the Chamber is also a source of much complaint, and it appears difficult to account for the backwardness displayed by Ministers in meeting the Electoral Colleges. The Chamber, though fully competent to act for the universal benefit at the anomalous crisis of the Revolution, is still a relic of the fallen dynasty; it was elected and convoked under the authority of Charles X. and on that account alone ought to seek a fresh commission at the hands of the liberated people. The nomination of Prince Talleyrand as Ambassador to England has excited still more general discontent—a man whose whole life has been one scene of political versatility, and on whom no party can look with complacence or respect, does not appear the fit representative of a government based on free and open principles of liberal policy. All these objections are, it is true, trivial when compared with the stupendous events which have preceded them; but trivial as they are, they may lead to important results. The people having gained their freedom will have their rights protected; the present Government, as long as it will pursue an undisguised system of policy, having for its object the preservation of the rights of every class of the community, and following, in its mode of action, the wishes of the majority of the nation, as developed in the manner pointed out by the Constitution, has nothing to fear either from foreign attacks or domestic intrigues; but if, on the contrary, it makes the slightest deviation towards the *ancien régime* of Machiavelian policy, supported by the sacrifice of the many to the interests of the few, that moment its enemies will have a weapon

wherewith to attack it, and the peace of the country once disturbed, it is impossible to contemplate a probable termination to the conflict.

*Jeanne la Folle.*—Such is the title of a tragedy which has excited more interest and curiosity among the Parisians than *Hernani* itself; but, as usual, this interest has as little to do with the piece and its merits as with Prester John. The author, not his production, is the object of attraction. M. Fontan having published a political squib, called "*Le Mouton Enragé*," was pursued by the late Administration with all the weapons which the various forms of State prosecutions placed at their disposal. Had they been left to themselves, M. Fontan and his pamphlet would have raised a momentary laugh, and been forgotten; but persecuted and trampled on, the work became the text-book of the party, and the author was forthwith elevated into a martyr. Sentenced to five years imprisonment, he employed himself in St. Pelagie in writing a tragedy, which he presented to the Odeon; it was immediately accepted, and was about to be put into rehearsal, when the censors, finding that M. Fontan was the author, peremptorily interdicted its performance; and the Ministers, still farther to wreak their vengeance on the unhappy poet, removed him from St. Pelagie (a prison analagous to our King's Bench) to the dungeons of Poissy, where he placed in immediate contact with the vilest felons of every description, and told that if he wanted amusement he might help to beat hemp. The journals were filled, day after day, with protestations against the injustice and cruelty of this treatment; their complaints were unheeded; and it was not until the arguments of the people, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, had convinced the Polignac Administration of the "inconvenience" of their conduct, that any change took place in M. Fontan's situation. One of the first acts of the Provisional Government was to order his liberation; and as soon as the theatres re-opened, free from the yoke of the censorship, "*Jeanne la Folle*" was put into rehearsal. The piece itself, amid much that is blamable, and more that is tedious and heavy, contains many passages of considerable poetic merit, and some highly dramatic situations. The plot is briefly this:—Hoel, Duke of Brittany in the 13th century, (a period at which, by an anachronism equally unnecessary and unaccountable, the author tells us that William was King of England,) is a weak, bigoted prince, seventy years old, filled with a childish sensitiveness with regard to his personal dignity and importance, but otherwise entirely governed by priests and by his younger son Conan, a monster equally deformed in mind and body, but who by some means has become the idol of his father, while the eldest son, Arthur, a young prince as remarkable for virtue as his brother is for vice, is the object of the old Duke's bitter hatred. Arthur is betrothed to Alicia, the daughter of a neighbouring prince, and the fondest affection subsists between them; but Conan, in whom the charms of Alicia have awakened a passion as nearly resembling love as his brutal mind can be susceptible of, prevails on his father to declare him the heir to the Dukedom, and also to substitute him for Arthur as the husband of Alicia. In order to secure himself in the power he covets, Conan, knowing that he could not depend on the support of his father's subjects, by whom Arthur is idolised, prevails on the Duke to sign a disgraceful treaty with England, by which Brittany is made a fief of the English crown, and peace is purchased by the payment of an immense tribute. The secret condition of this treaty between Conan and the English leader is the exclusion of Arthur, and the support of himself in the Ducal chair. Conan's next step is to remove Arthur. A conspiracy is formed against the Duke by some officers of the palace, and an attempt is made to murder him in his chamber. Conan, taking advantage of this, bribes a fisherman residing on the coast to accuse Arthur of being the projector of the plot; the real conspirators, in their last moments, fully acquit him of any participation in it, but it is predetermined that he shall be condemned, and the verdict of guilty being pronounced, the order for his immediate execution is signed by the infatuated Duke. The same fisherman, whose false testimony had procured his condemnation, is dispatched by Conan to the English camp with the mandate for the instant death of Arthur, who was there in custody; but, at the passage of a mountain torrent, the mes-

senger is intercepted by Jeanne la Folle, an old woman, who, having had her cottage destroyed, and her whole family murdered, by an irruption of the English on the coast, has had the equilibrium of reason overturned, and, according to the usual superstition of the time, is alternately an object of derision as insane, and of fear and veneration as a witch. Jeanne, however, has sufficient sense remaining to love Arthur and hate Conan; she is also well aware of the innocence of the former, having been within hearing when the fisherman was bribed to give false evidence against him: she, therefore, prevents the trembling serf from proceeding on his errand, and getting possession of the fatal order, proceeds with it to the English camp. In the mean time, Conan, concluding that Arthur is dead, seeks his father, whom he finds in his chamber praying to his patron saint, and uses every art of blandishment to induce him to abdicate in his favour. Hoel, however, is too firmly attached to power to be moved on this point; and Conan, fuming him inflexible, throws off the mask, and proceeds from prayers to menaces. The Duke, stung to the quick, breaks out into the bitterest reproaches, and curses Conan with all the impotent fury of old age, till, goaded to madness, the latter gives full scope to his passion, and seizing a hatchet, dashes out his father's brains. At this instant, Jeanne enters, upbraids Conan with his villainy, and after calling his attention to the shouts behind the scenes, which proclaim Arthur Duke of Brittany, informs him that she has set fire to the palace, and intends to perish with him. The flames rise around them; Conan falls on his sword, and Jeanne remains a victim to the devouring element. The dramatic faults of this piece are, principally, that the action during the first three acts is heavy and deficient in incident, and, during the last two, confused, and imperfectly developed; but many of the individual situations, particularly the scenes between Arthur and the Duke before the trial, and Conan and his father in the last act, are excellent. The characters of the Duke and Conan are happily imagined, and developed with admirable skill and consistency: the former is, of course, applied to Charles X. and the head-dress adopted by the actor renders the illusion perfect: we almost see a bust of the ex-King. Arthur is a very feebly-sketched character, and his betrothed, Alicia, a perfect non-entity. The heroine, Jeanne la Folle, is a copy from Meg Merrilies, but keeps at a very respectful distance from the original. Her last scene with Conan is only remarkable for being totally void of all the power and interest which characterises the last moments of *Ulrica* and *Front-de-Beauf*, in "*Ivanhoe*," from which the idea was evidently taken. Nothing could be better acted than the piece throughout. Mademoiselle Georges (allowing for the exaggerated tone of the French tragic school) was perfect in her representation of Jeanne; and Ligeir was no less excellent in Conan. The author has great reason to congratulate himself on the success of the piece; it is his first tragedy, and possessing, as it does, so many beauties, with faults of a nature so easily corrected, it gives us every thing to hope for his future productions.

The new King of the French quite keeps up his title of Citizen Monarch. To use his own expression, he thinks it very hard that he should be deprived of the privilege which every other citizen has of coming and going where he likes, and so he puts his umbrella under his arm, and in a plain frock coat, without any attendants, walks about the Palais Royal, and through the Tuileries' gardens, like a private individual. The good people of Paris, accustomed to the pomp and ceremony of the Bourbons, were at a loss what to make of such a King, and at first seriously annoyed him in his walks by pressing round him with expressions of attachment; but now, having found out his taste, they content themselves with taking off their hats as he passes, and let him go on his way in peace. At the review of the National Guard, General Lafayette's hat having dropped, the King, who was near him, stooped and picked it up for him. By the by, that National Guard is an extraordinary thing; the rapidity of its organization was astonishing; it seemed as if the blood of the citizens, shed in the streets of Paris, had sunk into the ground, and, like the dragon's teeth of Cadmus, produced a crop of sixty thousand men, ready armed and disciplined for the field. Such a guard, where every soldier is a citizen having an indivi-

dual stake in the welfare and property of the country he defends, ought to render a nation invulnerable to the attacks of a foreign enemy; and it is an additional advantage, that the same principle of individual and universal interest, which would render them invincible in defending their firesides from the attacks of others, would render them equally averse to quit those firesides to invade the territories of their neighbours. This is the true principle of national military spirit.

The French public certainly do things, in general, in the coolest manner possible. At the first representation of "Jeanne la Folle," at the Odeon, there was, as usual, a great delay between the acts; the audience began to be tired, when chancing to espy M. Nourrit, the principal singer of the Opera, in one of the stalls of the orchestra, they asked him to sing his celebrated song, "La Parisienne," which he did with the greatest good-nature: they then found out another actor among the audience, and got him to recite a piece of verse, and thus beguiled the time until the curtain rose.

August 23.—The feast of St. Louis is the day annually appointed for the meeting of the Academie Française. I have before had occasion to remark that these meetings of the individual Academies are far more interesting than the aggregate assembly of the Institute; and, on the present occasion, a more than ordinary degree of attention was attracted to it from the circumstance of its being the first time the Academy had assembled in public since the Revolution, and there was no slight curiosity excited to know what the members would say and do. My readers must be told that this same Academy, though nominally intended to enrol among its members the most eminent literary characters of France, had always shown a strong propensity, (quite in character with its connection with its patrons, Colbert, Richelieu, and Louis XIV.) to allow a recommendation from the Court of the Tuilleries to have more weight than one from the Court of Parnassus; and mediocrity, when illumined by the rays of Court favour, was apt to be considered more worthy of a seat in the *fauteuils* of the Academy than the greatest genius, unadorned by their magic beams; hence we saw the Marquess of Lally Tollendal figuring as an academician, and M. Ancelot standing thirteen ballots against M. Pouqueville, while M.M. B. Constant, Guizot, Villemain, and de Beranger are left to say with Piron, "qu'ils ne sont rien, pas même Academiciens." Some exceptions there doubtless have been, and, in a few instances, patriotism has not been considered a sufficient reason to exclude genius from the Academy. Hence, fortunately, Andrieux, Chateaubriand, and Lamartine rank among the members. The hall, on this occasion, was crowded to excess, ladies, as usual, predominating; the first glance told us that the loyalty of the worthy academicians was like that of his Reverence of Bray, strictly paid to the "powers that be." The bust of Charles X. which formerly decorated the hall, surmounting the seat of the President, had disappeared, and presently a marble effigy of Louis Philippe I. was placed in the vacant niche, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembly. The venerable President, M. Percival Grandmaison, opened the session by an address abounding in energy and eloquence, in which, after bestowing a just tribute of praise on the actors in the memorable last week of July, he announced that the prize of 15,000 francs, (600*l.*) annually given by the Academy as a recompense for acts of virtue, was this year awarded to the wounded victims of those glorious days. This announcement was received with thunders of applause, which must have sounded rather harshly in the ears of some of the "Absolutists," whom I observed occupying their usual seats. M. Briffaut then read the report of the various Monthyon prizes; among those given for acts of courageous virtue was one to an inhabitant of Rodez, named Simon Albou, who, in delivering his native village from the ravages of a furious she-wolf, received no less than forty-two bites from the infuriated animal. The prizes for works most useful to general morality were thus awarded:—to M. Say, for his work on Political Economy, 8000 francs, (320*l.*); to M. C. Lucas, for his Treatise on the Penitentiary System in Europe and the United States, 6000 francs (240*l.*); to M. Norvius, for his poem on the Immortality of the Soul, and M. Alissan de Chazet for his work, entitled

"Des Abus des Lois et des Mœurs," 3000 francs (120*l.*) each. Not having read the productions, I cannot give any opinion on the propriety of the decisions. M. Andrieux, the secretary, then read a poem in Alexandrine verse, on the childhood of Louis XII. At a distance from the worthy secretary it was difficult to follow him, but, judging from what I did hear, as well as from the constant laughter and applause of those who were more advantageously situated, I have no doubt that it was as sparkling and brilliant as his effusions generally are: an implied parallel between Louis XII. (formerly Duke of Orleans,) and the present King was particularly happy, and the declaration of the good monarch, "Qu'il avait mieux faire rire la cour, que pleurer les provinces," was too analogous to the known feelings of the present Louis not to meet with warm marks of recognition and approbation. M. Andrieux descended from the tribune amid shouts of applause, and was succeeded by M. Lemercier, who read an Ode, entitled, "Le Triomphe National." This composition, written in rude unpolished verse, but full of nervous sentiment expressed in vigorous language, and abounding in direct appeals to the passions of the audience, highly excited by the late events, was received with great approbation. The subject of the prize poem for the ensuing year is the "Literary Glory of France;" and it appears, from the programme, that the authors are to oppose themselves to the attacks made on the French tragic theatre, and prove that it is the best in the world. The successful candidate will well earn his prize if he does it.

The classic school is taking its turn of popular favour; the crowds which flocked to *Hernani* and *Stockholm*, are now with equal avidity pressing for places to witness "*Junius Brutus*." At the second representation the expectant audience began to assemble at the doors as early as three o'clock. This enthusiasm, however, must not be entirely attributed to the merit of the tragedy,—extrinsic circumstances have contributed not a little to it. There is also some singularity in the whole history of this drama; the author, M. Andrieux, is the perpetual Secretary of the Academie Française, and the author of by far the best modern comedies of which the French can boast; he also is the Lecturer on French literature at the College de France, and in all these capacities has constantly displayed a vein of brilliant and even exuberant wit, no less admirable in itself than apparently opposed to any thing like tragic genius: his lectures, though abounding in varied and useful information, are constructed in so epigrammatic a style that one of them, dissected into sentences, would furnish a dinner-out with a stock of bon-mots for a month; yet this is the man who is announced as the author of a tragedy founded on one of the most sublime and elevated traits which illumine the annals of the ancient world. It appears that this tragedy has been written upwards of thirty years, but had been allowed by its author to remain unheeded in his closet, until, happening to show it to Picard, he was recommended by him to present it to the Theatre Français, which he did, and it was instantly and unanimously accepted. Why it was not immediately brought out I do not know, but rather think that some difficulties were created by the censorship: however that may be, it is fortunate for all parties that it was reserved until the present period, as the coincidences between many of the events and passages, and the late occurrences at Paris, contributed not a little to increase the enthusiastic success for which the merit of the piece itself laid an excellent foundation. The history of the elder Brutus has been so often and so successfully dramatised in every language, that novelty cannot be expected; the two leading incidents must always be the same in construction, and, as the rules of the classic drama do not admit the introduction of fictitious episodes, it is by the poetic beauties, rather than by the construction of his piece, that an author of "*Brutus*" must be judged. Submitted to this criterion, M. Andrieux may fairly claim the highest praise: imagination is not his characteristic, but the sentiments attributed to each of his characters are appropriate in themselves and consistent with each other; the language in which they are expressed is at once dignified and energetic, and in every scene the mind is irresistibly impressed with a conviction that in depicting the heroes of the liberty of Rome, the author has only had to transfer to the stage the genuine patriotic sentiments which ac-

tuate his own breast. The assumed idiocy of Brutus, which forms so leading a feature in the English tragedy, is not presented in M. Andrieux's piece; but the first act presents him in the full vigour of his patriotism, listening to the relation of Lucretia's death and Collatinus's wrongs; the dead body of Lucretia is brought on the stage, and the people, roused to indignant fury by the sight, rise in instant rebellion against the tyrants who oppressed them. (This incident produced great effect on the audience, from its striking resemblance to one of the first remarkable events which signalized the late Revolution. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 27th of July, a woman passing quietly down the Rue Croix des Petits Champs, was struck by a ball fired by one of the Swiss Guard, and fell to the ground a corpse; this took place within sight of her own house, and her husband, taking the body in his arms, carried it to the open square called Place des Victoires, and laying it on the ground, within sight of the Royal Guard stationed at the Bank, invoked his countrymen to avenge the murder; how promptly his call was answered I need not mention.) The first act ends with an interview between Aruns, the son of Tarquin, and Tiberius, the son of Brutus, by which we are prepared, in some measure, for the fatal influence which the friendship of the former subsequently exercises over the fidelity of the latter. At the commencement of the second act we find that the victory has already been achieved, and the Roman people are assembled to receive the ambassadors sent by the banished Tarquin nominally to demand his treasures and private property, but really to endeavour to excite a commotion in his favour. The third act is occupied with the attempts of the agents of the tyrant to seduce the sons of Brutus, which, despite the entreaties of Aruns, and the indignity which Titus conceives himself to have received from the people, in being refused a command he had solicited, are entirely unsuccessful, until they are induced to believe that the success of the conspiracy is certain, and that it is only by joining it that they can save their father's life. This act is powerfully written, though the dialogue between Aruns and Tiberius is rather too much in the style of that between Tibullina and her father in the Critic. The fourth act is a delightful picture of the domestic happiness of Brutus in the bosom of his family; this is interrupted by the arrival of Collatinus, with the intelligence of the conspiracy, and a list of the traitors: the whole of this act is exquisitely written, but the author has fallen into a great error in not ending the act the moment Brutus quits the stage leaving his sons in the custody of Collatinus—the few sentences which follow are not important in themselves, and tend considerably to weaken the dramatic effect of the preceding scene. The fifth act comprises the judgment of Brutus, and is distinguished by a fine strain of nervous declamation, which is perfectly in keeping with the character of Collatinus and Menenius; it may, perhaps, be objected that the speech of Brutus, after the decision of his son's fate is left in his hands, is somewhat too long, but it is otherwise excellent. M. Andrieux has achieved a great triumph for himself in the production of this tragedy, and, having long enjoyed the unrivalled supremacy of the comic throne, is now entitled to share with Jouy and Arnault the higher honours of that of classic tragedy. I much regret that my limits forbid my quoting a few of the passages, which would amply justify the opinions I have given of the work.

September 6.—The weekly meetings of the Academie des Sciences, though not unfrequently devoted to subjects interesting only to those deeply versed in the minutæ of the sciences to which they relate, occasionally present objects of general and universal importance. In a paper read to-day by M. Larrey, a surgeon, who had been very much employed in the hospitals in attending to those who were wounded during the Revolution, many curious observations were made on the different effects produced by lead and marble, when fired from a gun: great part of the weapons of the people were charged with the latter material, and it appears that the wounds inflicted by them were of a much more jagged and irregular character than those inflicted by the bullets; but that the projectile force of the latter appeared greater than that of the former. The same paper also disproved the assertion which had been circulated that the Royal Guard had employed bullets of an unusual form, in order to make the wounds

more fatal; this now appears to have had its origin in the circumstances of some of the bullets having been cast in so great a hurry that sufficient care was not taken to smooth off the projecting piece of metal broken off from the mould, which, therefore, remaining on the bullet, would tend to increase the dimensions of the wound inflicted by it.—On the same day a child, three months old, was presented to the inspection of the Academy by M. Geoffrey de St. Hilaire; was in excellent health, and perfectly formed, except that Nature has gifted it with four legs, instead of two; the additional members are much less developed than the natural ones, and are so situated that the learned professor was of opinion that the child, in growing up, would be able to exercise almost any trade or pursuit it might select. From a trace, resembling scars, on the additional members, M. St. Hilaire appeared disposed to believe that (although the mother had no recollection of having wounded herself during her pregnancy) the fœtus was originally composed of two perfect children, united near the ilium, and that these two members are only a fractional part of the second twin. He also conceived it probable that, in process of time, these members might so wither away, from want of vital nourishment, as to be perfectly dead, and removable without injury to the child. After the curiosity of the learned members had been satisfied in inspecting this prodigy, M. de St. Hilaire announced that he would present them with a specimen somewhat analogous; he accordingly produced a large basket, covered with a cloth, which he placed upon the table; a loud struggling and cackling was heard when the professor's hand was introduced under the covering, and presently there appeared on the table a well-grown goose! which, astonished at the novelty of its situation, cackled so loud as entirely to drown all the observations of the various learned members who attempted to make themselves heard on the occasion. The feathered animal presented an appearance something similar to that of the human, but had only one extra leg. The professor stated, that he had seen in the environs of Paris a chicken, whose malformation was in every respect similar to that of the infant in question, and he had intended to present it at the same time to the inspection of the Academy, but the proprietor had refused to lend it to him for that purpose. The chicken, however, as well as the goose, was full-grown, and in perfect health.

The subscriptions for the wounded have given fair scope to the Parisian taste for what, in theatrical language, are called "clap-traps." Professors of languages open courses, one half of the profits of which is to go to the wounded; authors bring out pamphlets, with the forlorn hope of getting them read under favour of a similar announcement; and a patriotic hair-dresser in the Palais Royale has actually placarded all Paris with the announcement, that his establishment will be open for three weeks to cut and dress hair "for the benefit of the wounded."

It is a long time since I have made any mention of the Parisian theatres, important as the subject is to those interested in such matters. In fact, independently of the absorbing interest of the recent events, the dramatic affairs of Paris have been in such a wretched state that there has been but little temptation to visit them. Failure after failure has followed in rapid succession. The most important break-up was that of the Opera Comique, the director of which, M. Ducis, took his departure without paying even the chorus singers. Amongst the sufferers was Miss Smithson, who having come out in the "Auberge d'Auray," a piece in which her admirable acting attracted crowds to the benches, which before had presented a spectacle of desolation, found herself at the end of the month a creditor for about 9000 francs (upwards of 350*l.*), with an empty treasury, and no manager to be found; this arose from the Parisian custom of only paying the performers once a month, by which means M. Ducis was enabled to pocket all the receipts of the month which she acted (upwards of 70,000 francs). The theatre has re-opened with a new management; but, with the exception of Miss Smithson, who has accepted another engagement for a few nights, they have no actors who can afford any thing like a chance of success. Since the Revolution, all the theatres have been engaged in bringing out "*pièces de circonstance*," many of which possess considerable merit. At the Odeon, in addition to "*Jeanne la Folle*," which I before mentioned, two light pieces, the one called



"Dix Jours Après," and the other "Les Honneurs du Lendemain," have met with decided and merited success. The first is founded on the astonishment of a Royalist, who having taken by mistake a sleeping draught, slumbers through the Revolution, and awakes when the new dynasty is established on the throne. The author has made good use of the materials for equivoque which the subject afforded. The latter is a spirited satire on those heroes, who, having kept themselves quietly in their chambers while there was danger, come out as soon as tranquillity is restored, and insinuate themselves into the possession of the substantial rewards of the Revolution, while the real authors of it are compelled to be contented with the glory only. The two principal characters of the piece are a specimen of each of the two classes, and the last two sentences are excellent. The speakers are a Vicomte, who has preserved his place by becoming a warm partisan of the new dynasty as soon as it was evident that it needed no support, and Robert, a poor workman, who has been wounded in the first day's attack. "*Vicomte. Je rentre dans mon hôtel.—Robert. Je vais à l'hôpital;*" and the curtain drops. At the Theatre Français, a piece, called "Trois Jours d'un Grand Peuple," was deservedly hissed off the stage the first night of performance. In the first place, the subject is not adapted to the regular drama, and in the next it was badly treated. The Opera Comique brought out a little piece on the same subject, called "Trois Jours dans une Heure," which, being aided by some pretty music, met with tolerable success. The Theatre des Nouveautés has acted up to its name, having brought out three new pieces with great rapidity, all of which have been deservedly successful; the first, entitled "Un apropos Patriotique," is a lively sketch of the late events, owing its principal charm to the admirable acting of Mademoiselle Dejazet, as a *garçon imprimeur*; the second, "André ou le Chansonnier," by M. Fontan, the author of "Jeanne la Folle," had been prohibited by the censors. It consists of the adventures of a patriotic song-writer, who, being prosecuted by the Government, escapes, by the assistance of his friends and the connivance of his guards, to whom he announces himself as the author of their favourite camp roundelay, which he sings to them. After a lapse of some years, finding absence from his native country intolerable, he braves every danger, and returns in disguise; arrived at home, he finds that his betrothed bride, to save the life of her father, had been compelled to marry his greatest enemy, and the cause of all his misfortunes; at this moment a revolution is effected, André's party becomes uppermost, and his enemy is proscribed and in his power; for his wife's sake, he not only pardons him, but aids him in his escape; and ultimately marries a foster sister, who, unknown to him, had cherished for years a deep but hopeless passion for him. This piece is well written, and admirably acted; the situations are ingenious and dramatic, and the dialogue easy and flowing. The third novelty at this theatre is called "La Contre Lettre;" the plot turns on the defeat of the hypocritical machinations of a Jesuit to ruin a family who confided in him; this, the principal character, is admirably acted by Bereffé; and though the piece itself has no great merit, the subject has secured great popularity for it. The Theatre de la Porte St. Martin has also catered for the public taste for the disclosure of the vices of the Romish clergy, by the reproduction of Mouvel's terrific drama, called "Les Victimes Cloîtrées," first performed at the "Theatre de la Nation," in 1791; it consists of a detail of the various cruelties practised on two lovers in a monastery and convent, which adjoin each other, in consequence of the girl refusing to comply with the brutal passion of the superior of the monastery. The victims are, of course, rescued at the last extremity. The Theatre de Madame has re-opened, under its old title of the Gymnase; but the absence of Jenny Vertpré casts a gloom over the performances, and nothing of any importance has been brought out. The Theatre du Vaudeville has an excellent "pièce de circonstance," called "27, 28, 29 Juillet," in which, for the first time in my recollection, an Englishman is introduced on the French stage without being made the subject of ridicule; he is a traveller, who arrives the day before the Revolution, and takes an active part in the glorious events of the three days: the conduct of our countrymen on this occasion appears to have a little softened the virulence of the

hatred with which the lower classes have regarded us since the Field of Waterloo. "Mons. de Jobardière," at the Theatre des Variétés, is founded on nearly the same plot as the "Dix Jours Après," at the Odeon; but the incidents are broader, and the dialogue more fitted to the *calibre* of the frequenters of the theatre. The Cirque Olympique carries the audience back to the taking of the Bastille and the Passage of the Mont St. Bernard; but the experiment was not very successful, the people were evidently more disposed to witness the representation of their own deeds than those of their ancestors, and the piece therefore failed in attraction. Even the little theatre of M. Comte has contributed its quota to the national glory, in a piece called "Le Coup d'état," in which the young Francis makes an admirable representative of the pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, who, having led the citizens to victory, was killed in the moment of success at the Tuileries. The piece closes with an allegorical representation of his apotheosis, which is represented with a splendour of decoration which would gladden the heart of Farley himself. Among the novelties in preparation are the revival of Jony's "Sylla," a tragedy called "Marian Delorme," by Victor Hugo, and two dramas, called "Corinne" and "Le Negre," at the Theatre Français; Meyerbeer's opera, "Robert le Diable," at the Academie Royale de Musique; a new piece, by Scribe and Rossini, for Miss Smithson, at the Opera Comique; L'Abbé de l'Épée, in which the principal character is to be performed by a real deaf and dumb child, at the Theatre Comte; and various melodramas, of all sorts and sizes, for the theatres of the Boulevards.

What a pity it is that wit and ill-nature should be so inseparably united! the "Figaro," which was the wittiest of all witty journals during the reign of Charles X. when it had unpopular Ministers to revile and turn into laughing-stocks, was for the first three weeks after the Revolution, when panegyric was inevitable, as dull as the "Quotidienne." It has now become the organ of the Ultra Liberal, or, as we call it in England, the Radical party; and having in that capacity to make war upon the present Chamber of Deputies and M. Dupin, as well as some others who figure in the new Ministry more conspicuously than the party in question think they deserve, Master Figaro has resumed his sportive vein, and, having the privilege of being ill-natured, has again become witty.

Sympathy for the fallen forms no part of the French character; the cry for vengeance on the Ministers is terrific; fortunately, M.M. Montbel and D'Haussez, who are known to have been hostile to the Ordonnances, and to have signed them only from a principle of honour, not to avoid the danger, have not been taken. For M. Peyronnet no sympathy can be felt; equally odious in his public and private career, not a virtue is known to exist in him to qualify his crimes; but Prince Polignac, whatever have been his political crimes, as a member of society has always been most estimable. If, however, they are condemned, Government dare not spare them; the only hope left is, that previous to their trial, the project of law abolishing the punishment of death may have been carried, and they may thus be the first to reap the advantages of the reform which they have constantly, and with so much impolicy, opposed.

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#### FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES, NO. IV.

SCENE—*Mrs. Long's Boudoir.*

MRS. AND MISS LONG.

*Mrs. Long.*

My darling daughter, come to me;  
 Why is your cheek so pale?  
 To fond maternal ears reveal  
 Your first-love's faltering tale:

You love young Lord Fitzlackstiver—  
 (Incomparable youth !  
 What fascinating eyes he has !)—  
 You love him?—speak the truth.

*Miss Long.*

No—no—I do *not* love him—no—  
*That* word is far too tame ;  
 A faintness comes all over me  
 When others breathe his name.  
 I *doat* upon him—oh, Mamma,  
 Don't tell me I am wrong ;  
 You know he comes here every day,  
 And stays here all day long.

*Mrs. Long.*

He does, my pet, I know he does,  
 (Most excellent young man !)  
 But, dearest, long ere *you* came out  
 His daily calls began.

*Miss Long.*

What mean you, Madam !

*Mrs. Long.*

Miss, I mean  
 His Lordship is *my* friend—  
*My* Cicero—*my*—in short,  
 Your fancies, child, must end.

*Miss Long.*

Madam ! Mamma ! what *can* you mean ?  
 He 's not in love with *you* !  
 I 'll go and speak to my Papa—

*Mrs. Long.*

Do—if you dare, love, do !  
 Your father's age, and gout, and bile,  
 And half a hundred ills,  
 Keep *him* at home ; *I* cannot stay  
 To make him take his pills.  
 And then in public, you must know,  
 A man is indispensable ;  
 (Now listen, child, and dry your eyes—  
 I always thought you sensible !)  
 As for a ball—your father's far  
 More fit for hearse and hatchment ;  
 And who *can* blame Platonic love  
 And innocent attachment ?

*Miss Long.*

My heart will break ! oh ! 'tis enough  
 To plunge me in despair,  
 To give up *such* a nobleman !  
 With *such* a head of hair !  
 Besides—now don't be angry, Ma—  
 When Pa to bed is carried,  
 You 've never time to talk to *me*,  
 —I *should* like to be married.

## Fashionable Eclogues.

Mrs. Long.

Like to be married! so you shall—  
 Yes, darling, to be sure—  
 But not to Lord Fitzlackstiver,  
 The amiable—but poor!  
 Your husband shall have golden coin  
 As countless as sea-sand—  
 Yes, child, the Duke Filchesterton  
 Has offer'd you his hand!

Miss Long.

What do you say?—The Duke!—His Grace!  
 —A Duchess!—can it be!  
 (—He's sixty-five!) how very odd  
 That he should fix on me!  
 —The Duke!—(he can't have long to live)  
 —His Grace! when will he call!  
 How lucky Lord Fitzlackstiver  
 Meant *nothing* after all!  
 The Duke!—he's very, very old—  
 But what's *that* to his wife!  
 You do not care three straws about  
 My father's time of life.  
 His Grace!—what gorgeous wedding clothes!  
 What jewels I shall get!  
 The diamonds of the family,  
 (I'll have them all new set.)  
 The Duke!—he can't live very long,  
 His husky cough is chronic,  
 And doubtless I shall find a friend  
 Exceedingly platonic.  
 You'll tell the Duke I'm flatter'd—pleas'd:—  
 Oh! stop, Mamma—you'll see,  
 Of course, that *all* his worldly goods  
 Are settled upon me.  
 A Duchess!—only think, Mamma,  
 I shall be call'd your Grace!  
 —What had I best be married in,  
 White satin or blond lace?  
 Bless me! how very strange 'twill seem  
 To have a spouse on crutches!  
 I long to tell Fitzlackstiver  
 That I'm to be a Duchess.  
 Poor Fitz! It's well I'm *not* his wife;  
 It would have made me ill  
 To go and make a fuss about  
 Some odious butcher's bill.  
 It never would have suited me,  
 To hash the boil'd and roast!  
 And ascertain what eggs, and beer,  
 And soap, and candles cost!  
 Poor Fitz! don't let him marry, Ma—  
 Oh, apropos of marriage!  
 I must consult him when he calls,  
 About my travelling carriage.  
 The gout, they say, is apt to kill  
 When vital parts it touches;  
 Make haste, Mamma, and tell the Duke,  
 That I will be his Duchess.

T. H. B.

## QUESTIONS ANTICIPATED IN THE PRESENT SESSION.

If a Minister were asked what power he should most wish to take away from the Opposition? and if (for the sake of originality) he should answer simply and truly, he would doubtless say, "the power of asking questions." If it were not for this, most pleasant were the official depths of the Treasury chambers, and sweet the political atmosphere of Downing-street—cheerful were the Cabinet councils by day, and the debates in the House by night not utterly unendurable. Even the jokes of Sir Joseph Yorke might seem mirthful, and the disquisitions on Parliamentary practice, by Mr. Charles Williams Wynne, most "musical—most melancholy." But, alas! this interrogative faculty of the Opposition, like the hair-suspended sword over the head of the Sicilian flatterer, takes away from the feast of official good things its sweetest relish—the Minister walks with the fear of Hume before his eyes, and Sir James Graham is in all his thoughts. Declamation may be met by declamation; railing by railing; deliberate censure by satirical retort; but to be put to the question is the real torture, which makes the sufferer wince, while he dares not murmur at the infliction. Even the loudest of "Mr. Brougham's thunder" portends not such fearful augury, pealing from the Speaker's left, as when in that low, half earnest, half sarcastic tone, which thrills upon the Ministerial ear with painful distinctness, he requests, in terms of elaborate courtesy, to be "informed" by the Right Hon. gentleman opposite.

What makes an adjournment pleasant, and a prorogation a thing of exceeding satisfaction?—the freedom from being questioned. What makes the meeting of Parliament an evil necessity, and its advent a period of painful anxiety?—Because questions will be asked, and *must* be answered, "after what flourish" the nature of the Minister will.

The period has now arrived when our Ministers must submit to this *experimentum crucis*; their holiday season is over, and in the present posture of affairs, we may venture to predict that the interrogative privileges of the Opposition will not grow obsolete from want of use. Perhaps, however, we do the Ministers injustice in supposing that they feel themselves oppressed with any anxiety about the prospect that lies before them—to their intellectual vision it may appear that all is smooth and pleasant; and certainly, if, as we have heard, they consider themselves to have gained strength by the late election, we cannot think any other bappy ballucination too extravagant for them to indulge in. Besides, as to the answering of questions, the reading even of Mr. Goulburn may have gone far enough to teach him that the foolish may propound questions which the wise man cannot answer; from which, by the aid of such logic as he possesses, he may have arrived at the modest inference, that *his* chance of being able to answer the questions that may be asked him is by no means hopeless. As we love to follow great examples, and have no doubt that our Cabinet rulers are now busily employed in the contemplation—be it pleasant or otherwise—of the various topics on which they will have to gratify the curiosity of the inquisitive during the ensuing session, we shall ourselves venture to anticipate some of the subjects of inquiry which will probably be started, and briefly consider how they will be met by the Noble Lords

and Right Hon. Gentlemen whose profound and brilliant talents adorn the Treasury benches.

The first question that suggests itself, and which we shall take leave to state in terms rather more direct than Parliamentary usage would admit of, is this: Why do the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel continue to believe that such colleagues as they have, are the best they could find at this time of day to assist them in governing the country? Can the Duke imagine, notwithstanding his experience and ability in *leadership*, and the strictness of his official—bordering on military—discipline, that he alone is sufficient to direct the affairs of this great empire? or can Sir Robert Peel suppose, notwithstanding his fluency of speech and conciliating civility, that he alone is sufficient to uphold the reins of Government in the House of Commons? If the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for the Home Department do thus flatter themselves, they are grievously mistaken; the hour of forbearance, of quiet acquiescence, is gone by—the spirit of the time, and the men to be encountered, and the events to be canvassed, all give token of an intellectual strife, in which these two, if unassisted, must fail; and it seems to be not only wrong, but absolutely ridiculous, that in a period demanding the exertion of so much superior ability in the Governments of every state in Europe, that of Great Britain should be found with a set of nominal managers, scarcely adequate to the most piping times of political peace. Cannot the Duke borrow experience from his former profession? Would his career in the Peninsula have been one of such triumphant glory, if the Grahams, and the Hopes, and the Pictons, and the Bairds, were fellows

“ Who never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knew,  
More than a spinster: unless the bookish theoretic,  
Wherein the toged consuls could propose  
As masterly as they: mere prattle, without practice.”

If they had no judgment to act for themselves; no talent to circumvent the plans of others; no respect from those in inferior situations; no quality under heaven to fit them to be his assistants but a readiness to obey his orders, would this have been sufficient for the proper management of the divisions of an army? And are the civil affairs of a great empire less important, less difficult to be managed, less in need of the active attention of able minds, than the military movements of a hundred thousand men? What if one general had been a supercilious fancier of old helmets—another a flippant person, vain of his clothes and the dressing of his hair—two more, known only as being excessively disliked, and doubly paid for doing nothing; and yet another two, of whom one was an able man in any other situation than that which he filled, and the other incapable of doing any thing which it would require an able man to do? Suppose these had been the men immediately about his person, while at a little distance, where contemporaneous operations were going on, no less important than his own—where the battles were longer and more frequent, and the combatants more numerous, he had placed subordinates, who were the pity of their friends and the derision of their enemies, what chance could he have had of success? And yet he expects to go forward in the business of civil government with assistants of a character no better than those we have described would have been in military warfare!

The experience of our military Premier will enable him to take high ground, as a man of knowledge, in the discussion of foreign affairs; yet if he do not choose to take the dangerous course of a contemptuous silence when the time of questioning comes on, touching the extent of his concurrence with the measures of the Polignac administration, he may find the attack somewhat too much for his single-handed resistance—and where is he to look for aid? Lord Lyndhurst will, perhaps, deliver himself better than if he were pronouncing a judgment in Equity; but his official character is scarcely one which admits of his giving very strenuous assistance in matters of foreign policy. There are, indeed, certain points of circumstantial evidence, which the enemies of the Duke have relied upon as proving his concurrence with the “vigorous” proceedings in France, in the discussion of which the Noble Lord’s King’s Bench experience may be brought to the aid of his natural acuteness and fluency of argument; but when he has done, who is to follow? Of what account is the dry, official solemnity of Lord Aberdeen in a matter which stirs the hearts of men; which throws the fire of enthusiasm into the details of political business, and makes the bosom by turns kindle with indignation, or swell with triumph, as it dwells upon the guilty machinations of the men who would have tyrannised over France, or the glorious efforts of the people, who decided at once for death, rather than oppression? But are there not my Lords Bathurst, and Melville, and Rosslyn, and Ellenborough? Of these, the first three are useless in the debate, and the last much worse than useless, since his manner makes him offensive, while Nature has denied him the ability to be defensive. Of this person—were it possible to speak in terms of strong indignation concerning that which is only worthy of being heartily despised—we should have a good deal more to say, but we leave such a minister to the deep disgust with which he is so universally regarded. We shall not venture to go quite so far as the witty lady, who remarked, that to see his Lordship riding down Whitehall, and to remember that he was a Cabinet Minister, was sufficient to justify a revolution; but it is quite sufficient to justify a very unfavourable opinion of a Ministry—that, for the sake of being occasionally assisted with a little shallow talk, it should associate with itself a character in such odour as that of Lord Ellenborough.

With respect to Foreign Affairs generally, it may be expected that a natural and just anxiety will, during the ensuing Session, be productive of inquiries which would demand the best exertions of an able Minister solely devoted to these concerns—one, not only versed in the intricacies of international policy, but ready and fluent in debate, courteous in explanation, and vigorous in reply. Whether we have such a Minister it would be idle to discuss—whether the government of the country can be permitted to go on without such an one, the questions of the Opposition may, perhaps, ere long decide.

In the Lower House, the Government may expect from Mr. Brougham the formidable question, whether it is their intention to commence the work of Parliamentary Reform by giving members to the great manufacturing towns at present unrepresented in Parliament? It is impossible to look at a question so important, both in its immediate and remote results upon the welfare of this country, without a wish that it might receive all the advantage which the ablest discussion could afford

it. We should desire to see it canvassed by those who have soared to the heights, and sounded the depths of constitutional learning—who have minds to appreciate the value of a just representation of the people, and eloquence to impart to others the force of the arguments which have impressed themselves. And if there be those, as doubtless there are, who deem it better that the Aristocracy should return members to the Commons House of Parliament than the people, even these we should wish to find maintaining the views which they hold, in argument worthy of being grappled with, and giving to their cause something of that respectability which intellect and eloquence confer upon whatever they advocate. Whatever side the Government may take (and with the experience of the last two years before us, it would be rash to decide at once that they would *not* take the side of Reform), it is plain that no more than one of the Ministers in the House of Commons will be able to give a reason for his vote, which can influence any one else to follow him; and should any measure of Reform be conceded, the public will say, "We owe these men neither gratitude nor thanks, they have done but what they were bidden; and no matter what the order had been, their master would have found them equally obedient." There are some who consider the language of the Duke, during his recent visit to Manchester, to have been little less than an implied promise, that he would propose to the Legislature to give that populous town the privilege of being represented; but we think this rather a hasty judgment. The Duke, no doubt, exhibited an influence over the Aristocracy in bringing them round to his view of the Catholic Question, which might lead us to suppose, that in any question to which he was favourable he would find a majority; but his influence has certainly not been on the increase since that time; and in the present temper of the Aristocracy of this country, they will scarcely be disposed to yield to a principle, the operation of which would soon lead to the overthrow of their power in the House of Commons. Some, however, may be disposed to give way, "lest a worse thing should befall them." Some may have given pledges in the heat of their opposition zeal, when they little thought they should ever have to give practical effect to what they preached; and these, along with the party who have nothing to lose so important as the favour of the Minister, may form a majority, should the Duke fall in with the popular current, and himself become a Reformer. It seems, as far as we have observed, to be an opinion almost universal, that even the present number of the House of Commons is too great; we therefore require not only to give representatives to people who have them not, but to take them away from places without people, which have them, and this latter is the more difficult part of the undertaking; but what signify difficulties to such luminaries as Bathurst, Ellenborough, Goulburn, and Herries? If, however, the progress of Reform should go on, until the system, which once was said on high authority to work so well, is laid prostrate by it, the Aristocracy have themselves to thank for hastening, if not creating, the necessity for its abolition. Surrounded by luxury and magnificence, they have, in the pursuits of elegance, and sometimes in grosser pleasures, forgotten to encourage and promote that knowledge which is power. Lordlings and Honourables, fit only for the ball-room or the race-course; or courtly, unprincipled flatterers, fit only to be laid down in



the hall for honest men to wipe their shoes upon; or husy creatures of dirty work, the base quality of whose services those who employed them scarcely knew, have been put by a negligent Aristocracy into places which, for their own sakes, they ought to have sought out men of ability and character to fill. It is true there are illustrious exceptions to this general rule of aristocratical supineness, and in the House of Commons, even in late years, the few who have adorned it most, have owed their seats to the patronage of the nobility. But what are these among so many? For one noble lord who has taken pains to use his influence for the political advancement of men worthy of being advanced, we could point out ten who have thought only of their family and their flatterers.

Another question, to which it is impossible that more importance can be attached than it deserves, must soon follow, if it do not precede, the question of Reform. The Government must be prepared to answer whether they have taken into consideration the state of the lower orders of the people, with a view to their employment, and the bettering of their condition. There is a voice louder than that of mere political expediency which will urge this question with fearful weight upon those who guide the concerns of this country. The sheer necessity of hundreds of thousands of people will make itself heard, and it will not cease to be asked whether the country be really able to support its population in comfort, and, if it be, why should the mass of the people continue to suffer from want. The merely scientific politician, who looks upon masses of suffering men with the same cool spirit of calculation that he would use with respect to the atoms of matter, may consider that he disposes of the question by referring it to a redundancy of disposable labour, and philosophically consign his fellow-creatures to starvation, or the care of the Emigration Committee. The Government may, while it acknowledges and deplures the difficulty and distress, deny the utility of its interference, and leave it to time, and the working of events, to place the people in the condition of independence which, in more prosperous periods, they enjoyed. But the people have changed from what they were—they are less turbulent, and more reflective—more aware of their real strength, and more cautious of wasting it in profitless tumult; and, this being the case, it does not consist with the safety of the state, that their sufferings should be neglected through the self-sufficiency of science, or the hopelessness of inability. The general proposition will scarcely be denied, that while the resources of a country are quite adequate to the support of its population, there is something wrong in the political arrangement of the society if the population cannot find support. Now it is quite manifest that with our soil and extraordinary means of production, and with such extensive colonies from which we may supply the luxuries that we cannot grow at home, our population, great as it is, might be abundantly supplied with every thing they want—but they are denied an opportunity of exercising their labour in the way of production; and, while they pine for want, the very things which they require are rotting in the markets without a demand for them. The advocates of the manufacturing interest will say, "throw open the ports and let foreign corn flow in free of duty." If the evil complained of were a scarcity of corn, this would no doubt be an efficient remedy, but it is the want of means to purchase corn, and not the want of the commodity, which causes the dis-

ness. Again, it will be urged, that at all events corn would be cheaper if freely supplied by foreigners; this is true, but the cheapness of a commodity is of little value to those who have nothing wherewithal to buy, and the introduction of foreign corn, by throwing a vast number of agriculturists out of employment, would render the competition of labourers, and the poverty of their remuneration, yet more extreme and hopeless than it is. We have not forgotten the argument that the agriculturists thrown out of employment might turn themselves to manufactures, for which the foreign demand would be increased by the importation of foreign corn; but when it is recollected how many labourers already accustomed to manufactures there are but half employed, and how much any increased demand would be supplied by machinery, and not by manual labour, notwithstanding the wretchedly low rate of wages which competition with machinery forces the labourer to accept; when these things are considered, we think it will be admitted that the agriculturist's chance of employment in manufacturing pursuits would be a very hopeless one, and the most probable consequence of the free importation of foreign corn would be to increase the pauperism of the agricultural districts in at least as great a proportion as it can be supposed it would lessen the distress of the manufacturers. The fact seems to be, that both the causes and the cure of the distressed condition of the lower orders happen to lie more deeply in the frame of society than is generally imagined; but that the want and misery are not things of inevitable necessity, is manifest from this, that there is already abundance of good things to eat, and to drink, and to wear, for all the people in the country, if they had but a legal claim to use them; and, further, that the country is capable of producing a much greater quantity of these things, and continuing to do so, if its resources were kept in full action by the employment of the people. With the natural powers of this country, stupendously increased as they have been by the progress of mechanical improvement, there seems to be scarcely a limit to its power of producing or purchasing every thing desirable for men to enjoy, but the problem has yet to be solved of making these powers available for the general happiness of the community, as well as for the profit of the capitalist. We fear that these things are but little dreamt of in the philosophy of the ministers:—our President of the Board of Trade is a man well versed in arithmetical figures, and adroit in the arrangement of accounts—qualities which, in their proper sphere, are not to be despised; but when we think of the knowledge and the genius, the profound views, and the intellectual courage which the Cabinet Minister of Great Britain, to whom such duties are entrusted, ought to possess, we lose our patience.

The anxiety which the present state of affairs in Ireland excites throughout the empire must cause it to be the subject of very early and urgent inquiry in Parliament. The indefatigable agitator seems determined to show that, if they will not allow him to be of importance within the House, he can without the House take ample revenge for their contumely. He whose peculiar talents and position enable him to direct the public opinion of a vast and impetuous population, should be dealt with by a wise and cautious minister in a manner very different from that in which Mr. O'Connell has as yet been managed. To yield a measure of immense importance to a people—a measure by

which they obtain a great accession of political power—and then to treat the chosen and favourite representative of that people, the man to whose exertions they believe they are chiefly indebted for what they have obtained, with marked dislike and scorn, is certainly not politically prudent, even admitting it to be personally justifiable. That Mr. O'Connell did not show himself an adroit member of Parliament is no reason why his immense power in Ireland should be forgotten, nor that those whose first care should be the conservation of the peace and safety of the state, should, for the sake of indulging in enmity against the man, neglect to guard against his adverse influence as an agitator. Whatever may be the minister's opinion of Mr. O'Connell's character or abilities, it is madness to shut his eyes to the fact that he has immense influence either to excite or subdue political discontent in Ireland; and that, therefore, he should be very carefully dealt with. He left this country at the end of the last Session full of indignation, and eager for some new theme of discontent upon which to rouse the impassioned feelings of a long divided and distracted country. This he has found in the repeal of the Union, and, while this subject forms the hurden of his song, he chaunts it forth with a running accompaniment of grievances, such as will be quite sufficient to persuade the millions whom he addresses that English Legislation is the most pernicious and hateful tyranny which can possibly be imagined.

The decision of the English ministry for emancipation, like that of the late ministers of France for despotism, we now find to have been made without sufficient preparation for the natural consequences; and, were it not for that public feeling which, while it rises like a tempest for the destruction of tyranny, spreads its shield of lofty approval over every deed intended to further public liberty and justice, we know not that, even until now, the consequences of so decisive a measure, upon materials such as Ireland presented, would have been delayed. But having taken the step, in which they were so powerfully upheld by the most intelligent part of the empire at large, and having been shielded by the force of public opinion from the sudden and violent reaction of a powerful party in Ireland, who were, and still are, exasperated to the very uttermost by the measure of Emancipation, it behoved the ministry to have guarded Ireland with extreme watchfulness, and with a strong yet most wary policy to have re-adjusted the materials which their sudden measure had flung into a political chaos. But they did not do this; they totally annihilated the attachment to Government of the old party, who had been accustomed to consider a political superiority over Roman Catholics as a part of their birth-right, and to the Roman Catholic party they extended no grace or favour beyond the *eligibility* to political power and official profit. The one party, suddenly deprived of their political supremacy, gnash their teeth with ill-suppressed rage, even against the Government by whom they continue to be employed; and the other are stung by a cold and scornful treatment, which seems to say, "See how little you have gained by what you made such a clamour for—we shall show you how little good it has done you!" There is, therefore, no such thing at present as a Government party in Ireland, and even those who most hate each other, have now a common point of agreement—their hatred of the Government. Reasonable, calmly-judging people must admire the strict and

unaccommodating spirit of public justice in which the political affairs of Ireland have been administered; but with a passionate, impetuous population, suddenly placed in very altered relations towards one another, something more was necessary; their affairs should have been administered by those who knew them well; who could appreciate the influence of circumstances upon a national character not easily understood, and least of all likely to be governed by sound views of the expediency of stern political justice. The Irish must either entertain affection or hatred towards their rulers; they have no notion of government being a political machine of mere utility—a passionless abstraction—a thing to be valued as we value a steam-engine, by the strength, the uniformity, and the safety with which it works. The *manner* of their government, while their character remains as it is, is of as much importance as the principles upon which they are governed; and there should be persons on the spot to govern Ireland, chosen according to their fitness for such offices, and not for the sake of securing the interest of great families in England. If it were necessary to secure the adhesion of the houses of Northumberland and Stafford by office under Government, it would have been much better to have selected any other place than Ireland for persons wholly destitute of the experience, and the peculiar species of ability, which Irish government demands. The late appointment of Sir Henry Hardinge is certainly an improvement, in so far as a man of acute and vigorous understanding is substituted for a young nobleman, whose talents are not most happily exhibited in the activity of politics. But Sir Henry is a man whose habits of thinking are formed in reference to military matters, and who must necessarily judge of Ireland by what appears to him on the surface of present affairs; he is, therefore, not the person best calculated to direct the civil government of that country. It should be confided to one who knows Ireland by length of acquaintance with it; who has discretion as well as firmness, and who has had experience of civil affairs in England. Such a man as Mr. Spring Rice, for example, would be much better fitted to give satisfaction in Ireland, and in Parliament, when Irish affairs were under discussion, than English gentlemen, however versed in elegant literature, or military business.

The consequence of the efforts of Mr. O'Connell, acting upon such a state of circumstances as we have endeavoured to describe, has been to place Ireland in a very alarming condition, and it may require an exertion of more strength than is at present dreamt of in this country, to preserve the tranquillity of "emancipated" Ireland. The project of dissolving the legislative union of the countries is one which has ever been popular, and naturally so, with a people as apt to be captivated by imaginary as by real importance, and who feel that their dignity as an independent kingdom has been sacrificed to the closeness of English connection. To discuss the advantages and disadvantages to Ireland, and the empire at large, connected with this question, would require much greater space than we can here devote to it; but too much care cannot be taken to manage the excitement upon this subject, which now spreads like an epidemic through the sister country. The wretched policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last session, with respect to additional taxes on Ireland, filled to the very brim the cup of disgust at English government, which was previously too full

for the State's security; and though his intentions have been for the most part abortive, there was so little skill or grace in their abandonment, that a feeling of contempt has merely been added to that of offence. The Ministers must therefore be prepared to do, as well as to say, something important on Irish affairs; they must warn Mr. O'Connell of the rash and dangerous course he is pursuing; they must in Parliament show the public that they will fearlessly, wisely, and moderately enforce the rights of government in Ireland; and in that kingdom itself, they must, while they severely punish those heedless brawlers who, for the sake of individual notoriety, lead on the too volatile people to acts of public outrage, seek, by a cautious management and distribution of government influence, to create once more a party friendly to English connection, and powerful enough to make their friendship practically useful.

As the House of Commons is not a house of convocation, we may naturally suppose that the temporal concerns of the people will take precedence of the spiritual and ecclesiastical; but that the concerns of the Church will remain without questioning for any very long period of the session can scarcely be expected. As to the government advocacy of the Church Establishment, let the lofty efforts of the Chancellor of the Exchequer during the last session speak. Well may those who are interested in the permanency of the Establishment exclaim, "Lord deliver us from our friends." Well may every man who loves his country, and looks with a deep anxiety to the working of its religious institutions, sigh for an honest examination of these concerns, conducted by men who have talents capable of the investigation, and feelings fit for the entertainment of so momentous a subject. The country is becoming weary of the Church, because it is, in a great measure, a huge deceit. In whatever view the mere lawyer may look upon the question of Church property, and however he may urge that in strict legal sense it is not conditional upon special services to the people more than the hereditary property of laymen, it cannot be denied that in public opinion, upon which the permanency of any institution in this country must depend, it is understood that the immense revenue which the Church possesses ought to be held only as the reward of services in the offices of religion. Now, where is the man so lost to the perception of truth, and the plain evidence of every-day experience, as to suppose that the revenues of the Church are fairly administered, and used in promoting, as much as they might promote, the religious instruction of the people? How long are the pampered idlers, and the starving labourers, in the work of religious instruction, to excite, by turns, our indignation and our pity? How long shall we find the really efficient ministers of religion crippled and degraded by the poverty of the pittance which is doled out to them, while bishops, and deans, and prebendaries, and archdeacons, and others of the pampered host, wallow in luxurious living, and make the sanctity and humility of their sacred callings a jest for the scornful? We do not speak unguardedly, nor do we mean to throw out a *general* imputation on the dignitaries of the Church. Some there are, more noble in soul than in station, who devote their time and their fortune to the advancement of religion and virtue; but there are others who do just the contrary; and it is the fault of the system that they may do so, and that the great

body of the working clergy *must* be inadequately supported.\* We shall not ask with the Radical Reformer, that the property of the Church be devoted to the service of the State,—but we think it should be devoted to the service of religion; and sure we are, that as it is at present administered, it is so devoted in but a very limited degree. Nor is it to be forgotten how frequently this property is made to be of disservice to the State, by being used as a political engine for pernicious purposes. This is the political evil which most especially clings to it: not only are the Church revenues not used for religious good, but they are used for political corruption; and the clergyman who would obtain a share of them must seek his object, not by the display of qualities fitting him for a religious guardian of the people, but by corrupt subserviency, and base flattery of persons, and of things, which no man of sound mind and sound principles can admire. It is, therefore, as we conceive, no easy task to make a defence for the Church such as it is; but were it pure and simple as the Church in the Apostolic days, such defence as it received from the Ministerial bench in the last session, were almost sufficient to bring it into discredit. We trust that in this session the Chancellor of the Exchequer will leave such matters alone, and content himself with promenading half up and half down the middle, between Irish spirits and West India rum—turning corners with sugar duties on the one side, and stamp duties on the other, and then running off without finishing the dance.

It were a task too extensive for our present limits, to enter at large upon the question of the East India Company's government of our vast Asiatic possessions, but we cannot pass it over altogether, in an anticipation of the questions upon what Government will be called upon to afford information to the public. The Premier himself knows something of India, and his views, so far as they go, will no doubt be found to be decisive, common-sense views. But is there not my Lord Ellenborough—mighty chief of Indian affairs—whose understanding, of elephantine capacity, has scanned by the light of pure philosophy, the condition, moral and political, of that vast empire, and its enormous population? Shall we not find him with equal wisdom and independence, weighing the argument between the security of monopoly, and the possible extension of trade by throwing it open to all the merchants of the country? And in the House of Commons, when Sir Robert Peel shall have spoken smoothly and well, but nothing beyond that, will not Goulburn and Herries once more arise, and one quote the Canton Register, and the other the Madras Gazette, and accurately acquaint us with the number of pounds of tea, and of indigo, imported in the year ended the 5th of January last preceding? It is impossible to think of the discussion of India affairs in the House, without the mind reverting to former days, illustrious in the annals of the British Parliament, which we cannot help contrasting with the poverty of genius that the senate of these days presents. Not that the moral sense dwells with peculiar satisfaction upon the political honesty of some of those of former days, whose talents most command our admiration;

\* By Parliamentary Paper No. 472 of the last session, it appears that there are in the twenty-six dioceses of England 4254 curates, of whom 1571 have stipends under 60*l.* a-year; 1918 between 60*l.* and 110*l.* a-year; 522 between 110*l.* and 160*l.* a-year; and those above 160*l.* amount only to 84. Yet these are the people who do the work of the Church of England!

but unfortunately, in our time, the honesty has not improved, while the brilliant light of genius has fled away from above and around it, and left it exposed in all its pitiful deformity. Where—"where are the men of might, the grand in soul," whose minds could at once "embrace the vast, and attend to the minute," in politics? Where shall we find such men as debated upon the India Bill, and afterwards

"When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan  
Arose to Heaven in its appeal from man,"

caught up that cry, and with resistless eloquence painted the oppression of British government in India, in orations which will go down to all posterity, monuments of England's glory and her shame? Alas! they are no more, and those who have succeeded them are men of a different temperament—

"Sanguis hebet, frigentque effetæ in corpore vires."

We are told that if less lofty and extensive in their views, they are more accurately versed in details; and this were indeed some commendation, if it were true; but who is, in the present day, so well acquainted with details as were Burke and Pitt? and who comes near them in the loftiest accomplishments of eloquence?

Reflections such as these give us but little relish to pursue our "questions." We may look for business-like, but we cannot anticipate eloquent answers, to any questions which may now be put to the Treasury bench; yet we do look forward to a session of much more than ordinary interest, and it will be hard, if amongst the many new men whom the popular interest has sent into Parliament in the late Election, there be not some found to improve the quality of our senatorial debates. Every one who knows any thing of the Parliamentary affairs of the last session, is aware that a general weariness, and want of interest, seemed to pervade the members, in so much that business could not be dispatched. The most important measures of the Government were in the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but so little attractive, or alarming, was there about the Right Honourable gentleman's method of handling them, that no persuasion could bring down Members to listen and to vote. Neither was there any intelligible marshalling of parties, nor that *esprit de corps*, which gives a vivid interest in the struggle, merely for the sake of the triumph; the minister was one night ridiculous in minority—the next, triumphant in majority, and one could scarcely tell why, except that there was nothing arranged, and people seemed almost to vote by chance.

But considering the circumstances of foreign and domestic politics under which the new Parliament meets, it is incredible that such a state of things should continue. Parties, and strong ones, must, we think, necessarily be formed; and whatever of life or spirit there be in the political sentiments of our legislators, must spring forth and show itself. We cannot anticipate an "easy session," in Parliamentary phrase—that is, a session characterized by indolence and neglect. We shall expect from some quarters, at all events, something like the vigorous argument, and the earnest manner which the time demands; and we trust that when we shall have to discuss what has been said in the new Parliament, we shall find matter of no less interest to comment upon, than now, when we look forward to what may be said.

M. R.

RETROSPECTIVE REMARKS ON THE AFFAIRS OF  
HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

A REVOLUTION, yet unfinished, has fixed the attention of the world with much interest on a country which may now be designated the *Late Kingdom of the Netherlands*. My present object is not to describe that revolution, but only to give such a summary sketch of the circumstances preceding it, as may possibly conduce to a clearer understanding of the event itself, than may be possessed by the majority of readers.

The treaties of Paris and London in 1814, and the treaty of Vienna in 1815, established the above named Kingdom as a power intended to maintain a sort of equilibrium between Germany and France, and to resist, if necessary, the first shock of the irruption which the latter country has systematically made into the former during more than two centuries. For the present, however, it appears that this purpose is defeated, and that we shall now have to trust for the non-invasion of Germany more to the pacific policy of France, than to any Belgic fence which we can plant before her. The expected fruits of five hundred battles have been shaken and scattered by a single popular storm.

An important truth, it is to be trusted, will be impressed upon men's minds by these recent and passing events—namely, that the adjustment of the balance of Europe by the sword, potent arbiter as the sword may be, will never be more than momentary, when it violates the principles of justice and liberty in an enlightened state of public opinion. What has separated Belgium and Holland, and dissolved, like a dream, that security which the allied potentates of Europe imagined they had obtained by erecting the Kingdom of the Netherlands? The stroke of policy appeared, to its devisers at least, to be profound; and as it had been preceded by a glorious, and not unjust, conquest over Napoleon, few people gave themselves the trouble of scrutinizing its justice. But, in fact, the moulding into one body politic of two countries so dissimilar in language, religion, interests, and sympathies, as Belgium and Holland, was an act as arbitrary as any that Napoleon ever committed; and the Prince of Orange had no more right to the Belgic throne than Napoleon's brother had to the Westphalian. It was policy, unjust in principle, and therefore incapable of just results. To attribute the whole blame of the late Revolution to the Belgian monarch would be ungenerous and unjust severity, for it was his misfortune to be placed over unwilling subjects; but, at the same time, to blame those subjects for having no loyal dispositions towards him would not be mere uncharitableness, but the rankest iniquity. When a ruler comes to a people unsent for, unborn amongst them, and with a name that presents not a single tie to their patriotic associations; and when they are told that he is to rule not only over them, but over their children's children, they must have an insunctive love of royalty, for its own sake, if he can succeed in captivating their affections. Even Louis le Desiré could remind the French that they had loved *some* of his ancestors; and the song of Henry Quatre was not without its romantic appeal to a French Royalist's bosom. But what historic recollections could the name of the Prince of Orange bring to Belgians? He was the descendant of a family who could be proved to have *once*



persecuted Catholics, and who had been usurpers of power in their possession of the Dutch Stadtholdership. He had been himself bred in London, where he had learned the art of brewing, and the science of exquisite and infinite taxation.

The history of Holland properly begins with her William the First, who was the chief author of the Union of Utrecht, and the deliverer of the Dutch from Spanish thralldom. His character, though respectable upon the whole, was shaded by some exceptions. He was undoubtedly of momentous consequence to the United Provinces, when their conflict with Philip the Second of Spain, at that time the most powerful monarch of Europe, having begun in nothing more than an adventurous explosion of national hatred, would have ended unfortunately, if they had not possessed so able a head to bring them the assistance of foreign powers, and to give them the consistency of a political system. But his personal merits and intentions have been differently interpreted. The writers of the Protestant party, to which all the Dutch writers belong, describe him as a hero ready to sacrifice his welfare and his life for the sacred cause of public good. The Catholics, on the contrary, describe him as a deceitful and selfish man, principally actuated by the ambition of ranking amongst the sovereigns of Europe. The truth probably lies between. William the First was bred a Lutheran. When he came to the court of Charles the Fifth, he embraced the Catholic creed of his imperial protector: afterwards, when the opinions of Calvin took root in Holland, he professed and maintained them as the dominant religion. When, after the arrival of the Duke of Alva in Brussels, he retired to his favourite position at Breda, he there received the deputies of the Calvinists from several northern towns. Without any hesitation, he proposed to them to embrace the system of Luther, as this would immediately secure to them the aid of several German princes. The deputies candidly confessed that their consciences would not allow them to take such a step. It may be alleged, perhaps, that this facility of faith in the Prince's mind arose from liberal ideas, and the love of toleration; but the conduct of William the First is allowed, even by Protestant writers, to belie this hypothesis. Those Protestant writers admit that, although William took up arms against Philip's hideous Inquisition, he permitted Sonoy, his military governor in Holland, to establish a Dutch inquisition against the Catholics, as intolerant as the Spanish Inquisition; and that he ordered the Catholics, solely on account of their faith, to be tortured and sentenced by the tribunals in a manner that equalled Alva's bloody council. From the same Protestant source of history, we discover that several northern towns surrendered to the Union, on condition that the Catholics should enjoy their full liberty; but that they were deprived of it almost immediately afterwards, by the Prince's special command, and that their clergymen were murdered and expelled, and their convents levelled with the ground. Toleration seems, therefore, to have been only the pretext which William the First made use of in order to separate the Low Countries from the Spanish monarchy.

After William the First's death, whilst the Republic was still involved in war with Spain, the necessity of one head to direct the efforts of the nation became as favourable to Prince Maurice as it had been to his father. Maurice felt the advantage of his situation, and

tried to prolong the war; whilst the best patriots, at the head of whom was Oldenbarneveld, desired to put an end to a contention which had already exhausted the resources of the country. For a while the influence of the patriots prevailed over that of Maurice, but in the end he was too cunning for them. Maurice was selfish enough to ask for an indemnity for the losses which he suffered by the cessation of the war, and his request was granted. Soon afterwards he pretended to the dignity of the Count of Holland. Oldenbarneveld, the Grand Pensionary, threw obstacles in his way. Then it was that Maurice took advantage of the religious dissensions between the Arminians and Gomarists in Holland:\* he declared for the latter, who had the majority of the clergy in their favour, and exercised a great influence over the lower classes. The history of the synod of Dordrecht presents a scene of unparalleled violence exercised by vulgar superstition; yet the condemnation of the Arminians, to whom the higher ranks in Holland and Zealand generally belonged, was as much a political as a religious act. When Maurice, by several violent measures, had deposed the Arminian magistrates, and had influenced, or rather commanded, the new elections for the provincial and general states, he was in reality at the head of the Republic. Oldenbarneveld, the model of integrity and patriotism, was sentenced to death by corrupted judges; Hugo Grotius, the most learned man of his age, escaped and lived in exile the rest of his life: Maurice's influence was uncontrolled, and the Republic was left with nothing but the form of a free government.

In descending from Maurice to William the Third, we find the same circumstances producing the same effects. The celebrated Great Pensionary Jean de Witt, in order to paralyse the ever-encroaching influence of the Stadhouderate, obtained from the States-General the "perpetual edict," which was to separate for ever the offices of commander-in-chief of the naval force and that of the military department. The Stadhouderate seemed abolished, when the invasion of Louis the Fourteenth brought the United States to the brink of ruin. The lower classes being alarmed, called loudly for William. His adherents excited them in different provinces; and whilst he, more by political combination than by military skill, repelled the French army, and secured the independence of the country, Jean de Witt and his brother Cornelius became the miserable victims of the enraged mob of the Hague. They were literally torn to pieces alive, and their flesh was handed round in portions to their butchers; yet our own glorious William granted a pension to the infamous Tichelaar, the chief author of this massacre. The Stadhouder now rapidly reconstructed the fabric of his power in the United Provinces. As King of England, he was surrounded by greater splendours than any of his predecessors had ever been. He had besides, in the three provinces which he had freed from the French, acquired the right of appointing the magistrates, who had the power of electing the deputies to the provincial states: he was thus, in reality, the sovereign of these three provinces, and, through them, had a decisive influence over the authority of the States-General—hence it was often said, in Holland, that he was the Stadtholder of England, and the King of Holland.

\* The Sects were so called from their respective founders Arminius and Gomarus.

When William the Fourth had acquired the hereditary Stadhouderate of all the provinces, he was, perhaps, more a sovereign than many princes who bear the title; but there was this difference, that he owed his sovereignty not to legal and uncontroverted institutions, but to encroachments on the original constitution of the commonwealth. The notoriety of this truth excited a violent opposition to his government, and particularly among the higher classes in Utrecht and Holland. This opposition gained more ground under William the Fifth, the father of the present King; but when the insurgent party were on the point of restoring all the old constitutional liberties that had been lost in the course of two centuries, and of introducing even more democratical elements into the government, the Stadtholder invoked the assistance of Prussia; her troops marched into the Dutch territory, and the efforts of the patriots were put down at the point of the bayonet. The anti-Orangists took their revenge when the French Republicans invaded Holland. William the Fifth fled to England, and a new system of government was set up, with all the defects of the revolutionary institutions of that period. From democratical agitation, the Dutch soon passed into the opposite extreme of unresisted despotism. During the reign of Louis Bonaparte, Holland saw her commerce reduced to insignificance; the national resources drained nearly to exhaustion; the public debt rapidly increased; and the taxes redoubled on all classes.

Napoleon, accustomed to cut the knot of every difficulty, instead of solving it, annihilated by one decree two-thirds of the national debt, a measure which produced an enormous deal of individual misery, and cruelly impoverished many public institutions, particularly charities, which, at one time, were perhaps more numerous in Holland than in any country in the world. This general calamity occasioned an equally general detestation of France, and the Orangists and patriots buried their contentions for a time in the common desire to shake off the Gallic dominion. Their discontents had reached a high degree of fermentation, when the campaigns of Moscow and of Leipsic gave the first mortal strokes to the gigantic power of Napoleon. The shouts of delivered Germany, that were heard from the shores of the Rhine, roused the Dutch from their ignoble lethargy. A few patriotic men, chiefly belonging to the more moderate portion of the Orange party, assembled at the Hague. At their head was the high-spirited Gysbrecht Karl van Hogendorp, who was afterwards made a Count by the King of the Netherlands. They established a correspondence with men devoted to the cause in several provinces, and watched an opportunity for calling the nation to take up arms against the French, who were thinly scattered over the country, but still occupied all the fortified places. Nothing, however, could be done without the assistance of the Allies. They, therefore, secretly despatched messengers to the general head-quarters, at that time in Franckfort, and to Bernadotte, Prince-Royal of Sweden. From both quarters succours were promised, and twenty thousand men advanced towards the frontiers of Overyssel. The French now left the open country, and retired behind their walls. On the 7th of Nov. 1813, the *cries of Orange boxes* were heard in the streets of the Hague. Count Leopold van Limburg was appointed governor of the town, in the name of his Royal Highness

the Prince of Orange; but the confederates were still ignorant of the actual residence of the Prince. A messenger was despatched to England to make inquiries. On the 21st of November, a Provisional Government was established, at the head of which M. van Hogendorp assumed the general direction of affairs. Two commissaries of the Government went to Amsterdam, but attempted in vain to proclaim the Prince of Orange, as they found considerable opposition amongst the ancient patriots. An interval of the greatest anxiety ensued, and the alarm of the confederates for their own safety was increased by hearing that the French troops had beaten a corps of volunteers at Woerden, and had practised many cruelties on the inhabitants: but suddenly, on the 27th of November, M. Fagel returned from England with a letter from the Prince of Orange, announcing his embarkation for Zealand, and promising the arrival of Russian troops. Whilst the printing and diffusion of this letter everywhere excited animation, four English vessels were descried from the heights of Scheveningen. Captain Baker came ashore, and, preceded by sixty Cossacks, went on to the Hague, where he and his English mariners were received with enthusiasm. On the 30th, the Prince of Orange, son of the late Stadthouder, arrived in Scheveningen. He published a proclamation the next day, in which he styled himself, by the grace of God, Prince of Orange Nassau, without assuming any other title.

In the general joy at getting rid of Napoleon's oppression, the majority of the Prince's countrymen were little disposed to drive a hard bargain with regard to the power that was to be conceded to him. There was no time to make strict stipulations, and the public was in a trusting temper. The Prince had assumed no title indicative of sovereign power, but his proclamation contained this remarkable expression, that he returned determined "*to forget and to forgive*,"—words which seemed to proceed rather from a monarch who returns to subjects formerly insubordinate, than from the descendant of princes who were themselves only the first subjects of the States-General.

The night after his arrival, crowds of inhabitants filled the streets of the Hague, and proclaimed him Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands: it was agreed, however, to take no decisive steps before the inhabitants of Amsterdam had publicly manifested their wishes. In this last city, the two commissaries of the Provisional Government (one of whom, Melchior Kemper, was a professor of Leyden; and the other, Fannius Scholten, a lawyer of the Hague,) made several fruitless attempts to obtain a declaration in favour of the Prince's sovereign power. As far as the opinion of the citizens of Amsterdam may be traced from particular circumstances, we have reason to suppose that a great number of the highest ranks was opposed to the adoption of a monarchical form of government. The two commissaries, however, no sooner heard of the Prince's arrival in Scheveningen, than they hastened to the Hotel de Ville, and from the balcony, at night, read a proclamation, in which it was declared, "that William, Prince of Orange, did not return as William the Sixth, successor of the late Stadthouder, but as William the First, the Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands, who was to complete that work which had been left unfinished by the First William, the father of the independency of the United Provinces." To this declaration was added the promise of a Constitution fitted to

secure the liberties of the nation. Upon the ground of this proceeding, which seems to have no way emanated from the magistrates of Amsterdam, Fannius Scholten went the next day (Dec. 2,) to meet the Prince, who, on his way from the Hague to Amsterdam, had alighted at Harlem. He addressed him in a speech expressing the unanimous desire of the nation to see his Highness invested with the sovereign power.

There had been, indeed, such a desire more or less manifested in several provinces, but not by any constitutional proceedings. It was the expression of momentary enthusiasm very general among the lower classes; but, at the same time, the upper classes, and the more thinking part of the community, disapproved of this precipitate and unconditional submission to the house of Orange.

At the gates of Amsterdam, the Prince found the corporate body of the town, with Mr. Kemper at their head, who addressed the Prince in language similar to that used by Mr. Scholten at Harlem. The Prince was accompanied by our ambassador, Lord Clancarty. On their appearance in the streets of the capital, the enthusiasm became universal. The next day the Prince issued a proclamation, declaring that he accepted the proffered sovereignty, but only under the condition that a constitution should be framed offering sufficient guarantees for public liberty. From this circumstance, we may infer that the similar promise, previously given by the two commissaries in their proclamation from the Hotel de Ville, had been concerted with the Prince, and that this proclamation itself proceeded from instructions received from the Hague. The Prince now assumed the supreme direction of affairs; the Provisional Government was dissolved, and the United Provinces formed for some time an absolute monarchy.

A commission was then appointed by his Majesty for drawing up the plan of a Constitution. A preliminary project, written by Mr. J. K. van Hogendorp, was to form the basis of their deliberations: several members of the dissolved Provisional Government were enrolled in the commission. The result of their deliberations was to be submitted to an assembly of Notables, which was to consist of six hundred members, not elected by the nation, but chosen out of a list of twelve hundred men, furnished in part by the same commission, and completed by the Prince's commissaries in the different provinces. Here it may not be useless to observe, that the authors of the plan of the Constitution were themselves amongst the six hundred Notables called upon to approve or reject it. Before, however, the assembly met at the Hague, an extract from the list of the members was deposited in the different towns of each province, and every one was invited to designate those whose election he had any motive for opposing: very few members were eliminated in consequence of this measure.

Of the six hundred Notables who were to assemble in Amsterdam, only four hundred and seventy-five met on the 29th of March 1814. A printed copy of the Constitution had been previously communicated to them, of which, however, they were not suffered to discuss the several articles, but directed to pronounce at once, by a single vote, *for* or *against* the whole project. The Assembly was opened by the Prince with a speech in which he explained what motives had actuated him in

appointing the commission, and selecting out of the nation at large the six hundred individuals to whose decision the fundamental laws were now to be submitted. When the Prince had spoken, M. Van Maanen, in a long discourse, expounded the principles of this law, and endeavoured to convince the Assembly that the present political system of Europe, as well as the wants of the United Provinces themselves, could never have admitted of re-establishing their ancient form of government. The monarchical form was now to give more strength and independence abroad, as well as more order and real liberty within. The Prince, however, was not alone to possess the legislative power: the States-General were called upon to co-operate, and the necessity of their assent to all public taxes was, at the same time, thought a sufficient guarantee against any abuse which the Sovereign might be led to make of his unlimited right to declare war and conclude peace. In this new form of government, the States-Provincial could, of course, no longer enjoy that sovereignty which they had formerly possessed: they had now no other participation in the supreme government than that of electing the members of the States-General. For the rest, they were only appointed to administer to the interests of their respective provinces, under the direction of the Sovereign Prince, whose sanction was indispensable to all their regulations and ordinances.

When the Assembly proceeded to vote, the Prince retired. No discussions then took place; no exchange of opinions, nor exposition of the motives of approbation or disapprobation, was delivered. Each member wrote down his vote; and it was found that, of the four hundred and seventy-five members present, only twenty-six expressed themselves in the negative. On the following day, March 20, 1814, the new fundamental law of the United Provinces was solemnly proclaimed. The Prince took the oath upon it in the presence of the same assembly, from whom he afterwards received homage, as from the representatives of the nation. Two days after this important act, the Allied troops entered Paris. In consequence of the fall of Napoleon, the Belgian provinces were separated from France and united with the Dutch provinces, to form, in conjunction with them, the kingdom of the Netherlands. A new Constitution then became necessary, the origin of which is not unworthy of attention.

The first public document announcing the Union of Holland and Belgium under the sovereignty of the house of Orange, was the Treaty of Paris, of the 30th of May, 1814, the sixth article of which says, that Holland, placed under the sovereignty of the house of Orange, shall receive an increase of territory. The conditions of the Union were settled by the Treaty of London, of the 20th of June, in the same year. The Union was to be complete, so as to form only one state under the Constitution already established in Holland; but that Constitution was to be modified by the common consent of the Low Countries. Equal protection was to be granted to all religious communities, and an equal eligibility to public offices was to be open to all subjects. The Belgian provinces were to be properly represented (*convenablement représentés*) in the States-General, and all the inhabitants, as well as the different provinces, were to enjoy equal rights. Free intercourse with the Dutch colonies was thus, of course, to be enjoyed by the Belgians; but Belgium was to have her share of the public re-

sional debt, which amounted to more than twelve hundred millions of florins, or one hundred millions sterling.

On the 21st of July, the Prince of Orange commenced his functions as Governor-General of the southern provinces. In his proclamation of that day, he alluded to the future establishment of the kingdom, which was to be solemnly announced to the nation by the decision of the Congress of Vienna. It was in this character as Governor-General, and consequently previous to the constitutional origin of his sovereignty in Belgium, that the Prince, by a decree of the 6th of November, abolished the trial by jury, which the French Government had instituted, and to which the Belgians were sincerely attached. This abolition—which the King of Prussia never ventured to make in the Rhenish territory which was given to him at the Peace—was the cause of many remonstrances and debates in the States-General, and of just and deep indignation among the Belgians.

The Congress of Vienna was still silent about the future political form of the government of the Netherlands, when Napoleon returned from Elba. The agitation was immense, and a general explosion of the popular feeling in Belgium was to be apprehended: the promptitude of Napoleon's antagonists, however, brought them through the crisis without a Belgic revolt. By an act of the 16th of March, 1815, Prince William proclaimed himself King of the Netherlands. He promised a Constitution, which was to be agreed upon according to the above-mentioned principles; but still there were eight articles respecting that unborn Constitution, in the Treaty of London, which were not yet known; so that, in Belgium, the new King was at that period absolute—if not *de jure*, at least *de facto*; and being thus unlimited by any existing Constitution, he proceeded to establish that fundamental law which ought to have preceded his assumption of power, and not to have followed it.

A proof of the unwillingness of the Belgians to be united as one people with the Dutch was strikingly manifested by a declaration which the Government was at this time obliged to issue. A rumour that the Belgian soldiers were to be incorporated with the Dutch regiments had spread through several provinces: this created such a sensation, that it was thought necessary to publish an official letter declaring the rumour to be false.

Amidst the agitations of that critical period, the King established a commission to revise the Dutch Constitution, and to propose such amendments as the new state of things would render desirable. Here, as had formerly been the case in Holland, the Prince himself selected the men to whom the most important of functions, that of modelling the Constitution, was to be entrusted; and by these means he insured, from the very beginning, a great preponderance for the monarchical principle. Whilst the commission was employed in completing this task, the battle of Waterloo was fought, and the Prince-Royal's bravery excited the highest admiration in Belgium. The King, in a letter addressed to the Prince, used the following expressions:—"Let the Belgians know that the blood which they have spilled has irrevocably effaced the last doubt which might have existed as to the solidity of this new kingdom, and the intimate union of its inhabitants."

The foundations upon which the fabric of the new Constitution was to be constructed, were—the eight articles of the Treaty of London—the decisions of the Congress of Vienna concerning the frontiers of the kingdom—and the already existing Constitution of the United Provinces, which was to undergo several modifications. The most important of these modifications was the division of the States-General into two Chambers, whereas they had formed only one in the United Provinces. One of the Chambers in the new Government of the Netherlands was made elective, and was composed of one hundred and ten members, fifty-five of whom represented Holland, and the other half Belgium, with the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Here, however, there was a departure from the fair principles of representation. The population of Holland amounts scarcely to two millions three hundred thousand, whilst that of Belgium is nearly four millions. This disproportion between the comparative numbers and representatives of the two people was justified, or, to speak more correctly, was excused, by alleging that Holland, having added her colonies to the new kingdom, must therefore be supposed to represent them. This argument, however, was manifestly futile; for the colonies having been hitherto agitated by incessant wars with the natives, have been rather a burden than an advantage to the mother country; and, besides, their interests and internal arrangements were never discussed in the States-General, the King having the entire and exclusive command of them. They could not, therefore, be said to be represented in the second Chamber, for the minister never troubled that house with mentioning their names, except when the colonies wanted new loans to supply their wants or defray their extraordinary expenses, and even then he only communicated some vague and imperfect account of the country's India possessions. It is thus undeniable, that, in the Constitution given to Belgium, she was defrauded of her just representation.

The other and first Chamber was not made hereditary, like the House of Peers of England and France, but elective by the nomination of the monarch; though, when the rank was once conferred, it was to last for life. The number of the peers was not to be less than forty, nor more than sixty. This part of the States-General consequently insured to the King a considerable direct influence over the Legislature: for it was improbable that the first Chamber could ever be in opposition to his Majesty, on any essential point. The King, it is true, had not alone the right of proposing laws—that right belonged to the second Chamber; but whenever the deputies endeavoured to make use of it, the upper house invariably rejected their proposals. There was another and still greater obstacle to the preponderance of public opinion. The elections to the second Chamber were exceedingly indirect. The inhabitants who paid a certain amount of contributions, selected from those who paid a still higher amount a fixed number in the different towns and districts; this selected body was called the College Electoral, and in their turn chose in every town a part of the magistrates, from whom proceeded the elections to the States-Provincial, and these finally appointed the deputies to the second Chamber. In the villages or districts, it is true, some members of the Provincial-States were elected directly by the College Electoral; others were sent by the no-



hility, or *Ordre Equestre*; but still the whole elective operation left a great latitude to the influence of ministers, and made popular influence of little weight. In fact, it was evident that, unless there was some strong and extraordinary sensation in the country, ministers could always command the second Chamber.

A month after the battle of Waterloo, the King announced, by proclamation, that the plan of the new Constitution was ready to be submitted to the votes of the *Notables*. These were again selected by the Government, and separate lists for every department were publicly deposited in the different towns, to receive, as before in Holland, the objections which any inhabitant might have to make to them. After this, the *Notables* assembled in the chief towns of their respective departments, and gave their votes in so many registers that were opened for the purpose. All these registers were brought to Brussels by a deputation of the *Notables*, who, on the 18th of August, proceeded to the computation of the registered votes. It was found, that out of thirteen hundred and twenty-three *Notables*, five hundred and twenty-seven only had voted in favour of the Constitution, whilst seven hundred and ninety-six were against it; which, as far as regarded Belgium, may be considered as a rejection.

Perplexed by this palpable declaration of the national opinion, Government had recourse to a bold and arbitrary counter-declaration, in which, in defiance of the fact, it was affirmed that there was a majority in favour of the law. Of the negative votes, it seems that one hundred and twenty-six had grounded their dissent on the equality of rights granted to other religions than the Catholic. "This sole motive of opposition," said his Belgic Majesty, "cannot be admitted, because it virtually refuses to acknowledge the existence of the kingdom itself." With equal logic and modesty, it was also declared, that those *Notables* who had neglected to inscribe their votes in the registers of their respective departments must be considered as giving their approbation to the Constitution—that, consequently, the number of favourable votes far exceeded that of an opposite character—and that henceforth the new fundamental law was binding upon every inhabitant of the kingdom of the Netherlands, and of its dominions in the Indies. A more harelaced outrage on common sense and equity can scarcely be quoted.

By this Constitution, two nations were put together whose opposite interests and reciprocal antipathies were as unpromising for the happiness of their union as the fraud and force by which they were cemented. This truth was more than once proclaimed in the Assembly of the States-General, which sat from 1815 to 1816; but it was illustrated with peculiar energy by M. Reyppins, the distinguished deputy of West Flanders, who took the opportunity of a discussion on a new excise law to show the impossibility of conciliating so many opposite interests, and of coming to a peaceable result amidst so many conflicting opinions and wishes. "For more than half a century," said that able speaker, "we have heard from all sides a strong desire and a loud demand for unity of government, and for uniformity in the laws and administration. I believe this desire to be wise in abstract principle, but I believe, also, that its realization is applicable neither to all times nor

“to all countries. Indeed, to be convinced of this, do we require more than the experience we have so painfully acquired? \* The same institutions will not suit every country, as the same seed will not fructify in every soil. The wise legislator, like the prudent cultivator, prepares, with patience and discernment, the soil which is to bring forth the reward of his labour. If he has not been successful in choosing the season and the soil, he will only toil for his ruin. I pray to Heaven that this parable may not one day become a reality. † More than once we have been told of the reunion of all our provinces under the house of Burgundy, ‡ in order to demonstrate the practicability of uniting under the same judiciary, administrative, and commercial system, the provinces which now compose this kingdom; but have those who lay stress upon this example, reflected well upon what they assert? Under the house of Burgundy, the provinces, though subject to the same sovereign, who bore the title of Duke, Count, or *Seigneur*, were united by no other tie than submission to the rule of the same prince, who was thus placed at the head of as many different governments as there were provinces. There existed even no federation amongst them; and when the reigning family became extinct, the provinces stood isolated without a central government. The consequences of such a state of things were deeply felt under the last Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bald. His premature death, with other causes, impeded the fusion of his fine Belgian monarchy into one state; and since that time, centuries have elapsed without an attempt at their union. Under some princes, it is possible that this union might have been accomplished; but still you know, Messieurs, that our ancestors have always shown a predilection for a federative form of government, and this form was preserved until the total subversion of our ancient political state. We are thus made aware of the extreme caution with which we ought to proceed in forcing the amalgamation of the two countries, particularly with regard to their respective manufacturing and commercial interests. A separation of two centuries has produced a wide difference in manners, customs, and language, Time has created a still greater discrepancy between the means that are best suited to promote their industry. A measure evidently advantageous to the one party may be pernicious to the other. Each is right in his system, but both prove that the ground and the materials are not yet prepared for the construction of the general edifice. I say it with sorrow, and conviction equally deep, *You are rashly attempting to force the nature of things.*”

One of the grand obstacles to harmony in the new kingdom was the embarrassed state of the Finances. The national debt of Holland, (as has been already said,) amounted to about an hundred millions sterling. This sum, it is true, had been reduced to one third by Napoleon, but when the Prince of Orange came back, and the reign of justice was

\* The deputy here alluded to the French domination, the first principle of which was to establish uniformity as the best means of effacing all national energy, and preparing for the despotism of one head over an innumerable mass of insignificant individuals.

† These words appear like a prophecy.

‡ The King, in one of his proclamations, had particularly mentioned this Union, and at the opening of the first Session of the States, the President appointed by his Majesty dwelt intentionally on this point.

expected to accompany him, it was thought necessary to revive the other two-thirds into an active debt bearing interest. The law for this measure was passed on the 14th of May, 1814. When its operation in favour of the national creditors was completed, the total debt of the state amounted to 573,154,580 florins, and the deferred debt, or that bearing no interest, but which was to be successively converted, amounted to 1,146,307,061; so that the sum total was thus raised to 1700 millions. A Sinking Fund was at the same time established, but as the five or six millions which this fund was to extinguish every year were immediately replaced by an equal sum proceeding from the conversion of the passive into active debt, the capital\* bearing interest must constantly remain the same for centuries. These burthens alone were more than sufficiently heavy, but they were exceedingly aggravated in consequence of Napoleon's escape from Elba, and the general war that ensued.

The income of the State now became insufficient for its wants. New debts were heaped upon the old, loans followed upon loans, and taxes on taxes. Duties were levied upon the slaughtering of cattle—on the grinding of corn—on servants of both sexes—on horses and household furniture. Some of the persons best informed in Belgian affairs were of opinion that even with all this taxation the finances were not fairly applied; that Ministers had never dared to reveal the real state of them, and that large sums were secretly spent for unknown purposes. In the mean time the Southern provinces loudly complained that the imposts pressed heavier on them than on the Northern provinces, and that the low duties on foreign imports that favoured Dutch commerce, were injurious to Belgic manufactures. When Dutchmen, in answer to these complaints, descanted on the beauty and benefit of free trade, they were, no doubt, abstractedly speaking, on the right side of the argument; but still it was hard for Belgium to forget that she was living under a Constitution which her notables had absolutely rejected, and that these fine and liberal principles of trade were enforced upon her by a legislature in which she was unfairly represented. Ministerial measures were now carried through the lower House by majorities so small that they would have been regarded in England as the signals of an immediate change of administration, and the Belgic and Dutch sides of the Chamber presented the image of two hostile camps arrayed against each other.

One would have thought that their financial difficulties would have afforded quite sufficient employment for the anxiety of the Belgic government; but as if these cares had been too light for them, they suffered themselves to be embroiled with the Catholics. It may be easy to assure us that they had a difficult card to play with that body of believers; but, assuredly, in the dispute between the Crown and Catholics, if there was a dogmatic spirit on the one side, very little sagacity is to be traced on the other. It should have been constantly kept in remembrance that the incorporation of Belgium, a Catholic country, had been consummated not only without her consent, but in the teeth of her religious prejudices. The most delicate caution ought to have been, therefore, observed, in abstaining

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\* Five or six millions of the former were annually drawn by lot.

from every measure that could either inflame the prejudices or alarm the fears of the Catholics. I am aware that the Government obtained credit by one proclamation, in which it was distinctly declared that their sole view was to equalize the civil rights of the subject—but subsequent measures certainly undid whatever good was done by that proclamation. I am further aware, that at a certain stage of the dispute, the sympathy of the Liberals in Belgium was on the side of the Crown, and against the Catholics. Long may the name of Liberal opinions be applied to right opinions! but let us not confound Liberalism with infallibility. As a question of practical policy, it is possible that both the Liberals and the Government were perfectly wrong when they approved of tampering with the education of the Catholic Clergy.

After several less important measures had been taken with a view to reduce the influence of the priesthood, the Minister particularly entrusted with the direction of Roman Catholic affairs, persuaded his Majesty to establish in Lovain a college, under the title of "*Collegium Philosophicum*," in which all those who were destined for the Catholic Church were to go through two years of preliminary studies. The episcopal seminaries were to be thenceforward devoted to what is exclusively called Theology; and no one was to be admitted into these seminaries, if he had not previously frequented the "*Collegium Philosophicum*."

In order to make this measure more efficacious, several preparatory schools, from which the bishops had hitherto selected the pupils for their seminaries, were suppressed. This step gave offence to a very large number of Catholic families, who, though they had not destined their sons for the Church, preferred, nevertheless, to entrust their education to the clergy who were at the head of the preparatory schools.

On the folly of this measure, how good soever the intention may have been, it is only necessary to remark, that before the end of two years it was found necessary to retract it. If the measure was good, it ought to have been vindicated by perseverance. But the philosophical projectors of the *Collegium*, saw with dismay that whatever the Liberals might think, every staunch Catholic in Belgium, and that was saying nine-tenths of the people, were in a fever of rage at the suppression of their most orthodox schools, and the prospect of compulsory novelties in clerical education. Accordingly, when the Concordat with the See of Rome was promulgated in 1827, the attendance of students at the "*Collegium Philosophicum*" was declared to be only optional; and each bishop was again to have the superintendence of his own seminary. All differences now seemed on the point of being adjusted; but the nomination of the bishops was deferred, and new apprehensions roused the Catholics to opposition.

It is not in ordinary circumstances that the zealot for Catholicism, and the enthusiast for popular liberty, are likely to make common cause; but still when they are threatened by a common enemy, the most opposite parties will unite, and this political phenomenon took place in Belgium. The Catholic and the popular cause became identified; and the Government, by waging war on the freedom of the press, and shamelessly proclaiming arbitrary monarchical principles, alienated the Liberals as well as the Catholics. It was under these dark auspices that the session of 1828 and 1829 was opened.

At that period, several journalists of the popular party were undergoing prosecution before the High Court of Justice in Brussels. Their punishment was to be justified by a severe law which had been enacted in 1815, against the disturbers of the public peace. It is evident that in that critical year of Napoleon's return, when the slightest signal for revolt might have precipitated the whole population of the Netherlands against the cause of the allies, a strongly coercive enactment might be justified by circumstances; but it was equally evident that to perpetuate in ordinary times a law adapted only to a perilous crisis, was like ordering a man in his customary frame of body to feed on the same medicine that had been administered to him in a fever. Whilst such a law existed, it was mockery to speak to the Belgians about their free Constitution; and, accordingly, a Deputy of Limbourg, M. De Brouckere, moved for its abolition. It was during the discussion arising from this motion, that M. Van Maanen, the Minister of Justice, cut short the argument by telling the House that Ministers would give themselves no farther trouble in answering objections—because they were the King's servants, and responsible only to his Majesty. Here, then, was a noble prospect for the Belgians; on the one hand, a King's court invested with power, if not to silence, at least to shackle the press; and on the other hand, a legislature where ministers were not responsible. Van Maanen, a man still more obstinate than his Royal master, and an hundred years beyond the common enlightenment of the age, probably imagined that this shackling of the press was a severe but wholesome way of stifling discontent; and if the means had been fitted to the end, his conduct might have been justifiable. But experience shows that the good humour of a people was never for one moment promoted by the prosecution of popular writers, except in cases where the prosecuting government has been foiled and baffled. Of national discontentment it may be said, with more truth than of fire itself,

“*Quoque magis tegitur—tutus magis restuat ignis.*”

When a people have grievances, the removal of a single one of them will do more good than thrusting a thousand men into chains and prisons. Accordingly, state prosecutions only exasperated the indignant feeling that pervaded the whole Belgian people when Van Maanen avowed the preposterous and arbitrary principle that Ministers were not responsible. Nor was it in theory only that they had to complain of their Government; for they had practical evils to be redressed. Petitions for this object were circulated in all the principal towns and villages, claiming from the Government a definitive organization of the Courts of Justice; the execution of the Concordat with the Pope; liberty of public instruction; the freedom of the press; and the recognition of Ministerial responsibility.\*

The debates on these petitions in the Second Chamber were long and interesting. At length it was decided, by a majority of 55 against 44, that an address of the States-General should be presented to his Majesty, expressing an anxious hope that the various grievances alleged by the petitioners should be investigated and redressed. But the Up-

\*The petitioners, in the first instance, amounted to eighty thousand signatures—in a short time they exceeded three hundred thousand.

per House, as usual, subservient to the Court, rejected this address, on the principle of its democratical influence. The petitions, however, were so far influential, that a better law respecting the press was proposed by Ministers and adopted by the States.

When the opening of the Session 1829 and 1830 was approaching, the public mind was in a highly excited state, owing to the transitions from weakness to obstinacy that appeared in the conduct of the Court towards the Catholics. If it was wise to have interfered at all with the education of their clergy, the proposed measures should have been manfully insisted upon; if it was wise to *resile* from suppressing their seminaries, all interference ought to have been promptly and fully renounced. Instead of acting decidedly in one way or another, the Belgic Government interfered and receded, alternately; giving up their favourite scheme of making it imperative on Catholics to frequent the Collegium Philosophicum, and yet failing to assure the Catholics that they had given up interference with the clergy. By an edict of the 29th of June, they also affected to favour the Catholics, by authorising some new and popular bishops to open their seminaries. But they undid the good effect of all this grace by annexing conditions to the admission of pupils into those seminaries which rendered the measure totally nugatory. Thus uselessly dallying with the patience of that body of believers, they utterly forfeited their confidence.

When the opening of the Session 1829 and 1830 was at hand, the public papers gave notice of an intention on the part of the Belgians to petition Government on a larger scale than heretofore. The moment was the more critical, as the ordinary Budget, which in the Netherlands is always granted for ten years at once, had been rejected in the preceding Session, and it was now to be discussed again before the beginning of 1830, the period when the old Budget would cease to have its validity. When the Session opened, it was found that the Opposition had, in the first instance, a majority of votes in the Second Chamber, where it was declared that no Budget should pass until certain concessions should be made by Government. The most important of their demands were that each decree of the King should be signed by a Minister responsible for its contents; that a law which had been passed in 1820, forbidding Ministers to enter into any communications respecting petitions addressed to the States-General, should be abolished; and that the free use of the French language should be permitted in public transactions.

It was evident that the next step which his Belgic Majesty was to take in answer to this declaration would decide the stability or insecurity of his throne. Here it would be unfair to forget his many good qualities and good intentions. In the details of business, and in matters relating to roads, harbours, and the promotion of trade, the King of the Netherlands was often usefully diligent, and perhaps *always* anxious for the public good; but to conduct the critical affairs of a kingdom was manifestly beyond his commission. He was doggedly determined that his Ministers should not be made responsible, and he persisted in his mistake of supposing that the press was the *cause* of discontent, whilst it was only its *effect and organ*.

By a royal message of the 11th of December 1829, a new and very severe law was proposed for the regulation of the press, to the licence

of which the disturbed state of the country was ascribed by the very persons who were themselves its veritable disturbers. This proposal was followed by observations on several of the grievances mentioned in the petitions. On some points redress was promised, on others it was denied; amongst these, the most important was the responsibility of Ministers.

There was certainly no article in the Constitution which expressly established this responsibility, but it was deducible in plain sense from the nature of a representative government; and, indeed, representation itself is a nullity, unless the servants of the public are made accountable. A prince refusing this guarantee, virtually tells his subjects that there is no medium for their conduct towards him between absolute obedience and open rebellion. He says, in other words, *I will be answerable for the Government myself*: so that his Belgic Majesty has nobody to blame but himself and his advisers, if he has tasted the sweets of responsibility.

Impolitic as the results have shown his conduct to have been, it is remarkable that the bold and peremptory tone of the royal message had for a moment an imposing effect. The Administration, too, behaved with sufficient hardihood for a time, and Van Maanen, at their head, significantly called on members to consider their King as now speaking to them *himself* in the message. The Opposition, it seems, was partially staggered, and the Budget was carried by 61 votes against 46. But it was soon manifest that there was more bullying than courage in the strong language of the courtiers, and the unfair means of intimidation to which they resorted for votes marked that they had no reliance on their hold of public opinion. Several members of the Second Chamber who held offices under Government were dismissed, whilst another member was deprived of a pension which he enjoyed for past services; and the offence that was avowedly imputed to them was the "*free utterance which they had given to their sentiments during the discussion of the Budget!*" When this profligate motive had been declared by the Court, some of the Belgian journals exhibited a scheme for raising a rent, destined to indemnify the deputies who had thus incurred the displeasure of the Government. Mr. De Potter, one of the Opposition writers who in 1828 had been condemned to eighteen months' incarceration, wrote a letter from his prison to two of the Brussels papers, in which he proposed to extend the advantages of indemnification by national subscription to all those who should be henceforth molested in their rights, or deprived of their property, by the unjust aggressions of Government. He carried the development of the principle of legal resistance so far that the Government chose to consider his conduct as an appeal to rebellion; and though De Potter had proposed in Belgium nothing more than O'Connell proposed and effected in Ireland, it is possible, if the Belgian Ministers had carried their project, that the former agitator might have closed his career on the gallows. Let us trust that De Potter's salvation from the compliment intended for his patriotism will be ultimately beneficial to his country. But he is yet to be judged of.

Only a short time elapsed between the time of his being accused of high-treason and that of the Belgic insurrection, and still shorter was the pause between the explosion at Paris and that at Brussels. The two latter events could not be considered as cause and effect—but the one undoubtedly

accelerated the advent of the other. Europe has been too long accustomed, from habits and circumstances, to regard the Netherlands in no other light than that of a fine country, gloriously suited by its fertility and flatness to support armies, to be the scene of interesting battles and sieges, and to afford a most convenient dancing-ground\* for the martial amusements of her monarchs. The times, however, are now beginning to be changed, and it is becoming the fashion, instead of bombarding towns by irregular armies from without, to explode them by irregular mobs from within. If we wish to reap beneficial instruction from the course of events, we must be calm and impartial observers. England, by looking aloof on the troubles of other countries, may learn from them every day some important and new lesson; but if she lays a finger on revolutionary Europe, she will be infected by the revolutionary fever.

T. C.

## THE DISTANT GRAVE.

THEY tell me that his grave is made  
Where the stately palm tree bendeth,  
A summer temple, upon whose shade  
The purple eve descendeth.

They say the mighty ocean swells  
Beside where he is sleeping,  
That moaning winds and murmuring shells  
Seem like perpetual weeping.

'Tis his fitting tomb the sea-girt strand,  
His fitting dirge the billow—  
But I wish he were laid in his native land,  
By yon meek and lowly willow.

His father's grave is beneath yon tree,  
His mother's grave is beside it—  
There's space at the feet for him and me,  
My brother! we shall not divide it.

I would I could kneel above by thy grave,  
And pray for the much-loved sleeper!  
But my thoughts go over the far wild wave,  
And my lonely grief grows deeper.

You fear'd for her whose cheek was pale,  
Which your last kiss left yet paler—  
The life your fondness deem'd so frail,  
Your own has been yet frailer.

I would you slept mid familiar things,  
Which your childhood wont to cherish,  
Where the church its holy shadow flings  
And your native wild-flowers perish.

The more I think of the dreary sea,  
The more we feel divided,  
Thy tomb had been like a friend to me,  
Where my sorrow had been confided.

But my God is recalling the life he gave,  
My love with my grief is dying,  
But the spirit—the heavens know no grave,  
And my heart is on those relying.

L. E. L.

\*Flanders might be called the 'ὄχινηστρον Ἄρηος, as the Greeks said of some parts of their country where there was much fighting.



## THE HISTORIES OF THE JEWS.\*

THE two works to which we are about to revert are not of a nature to pass into oblivion, and have therefore excited the critics in an unusual degree, while the commercial interests they are supposed to involve have ranged the partisans of each in a phalanx of acrimonious hostility. Thus they have been equally applauded and condemned, while an impartial judgment of their respective merits remains to be pronounced.

Their writers have both distinguished themselves in the department of polite literature, the Oxford Professor being well known as the author of various poems which discover a highly cultivated taste and genius, and as a contributor to a journal remarkable for principles which the New Monthly has never thought proper to adopt. Mr. Gleig has rapidly risen into celebrity, and his interesting and popular Memoir of Sir Thomas Munro recently published has more than sustained the reputation he had previously acquired. But it is not as contemporaries, gathering their laurels in the common fields of literature, that we are to regard the authors of "The History of the Jews" and "The History of the Bible." They are both clergymen of the Established Church, and appear in these volumes not as mere literary men, but in their sacred character; their Histories are to be viewed as professional, for they tread on sacred ground. The author of "The History of the Jews" seems indeed anxious to merge the divine in the historian, and is fain to exhibit himself as simply a narrator of facts without any regard to the source whence he derives his materials as an inspired and infallible record. He treats the Bible as a philosophical enquirer would treat any profane work of antiquity. This has given an air of scepticism to his pages which ill accords with the high pretensions of the books to which he refers as his authorities, and with his own implied belief in their supernatural origin. He not only ascribes to natural causes the events which the Scriptures unequivocally declare to be miraculous, but his statements leave an impression on the minds of his readers that these causes, and these alone, are sufficient to account for their having taken place. We acquit him of any deliberate intention to impugn the oracles of Heaven; we cannot persuade ourselves that a clergyman can wittingly endeavour to subvert the hulwarks of the faith he is bound by every consideration of honour and consistency to defend. The pride of philosophy, and a very obvious misapprehension of some of the most important canons of biblical criticism have led him, we are inclined to think, to form a strange and unnatural compact with the patrons of the infidel literature which notoriously prevails among us, and which is at once the bane and the disgrace of a Christian country.

Speaking of the patriarchs and other Hebrew worthies, the author of "The History of the Jews" affords us some glimpse of his admitting the direct interposition of Heaven in behalf of the favoured race, whose social state, manners, and civil polity he has undertaken to describe, where he says, "Excepting where they are under the express commandment of God, they have no exemption from the judgment of posterity; and on the same principle, while God is on the scene, the historian will write with caution and reverence; while men, with freedom, justice, and impartiality." This admission, with a few others, sparingly scattered through his volumes, is worth something, and confirms what we have ventured to hope, that the learned and reverend Professor does regard the Scriptures in the

\* The History of the Bible, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. M.R.S.L. &c. in two volumes, vol. i. National Library, No. 11.

2. The History of the Jews, 3 vols. Family Library.

3. A Letter to the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, M.A. reputed Author of a History of the Jews, in the fifth, sixth, and ninth volumes of the Family Library, deprecating the republication of that work. By "One who is also an Elder."

4. A second Letter to the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, M.A. reputed Author of the History of the Jews, in the Family Library; Controverting a Statement in the Appendix to the Second Edition of his History, with respect to the Family Bible of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. By one who is also an Elder, being one of the Editors of the Family Bible.

main as a revelation from God. But we complain that the general spirit and manner of the work are at variance with these admissions. Where the Bible expressly introduces the Almighty upon the scene, the Professor labours to persuade us that his appearance is unnecessary; that he consequently is not the conscious agent in the transactions ascribed to him by the inspired writers, and thus an implied charge of falsehood and misrepresentation is brought against them. Their veracity is indirectly impeached, and they sink down to the level of mistaken enthusiasts or designing impostors. Without going the length of some of the strictures we have seen on Mr. Milman's work, which betray a disposition to undervalue its acknowledged superiority as a literary composition, we are reluctantly constrained to denounce its tendency, and to consider it as seriously affecting his reputation as a Christian divine.

We find no fault with the distinction which the Professor has drawn on the subject of miracles: he has stated with sufficient accuracy that they are of two kinds (Preface, vol. iii. p. 7.); first, where natural means operate in a preternatural manner; secondly, where the whole is preternatural. But what avails this distinction when he takes so much pains to annihilate, in point of fact, all preternatural interference in the former class, and to resolve every alleged instance of the second, as far as possible, into mere human management and deception? May we not ask, too, in a Christian divine, why such persevering anxiety to divest the inspired narrative of its miraculous character? Is this daring procedure necessary in order to remove any alleged discrepancies or obscurities in the documents, or even improbabilities in respect to some of the occurrences described in the Bible? Here, indeed, conjecture, emendation, criticism are perfectly lawful, and may conduce to raise the character of the sacred volume in the estimation of the sincere enquirer, who may have been perplexed and confounded by such apparent discrepancies, obscurities, and improbabilities. But if all the miracles were expunged from the Bible, would their absence conciliate a single infidel? We are persuaded that it would not, while it would shake the faith of every believer by destroying a fundamental evidence of the veracity of Moses, and, by necessary consequence, of the divine mission of Jesus Christ. For we are perfectly assured "that the great argument which divides the believers in Revelation from those who are hostile to it, is the argument of miraculous interposition and agency." We wish we could as readily acquit Mr. Milman of pertinacity and disingenuousness in the publication of the Second edition of his work, as we can vindicate him from the imputation of denying the divine character of the Jewish Scriptures, even though we admit that he has incautiously endeavoured to deprive them of the principal evidence by which that divine character is supported.

Mr. Milman was not suffered to remain in ignorance of the strange dilemma in which he had placed his sacred character and profession. On the first appearance of his work, one of the venerable Bench of Bishops, and Editor of the Family Bible of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, addressed to the learned Professor a letter deprecating the republication of the work which had drawn down upon its author so much unqualified reprobation and unnatural eulogy. In a strain of mild and tender expostulation, the Right Reverend Prelate addresses his Christian but erring brother; but, as the sequel proves, he might as well have attempted to charm the deaf adder. It is not every man to whom the magnanimity is given to acknowledge his mistakes and to retrace his steps. For ourselves, we confess that the following appeal could only have been resisted by overweening pride, or callous indifference to the feelings of the good when placed in opposition to the applause of those whose praise is infamy. Having stated the various grounds on which he conceived "The History of the Jews" was unfit for republication, the venerable writer thus concludes his admirable epistle:—

"I admit, if it be required, that in order to make up your mind to such a measure, some *self-denial* in another respect may be requisite. You may perhaps feel reluctant at relinquishing the distinction of being celebrated in the mouths of men as 'the Historian of the Jews.' It is pleasing to me that I can observe upon this, Rev. Sir, that your character holds its rank in public estimation on grounds much higher and

firmer than that of your recent History, and that it can endure ~~the~~ diminution of credit. Farther I observe, that whatever honour you may imagine yourself to have gained from that work, you may be assured that you have suffered from it a large proportion of dishonour. And when you consider who and of what character are those, in whose estimation you are, and, if you persevere, you will still be, dishonoured, you will have reason to be satisfied, that, in calculating the results of your 'History,' honour is no positive acquisition in the balance. I reckon indeed that the possession of literary fame to a Christian, especially to a Christian Clergyman, 'is not worthy to be compared' with the discredit on the one hand of disparaging the revealed word of God, of weakening the religious faith of the young and inexperienced, and of causing offence to others: and on the other hand with the glory, even in this life, of counteracting or remedying such evils as these, and of substituting the opposite blessings. But however this be, and whatever credit you may gain or lose with men by withdrawing your work, I intreat you, Rev. Sir, to consider whether self-denial, in such a case as this, be not a duty. I need hardly express my persuasion that it is."

The Postscript, which is very brief, contains a reiteration of the author's desire, and an anxious wish that no consideration of *profit* should induce Mr. Milman or Mr. Murray to consent to suffer the work in question to go to a second edition.

One might reasonably have supposed that remonstrances conceived in such a spirit, and directed to such an object, could scarcely have failed of producing the desired effect; or, at least, of persuading its author to modify the principal passages which had excited so much animadversion. A second edition, however, was announced, in which Mr. Milman not only retained the perfect identity of the former, and to all that had been deemed reprehensible, but, in an Appendix, he defends himself against all his opponents, by quoting from Dr. Paley a long extract, which applies only to a very subordinate and insignificant portion of the controversy, and by covering himself with the mantle of orthodoxy worn by his Right Reverend correspondent and his coadjutor, Dr. D'Oyley, the united Editors of the Family Bible. The grave, and apparently sincere assertions of the learned Professor, that he had throughout his "History" preserved the character of a good Churchman and a sound believer, and that he had only trodden in the footsteps of his venerable predecessors, the authorized commentators of Scriptural miracles, sanctioned by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, astounded his brethren, and staggered the faith even of the most credulous. The Right Reverend remonstrant felt his honour and integrity at stake, and wondered at the disingenuous audacity which presumed to make him the abettor of errors against which he had publicly protested, and which he regarded with unaffected abhorrence. The second letter breathes the same amiable spirit with the former, and from which much, at least, might be quoted as an instance that a polemic can master his own temper, and that the *odium theologicum* does not attach to every man who wears lawn sleeves and fights the battles of the Church militant.

In the Times newspaper of the period, the second edition with the following flourish was announced:—

"Our readers are no doubt well aware that a cry has been raised against Professor Milman's History of the Jews contained in the Family Library, as if the ingenious and learned author, by endeavouring to account for some of the miracles of the Old Testament by natural means, did in effect disparage the divine origin of that revelation, or dispute the truth of the miraculous interposition. Mr. Milman in an Appendix to the second edition of his work (we dare say the criticisms of his adversaries will never see second editions) replies to the cavillers. He cites a happy and appropriate passage from Paley on the subject: but what is more to the purpose, with reference to such theologians as those with whom he condescends to reason, he shows, by contrast and juxtaposition, that his explanation of the miracles in question is essentially the same as that given by the Editors of the Family Bible, published under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

To this statement the Bishop offers a flat denial. He maintains, by proofs irrefragable and obvious to the plainest understanding, that there is no identity nor similarity between the explanation of the miracles given by the Professor, and that of the Editors of the Family Bible, as to the main point of the controversy—the interposition of supernatural agency—and that they convey impressions totally opposite.

From the spirit and tenor of the preceding remarks, we hope it will not be inferred that we have any desire to narrow the range of legitimate criticism, or to interdict that examination of the Holy Scriptures to which all other works are subject. The internal evidence of their inspiration must be sought in the books themselves; and we imagine they ought to be treated according to the result to which the enquiries of the investigator have conducted him. If he feel satisfied that the claim of a divine origin and character is not made out, then he is justified in referring to them as mere human compositions, on a level with all other records of the same antiquity—to reject whatever pretensions the writers may set up either to a divine influence guiding them in the revelation of their doctrines, or a divine power attesting the truth of those doctrines by miracles. But if, on the other hand, he is convinced that the Jewish historians and Prophets were holy men of God, who wrote under the control or express dictation of Divine Wisdom, then are these several productions entitled to a degree of reverence which it would be absurd to render to any mere human performance, and which it would be gross impiety to withhold from them. Criticism may throw light upon what is obscure, may adjust apparent discrepancies, and leave undecided particular questions of inferior moment, which are casually introduced and remotely connected with the principal subjects of the narrative. But he errs, in our apprehension, widely and totally, who regards the Sacred writers merely as “honest and faithful historians,” and who, treating of events confessedly out of the common course of nature, where supernatural interference is frequently exerted and distinctly recognised, explains away all that is extraordinary, and resolves a divine economy into the poetical exaggeration of national vanity. We are far enough, indeed, from considering “the Hebrew Books as infallible oracles, on the most minute historical incident.” But believing, as we do, that the principal events recorded, and the records themselves, to be the result of Divine superintendence and agency, we cannot consent to see reduced to the dimensions of ordinary occurrences such stupendous proofs of the presence and power of the Deity. We are willing to admit the instrumentality of secondary and natural causes: but, when the Sacred writers tell us that any thing was achieved by preternatural interference, and which, indeed, is implied in the time and circumstances of the events which they record, we do not think that any licence of interpretation can justify an indirect or consequential denial of their statements.

But it is high time that we should direct our attention to the second volume of the “National Library,” which contains the first part of Mr. Gleig’s “History of the Bible.” We congratulate our age and country on the appearance of such a work, and that it should stand so prominently forward in the great national undertaking upon which Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have entered with so much liberality and spirit. Mr. Gleig’s plan is far more comprehensive than that of Mr. Milman; and, judging from the specimen before us, we are persuaded that it will prove far more satisfactory to a *Christian* people. If Mr. Gleig’s imagination is not so poetical as that of the Professor, and if his style be less copious and brilliant, his judgment is greatly superior, and his composition more dignified and suited to his subject. In his enquiries and criticisms, as well as in his suggestions and speculations, Mr. Gleig is as free and independent as his rival. But he never forgets that it is the Bible, the Book of Heaven, he has undertaken to elucidate. He has violated no canon of Biblical criticism, has discovered no impatience to rid himself of the restraint imposed upon him by Divine authority; nor has he, in any instance, to escape the sneer of the literary sceptic, exposed himself to the reprehension of the enlightened Christian. He takes nothing upon trust; indeed, he sifts the evidence adduced to support any alleged fact, investigates the fact itself, and grapples fearlessly and successfully with every form of objection. As we hope to notice the work more at large when it is completed, we shall content ourselves with the remarks we have here offered.\*

\* Excepting in the general acknowledgement of Mr. Gleig’s abilities, I desire not to be considered responsible for a single sentiment expressed in the above paper.—Ed.

## A TRIP TO THE SEA.

"Wherefore to Dover? let him answer that."

ONE warm evening in July, I sat reposing myself, after the labours of the day at an open window in a semi-fashionable street in London, feeling as languid and cross as an animal out of its element may very excusably be. Man's element in a summer evening is amidst meadows and groves, under the wide expanse of glorious heaven, with untainted gales, fragrant scents, and soft sounds floating around him—and here was I, pent in by brick walls, with only a few feet of sky visible, just to tantalize me by its beautiful azure; a strong smell of a drain overpowering the faint opposition of some wan and sickly flowers; and my ears assailed by a mixture of those harsh street noises which not even the mellowing influence of a summer evening's atmosphere can coax into being otherwise than disagreeable. My wife was pursuing some female occupation near me, and I envied her woman's useful resource—the needle, that pleasant mean betwixt idleness and application, which allows the mind to repose or expatiate at will, to rest on a few inches of cambric, or to float over the whole extent of space and time; to bury itself amidst the light furniture of a work-box, or to sink into the depths of memory and reflection. I pined for some such busy idleness, fretted and fidgeted from heat and ennui, and strove to force up my windows to an undue extent, as wisely as if a starving man should hope to obtain food by expanding his mouth unnaturally wide. Alas! the light summer breeze that just waves the graceful birch and feathery oats, and carries calmness and refreshment on its wings, is stopped ere it can reach the threshold of a great city, and is seldom to be met within sight of its smoke. In vain I panted for air, it was not to be had, and I exasperated my annoyances by brooding with my mind's eye over some of the fresh, cool, lovely spots where I had formerly lingered away many delicious hours, like the dropsical man in Dante's *Inferno*, whose tantalizing memory recalled the objects most likely to increase his thirst.

"Li ruscelletti, che de' verdi colli  
Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,  
Facendo i lor canali freddi e molli,  
Sempre mi stanno innanzi."

I had had the good fortune to make love to my wife in a beautiful country, and I strongly advise every one to follow my example, for courtship amidst fields and woods is twice as pleasant at the time, and twice as charming in remembrance as one conducted on "the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall," or in the crowd and bustle of the Park, while the lady gains increased power over the fancy from the lovely scenes with which her image is associated. "How cool and delightful Beech Copse must be this evening!" said I.

"Or the Mill-grove," replied my wife.

"And what a sun-set there must be from Hawthorn-hill," I rejoined, as I watched a fleecy cloud of pale crimson float between the opposite chimneys. "Do you remember how often we used to watch it from thence the summer before we were married?"

"And the summer afterwards when we were at the sea," my wife replied, and to a stranger the words would have conveyed no deeper mean-

ing than the preceding part of our conversation, but to me they spoke volumes, and while they brought the ocean and its glories before me, and made me thirst for its life-renewing breezes, they recalled also sundry matrimonial debates upon the prudence and possibility of a visit to a watering-place.

I rose and walked up and down the room, and the conversation took a less romantic turn—for my first words contained an enumeration of domestic expenses and pecuniary difficulties. Money, that most fatal foe to matrimonial peace, was on the tapis, and tones became of course less gentle, and brows less smooth.

"The boy's schooling, and your confinement, and Emma's illness, have been heavy expenses this year, and next spring the house must be painted, and business is by no means as plentiful as I could wish. Then I want law-books dreadfully, and altogether a trip to the sea would be a very extravagant, imprudent thing, unless, indeed, my dilatory client Mr. D—— would pay his bill; but of this there is no hope."

"Well, my dear," said my wife, in a resigned tone, "say no more about it, but I certainly think sea-air would do the children a great deal of good, for they look pale, and are fractious, and unlike themselves." A short brisk quarrel in the adjoining room, and the baby's faint querulous cry from the nursery above, were opportunely timed to confirm her assertion. But I was inexorable, for alas! necessity compelled me so to be; yet my enforced and disagreeable prudence, instead of filling me with comfortable self-satisfaction, and thus rendering virtue its own reward, rather vexed and irritated me. I do not know what effect "letting I dare not wait upon I would," may have had on "the poor cat in the adage," but I should suppose from my own experience that it increased very considerably its love of teasing and scratching. As I paced the carpet, my eye, hungry for grievances, discovered that the colours were faded, and wandering round the room, detected a blind that had not been mended, and a book that had been misplaced, my ear meantime became delicately sensitive, was annoyed by the droning lullaby in the nursery above, and the creaking of the footman's shoes in the pantry below, and was at length so distracted by the unnecessarily loud rap of the postman that I hurried down stairs to express my displeasure. I returned with smooth brow, a smiling countenance, and an open letter, which contained the information that the amount of Mr. D.'s bill had been paid into my banker's. Matters now assumed a very different aspect; I was enabled to issue signals for pleasure instead of rules of prudence, and in a few moments we were surrounded by our shouting rapturous little ones, who, with childhood's usual ardour and aptitude to happiness, seemed to anticipate ten times more eagerly than ourselves the delights of a trip to the sea, though they knew but indistinctly in what those delights consisted. Puzzling questions succeeded each other with amusing rapidity, and sands and cliffs, boats and bathing machines, waves, storms, and porpoises; seaweeds, shrimps, and shells, formed the sole subjects of unwearied inquiry and unsuccessful description for the remainder of the evening. At length the children were dismissed to bed, and my wife and I sat down with maps, road-books; and "a guide to the watering-places" before us, in order to settle *where we should go*—an important query to persons of moderate means, who having resolved once in a way to pay a high

price for health and pleasure, are nervously afraid of not receiving the proper quantum of each. One place was too hot, another too expensive, a third too distant; one was too gay, another too dull; at this there was indifferent bathing, at that no pretty inland walks; some insuperable objection put half of the rival candidates *hors de combat*, and, as we successively enumerated the remainder, we found that in each "some defect in it did quarrel with the noblest grace it had, and put it to the foil." Like other dainty people, we seemed starving in the midst of plenty, and a perplexing interval of indecision followed; at length we fixed upon Dover, because our cook happened to have a cousin there who would engage a house for us; a motive entirely distant from any of those by which we had resolved our selection should be determined. And so the mighty matter was arranged, and in less than a week I handed my family into a Dover coach, mounted the top myself, and in a thorough holiday-mood set out for the sea. Every Londoner must have felt the cheerfulness, the good-humour, the benignity, and philanthropy, which suddenly animate him when at about eight or ten miles from his smoky home, country breezes and country prospects begin to greet him. The conceited man gives himself much credit for all these amiable feelings, the philosopher speculates on the greater share which matter or spirit has in producing them; but for myself, I was contented with being extremely comfortable, and anticipating still greater pleasures to come. But about noon a considerable change took place in the state of affairs, and when a violent and continued rain had driven me to take refuge with my family inside the coach, an opportunity was afforded for discovering how much of my late exhilaration and contentment was dependant upon outward circumstances. Alas! a man whirled quickly through the open air in the sunshine is a very different being from him who is cooped up with two women and five children in a narrow space till he is heated almost to fusion, and cramped nearly to dislocation. I never before was fully aware of the thousand ills which flesh is heir to, or of the various shapes they can assume. A suspended bonnet flapped continually in my face, and two or three parasols and umbrellas ran their united points into my side, one of my children fell to sleep on my knee, another smeared me all over with bread and butter, and the nurse seemed to take every opportunity of treading upon my corns. One moment I was ordered to put the window up because it rained in, and the next to put it down because Emma was sick; the baby never ceased whining, and the tiresome nurse sang to it twice as loud as there was any occasion for; my eldest boy was incessantly jumping up to watch for a mile-stone, and my youngest urging me to sing "Rule Britannia." My patience, meanwhile, was rapidly exhausting, and was only preserved in a wavering existence by means of occasional glances at the placid countenance of my wife, who, like many others of her sex, possesses that happy power of resisting the petty annoyances of life which is so seldom found in company with masculine dignity and courage. Tired and hot as she was, no fretful word or look escaped her; she could still smile at the inconvenient mirth, and ill-timed activity of the children; still point encouragingly at a breaking cloud, and talk cheerily of tomorrow's pleasures; while I sat the very image of despair and gloom, and had just persuaded myself that it would rain incessantly for six

weeks, when the sun shone again, and I hastened outside to uncrook my limbs and restore my temper. The fresh air speedily improved my spirits, and a good dinner at Canterbury had its usual effect upon mind as well as body. At length the noblest and most exhilarating sight under heaven, the broad bosom of the ocean sparkling under a cloudless sun, met our longing, watching eyes; and after a dislocating jolt through rough and narrow streets, our whole party was safely deposited at a comfortable-looking house, where the cook's cousin was ready to receive us, and a host of tradesmen to ask our custom. And now another domestic scene occurred, scarcely less formidable to man's unwonted eyes and ears, than the miseries which I had endured in the morning on a more confined theatre. Of all the perplexing medleys of bustle and noise which I ever witnessed, the arrival of a large family at a watering-place is certainly the most Babel-like and over-whelming. From above came the thundering noise of the trunks in their progress to their destination, accompanied by an incessant slamming of doors, opening and shutting of drawers, and that bouncing, stamping sort of walk, those unnecessary questions, useless complaints, and perplexed directions, by which servants delight to make "confusion worse confounded." From below arose the clattering of tea-things and sauce-pans, the repetition of inventories, the importunities of tradesmen, the cook's groans over the inconveniences of the range, and the footman's murmurs at those of his pantry. Meanwhile, the children did their best to add to the tumult; the baby whined, Emma clamoured for her tea, George took a fancy to play on his trumpet, and the two elder boys first sent one of the maids into hysterics by leaning too far out of a window, and then gave another a race by slipping out of the house and making the best of their way to the beach. Upon this hint I resolved to speak, and repairing to the destined nursery, where my wife was quietly superintending the arrangement of the baby's crib: I said, in rather a conscious tone, "My dear, it appears to me I cannot be of the least use, and I think the best thing I could do would be to take the boys out for half an hour; tea cannot be ready yet, for there is no knife in the house to cut the bread with, and Martha has just broken the only tea-pot." My wife looked up from the trunk over which she was leaning, and gave her consent to my proposal with a smile which seemed to say, "How glad you are of an excuse for getting out of this bustle," and down stairs I hurried as fast as possible, without either allowing myself to criticize my own motives, or to hear one of the maids say to another, "Perhaps Master can tell us." Before they had settled the "perhaps," I was on my road to the shore, my boys shouting from wonder, surprise, and delight, and myself almost wishing that some such ebullition were permitted to my own stroug and excited feelings. When we returned home the chaos and the whirlwind had subsided into order and repose; the baby and Emma were in bed and asleep; the servants had begun to move less rapidly and speak less loudly; the tea was made, shrimps and bread and butter ready for us; and my wife looking calm, tired, and happy, inviting me to my first holiday meal. Oh! the delights of that meal, all present comforts enhanced by the refreshing consciousness that they were the first-fruits of a coming season of rest and tranquillity! What man of wealth and leisure can duly estimate the keenness of that enjoyment which is



sharpened by previous labour and confinement? Who but the man of business can understand the luxury of having nothing to do? At the sea we are privileged to be idle; thither neither the toils of business nor of dissipation should pursue us; there the philosopher should trifle, the statesman observe no prognostics but those of the weather, and the gravest student read nothing but novels. Preserve me from the man who is so laboriously and unremittingly wise as to think it childish to spend hours in throwing pebbles into the sea, or waste of time to sit on the beach counting the waves,

"Which tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,  
And back return in silence smooth and slow."

Is it idleness for those who "have broke their sleep with thought, their brains with care, their bones with industry," to refresh their faculties by thorough repose? is it useless for those who live in general with business and books to dwell for a short space with Nature and with themselves? Who, besides, may venture to define the influence which a few wholesome sea-side musings may have on active life and social duties? who shall estimate the value of those calm reviews of the past, those quiet reflections on the future, when the world withdraws in despair from a contest with her fairer rival, when every violent emotion subsides, and we seem to extract from the peacefulness and purity of material nature around us, sentiments, wishes, and resolutions of corresponding purity and peace? I doubt if any angry feeling could long resist the soothing effect of the gentle, monotonous tapping of the "faint, lazy waves" on the pebbly shore, and their harmoniously grating retreat; I doubt if the strongest troop of blue devils could contend successfully against the cheering influence of the sparkling ocean and its thousand snowy crests; or, if even Avarice himself could count his sordid gains, and pine for accumulated dross, while free and bountiful Nature was spreading its noblest spectacle before him, and fanning him with her blessing and purifying breezes. If a trip to the sea does not usually produce as salubrious an effect upon our moral as upon our corporeal frame, it is, perhaps, that we do not pursue the proper regimen—we are too busy or too gay, we cherish silly acquaintances, invent silly amusements—we dress, and dance, and raffle—nurse-up a public breakfast into its wearying perfection, or welcome with open arms a conjuror or an infant Roscius—dreading, apparently, lest Fashion and Folly should be obliged to leave us a breathing-time for reflection, and "leisure to be good." For myself, if there are any hours upon which I can look back with unmingled satisfaction, it is those, in which having walked down alone to the shore with a book in my hand, and seated myself within a few paces of the water, I have waited for the gradual yet sure influence of the scene before me. Now reading a few lines—now pelting the curled feathery tips of the waves—now gazing on the magnificent expanse of ocean while its delicious gales fan my brow—the first effect produced is a sensation of almost ecstatic cheerfulness and of universal good-will. To this happy but excited state succeeds a calm, still more delightful—my book falls from my hands, a luxurious sense of repose and pleasure steals over the frame, and a crowd of soft and holy reflections follow each other in quiet succession through the mind. For a time, sorrows are forgotten, cares lulled to

sleep, and fears silenced; those we love seem more prized—those we have lost, more tenderly yet less painfully remembered; and when by degrees loftier musings intermingle, it appears as if difficulties had vanished, mysteries ceased to perplex, and the veil which parts the material and spiritual worlds had lost somewhat of its awful density.

Such a serene, dreamy state of existence is seldom permitted to die a natural death; for it is of so fragile a tenure as to expire from a shower or a colder breeze, the approach of the tide, or the greeting of an acquaintance, the landing of a fishing-boat, or the distant amoke of a steam-vessel. Then up starts the ruminator, levelled in a moment to the standard of ordinary existence, quite ready to think of umbrellas or wet shoes, to talk nonscncs, or bargain for a turbot—or, best of all, to hurry to the pier, and watch the landing of the passengers. This is, indeed, a scene of all others the least sentimental. In vain might the most romantic of mortals resolve to seek in the countenances of the motley crowd for some indication of the thoughts passing witbin; in vain might he endeavour to ask, "Did sorrow, or poverty, or crime, or idleness, or business, or curiosity, send you away?"—"Has love, or duty, or weariness, or an empty purse, brought you back?" He would find the tenour of his mental queries far more limited; he would be constrained merely to inquire, "Have you been sea-sick, or have you not?" This is the grand line of separation among the passengers of a steam-packet, compared with which rank, wealth, beauty, and intellect become for a time trifling and unavailing distinctions. How triumphant is the air of the most homely of females who has escaped the devastating touch of the great sea-monster, compared with the disconsolate mien of the once radiant beauty, who staggers along the deck just sufficiently alive to be aware of her unbecoming condition! With what unwonted carelessness of effect does she place above her pallid face and flaccid locks the smart French bonnet wreathed with flowers, which she knows must be worn in order to escape the duty, yet feels will only make her wretched state more conspicuous and more absurd. How annoying to be exposed in such circumstances to a crowd of curious spectators, whose twinkling eyes and scarcely-repressed laughter indicate their share in that *Mephistophiles* part of human nature which derives amusement from the distresses of others! If, indeed, any one just released from the miseries of sea-sickness could feel angered by any *terrestrial* grievance, it might provoke the most patient of mortals to be thus greeted by a mob of prying, ridiculing gazers, and to escape from their observation only to fall into the clutches of those most pertinacious, insolent, insufferable people, the waiters and emissaries of the various hotels. How I have pitied some yellow, exhausted, gentlemanly man, with a disbevelled, half-fainting daughter on each arm, who has fallen unprotected and unprepared into this rutless gang, and is literally fought for and carried off in two or three directions before he discovers the absolute necessity of self-exertion, and is roused into an obstinate preference of some one of his detested persecutors, by which an enemy is turned into an ally, and he is at length able to effect his escape. *Where* his conqueror may choose to deposit him is a matter of indifference; "the worst inn's worst room" is preferable to a prolonged contest.

But when the quiet of the shore and the bustle of the pier have been

sufficiently enjoyed, Dover presents other objects of attraction in the beautiful walks and picturesque ruins in its neighbourhood; above all, in its noble castle, which, like the ocean it looks down upon, possesses the property of commanding admiration under every possible variety of circumstances. Whether dressed in gloom or in glory; whether its irregular outline is clearly defined on a bright sky, or half-shrouded in mist, gains grandeur from indistinctness; whether it is tinted by the hues of dawn or sunset, or the shades of night have imparted to it their solemn uniformity of colouring, Dover castle, with its towering Keep, its stately barbican, and its varied line of fortification, still preserves its striking effect upon the eye and the imagination. Above all, it is delightful to roam within its precincts when the moon sheds over the scene its solemn, softening influence, and the masses of shadow are perfectly awful from their depth and their extent—then, how exquisite the pleasure to stand upon the ramparts, and trace the course of the valley as it gradually retreats into obscurity—to look down upon the glancing lights of the town, and upon the calm expanse of the ocean, one broad, quivering belt, illuminated to brilliancy, across which a dark skiff sometimes shoots; the rest a wide extent of gray and dark tints, melting into the undefined horizon—to listen to the faint sound of the breaking waves below—and, when roused by the greeting of a sentinel, or the slow-measured tread of soldiers relieving guard, to turn to admire the picturesque effect of the military figures, and to listen with thrilling delight to the “spirit-stirring drum and ear-piercing fife,” so admirably harmonizing with the scene around and the associations connected with it. All this constitutes an enjoyment which it would be equally difficult to describe or to explain; yet so little is it valued by the inhabitants and visitants at Dover, that among the other attractions of a night-ramble in the castle, solitude and silence may be enumerated.

W. E.

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 THE BANNER OF THE COVENANTERS.\*

HERE, where the rain-drops may not fall, the sunshine doth not play,  
 Where the unfelt and distant breeze in whispers dies away;  
 Here, where the stranger paces slow along the silent halls,  
 Why mutely art thou hanging thus against the massive walls?  
 Thou, that hast seen blood shed for thee—that midst the battle-tide  
 Hast faintly lit the soldier's eye with triumph ere he died;  
 Bright banner, which hath witness'd oft the struggles of the free,  
 Emblem of proud and holy hope, is this a place for thee?

Wake! wave aloft, thou Banner! let every snowy fold  
 Float on our wild, unconquer'd hills, as in the days of old:  
 Hang out, and give again to Death a glory and a charm,  
 Hang where Heaven's dew may freshen thee, and Heaven's pure sunshine warm.

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\* At the Mareschal College at Aberdeen, among other valuable curiosities, they show one of the banners formerly belonging to the Covenanters; it is of white silk, with the motto, “*Spe Expecto*,” in red letters; and underneath, the English inscription, “For Religion, King, and Kingdoms.” The banner is much torn, but otherwise in good preservation.

Wake, wave aloft!—I hear the silk low rustling on the breeze,  
Which whistles through the lofty fir, and bends the birchen trees ;  
I hear the tread of warriors arm'd to conquer or to die ;  
Their bed or bier the heathery hill, their canopy the sky.

What, what is life or death to them ? *they* only feel and know  
Freedom is to be struggled for, with an unworthy foe—  
Their homes—their hearths—the all for which their fathers, too, have fought,  
And liberty to breathe the prayers their cradled lips were taught.  
On, on they rush—like mountain streams, resistlessly they sweep—  
On ! those who live, are heroes now—and martyrs those who sleep—  
And still the snow-white banner waves above the field of strife,  
With a proud triumph, as it were a thing of soul and life.

They stand—they bleed—they fall ! they make one brief and breathless pause,  
And gaze with fading eyes upon the standard of their cause.  
Again they brave the strife of death, again each weary limb  
Faintly obeys the warrior soul, and earth's best hopes grow dim.  
The mountain rills are red with blood, the pure and quiet sky  
Rings with the shouts of those who win, the groans of those who die ;  
Taken—re-taken—raised again, but soil'd with clay and gore,  
Heavily on the wild, free breeze, that banner floats once more.

I hear the wail of women now : the weary day is done :  
God's creatures wait to strive and slay until to-morrow's sun :  
I hear the heavy breathing of the weary ones who sleep,  
The death-sob and the dying word, " the voice of them that weep ;"  
The half-choked grief of those, who while they stifle back their breath,  
Scarce know if what they watch be hush'd in slumber or in death ;  
While mournfully, as if it knew and felt for their despair,  
The moon-lit banner flaps and falls upon the midnight air.

Morning ! the glad and glorious day ! the waking of God's earth,  
Which rouses *them* to stain with gore the soil that gave them birth.  
In the still sunshine sleeps the hill, the stream, the distant town—  
In the still sunshine, clogg'd and stiff, the battle-flag hangs down.  
Peace is in Heaven, and Heaven's good gifts, but war is amongst men—  
Red blood is pouring on the hill, wild shouts are in the glen—  
'Tis past—they sink, they bleed, they fly, that faint, enfeebled host—  
Right is not might—the banner-flag, the victory, are lost !

Heaven's dew hath drunk the crimson drops which on the heather lay,  
The hills that were so red with gore go sparkling on their way ;  
The limbs that fought, the hearts that swell'd, are crumbled into dust,  
The souls which strove are gone to meet the spirits of the just ;  
But that frail, silken flag for which, and under which, they fought,  
And which even now retains its power upon the soul of thought  
Survives—a tatter'd, senseless thing, to meet the curious eye,  
And wake a momentary dream of hopes and days gone by.

A momentary dream ! oh ! not for one poor, transient hour,  
Not for a brief and hurried day that flag exerts its power ;  
Full flashing on our dormant souls the firm conviction comes,  
That what our fathers did for *theirs*, we could do for *our* homes.  
We, *too*, could brave the giant arm that seeks to chain each word,  
And rule what form of prayer alone shall by our God be heard :  
We, *too*, in triumph or defeat, can drain our heart's best veins,  
While the good old cause of liberty for Church and State remains !

C. E. S. N.

## ZOOLOGY IN DUBLIN.

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

"He spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

I Kings, c. iv. v. 33.

THE lovers of literature and science, in Ireland, have attributed the neglect of all pursuits which are unconnected with the factions of either politics or polemics to the agitation of the Catholic Question. I believe that there is no capital in Europe in which less regard is paid to eminence of a purely intellectual kind; and I attribute this undue appraisal of qualities, upon which so high an estimate is set elsewhere, to the higher rate which is set upon those popular endowments, by which a stimulant to the popular passions is applied. This was a natural consequence of the discussions, which rendered every other object comparatively valueless. The settlement of the great controversy is likely to generate results as favourable to the promotion of the arts, and to the progress of studies which have been justly called "humane," from their softening influences, as to the establishment of rational tranquillity and concord. However vitiated the public palate may have become, it will ultimately acquire a relish for more simple and more wholesome nutriment, and as much enjoyment will be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, and from the investigation of the works of Nature, as from the virulent vituperations and inflammatory harangues, that, during the late period of excitement, afforded the only materials for the mind of the people.

These observations have been suggested by the first attempt which has been made since the adjustment of Catholic Emancipation to turn the national attention to pursuits different from those to which it has been familiarized. I allude to a meeting held not long ago at the Rotunda for the establishment of a zoological society, and which I was induced, by my solicitude for the introduction of new tastes into Ireland, to attend. Some account of what took place will not, I hope, (in the view which I have suggested, independently of the nature of the subject,) be devoid of interest.

I found, upon entering the room, the Duke of Leinster in the chair. That nobleman has an utter aversion to public assemblies of a political kind. This is to be regretted, because his great station, his opulence, and, above all, the associations which are connected with his name, would give him the power of doing incalculable good. But an instinct too strong for reason, and what is to others an unaccountable shyness, has induced him to sequester himself, except upon very remarkable occasions, from all political meetings. He does not appear to have the same reluctance to take the arts and sciences under his auspices; and though he may not love the agitation of those wild scenes, where the passions blow so strongly, he feels no objection to walk forth amongst the "groves of the academy" in search of nature and of truth, where he runs no risk of encountering those rude guests, by which the robes of his nobility might be discomposed. His Grace declared himself to be most anxious for the formation of a zoological society, analogous to those of Paris and of London, to which he was a contributor. He was seconded by Lord Longford, the brother-in-law

of the Duke of Wellington, and a very strong politician of the ascendancy school. It was agreeable to see him capable of any view of the national good, which had not the maintenance of lofty Protestantism, in its exclusiveness, for its foundation. The next speaker was Mr. Crampton, the Surgeon-general, who was the chief means of calling the assembly together. The speech he delivered, in furtherance of the useful object which he has so much at heart, was one of the most agreeable and instructive I have ever heard. Although wholly unpractised in public speaking, Mr. Crampton addressed the meeting for nearly an hour, in a speech, of which the pure and polished diction was set off by a delivery of peculiar facility and grace. It was not exactly what is called oratory, for there was, of course, no appeal to vehement emotion, nor any burst of enthusiasm; but the even flow of thought, through the medium of beautifully-decorated language and rich illustration, is, perhaps, more difficult of attainment than the more turbid current of rapid emotion, to which the designation of eloquence is commonly, but not always appropriately, assigned. Mr. Crampton is, indeed, one of the most accomplished men in mind and in manners whom I have ever seen. Master of his profession, he has united with its study all the collateral branches that so intimately associate it with the investigation of our nature: his mind is admirably skilful, and as full of resource as his hand is dexterous and rapid. With these acquirements, he joins a passion for literature and the Fine Arts, which diffuse over his whole demeanour a peculiar softness and urbanity, and enable him, by his gentle and polished address, to assuage the pains of malady, and to take from the instruments of his art one half of their ordinary torture away. He availed himself of the large influence he possesses to collect together the splendid assemblage which had met for the purpose of promoting an object that, as a lover of science, he held most dear; and, although the Duke of Leinster presided, it was evident that the whole business of the inchoate society was conducted under his auspices. His speech bore distinct evidence of his enthusiastic devotion to the theme upon which he expatiated. Some extracts from that excellent essay upon the advantages of such an institution, which he proposed to establish, will not be considered to be inapposite. I pass over the introductory matter, which, like every other avenue to a subject, could not fail to be a little customary. He proceeded to enlarge upon the advantages which are likely to ensue from the cultivation of those sciences, of which experiment and actual proof afford the groundwork. He said—

“In the early part of the last century, the genius of two great men, operating in different ways, gave an impulse and a direction to the minds of men, turning them from the pursuit of the impalpable phantom of metaphysics to the real and solid truths of natural science, laying open the three great kingdoms of Nature, the simple and solid organization of minerals, the wonders of animal instinct, the flowers, the fruits, and the perfumes of botany. Linnæus and Buffon—names which must be as durable as the works of Nature, on which they are inscribed—were the men who effected this great revolution. The one, by his powers of comprehension and arrangement, drawing forth a fair creation from chaos; the other lighting it up by the splendour of his genius. Far be from us, then, the impertinence of ignorance, which would check the bold and free career of science on her voyage of discovery, to ask her whither she is bound, and what freight she has on board. Zoology, however, has no need to stand on this gene-

ral defence: the benefits which have resulted, and which must still result, to mankind from the cultivation of this delightful department of natural history, are of a nature so direct and so important, that they have only to be named to engage your warmest, your most unqualified approbation and support. If the pleasure derivable from the mere pursuit of natural knowledge, independently of its application to what are called the uses of life, were all that is proposed from the study of natural history, it should be a sufficient motive to engage any rational being, who has leisure, in the pursuit; for the enjoyment of intellectual pleasure, and the consequent advancement in knowledge and virtue which grows out of that enjoyment, is in itself a great good, and is undoubtedly one of the chief ends of our existence. By the dispensation of a beneficent Creator, we are so constituted as to derive pleasure from the exercise of all our faculties, but especially from the exercise of the faculty of observation. Whatever deeply engages the attention, even though the subject should not in itself be agreeable, becomes a source of positive pleasure. But this is not all—the exercise of the faculty, by excluding painful impressions, whether of a physical or a moral nature, by weakening the influence of the imagination and the passions, leaves the mind in that state, at once vigorous and calm, which fits it for the exercise of the highest contemplations and the most active virtues. Who is there who has not felt that buoyancy of spirit, that generous expansion of mind, which results from the reception of new ideas? Is there an affliction so heavy, or bodily pain so great, that has not been lightened or assuaged by powerfully directing the attention to some object of intellectual interest? Natural history is essentially a science of observation; it is not, like the other sciences, founded on experiment or calculation; but by the variety and beauty of its details, it addresses itself at once to the senses and the feelings, and is equally accessible and attractive to the peasant and to the sage. It is, says the illustrious Cuvier, one of the great advantages attendant on the study of natural history, that the mind necessarily acquires the habit of arranging a great number of ideas; and this habit once acquired, can be applied with infinite advantage to subjects the most remote from natural history. Every discussion which supposes a classification of facts, every research which requires a distribution of materials, must be conducted upon the same plan; so that a young person who has cultivated natural history merely as an amusement, will be surprised to find that he has unconsciously acquired a power of unravelling the most complicated affairs. Nor is the study of this delightful science less useful in solitude; sufficiently extensive to occupy an intellect the most vast, it is sufficiently simple, varied, and interesting, to engage the attention of the most uninstructed; and it has been stated by the illustrious philosopher, whose words I have just quoted, that, among the motives which induced him, by all possible means, to extend the cultivation of this peaceful study, was the conviction that it was more capable than any other to satisfy that craving for occupation which, he thought, had so much contributed to the troubles of the age."

Mr. Crampton proceeded to illustrate the benefits which the study of animal nature has contributed to the art of which he is so distinguished a practitioner.

"How are we to proceed," said he, "in order to acquire a competent knowledge of the actions of so complicated a structure as the human body? Not by analysis—that is, separating its parts, and examining them singly; for so intimate is the connexion between the parts, so mutually dependant are they on each other, that any attempt at separation stops or deranges the whole machine. Happily, however, this analysis has been made for us by Nature. In the different classes of the lower animals, we find all the organs which exist in man in every variety of simplicity and complication. We have animals consisting simply of a stomach and its appendages, for the purpose of nutrition; we have animals without a circulating system, without a respiratory system, and even without a nervous system. Organs so indistinctly marked, in one class, as to leave their uses, or even their existence, in doubt, are found in another in such

a state of development as to direct us to a just conclusion as to the part they perform in the animal economy. For example, the most minute examination of the lungs and liver, in the human subject, would never enable us to understand the relation which probably subsists between the functions of these important organs. But let us see if comparative anatomy does not throw some light on the subject. It is well established, that a species of combustion is carried on in the lungs: the combustible principles contained in the blood, uniting with the oxygen of the atmosphere conveyed into the lungs by the act of inspiration; and when it is found that the liver is largest in the animals which breathe the least (as fishes and the amphibizæ), and that in many of those it is loaded with oil, which consists exclusively of the combustible parts of the blood; and when it is observed that the liver is totally wanting in the animals whose respiration is the most complete—as in the insect tribes, who are, as it were, all lungs—we are led to conclude that there is something in common in the functions of these great organs, and that the liver is, in some sort, supplemental or ancillary to the lungs, in disposing of the combustible part of blood. Who is there whose mind does not spring at once to the practical inference deducible from this, and which is so directly applicable to the healing art? There is no intelligent observer, medical or other, who has not noticed the connexion between the diseases of the liver and the lungs, and has not seen that when the liver becomes hardened and obstructed (too often by intemperance) the lungs, performing a double labour, soon become inflamed and disordered. And is it nothing to know the cause of all this? Does the empiric, who boasts the possession of a nostrum for curing a cough, and the philosophic physician, who traces that cough to a disorder of the liver, and addresses his remedies to that organ, not to the lungs—do they, I inquire, stand on the same ground?"

I am obliged to pass over much of what is exceedingly good and pertinent, which was pressed by Mr. Crampton, and proceed to cite the conclusion of his speech, in which he took a higher tone, and pointed out the subserviency of zoology to the purposes of natural religion, and exhibited science as one of the noblest ministers (as she unquestionably is) to the worship of the Almighty Being, of whose existence, and of whose boundless benevolence and bounty such evidences are impressed upon all his works, but more especially upon those sentient creatures, of whose structure he is the wise, and cannot be the purposeless author. The speaker, in enlarging upon this the noblest topic which is incidental to his theme, spoke to this effect:

"A belief in a superintending Providence must, to be effective, be something more than the cold assent which the understanding cannot refuse to a philosophical proposition which is clearly stated and rigorously proved; it should be a deep, fervent, and habitual conviction, which should strike the heart with all the weight of a truth, and all the force of a sentiment. To produce such a conviction, we must engage the senses and the feelings, as well as the understanding. Where is the man who can walk through the Zoological Garden of London, or the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, and can observe the needle-like bill of the sailerbird—the trowel-like tail of the beaver—the warning rattle of the rattle-snake—the long and slender neck and limbs of the wading birds—the short, strong, and full-webbed feet of the swimming birds—the partially-webbed feet of those birds which both run and swim—but, above all, when he observes the tender and generous friendships which are formed among animals of different classes—their leagues for mutual defence—the sagacity with which they accommodate themselves to their new situations, giving a new direction to their instincts, and obliging us to pause before we draw the line which is to separate the suggestions of a blind instinct from the conclusions of deliberative reason,—I am quite sure that no man who sees these things (and how small a part is this of what he may see in a short visit to a zoological collection!) can choose but feel to his very inmost soul, that he is in the hands of an all-seeing Providence, whose arrange-



ments in the material world, so far as they can be seen and comprehended, are those of consummate wisdom and benevolence, and whose government of the moral world, though unseen and incomprehensible, must be conducted on the same principles. This is (in my mind) a great and a practical good, which may be derived from the study of animated nature; but there is another, and perhaps a more direct one, which, nevertheless, may not be so generally acknowledged. I should think that the question which would first arise in the mind of any thinking man, on leaving a great collection of living animals, would be, what are the uses of those creatures?—what is the end of their creation? I will not stop to examine any of the many solutions which have been offered of this great enigma of Nature; but I will venture to say, that, of all the solutions which can be offered, the very last which could suggest itself to a sane mind would be, that all or any of them were created for the purpose of satiating that—what shall I call it?—that accursed passion of the human soul, which seeks its gratification in the infliction of pain and death on unoffending and unresisting animals. My Lord, I trust—nay, I am quite sure—that the question would give rise to a very different and a very opposite train of thought and feeling. The boy who, day after day, shares his cake with the bear, who runs up a pole to receive it with the activity and almost the gestures with which a sailor climbs the mast, will scarcely go out of his way to see such an animal baited and torn to pieces by infuriated dogs, set on by the most brutalized—but I will not say brutalized, for that would be to honour them—but the most abandoned of men. Indeed, I should utterly despair of human nature, if I heard that such a boy, on his return from a zoological garden, had purchased a badger, which is but a small and perfectly harmless bear, and kept him in his room for the purpose of worrying him with dogs—tearing open the festering wounds from day to day, until the poor animal, tenacious as he is of life, surrendered it at last to mere torture and exhaustion. But the thing is impossible. If there be evil qualities in human nature, there are also redeeming virtues; if, in the ‘mingled yarn,’ of which our ‘web of life’ is spun, there is a vice which finds its gratification in giving pain, there is a virtue which puts us in a relation of kindness towards all beings who attract our notice by qualities which are either useful or pleasing. To cultivate a kindly disposition towards animals, it is only necessary to know them: an intimate knowledge of their characters, dispositions, and talents, may, while it affords a salutary lesson to the intellectual pride of man, tend to abate that spirit of cruelty and selfishness which leads us to seek amusement in the sufferings and destruction of the most beautiful, harmless, and happy of sentient beings. That so favourable a change in the state of our feelings will extend beyond the brute creation, and infuse its humanizing influence through the whole system of social life, is no very extravagant supposition; and the goodness of a man may still be tried by that sacred test, that he is ‘merciful to his beast.’”

It was in this strain of eloquent humanity that Mr. Crampton concluded. The applause by which his speech was followed was loud and repeated. It is needless to say that it was deserved. His motion was seconded by Lord Howth. The next orator who appeared was Dr. Stokes. The canvass on which I am painting is not large enough to admit of a distinct portraiture of this very remarkable person. A drawing of him, however, I cannot refrain from making. Dr. Stokes was a fellow of Trinity College in 1798, and was deeply implicated in the events of that momentous period. His recklessness of all consequence; his high and independent spirit; his stoical preference of what his honour told him to be the right, to what his interest might have suggested to be expedient; his devoted love of country, and his hatred of domination, induced him to take a very unqualified and decided part, and what that part was it is not necessary that I should more distinctly intimate. How he contrived to retain his fellowship I have not pre-

cisely ascertained; one thing, however, is certain, that it was not by any mean compliance, or any paltry accommodation, he secured his college emoluments. He had, I believe, numerous friends upon the Government side, who represented him as a Quixote in democracy, for whose chivalry in politics a large allowance was to be made. The matter was so arranged that he was permitted to retain his fellowship, and he became, by a regular progression in the grades of the University, master of about 2000*l.* a year. All political disquietude has passed away; he had escaped by a kind of miracle; and after having been rudely tossed in the agitation in which he had wellnigh been foundered, he was now safely anchored in the moorings which the University of Dublin afford to a senior fellow of that opulent and exceedingly quiescent institution. But it was in the Doctor's destiny not to bear with good fortune—to the stimulants of patriotism the excitements and the impulses of orthodoxy succeeded. The œstrum of theology fastened upon him; and although he could endure the wrongs of Ireland, he declared that to the Athanasian creed he could no longer conscientiously submit, and refused to attend the College chapel. This offence would have been unpardonable in any university, but in Trinity College it became indispensable to make an example of an Unitarian, whose intrepid infidelity was rendered the more alarming from his acknowledged integrity and his lofty-minded virtue. To do his associates justice, they did not act suddenly or severely. Every effort was used to reconcile him to the *omouion*; it was even suggested that the profession of a mitigated Arianism would not be considered wholly incompatible with the receipt of 2000*l.* a-year; but the Doctor was inexorable. He as peremptorily refused all compromise upon the unity of the Godhead, as if he had been made a privy-counsellor in the cabinet of Omnipotence, and knew all that was going on in heaven, and gave up his fellowship, his cushion in the college chapel, and his fortune. His obstinacy in error was pitied by his brethren of the college, and by some good-natured contrivance, in which Christian charity prevailed over divinity, a professorship was secured to him. So much for the Doctor's general history. He made his appearance at the assembly of which I have undertaken to record the incidents. I was not a little struck by his aspect. A tall, slender, and emaciated figure stood, in an attire of manifest antiquity, of which black had been the original colour, but which was now variegated with all the diversities of hue that time could produce, and was disposed upon his person with the evidences of carelessness which generally attend the dishabille of genius. His long, lank, white hair fell wildly down his head, and over his ghastly and deeply-furrowed features there was diffused an expression of the mind of which enthusiasm and abstraction were the chief ingredients. When he rose to speak, I heard a smart Bluestocking whisper that he looked himself like a specimen in zoology, and that she suspected that the surgeon-general had dressed-up "the old man of the woods," in the cast-off suit of a fellow of Trinity College, to perform a part on the occasion. The Doctor pronounced a speech replete with erudition, but in which the different topics introduced by him were most strangely blended, and brought in with such a suddenness, that his mind seemed to take leaps from one subject to another, over a wide interval to be filled-up by such conjecture as to his meaning as to the reader might

seem meet. He opened by pointing out the facility with which Cashmere shawls might be manufactured in Ireland. This was reasonable enough, and excited great attention in the fair portion of his auditors, who seemed to think that the Doctor had offered a stronger argument in favour of zoology than any which the surgeon-general had suggested. But his next proposition was not a little startling. The substitution of the zebra and the juagga, for the purposes of Irish posting, appeared to be the boldest vision in zoology, upon which any speculator in the advantages of that science had yet adventured. I quote the exact words of the Doctor, which in the concluding sentence furnish a specimen of the felicity of transition, which I have mentioned as characteristic of his eloquence:—"There is an abundant variety of animals," he exclaimed, "calculated for swift draft, of sufficient strength and wonderful speed, such as the zebra and the juagga, among the solid-hoofed, and a great variety of antelopes, elks, and deer, among the cloven-footed. Isolated man is miserable: the productions of his industry are increased many thousand times by the division of labour. *Land within four miles of this city has been set for 25l. an acre, on a long lease.*" The Doctor having got to Dublin, did not long abide there. He took flight with a migratory instinct, and was off for Africa. He lighted upon Timbuctoo, and observed that Irish linen there sells for its weight in gold. The Doctor proceeded to demonstrate, not only the importance but the ease with which a communication might be opened with the most mysterious parts of Africa. He relied mainly upon the antelope for this useful purpose, and compared the utility that would result from the application of that animal to the purposes of conveyance to the wonders which have been achieved by vapour and the railway. He summed up this portion of his discourse by observing that, "in general, the application of science to facilitate the commerce of the caravans might diminish the waste of animal life, which whitens the desert path with bones." It would be difficult to pursue him through all the diversities of topic through which he passed in the course of his very multifarious oration; it is enough to say that he entered into a dissertation upon the mode of civilizing wild beasts, observing that "a dangling rope deters the wolves from attacking a sledge: the odour of white feathers repels the white bear." He then expatiated on the benefits of incubation, and said, "one hundred millions of eggs are annually hatched in Egypt; sixty millions are annually disposed of in the eastern parts of Ireland. Poultry abounds in Ireland." He then enlarged upon the excellence of sea-birds, and observed that the rancid taste of some of the sea-birds may be removed by feeding them on vegetable food. This suggestion is an improvement upon Mrs. Glass's premises. The Doctor's preliminary step in his application of the resources of the culinary art to aquatic birds is, "first to catch a cormorant, and next to feed him." The Doctor, after having indulged in a good deal of lore upon ocean-fowl, deviated from the course which he had adopted in the preceding parts of his speech; for, instead of rushing into another subject quite unconnected with that which he had been just treating, he plunged into the sea, upon whose surface he had been just floating, and, like one of the birds he had been describing, dived with a piscatory promptitude into the depths of the ocean. The result of his investigations was, "that fish supports a great proportion of many savage and several civilized nations." He

recommended the promotion of salt-water ponds in the vicinity of Dublin for the preservation of fish. To go through his whole speech would be a difficult undertaking. It was like Noah's menagerie. He embraced all living nature. The miracle was how he contrived to include such an assemblage of materials within such a compass. The next resolution was proposed by Lord Longford, a Protestant of the very first orthodoxy. Mr. Sheil, the Catholic demagogue, seconded his Lordship. Both these animals, "*feræ naturæ*," were singularly coupled together. Dr. Macarthy, a man justly celebrated for his learning and astuteness, contributed his valuable aid to the projected institution. He was seconded by Mr. Carmichael (the surgeon), a man of great celebrity in his profession, and who has suggested some new theories upon the subject, to which Fracastorius dedicated his poetical powers. Dr. Jacob, who is also a very clever man, moved a resolution. With his speech, and the nomination of a Committee of Lords, Doctors, and Gentlemen, the proceedings terminated for that day, and since then I have heard nothing more upon the subject. As far as I can learn, the project has hitherto been abortive. The mind of Ireland is still too deeply engaged by its recollections of the fierce feuds by which it was agitated, to permit any considerable dedication of its faculties to any pursuit to which the political passions do not minister their incitement. This state of things must needs be of some continuance: but, as I have already intimated, I do not despair of living to see the fields of literature and of science cultivated with diligence in a country which has hitherto been so rankly fertile in the production of passions, antipathies, and of envenomed discords. The first attempt made to establish a scientific society is valuable, and great praise should be bestowed upon the honourable intention which prompted the undertaking. One of the speakers at the meeting pointed to the example of Scotland as deserving of imitation, and ventured to anticipate the time when Ireland should resemble her in her devoted attachment to objects of pure intellectual pleasure, and exhibit the same extraordinary change. I shall conclude this article, which has, I fear, ran to too great a length, with the observations of the gentleman to whom I have referred:—

"Why should not Ireland become the rival of Scotland in her prosperous industry, and in her high intelligence, as she was once assimilated to her in her discords and her feuds? There was a time when Edinburgh exhibited a very different spectacle to that which it now presents. The streets which are lined with the temples of science, were occupied with feudal castles in which her citizens stood in arms; the rapiers of the Gordons and of the Murrays flashed in the streets, where the volumes in which their deeds are recorded by the inimitable Scotsman are now arrayed. The shops of the bibliopolist have superseded the forge of the armourer; the pulpits, from which the thunders of controversy were once hurled, have made way for the polished shafts of criticism, and literature and Jeffrey exercise their pacific dominion where John Knox and divinity were supreme. And if this revolution has taken place amongst our accomplished and highly-cultured neighbours—if, to use the expression of our own incomparable countryman, 'Scotland has won her flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires,' why should not Ireland, with the same eagle spirit, become her rival in the same illustrious flight, and emulate the loftiness of her magnificent ascent?"

## SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, NO. VIII.

*The Salon.—Frascati.—Anecdotes of Gaming.*

“Keep a gamester from the dice and it is wonderful.”—SHAKESPEARE.

ESSAY ON THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF GAMING; SHOWING, &c. &c. &c.

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 \*\*\* \_\_\_\_\_!! \_\_\_\_\_\*\* \_\_\_\_\_!!! And there is my Essay  
 on the fatal consequences of gaming.

It is not often that I presume to be didactic, but “There is a time for all things,” saith the proverb. And, surely, time cannot be more apt for the publication of a paper on this grave subject—and I trust that with becoming gravity I have treated it—than now when, by the most remote of all possibilities, it may be useful. Reader, I have a friend who is labouring under the most extraordinary infatuation that ever conquered the mind of man. I’ll tell you what it is. He goes, night after night, to Westminster Bridge, carrying with him a large bag full of sovereigns: there, at the centre arch, where the river is deepest, he takes his stand, and deliberately drops his sovereigns into the water; first, one by one; then, two by two; then, five by five; and so on, gradually increasing, till he has given all his money to the Thames’ flounders! Having duly executed this wise and wonderful manœuvre, and waited a certain time in expectation of the reascension of his sovereigns, each with a hundred followers in its train (which reasonable expectation, it is needless to add, is rarely fulfilled), he, with a burning brow, an aching heart, and an empty bag, returns home, makes a solemn vow never again so to regale the fishes, and the very next night—he repeats the very same process, point by point, from beginning to end. O Frederick! my dear friend! read my essay while yet you have a guinea in the world (’twill apply excellently well to your case): study each asterisk, let each dash sink deep into your heart, and treasure up in your memory every note of admiration. Should it fail (as I fear it will) to wean you from your mad propensity; or, in the slightest degree, to convince you of the folly and the hopelessness of your pursuit (and, indeed, I have but little reliance on its efficacy); send it, O Frederick! to where the poor remains of your fortune are fast proceeding—irrecoverably, and for evermore, to repose at the bottom of the Thames!

You are wrong, good reader, indeed you are. Putting out of the question the ground afforded for your opinion by his astonishing freaks on Westminster Bridge, my friend is *not* a madman, he is *not* an idiot. He is a man of good, sound, practical sense, by whose counsel I would willingly be guided in any case of difficulty which might baffle or perplex my own judgment. His learning is profound, his reading various and extensive; his taste is exquisite, his manners are polished and refined. Yet are all those qualities and advantages insufficient to prevent his nightly visits to that fatal bridge! He once had a choice collection of pictures: he has thrown every one of them into the Thames! His bronzes, his marbles, his medals, and his coins, are all given to the insatiable river. Bills, bonds, and mortgages; nay, trees, houses,

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land,—no matter for the *form* of the property—there it all goes, all, all, all!

Thank'ee, *courteous* reader; but I am *not* attempting to amuse you with an absurd rhapsody. However, since I perceive you are—excuse the coarseness of the term—a matter-of-fact person, I must abandon the figurative, and “speak by the card.” My friend, then, is an incorrigible gamester. For Westminster Bridge, read a certain house in St. James's; for the Thames, a green-baize table; for little fishes, great sharks; and, these substitutions admitted, I insist on it that I have stated his case with an exactness that would satisfy a mathematician. The end is, and *must be*, the same: why, then, quarrel respecting the means?

Again! How can I presume to call a medley of stars, dashes, &c. an Essay on the fatal Consequences of Gaming? If you persist in cavilling at trifles; if you are resolved not to see that which is as clear as the sun at noon-day—I mean, when that phenomenon was observable in London about three weeks ago—we never shall arrive at an understanding. I am a rigid utilitarian, and (in the present instance) I write with a moral purpose. As much as I conceive is requisite to be done in order to produce positive good, so much will I do—no more. Away then with tropes, figures, flowery phrases, and well-turned periods; pass we the pathetic and sink the sublime; no, not even the matter-of-course rhetorical flourish about heart-broken wives and starving children—the last refuge of your vulgar moralist—shall be perpetrated by my pen. Let me repeat, that I write not for mere effect, but with an honest desire to be useful: my object is to “keep a gamester from the dice;” and I appeal to the experience of thousands whether that object is not quite as likely to be accomplished by my compendious work, as by any the longest, the wisest, the most eloquent, the most persuasive, that ever issued from the head or heart of philosopher, moralist, or divine.

Who ever thought of relieving a poor creature suffering under hydrophobia by preaching to him a sermon “On the enormity of allowing oneself to be bitten by a mad dog?” Who in his senses would expect, by serious remonstrance, to cure a patient afflicted with madness next in degree to it—with that disease of the mind which, for want of a better term, I shall take the liberty to call confirmed gamblomania! The attempt were hopeless. The poor deluded being is not its master but its slave: his disease is as a passion too strong for his control: as a craving which his nature cannot resist. The confirmed gamester who stakes his guinea, and another, and another, in the hope of retrieving hundreds lost, is, like the lunatic who shows you the bits of straw which he is, presently, to convert into gold—an object more deserving our pity than our contempt. But not only is he invulnerable to solemn exhortation; ridicule, which, in most other cases is effective, falls powerless upon him. What then can be done to save him? Nothing—nothing. When the passion, or, rather, the mania, has fairly taken hold, it is never to be eradicated. Nothing but the loss of his last shilling, and his total inability to procure another, will either induce or compel the confirmed gamester to abstain from risking *one stake more*. Even then, after all is lost, you may see him pale, haggard, woe-begone, like a spectre, haunting the scene of his ruin: and with the experience of

many a hither night to counsel him of the hopelessness of the pursuit, still indulging in mad and infallible schemes for the recovery of his losses, should Fortune ever again bestow on him a guinea. "Sir," said an elderly Frenchman to me (an entire stranger) one night at Frascati, "Sir, I have discovered a system by which I can, infallibly, break the tables."—"Sir," replied I, "I wish you joy of it: for my own part, I never play."—"Sir, so confident am I of its success, that within these four months I have embarked eighteen thousand francs in the game—they are irretrievably lost, unless—really, I—Have the kindness, Sir, to lend me a couple of Napoleons for a minute or two, and you shall see me make an example of these rascally *croupiers*." Having in me too much of the milk of human kindness to assist in a scheme of such desperate revenge; and this, besides, not being the first request of the kind I had been honoured with, I declined compliance with it.

But, seriously speaking, it never was my intention to be serious on the subject of gaming: a long face is seldom an agreeable object, and, least of all, when it is exhibited to no good purpose. All I designed, in this paper, was to throw together, in a desultory way, a few anecdotes of gaming, which have occurred within my own observation. I give, as it were, the raw material: if it fail of effect in the plain shape of warning, I am convinced that no salutary result would be obtained by working it up into precept.

Though I never in my life won or lost five pounds at play, I was a frequent visiter at Frascati. I went as a looker-on, and, to confess the truth, for the purpose of indulging in the excitement occasioned by watching the various chances and changes of the game, and their effects upon those who were more seriously interested in them. To a mere observer this excitement is intense: to the player, deeply involved, it must be fearful. I remember a very old gentleman who was daily carried by his servant to the *Rouge-et-noir* table. There he sat playing from three o'clock until five, at which hour, precisely, the servant returned and carried him (for he had entirely lost the use of his legs) back to his carriage. He was a man of large fortune, and the stakes he played were not considerable; yet he was elated by every lucky *coup*, and at every reverse he gnashed his teeth and struck the table in rage. No sooner, however, was the moment for his departure arrived, than he regained his equanimity, utterly regardless as to whether he had been a winner, or a loser, by the proceedings. "I have outlived all modes of excitement," said he, "save that of gaming: it is that that takes the fastest hold on the mind and retains it the longest; my blood, but for this occasional agitation, would stagnate in my veins—I should die." Here was a man provoking this conflict of the passions simply for his diversion: bow must it be with him who sets fortune, life, honour, at stake!

Upon one occasion I, absolutely, grew giddy from anxiety whilst watching the countenance of an officer of the *Garde-Royale* who stood opposite to me, and waiting the turn of a card which was to decide whether he should, at once, return a beggar to his home, or his certain fate be deferred till a few hours, or a few nights, later. It appeared to be his last stake. The perspiration was falling from his brow, not in drops, but in a stream. He won; and a friend who accompanied him dragged him out of the room. Some nights afterwards I saw this same person

again. He was losing considerably, yet he endured his losses with apparent calmness. Once when a large stake was swept from him, he just muttered between his teeth, whilst his lips were curled with a bitter smile, "C'est bien; très bien." After this, he silently watched the game through five or six deals, but did not play. I concluded he had lost all. Suddenly and fiercely he turned to the dealer, and in a tone of voice almost amounting to a scream, he exclaimed, "C'est mon sang que vous voulez—le voilà." He, at the same time, drew from his pocket two notes of five hundred francs each, and, dashing them down on the table, he rushed into a corner of the room, hid his face, covered his ears with his hands, as if dreading to hear the announcement of the result of his speculation, and, literally, yelled aloud! It was awful! After a few seconds he returned to his place. His last stake was lost! He twice drew his handkerchief across his forehead, but he uttered not a word. Presently he asked for a glass of *eau-sucrée*, and, having swallowed it, he slowly walked away. The next morning his servant found him sitting in an arm-chair, with his sword, thrust to the very hilt, sticking in his throat.

This is not the only tale of the kind I could relate; but as they are all nearly alike in their progress, and differ in their terminations only by substituting for this extraordinary method of making an exit, poison, the pistol, or a plunge into the Seine, I consider this one sufficient for my purpose.

Yet let me not be set down as an alarmist—as one anxious to inculcate a belief that *all* confirmed gamblers terminate their career by becoming their own executioners;—such, however, I take to be the current opinion amongst those who live "remote from cities," and know nothing of what is passing within them but from hearsay. A gentleman from the north of England came to see the sights of Paris. He was on what is disagreeably termed the *wrong* side, but which, for the sake of good manners, I shall beg leave to call the *venerable* side, of sixty. He had for the greater part of his life inhabited one large town, which was Newcastle; and he had frequently, in the course of it, visited one large city, and that was Durham. He came to Paris, therefore, with a mind admirably blank for the reception of a strong impression of its wonders. Of the *Palais-Royal*, its play-houses, its coffee-houses, its eating-houses, its gaming-houses, &c. and of the amusements and the horrors therein enjoyed and perpetrated, he had heard much; and had formed of the place a notion most amusingly extravagant. Scarcely had he swallowed his first dinner when he begged I would show him the *Palais-Royal*. Thither we went. It was evening, and the place was at its gayest. The *cafés* and shops were all illuminated; music burst upon us from the *Salons* above and from the cellars beneath; and the garden and arcades were thronged to a degree which would have satisfied a cockney. Yet Mr. — gazed about him with an air of disappointment. He asked which were the gaming-houses. "There," said I, pointing to a row of windows, "there is one." He took a seat immediately in front of the building. I left him; and, returning in about half-an-hour, found him still there, his eyes intently fixed on the windows. "Are you *surc*," said he, doubtfully, "that that is a gaming-house?" I told him, the place being public, he might convince himself by entering. To this he objected,



on the ground that he should not like to be close to any one when he *did it*. I imagined he meant no more than that he did not care to see play. Presently a window was thrown open, apparently for the purpose of airing the room. "Now, now!" cried Mr. —, "now he's coming!" But nobody came, nor could I clearly comprehend who it was my old friend expected. At length the drums beat for clearing the garden, and we withdrew. It was manifest he had suffered a grievous disappointment. After a few minutes' silence, he said: "I trust you have not been fooling me. I have been *credibly informed* that it is no uncommon thing to see two or three of those unhappy wretches, when they have lost their all, toss themselves out of window; and that, if you are there but early enough in the morning, you may be sure of finding five or six of them dangling from the balustrades. Between ourselves, *that* is chiefly what I came to Paris to see."—Now; although I am satisfied that the gaming-houses contribute largely to the *Morgue*,\* yet, for the consolation of all fathers whose sons are incurably addicted to play, I declare that I have known some confirmed gamblers who have lived on to a very disreputable old age. I saw the Chevalier de C— (a descendant of the once-celebrated romance-writer) when he was nearly ninety. The mode of life of this old man was singular. He had lost a princely property by the scheme which my poor friend Frederick is still pursuing. By a piece of good fortune, of rare occurrence to gamblers, and oh! unparalleled generosity! the proprietors of the *Salon* allowed him a pension to support him in his miserable senility—just sufficient to supply him with a wretched lodging, bread, and a change of raiment once in every three or four years! In addition to this he was allowed a supper (which was his dinner) at the gaming-house. Thither, at about eleven at night, he went. Till supper-time (two) he amused himself in watching the games and calculating the various chances, although he was destitute of the means of playing a single coup. At four he returned to his lodging, retired to bed, and lay till between nine and ten on the following night. A cup of coffee was then brought to him; and, having dressed himself, at the usual hour, he again proceeded to the *Salon*. This had been his round of life for several years; and he told me that during all that time (excepting on a few mornings about Midsummer) he had not beheld the sun!

Perhaps the most unhappy event that can befall a person who visits the gaming-table for the first time is that he should retire from it a winner. There appears so little reason why that which has already so easily been done, should not with equal facility be repeated, that it is all but a certainty the fortunate player will make the attempt. I strolled one night with a friend into Frascati. He was no player any more than myself; however, he threw out a bait of three or four Napoleons to Lady Fortune; she was kind; and, in less than hour, his pockets were crammed with gold. He wisely resolved to march off with the spoil, and, in that laudable intention, desired the dealer to exchange his gold for notes. After receiving four-thousand-five-hundred francs in paper, there still remained three unlucky Napoleons. "Let's see what I can do with these," cried F—. He lost them. That was

\* The melancholy receptacle for the bodies of those who are found dead in the streets, or in the river, and where they remain till claimed by their relatives or friends.

provoking. Resolved to recover them, he changed one of his notes—then another. In less than ten minutes he left the room without a franc in his purse. Reflecting on the *difficulty* only of quitting the gaming-table a winner, he never played again.—The fate of poor G——m is remembered by many. He was one of the most estimable men I ever knew. In him were combined the best qualities both of head and heart: he was sensible, witty, good-humoured, benevolent. With these qualifications, and one other which seldom operates to a man's disadvantage—a clear income of three thousand a-year—the best society in Paris was open to him. He had been a visiter in that capital about a month, when he received an invitation to one of the splendid dinners given, weekly, at the *Salon*. As he never played, he hesitated about the propriety of accepting it; but, on the assurance that it would not be expected of him that he should play, and, moreover, as he might not again have so good an opportunity of visiting an establishment of the kind, for the satisfaction of his curiosity he went. He had a few stray Napoleons in his purse: to throw them—just for the good of the house, as he considered it—could hardly be called play, so he threw them. Poor fellow! he left off a winner of fourteen hundred Napoleons. There is no harm in fourteen hundred Napoleons—and so easily won! He went again—and again; but he was not always a winner. The end of poor G——m was by no means of so romantic a character as that of the officer of the *Garde-Royale*, which I have related; therefore to notice it after that may, perhaps, be considered an instance of bathos.—Within fifteen months of the moment his hand first grasped the dice-box, he was lying dead in a gaol.

But the termination of poor, foolish B——w's career is still more contemptible—it is ludicrous. This young gentleman, being a fool of the first water, and possessing a property of about four hundred a-year, strutted and swaggered about the good city of Paris, as a foolish young gentleman has an undoubted right to do. He disdained to creep into a gaming-house with half-a-crown in his hand; no; he went into Frascati, dash, with five hundred pounds, resolved at once to break the tables. At one period of the evening he was in a fair way of carrying his threat into execution, being a winner of thirty-eight thousand francs (about 1600*l.*); he, then, somewhat abated the ferocity of his first intention, and declared that he should be satisfied, for that night, as soon as he had made his thirty-eight an even forty; he walked home without a shilling. He reiterated this unfeeling experiment against the devoted tables with terrific rancour. Now, when it comes to a decided struggle, and one party is fully bent on destroying the other, it is tolerably evident that, in the end, one of the two must come off second best. How it fared with the tables will readily be guessed; but the gallant assailant may now be seen brandishing a yard measure behind a linen-draper's counter in — Street.

*Break the Tables?* A paltry private fortune—paltry however large—carried up, in *driblets*, to contend against a joint-stock of wealth enormous! Send a body of a hundred men, in detachments of five or ten at a time, to annihilate a compact army of a hundred thousand!—Blockheads!

*Calculations?* It is notorious to you that the calculations are already made, greatly, and confessedly, in favour of the brick wall against

which you are sapiently knocking your heads.\* But you are right: you expect that the whole doctrine of chances will be subverted in favour of your own especial schemes.—Dolts!

*Systems?* Observe two players on opposite sides of the table. Each has his infallible system by which he *must* win. Playing on opposite sides, the card which is favourable to one, must, of necessity, be fatal to the other: yet mark the air of security with which *both* (playing on infallible systems) place their money on the board! Can one conceive an act exceeding this for deliberate stupidity!—Idiots!

Talking with H—— C——, (a gentleman well known in the sporting world,) of the obvious absurdity of *systems* for winning at games of pure chance—"If I were resolved to win," said I, "I should go very soberly with a hundred Napoleons, and be content with winning one." "That would never do," was his reply; "you should go, very drunk, with one Napoleon, resolved to win a hundred."

In a personal conflict between two men of equal stature, strength, and skill, of whom the one is irritable and impatient, whilst the other is cool and collected, the victory must be with the latter. Now, ye profound calculators, ye ingenious system-mongers, admitting your theories to be as rational as, in fact, they are absurd; admitting that you encounter your antagonists on equal terms, instead of conceding, as you do, weighty odds in their favour—there is still against you this one tremendous point, sufficient in itself for your destruction: according to the various turns of the game, *you* are elated, depressed, irritated, perplexed; your systems—your calculations—where are they?—**THE TABLE HAS NO PASSIONS!**

O, thou, the venerable father, whose son evinces a propensity for — But, begging your pardon, I must postpone my solemn address to you till another opportunity. I have an anecdote *apropos* of fathers, which, if I relate it not now, may be lost to the world for ever. In the meantime, for any serious purpose, see my Essay.—It is not long ago that a certain gentleman was sitting, *tête-à-tête*, with a friend, at wine. "See here," said the former; "here is a letter from the tutor of that foolish boy of mine, at Paris. He tells me that Tom has lost nine thousand pounds at play. What a sum! I'll never forgive him."—"Pounds!" exclaimed his friend, on looking at the letter; "Nine thousand *livres*; not *livres*-sterling, but ten-pences."—"What! only ten-pences? Hurra! fill your glass! I'll give him leave to lose as many ten-pences as he likes." P<sup>o</sup>.

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\* Their splendid mansions, thrown open, free of expense, to all visitors; their dinners, suppers, and balls, gratuitously provided; a tax of many thousands paid annually to Government for permission to hold the tables:—is it out of *their own losses, or your's*, ye deep calculators, that the contractors derive the means of defraying these enormous expenses?

## FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES, NO. V.

SCENE—*Hogsnorton House.*

MR. MRS. AND MISS HUM.

*Miss Hum.*

Oh, winter in Brighton, in Regency-square,  
 Oh, winter in Brighton, the Court will be there !  
 'Tis not for *myself* that I ask it—oh no,  
 'Tis for *dear* papa's health that I'm anxious to go.

*Mrs. Hum.*

My dear she is right, you should really arrange  
 Some party of pleasure—you *do* want a change ;  
 For *you* just at present this place is too dull,  
 Do winter at Brighton, for Brighton is full.

*Mr. Hum.*

Oh, don't think of moving for *my* sake, my dear,  
 You're really *too* anxious—I'm very well here.

*Miss Hum.*

Well! oh, my dear father! excuse me, you're wrong  
 To sport with my feelings—go look at your tongue.

*Mrs. Hum.*

*Well!* oh, my dear husband, you cannot disguise  
 That terrible yellowness under your eyes!

*Mr. Hum.*

Begone, ye two birds of ill omen! I see  
 Through this sensitive, anxious attention to *me*.  
*If I am* so delicate, why should I hear  
 The noise that the sea makes at this time of year?  
*You, Miss, and you, Madam, are* trying by stealth  
 To coax me to Brighton, by talking of health.  
 I know what *you* want, *Miss!* and *you, Madam, too—*  
 You want a gay season—yes, both of you do.

*Miss Hum.*

Papa, you're unkind, but I scorn to complain,  
 In Hogsnorton House I'm content to remain;  
 I *did* think the moving might do you some good—  
 No matter—my motives are misunderstood.  
 But even suppose that I *did* want a change  
 From stupid Hogsnorton, I'm sure it's not strange  
 You don't want to see me establish'd in life!  
 Who'd come to Hogsnorton to look for a wife?

*Mrs. Hum.*

Don't talk to your father—sweet girl, it's no use,  
 He deems *my* solicitude all an excuse!  
 I've nursed him, and watch'd him, and now he imputes  
 —No matter—I'm silent, but all men *are* brutes!  
 He deems me deceitful, you heard what he said,  
 He'll be sorry enough perhaps when I am dead!

*Mr. Hum.*

Maria, don't cry! Leonora, for shame—  
Ask any soul breathing if I am to blame!  
At Hogsorton House there's my leather arm-chair,  
So cozy and snug—(only look at it there!)  
And then there's my cellar, my genuine wine—  
Without my old sherry I really can't dine:  
This house, too, is snug—and, pray, why should I lighten  
My purse for a gingerbread mansion at Brighton?  
Where, sleepless, you hear the perpetual din  
Of the tide going out, or the tide coming in.

*Mrs. Hum.*

Nay, dearest, don't say so—the lodging *shan't* be  
In one of the terraces facing the sea;  
You'll sleep undisturb'd, love, in Regency-square;  
—And how *could* you think I'd forget the arm-chair?  
I plann'd that all nicely, my dear; *if* we went,  
It was by the van to be carefully sent;  
And then too the wine, love, (*how* odd you and I  
Should think of the *very* same things, by the by!)  
Your genuine sherry I meant to have placed  
In bampers—you see, dear, I study your taste.

*Miss Hum.*

And, dearest papa, you and I will walk out,  
(You'll lean on my arm, and a fig for the gout);  
You'll go to the library every day  
And read all the papers in such a snug way;  
And don't you remember the shop on the Steyne?  
The pastrycook's shop kept by Phillips, I mean,  
The shop where you used to eat soup?

*Mr. Hum.*

Very true,  
I almost can fancy I smell it—can't you?

*Mrs. Hum.*

Yes, love, so delicious! And then, too, the chat  
And the whist at Sir Robert's—you don't forget *that*?

*Mr. Hum.*

The whist? oh, that *was* very pleasant!

*Mrs. Hum.*

Yes, very!—  
Shall Simpson have orders to pack up the sherry?

*Mr. Hum.*

Egad!—but you're *certain* Sir Robert is there?

*Mrs. Hum.*

Ob, positive—when shall we pack the arm-chair?

*Mr. Hum.*

I went there last year by the doctor's advice—  
That mulligatawny is certainly nice—  
The sherry may travel, 'tis true—and the chair—  
But Simpson must pack it with very great care.  
I think it *may* do me some good—so I'll write  
To Parsons to take me a lodging to-night.

[*Exit.*

## Fashionable Eclogues.

*Mrs. Hum.*

There! did I not manage him well? I declare,  
Whilst I live, I shall doat on that darling arm-chair;  
A lucky idea, was it not?—and the wine?

*Miss Hum.*

Yes, mamma; and the soup was a good hit of *mine*.

*Mrs. Hum.*

And the whist at Sir Robert's! the whist and the chat!

*Miss Hum.*

Sir Robert's in France, mamma—

*Mrs. Hum.*

Never mind that—  
We'll vow we expected to meet him, and then  
We'll soon find out two or three humdrum old men.

*Miss Hum.*

And now, dear mamma, you're aware that I want  
A bonnet and gown.

*Mrs. Hum.*

No, Maria, you can't—  
You really *can't* have a new bonnet, my dear;  
You've worn that so little I gave you last year;  
Your gowns, too, *must* serve for the present.

*Miss Hum.*

You *cannot* help sending to Carson. Ah! no—

*Mrs. Hum.*

Why so?

*Miss Hum.*

Oh, really, mamma, though *you* do not *want* dress  
To set off *your* figure and face, I confess,  
Yet still I *did* see *such* a hat and pelisse,  
They'd suit *you* exactly, I never *shall* cease  
To wish that you had them! Cerulean blue!  
Send for them to please your Maria, pray do.

*Mrs. Hum.*

My amiable daughter! I cannot refuse  
To send up to Carson,—What gown will you choose?  
I'll order the blue for myself—and I think  
*Your* bonnet, my darling, had better be pink. T. H. B.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD UMBRELLA.

Of all the inventions which have been promulgated for the benefit of society, there is one, which, though it has now become the "familiar creature of man," I yet hold in utter detestation; this invention is no other than that of the *umbrella*. I stop not to inquire when or by whom its origin was perpetrated; my design is to record the many inconveniences, not to say absolute calamities, which it has occasioned. There are few people in the world who have not, at some time or other, experienced the numerous *désagrémens* which arise from having an umbrella mislaid, or stolen, or exchanged, or broken; who have not felt the annoyance of carrying one in a crowded street, on the roof of a stage-coach, in a narrow passage, or in a high wind; few there are who have not deplored the miraculous disappearance of "a very nice umhrella, quite new, only bought it last week;" very few who have not suffered, or at least been put in bodily fear from the dangerous manner in which some delight to carry this odious instrument; indeed, I remember hearing of a work which was published a few years ago "On the Art of Carrying the Umhrella," with plates illustrative of the various modes of incommoding foot-passengers, which the bearer could at pleasure inflict on whomsoever he chose. Yet amongst all these varieties I question if it has fallen to the lot of many people to be so pestered with an umbrella as I have been for the last *ten* years. And the cause for which I have suffered is different in almost every respect from those grievances which I have detailed; the principal arises from the fact of having always had *my umbrella returned*. Like the parents of Tom Thumb, to lose it I have been unable, whether from accident or design; and, to change the simile, it has haunted me as closely as ever the Bleeding Nun of Lindenberg pursued the unfortunate Raymond. The origin of this evil may be traced to a source which has often produced similar results,—I mean, a false idea of economy. In the year 1819 I was loitering one afternoon down Sloane-street, the weather was cloudy, and numerous signs portended a heavy shower, if not a succession of wet weather. At this critical moment my eye was attracted by the labels on a thousand different articles in a window, all of which were indications that I stood in front of what is technically termed "a *cheap shop*." I looked mechanically and listlessly at the great display of bargains which so many thrifty housekeepers consider as a piece of the greatest economy and foresight to buy, and lay up *for ever*, and was in the act of turning to call a coach to save me from the rain which now began to fall, when it struck me that the necessity might be obviated by the purchase of an umbrella, "which," said I to myself, "may he had here, I perceive, for almost nothing, and a very trifling addition to the price of the coach-hire, will put me in possession of a new umbrella, which will be *always mine*; whereas a coach——" It was useless to pursue the argument farther; I decided immediately, and entered the shop: Alas! little did I dream of the kind of *constant* companion I was about to acquire. The shopman smirked as he replied to my demand, and immediately produced a host of the required objects; silk of all colours, and cotton of all descriptions. "If I buy a silk one," thought I, "the chances are I shall lose it in three days; besides, I came in here from economy," so like

Bassanio in his choice of the caskets, I incontinently rejected the more precious material. I turned, therefore, to the modest cotton, which, though the shopman but a moment before had depreciated, in the idea that I was about to buy a silk one, now became the theme of his praise, as he saw my intention was irrevocably fixed on being the proprietor of a "gingham." It is needless to dwell on what he said; how he praised its durability, its impermeability, and its capability; one would have thought the whole essence of art had been concentrated into one focus to produce this phoenix of *parapluies*: a willing mind is easily persuaded, but had I been ever so much averse from making the purchase, his eloquence would have wrought a change in my determination. In an unlucky hour I therefore assented to his proposition, and chose me out a dark-green cotton umbrella, with a brass tip, and a curiously-carved, black wooden handle, representing a rude attempt at the human face. "No matter for the ornament," said I; "utility is all I care about: it looks very neat too," I added, "and is well worth the money." The money! how much does it enter into any one's imagination to suppose! "Tell me the gross sum!" I blush to confess it was only—*three and ten-pence!* At the same time, I recollect, I felt nothing but elation; I was much in the frame of mind of Peter Pindar's *Hodge* after securing the razors, "twelve for eighteen-pence;" but unlike his, my bargain was susceptible of immediate trial before the vender's eyes, and opening it with a joyful snap, I boldly sallied out into the street to put it to the test. I had a long walk before me, and had ample means of observing its powers of resistance, and the result was perfectly satisfactory. I was then but young in life, and examined every thing through a medium which time has since taught me to distrust. I was pleased with my acquisition, and thought I should never be less so. For this was my general principle—to congratulate myself on being always satisfied in the first instance. Times have changed since then, and now I never feel so much annoyed as when, on reflecting on any new acquaintance I may have formed, or any new pursuit I may have adopted, to find that I feel disposed to like either. One is always sure to be deceived.

My old umbrella is a living witness of the truth of this deduction. For the first week after my purchase, it was all *couleur de rose*: my umbrella was serviceable to myself and friends, was never out of the way when wanted, and when not in use was always to be seen retaining its slim perpendicular beside the large clock which divided, with a few chairs and clothes-pegs, the dominion over the hall. By degrees the gloss, which gave a factitious lustre to the exterior, was washed away; and the novelty of my bargain having been superseded by some other consideration, I no longer looked upon my new umbrella with the eyes of absolute affection with which I had at first regarded it. Less attention being devoted to it on my part, it gradually sunk in general estimation; and it not unfrequently happened that a servant in a hurry would possess himself for a moment of the hitherto cherished stranger, and running out on some short errand in the rain, would return and leave it to dry as it best might in the aforesaid hall. Impunity produced corresponding liberties; and finding that little notice was taken of its occasional disappearance, in an incredibly short time it became the back of the whole house. There were several reasons for this besides those I have mentioned. In the first place, I began to be tired of



being always seen with my new accompaniment; and as I dread nothing so much as a nickname, I was the more readily induced to lay my umbrella aside from the dread of being called "the man with the *gingham*," a *soubriquet* which on one occasion was actually perpetrated in my own hearing! In the next place, an old prejudice I had formerly entertained began to revive with renewed force. I hated the bore of carrying an umbrella,—it made my wrist ache—impeded my progress—interrupted my gaze into Molteno's and Colnaghi's shop-windows,—in short, was very much in my way; so pitching economy to Old Nick, I resolved rather to get wet than be at the trouble of carrying it any longer, at least in the daytime. My last reason for abandoning my umbrella to its fate resulted, I must own, from a cause which in candour I am bound not to suppress. The uses to which it had been subjected "within a little month" had tended to anything rather than an improvement in its appearance. Saturated as it had so often been by its frequent exposure to foul weather, the brightness of its green had wofully abated; it soon lost the graceful symmetry which had at first distinguished it, and, like all who imbibe an extra quantity of fluid, began gradually to fatten and swell, till its very clumsiness precluded the idea of my countenancing a character "so deboshed." It was with difficulty the brass ring could be made to slide over the bent whalebone; several stains appeared on its coat, and the ferrule assumed a very rakish and dented appearance; so that, except the weather was actually *very bad*, I rarely took it in my hand. I was also influenced in a slight degree in not continuing my familiarity towards it, by observing how little store was set upon it by every member of the family, servants and all. Its history was soon known, and every one thought himself justified in using it as he pleased. Spenser has eloquently described the power of mutability over the actions of men; my old umbrella suffered amongst the many who have lamented its "sovereign sway," and perhaps it is only an act of retributive justice that I have suffered so much mental irritation on account of the neglected *gingham*. Neglected, however, it was; yet there were moments when a pang, as it were, of compunction would smite me, and overcoming at the same time my own natural antipathy, and braving the sneers of the world, I armed myself with my umbrella,—no longer "new"—and sallied forth in the face of day. To be sure, the merit of this action was generally counterbalanced by the necessity that existed for it, as I cannot call to mind having ever provided myself with my quondam friend, without having previously made myself almost morally certain that it would rain all the time I continued from home.

One afternoon, however, I was deceived in my calculations; but as it was the first of a chain of events which gave me serious cause of annoyance, I shall more particularly detail it. Business required me to leave home on one of those days of spring when we calculate upon rain with nearly as much certainty as daylight. As yet it had not come down, but the lowering, spongy appearance of the clouds very plainly indicated what was to be expected. Passing through the hall, I observed my umbrella reclining, pensively it seemed, against the wall. "It will rain, of course," said I, "so I may as well have the benefit of my dingy purchase, for I shall meet nobody." We went out, therefore, hand-in-hand, and fate ordained that for the first half-hour I should

encounter none of my acquaintance. To my dismay, I then perceived that the skies were beginning to brighten, the clouds dispersed, and presently the sun shone out. It was too late now to retreat, so on I strode, internally venting my spleen against my innocent companion for having deceived myself: such is the way of the world! Every one knows that, in England, if the sun does shine in spring, not an individual who can crawl but comes out to bask in its beams: so it befell on the present occasion. I believe I encountered more people I knew on this day than during the whole preceding month. In vain I tried to hurry past them with merely a nod, or a brief exclamation; no, every one would stop me, and talk without having any thing to say. A dozen times did I endure the fatal pause, when having exhausted every common-place topic of weather and health, each looks round him for something else to say before the final good-morning, and not a soul of them but invariably fixed his eyes on my shabby green umbrella. I tried to render it as unobtrusive as possible, but still it seemed to possess the rattlesnake property of fascination. Twelve times did I writhe beneath the infliction, and as often prayed that perdition might catch the unhappy umbrella,—“for I did hate it.” At length I reached the Park, and having wider scope, I manfully pushed forward on my mission, no longer tortured, like Orestes, with the dread of the pursuing Eumenides. My business detained me longer than I expected, or rather the numerous interruptions I experienced had made me later than I thought. It would shorten my walk to go through Kensington Gardens, and, fatally for my peace of mind, I entered the hallowed precincts. Why do I dwell on these minute particulars?

Oh, I but thus prolong'd my words, because  
As I approach the core of my heart's grief——”

enough,—to the point. I was pursuing my way through one of the dark walks which, in fine weather, are so delightful, and had the path entirely to myself. No one appeared in sight, and, as I sauntered along, I gazed on my umbrella, comparing its discoloured hue with that of the dark green moss which, blackened by the rain, still clung to the damp wall. The April skies began at this moment, though somewhat of the latest, to fulfil their threatening predictions, and I unhesitatingly opened my *parapluie* to defend myself from the showers. In doing so the brass ring, which I have before alluded to, broke from the string which confined it, and rolled along my path. I followed quickly, and stooped to recover it. It was of no use to tie it on again, so I slid it quietly into my pocket. As I did so I raised my head, and perceived a man in green advancing towards me whom I had not previously observed. He was a ranger of the Gardens, “sworn to keep the King's greenwood,” and had probably been sheltered behind a tree. He seemed to be coming directly up to me, as if to address me, and surprised at his doing so, I unconsciously faltered in my gait. This, as I judged by the sequel, reassured him in his idea. He stopped directly in front of me, and, without farther preliminary, demanded,

“What was that you put in your pocket, Sir?”

“Pocket!” exclaimed I in astonishment, “why what should it be?”

“Come, come, Sir,” said he, “you must answer my question; we know why folks walk in these dark walks in the rain immediately after fine weather.”

"Upon my word," replied I, "if you do, you must possess a better key to people's tastes than I have."

"No nonsense, Sir," answered the ranger, "you must give me what you picked up—it's a general rule to deposit every thing that's found here at the Garden-gate with us."

I hardly know whether I felt more amused at the fellow's mistake, or annoyed at his impudence; one thing I was resolved on, which was not to satisfy his enquiry, so, looking fiercely at him, I desired him to stand back and let me pass.

"No, Sir," said he, "I shan't till you've shown me what that was?"

"A likely thing," I exclaimed, "that I am to empty my pockets to satisfy your impertinent curiosity! Pray who are you, that you should stop me in this manner? let me pass, fellow, I am desirous to leave the gardens."

"I dare say you are, my shy cock; but if you don't know who I am, perhaps this will tell you—I'm not only ranger, but special constable."

So saying, he displayed his official baton. The thing was now carried too far for a joke, and I began to get in "a towering passion." Pulling out the luckless ring from my pocket, I exclaimed, "You impertinent ruffian, this is what I picked up, it fell from my own umbrella; now stop me if you dare!"

The fellow seemed but half satisfied; he allowed me, however, to pass, but muttered something in which I plainly distinguished the words which had been floating all day in my own sensorium. "Shabby" and "umbrella," were all I could make out, but they were quite enough to madden me with rage—I turned short round, in a twinkling the umbrella was closed, and, for once, it did me "yeoman's service," by stretching the ranger at his length on the green sward. I waited no longer, but took to my heels with precipitation, and was out of sight and had passed the gate before he recovered to pursue and give the alarm. I hardly remember how I reached home, nor why I did not hurl the cause of the insult I had received, far, far into the Serpentine, "where fathom-line could never reach the ground." I did, notwithstanding, bring it safe home, but speedily consigned it to its former oblivion, internally resolving that no consideration should again tempt me to employ its services. The next day I was gratified by observing in the papers a detailed and exaggerated account of a "daring outrage" which had been committed on the person of one of the rangers of Kensington Gardens; the account was, however, so distorted as well as to the facts as in the description of the offender, that I had little dread of being recognised; in one point the rascal had adhered to truth—his description of the umbrella was perfect. How my face glowed when I read the account! to be the owner of a machine so vilified! That temptation might not again betray me into error, I went on purpose to a famous shop in the Strand, where I bought a new brown silk umbrella, for which I paid seven times the amount of the unhappy gingham—it survived the purchase only a few days, being stolen from me in Westminster Hall, I make no doubt by a lawyer. In the mean time the old green cotton remained a perfect fixture. How vain are the resolutions of man, except they have for guarantee something stronger than the mere ebullitions of passion! It is useless to dwell on the many resolves I made at different times never again to touch the vile instrument I have so often execrated—like the slave in Prior's tale:—

“ Abra was ready ere I called her name,  
 And when I called another, Abra came.”

Accident made me break my vow nearly as regularly as it was made, and each time it was attended with some calamitous consequence. Once turning a corner in a violent hurry, I dashed the end of my umbrella through one of Mr. Hamlet's large plate-glass windows—this was more expensive than the price of a new silk one would have been, and the gingham saw not the daylight for at least two months afterwards. On another occasion I nearly involved myself in a duel, from being too energetic in the applause I was bestowing on a favourite actor; to heighten the sense I felt of the tragedian's excellence I hammered away on the floor with as much energy as Addison's trunk-maker, though not like him in the right place, for in my enthusiasm I lost my aim, and inflicted several severe blows on the heels of a tall fierce-looking whiskered man in silk stockings, who was sitting in front of me. The culprit in this instance was, as usual, my old umbrella. Being one night somewhat under *vinous* influence, and unluckily accompanied by my evil genius, I joined a merry party in “scouring the hundred,” and, in the language of the day, participated in the art of “flooring a Charley.” In the latter enormity, mine was the deed which was sworn to next morning before the magistrate, when, after passing a night in the watch-house, we were summoned to receive the sentence of one of the metropolitan oracles. In evidence of the fact, my old green umbrella was produced (minus the tip), as the weapon which had inflicted the breach of the peace complained of. In vain I denied the paternity, in the hope that I should at least get rid of a follower, as troublesome as Sinbad's old man of the sea; the watchmen were obstinate, and the magistrate peremptory; so, after compounding with Justice in the usual manner, I retreated homewards, with my umbrella *restored!* Three times I formed the design of losing it, and for this purpose twice left it at the houses of friends, whose servants, in both instances, returned it me next day, as if they were ashamed of giving it houseroom. The remark made each time was flattering to my pride: “I *knew* it was *your's*, Sir, so took care nobody else should get it.” I gained nothing by this; for the servant who brought it back always expected remuneration for his trouble, which I could not avoid giving. The third time, I thought I had done the business most effectually—I left it on the top of a stagecoach. I had, unfortunately, been very communicative with the guard, which made him resolve “to do the civil thing by me.” For ten days I heard nothing of my umbrella, and was beginning to feel myself a man again, when a ticket-porter arrived with—*my fate*, and “Whatever your honour pleases.” From that hour, I abandoned all attempts in favour of or against the article. But time and ill-usage gradually produced their effect; the carved black head, which was originally its boast, began to totter on its throne; being only fastened with glue, “the wonder was it had endured so long;” it was evidently loosened. Often and often have I been interrupted in a gloomy evening-walk by some officious person stepping up to me and exclaiming, “I think this fell from you, Sir—the head of your umbrella, I believe?” A bow and a forced hysterical grin were the only thanks I could offer for his thus discovering “the nakedness of the land.” At length the head disappeared in good earnest, and like Achilles' myrmidons,

"noseless, headless, hack'd, and chipp'd," it remained a worn-out pensioner, whom it would have been cruelty to discharge.

I am unused to metaphysical disquisitions, or I might perhaps find a reason in the perversity of our nature and affections in still permitting the cause of so much heart-burning to retain its place near me. Enough that years rolled by, and still its destiny seemed linked with mine. Circumstances at length obliged me to leave England, and prepare for a journey on the Continent. My mind was more occupied by subjects of real interest, and it was little wonder that I should completely lose sight of that, which long useless, had latterly always inspired aversion. I mounted the Dover coach, which was crowded with passengers; the coachman had just assumed the whip; the words, "All right!" were issuing from the mouth of the guard, when cries of "Stop! stop!" were heard in vociferous accents. The Jehu pulled up with a muttered anathema, which was echoed by the guard, and all eyes were turned towards a figure who advanced rapidly, holding something aloft in the air, which my intuitive glance at once recognized as being "*the old umbrella*." Despair gave me the calmness of a stoic. I stretched forth my hand, and my fingers once more closed upon the hated cotton. How gladly could I at the moment have thrust it down the throat of the panting messenger of evil, whom this time I failed indeed to reward otherwise, than by mentally cursing by all the gods he did or did not worship. We soon reached Dover, and set sail with a fine breeze and dashing sea across the Channel. I had been up and awake all night, and when I reached Calais and passed the custom-house, was glad to repose quietly in my hotel till the coach was ready to set off for Boulogne, where I proposed remaining a few weeks. Fatigued and sleepy, I left every thing to the care of the "commissionaire," and when I examined my baggage next morning, I found I had left two things behind at Meurice's—a new military cloak and *my old umbrella!* The former I could not afford to lose, so wrote a note to the proprietor, omitting all mention of the *parapluie*. By the return of the telegraph, I received *both* the absentees. I have now been some months resident in Paris; in this gay city people are at liberty to do just as they please, so the *parapluie* has again been brought into play, and many sous have I paid at libraries, museums, and exhibitions for giving it standing-room. Whenever I have met any English people of my acquaintance, I have invariably muttered something, by way of apology, about having "borrowed the porter's umbrella," and tried to look as unconcerned as possible. Yesterday, it rained cats and dogs, and having taken refuge in an omnibus, near the Jardin des Plantes, I left it behind, determined this time to leave no clue to my discovery—and now, thank God! it's lost for ever. Here, therefore, after ten years' suffering, I close the history of my old umbrella.

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I had written thus far, and was about to add my initials to the sheet, when the porter came up-stairs. He has a brother in the police, who knows every one's address in Paris, gentle or simple. He held in his hand—*my old umbrella!* D. C.

## THE LAST GUY FAWKES.

'Twas after supper yesternight,  
 In a vision wild and strange,  
 A mingled dream of fun and fright,  
 That, like an albatross in flight,  
 My spirit took its range.  
 And over the tops of a nation of shops\*  
 My course it seem'd to wind,  
 Till it reach'd the home of every sect,  
 And they call'd it the City of Intellect,  
 The Metropolis of Mind !  
 And through that city's streets a throng  
 Of ragged roarers rush'd along,  
 A rabble that Cruickshank could not draw,  
 Though he painted the clients in courts of law !  
 Even Falstaff's troop had there look'd clean,  
 And Bardolph's self a Brummel had been.  
 High o'er the rest I caught the gleam  
 Of a more than human thing,  
 So fierce a phantom, that my dream  
 Had almost taken wing.  
 As the mob went marching before and behind,  
 I deem'd it the "new Napoleon," Mind !  
 But as it approach'd, I saw its form :  
 Its barrel-like body with iron was strong ;  
 Its legs were faggots, that look'd full warm,  
 And its arms were torches ten feet long.  
 Its head had gone off, had it felt a rap,  
 For it seem'd to wear a percussion-cap.  
 Then a nearer view I tried to catch,  
 But wonder made me pause,  
 For I found that his nose was tipp'd like a match,  
 And I saw his lantern-jaws :  
 And his eye betray'd, as it glared like a hawk's,  
 That prince of powder, Guido Fawkes !  
 I marvell'd much how the people flock'd,  
 Like bees about a hive,  
 To worship that they once had mock'd,  
 While no man save myself seem'd shock'd  
 To see the Dead alive.  
 And they raised the rare old Spaniard high,  
 Each swearing to remember,  
 How glorious Guy was caught like a spy  
 On the fifth of a black November.  
 They placed him with care in a tawdry chair,  
 And I took him at first for the new Lord Mayor !  
 Methinks 'twere a fine, though a frightful thing,  
 To have stood by those barrels of yore,  
 When the train was laid—and surely a king  
 Ne'er had such a train before !  
 The fate of poor Guy seems too forlorn  
 To need the addition of rags and scorn.

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\* "A nation of shopkeepers."—*Bonaparte.*

But Liberal-feeling and Mind drew near,  
To welcome old Guido with chime and cheer ;  
And the loyal people that used to burn

His annual effigy, hail'd his return ;  
The very boys that hegg'd " a penny,"  
Grew grateful, and shouted as loud as any.

And the chiefs of the land came forth to sing  
A psæm, if e'er they had learnt one ;  
For they sought to bring a peace-offering  
To him who was styled the Burnt-One.

And first Lord Eldon brought a hat—  
Though, having at Windsor toss'd it  
Under his feet, it was somewhat flat ;  
But the donor said, in addition to that,  
He'd have given his wig—but he'd lost it.

I saw my Lord Elephant bustling there,  
Though tame, by no means shy ;  
And he offer'd his present—a head of hair,  
That was just the thing for a Guy.  
But this was declined ; for Guy averred  
That the ringlets made him look *too* absurd !

Then a Duke came there and presented a pair  
Of mustachios, white and thick ;  
And he offer'd to bear before the chair  
(When he got it) a Golden Stick. .

Then Charles the Tenth to the dust how'd down,  
And took off his hat though it had no crown ;  
He placed upon Guy a fine hair-shirt,  
And said it was warranted not to hurt.

Guy liked it not, for it pierced him through ;  
When Sir Francis Burdett, quite placid,  
Presented a cordial—yet scarcely knew  
If 'twas water or prussic-acid.

And Ahernethy produced a book  
That cur'd, ere look'd at twice !  
While " St. John's self," unahash'd in look,  
Push'd forward, and gave—his advice.

'Twas given in vain : for this curer of pain  
(Guy Fawkes could not dissemble)  
On the ground was lain, by a stroke from a cane,  
That was borrow'd from Mr. Kemhle.

The patent tinder-box next was sent,  
Which the Royal Society hatches,  
And the " Morning Post " a bundle lent  
Of Fashionable Matches.

Many thousands came his acceptance to heg  
Of something in which they shone ;  
And all appear'd to make him a peg  
To hang their deformities on.

Now Intellect knew not how to provide  
For this all-aspiring spark ;  
And she thought that, if caged, he might form the pride  
Of the Gardens in the Park.

*The last Guy Fawkes.*

But she saw how the animals, too well fill'd,  
 Were all "with the best intentions" kill'd;  
 And she tried (too late) to secure him the perch  
 Of the giants at old St. Dunstan's church.

She made him a preacher, all fury and sound,  
 His eyes for new lights serving;  
 But alas! he found that the self-same ground  
 Was taken by Mr. Irving.

As he could not live on the fame of a face,  
 And the power to raise a rout,  
 He wrote to Lord Bingham to get him a place,  
 And afterwards call'd him out.

Then the children of Mind debated much,  
 In a strain unknown to peace;  
 But this was a point that none could touch,  
 Whether old Fawkes should be King of the Dutch,  
 Or Guy the First of Greece.

And Sir Robert consented to act as Sec.,  
 Though Guy were king of both;  
 While Talleyrand said, at the risk of his neck,  
 He was ready to take the oath.

All judgment then being far from clear,  
 And knowing not what to do,  
 They thought at least he would do for a Peer,  
 As Baron Bonfire—(cries of "Hear!"  
 "And a very good Baron too!")

At last they found that his talents would suit  
 The Lower House, that charms  
 Alike when noisy and when it is mute;  
 So the Refuge for the Destitute  
 Received old Guy in its arms.

Though a few were there that rose to declare  
 They would ne'er such a Member meet;  
 Yet it was but fair, as O'Connell was there,  
 That Guy should take his seat.

I know not how far the roar might reach,  
 When first old Gunpowder spoke;  
 But I'm sure he made a fiery speech,  
 For he sat between Wood and Coke.

And methought my dream as a moral was sent,  
 How Destiny drains its cup;  
 For it placed Guy Fawkes in Parliament,  
 And he nightly blew it up!

L.



## MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Mr. Hazlitt was first pointed out to me about fourteen or fifteen years ago: I was afterwards introduced to him, at the house of (I think) Mr. Charles Lamb; and during some years of my life I knew him well. He had previously been described to me as something fierce and unsocial; but I knew that, if he were so, there was also much in him of a finer quality, and I did not care to pin my faith upon others, in cases where I had an opportunity of judging for myself. It was at an exhibition (or some other public place) that I first saw him, and I remember going towards him with a mixture of curiosity and respect. I was young then and forward enough to admire "an author," whatever his pretensions might be. Time has now cured me of my indiscriminate respect for the makers of books; but it has not diminished my respect for the talents of William Hazlitt.

At the time I refer to, (it must, I think, have been in the year 1816) he was publishing, in the *Examiner*, some of his papers called "The Round Table." His name was not so extensively circulated then as it since has been; but he was, nevertheless, well known to be a first-rate critic in matters connected with art and the theatres; and by his associates, (some of them not too ready to admit the claims of literary candidates,) he was characterized as an acute and profound thinker. His countenance did not belie this opinion. His figure was indeed indifferent, and his movements shy and awkward; but there was something in his earnest irritable face, his restless eyes, his black hair, combed backwards and curling (not too resolutely) about a well-shaped head, that was very striking. They would have made an excellent picture. Had the painter whom he most loved (Titian,) been then living, he would have been well pleased to have had such a countenance whereon to exercise his art, nor would he have disdained to hand down to posterity the features of his eloquent admirer.

I may boast of having had some acquaintance with almost every eminent writer of my time. Among the very first of these I do not scruple to place—WILLIAM HAZLITT! I am sensible of his violence, his prejudices, his defects. I know that he could not have written "the Scotch Novels," the "Lyrical Ballads," nor "Don Juan." His mind was stamped with other impressions; his impulses tended another way. He had, perhaps, little imagination, or humour, though he had a keen sense of them in others: but his critical powers, when they were unfettered, and there was no personal dislike in the way, were second to none; and that he could probe a subject to its depths, and deal with questions of almost every kind, his volumes of essays and criticisms abundantly testify. He was not only a critic on poetry and painting, (both of which he understood and traced up to their subtlest beauties,) but he was also a metaphysical writer of power, and one of the most acute observers of men and manners that ever lived. His style, when he chose, was firm and clear, but he did not disdain ornament. Sometimes, indeed, he would cull all the flowers of rhetoric, and scatter his quotations freely; but this was for popularity's sake or from carelessness, not from poverty, for even when he wandered farthest from simplicity his matter was always valuable. The reader will find, amidst the filagree in which he chose sometimes to set his thoughts, morsels of

pure and solid gold. If any one, on rising from the perusals of Hazlitt's essays and criticism, should declare that he had obtained little or nothing from them, it is clear that the fault would not lie with the author. His books are full of wisdom.

I shall be justified in the opinions of his friends for saying this. Let me also be excused by his enemies. I have more than once defended some of *them* in his presence, when the current of observation was turning strong against them. Besides, he was always for a man having fair play at one time or another. Let *him* have fair play now. He resembled, it is true, all persons who meet in hostility; he sometimes saw only the adverse face of his enemies, as his enemies saw nothing but what was objectionable in him. But that he could cast aside all political feeling, all personal animosity, and do justice to the partisans of an opposite faction, is evident. There is no one who has given a greater measure of praise to the writings of Mr. Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott than he. No one has said such fine things of the unprofitable genius of Mr. Coleridge. The reputation of Mr. Wordsworth, in fact, is most indebted (next to the poet's own talents) to the criticism of Mr. Hazlitt; if he had his interlunar moments, he had many bright periods also, when he was candid, generous, and impartial. As an evidence of something better even than impartiality itself, —I remember calling upon him to admire a striking passage which occurred some years ago in Blackwood's magazine in favour of Napoleon. It was written by Mr. Lockhart or Professor Wilson, I believe, and I read it aloud to Hazlitt. "G—d!" he exclaimed, "that's good—that's fine; I forgive 'em all they've said of me." There is surely something "good," something "fine" also in this—in this sudden burying and extinction of all resentment; ay, even though it may have been revived and brought into action at some later period of his life.

... Mr. Hazlitt was the son of a dissenting minister at Wem, in Shropshire. Of his father, who sate to him, (with great patience and some little pride,) for almost his first picture, he has given a short but agreeable account in his essay "On the Pleasure of Painting." He himself was educated at the Unitarian school or college of Hackney, where he went through the usual books in classics, &c. but, though a good reasoner, when he chose, he was, I believe, no mathematician. From Hackney he returned to Shropshire, where he entered upon a desultory course of reading, limiting his attention chiefly to writers on morals and metaphysics—to Berkeley, Mandeville, Hobbes, Bacon, Edwards, Bishop Butler, and others. His original ambition was to excel as a writer on metaphysical subjects, and the bias of his mind was towards them to the last, in common with poetry and painting. He has written, at different times, on all; and I am sure never touched a subject that he did not, in some respects, both illuminate and adorn.

"Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

When it grew necessary to adopt a profession, he elected to become a painter. The sight of some pictures of the old masters first generated this impulse in his mind, and he lost no time, after having once resolved upon his course, to set to work as an artist. I never heard that he had any regular master. He commenced copying ancient pictures, and making some few studies from natural objects, I believe, as soon as his brushes and canvasses were purchased. His mind was

prepared beforehand by a deep and growing admiration for what was excellent in art. He had a natural and almost instinctive sense of the beautiful, both in form and colour; and thought—too hastily, perhaps—that to apprehend what was good in painting was the principal step towards accomplishment. But painting demands long and laborious study; a perpetual and tedious reference to proportions; a knowledge of mechanism and trick (so to speak,) which can only be acquired by long practice. Hazlitt, who saw the extreme point almost at first, found his hand fall infinitely short of what he had determined it should accomplish. Art is a flower which unfolds itself gradually to most eyes; and thus does not daunt by its extreme and subtle beauties the enthusiasm of the tyros who come to practise it; but Hazlitt saw too far at the outset, and speedily gave up his efforts in despair. During the time that he was studying, however, he made a few copies from the old masters, principally from Raffaele and Titian. Most of these he was obliged at different times to part with, but he did so reluctantly, and it pleased him to recur to them, to talk of them. They were memorials of old times, when he was full of hope; and they were, moreover, testimonials of the only triumphs which he had been able to achieve in the art that he had loved—and left!

I remember seeing one of his earliest attempts in painting. It was the head of the old woman, in deep shade, of which he has made mention in one of his essays. It was done after the manner of Rembrandt, who was at that time probably his idol, and was a picture of considerable effect. There was a good deal of expression in the head, depth and transparency in the shadows, together with many of the requisites of a good picture. But it was too laboriously wrought, and was oppressed by a body of varnish, which gave it the look of an enamel. If it was his first picture, however, it was a work of marvellous effect; not meagre and poverty-struck like many of our academical achievements, (in which, with the best possible drawing, there is no feeling for art,) but rich and unctuous and full of character; its main defect being that the handling or mechanical part was deficient in power.

It must have been somewhat about this time that Mr. Coleridge went to Shrewsbury to preach, and that Hazlitt became acquainted with him in the manner stated in the second volume of "The Liberal." The appearance of the poet, fat, florid, and short-coated, his ample forehead and eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, his wonderful endless talk are undoubtedly all true to the very letter. Even now the gift and glory of words have not departed from him, although I believe his short coat is abandoned and his enthusiasm somewhat abated. When that very clever person shall hear of the death of poor Hazlitt, he will, I hope, forget the differences that existed between them, and, in the spirit of that religion of which he once professed himself a minister, forbear even a derogatory hint of the dead.

The reader who is desirous of knowing something of Mr. Hazlitt at this period, (about the year 1798,) should refer to the second volume of the *Liberal*, where he will find a very pleasant paper written by him entitled, "My first acquaintance with the poets."

I do not know the exact time at which Mr. Hazlitt came to London, but it was between 1798 and 1804. On his first arrival he resided with his brother, who had a house in Great Russell Street; but, when

the peace of Amiens took place, he went to Paris, and, during the short interval of quiet that then occurred, studied regularly in the Louvre. It was then that he made the copies which I have spoken of. On his return to England he continued to live with his brother, I believe, until his marriage with the sister of Dr. Stoddart. Soon after this event, he established himself in a small house in Westminster. This house was remarkable for having been formerly occupied by—Milton; it was an old-fashioned place, but it had one pleasant good-sized room, that overlooked the garden of Mr. Jeremy Bentham.

During this period Hazlitt wrote his essay on "The Principles of Human Action;" he also abridged (1807) and wrote an introduction to "Tucker's Light of Nature," a book to which Paley confesses his obligations; he published, (1812) "The Eloquence of the British Senate;" an English Grammar; and contributed successively to the "Times" and the "Morning Chronicle" newspapers. He projected also an extensive metaphysical work; but eventually gave it up and turned his attention to more attractive subjects. He became theatrical critic for the "Morning Chronicle," (1814) and was the first person who insisted strenuously on the merits of Kean, the actor; and he wrote, at intervals, various papers on art in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and elsewhere. The article on "Painting," more especially, in the last-named work is from his pen.

Hazlitt was now becoming better known. He was enrolled as a regular labourer in literature. He acted as parliamentary reporter for a short time; wrote some able papers (on metaphysical questions, I believe) in the Chronicle, and in fact derived the main part of his subsistence from the press. Nevertheless—although he had abandoned painting as a regular profession, his love for it—perhaps also some dormant ambition—induced him occasionally to return to his exercises in the art. He bought colours and brushes, and a canvass or two every year, set to work with ardour, sketched, rubbed out, grew dissatisfied, gave up his labours as hopeless,—and resumed them again in the succeeding year! Upon one of these occasions, (in the year 1812,) he said to Mrs. —, at whose house he used to drop in occasionally, "I have always wished to paint Cupid and Psyche, but I have never commenced, because I have never been able to see a Psyche—until to-day!" As he said this he pointed to Mrs. —'s daughter, who was playing about the room, and asked if she might sit to him. "I don't know," added he, "that I shall ever succeed in painting a picture; but if not, I shall at least learn that I am unable to do so—and that is something." Consent was given, and the little girl (who had a face full of expression,) sat as a model for his Psyche. He did not succeed in the picture. He was not quick and dexterous enough to catch ere they vanished all the transient and playful graces of childhood, nor could he revive them by that species of amusing dialogue, adapted to all ages, which is part of the accomplishment of a portrait-painter. The consequence was that the little Psyche speedily got weary of sitting for her picture, and became a model for a sleeping nymph, rather than for the young and girlish bride of Cupid.

In 1816 he published his essays called the "Round Table;" in 1817 his "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays;" and in the same,

or the next year, lectured to full audiences at the Surrey Institution. He read his lectures in an abrupt yet somewhat monotonous voice, but they were very effective. If he failed in communicating, by his manner, the lighter graces of his authors, he established their graver beauties, and impressed on his auditors a due sense of their power. Kents, the poet, who used to go there to hear him, remarked to a friend of mine that he reminded him of Kean.

He was a great talker, when it was his cue to talk, and I have never known one more amusing. If he uttered fewer words than Mr. Coleridge, or expatiated less, he developed his ideas more distinctly, and I think exhibited as many of them. The difference between these two was well expressed by — I forget who, and was afterwards adopted by Mr. de Quincy, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Coleridge, he said, was a *subtle* and Hazlitt an *acute* thinker. There was the same distinction between them as between the alchymist and the regular professor of chemistry. This judgment, however, is too hard upon Mr. Coleridge, who, if he soars too frequently in "mid-air," and traverses the regions of Mesmerism and astrology, can also descend upon the earth and reason like a philosopher.

Ten or a dozen years ago I was thrown a good deal into the society of Hazlitt, in company with whom I used to meet (at different places,) Mr. Charles Lamb, Mr. John Scott, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Colson, Mr. Haydon, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Charles Lloyd, &c. &c. besides various other clever and well-informed men, who, not being authors, may dislike to be enumerated in print. I cannot imagine anything much more amusing than the conversations which occurred there, when each speaker, forgetting any opinion or peculiarity which might have militated against the general comfort, consented to join his wealth to the common stock. I myself, who had spent my life far from authors, was indeed but a cipher, an useless intruder for some time into their society; but the others had better claims. Charles Lamb, one of the best-bearded men in the world, is also one of the most original. When he is inclined to talk, his "quips and cranks," and jokes, are as ingenious as his observations are acute and free from common-place. He is one of the finest, and, if I may use the word, one of the most *inventive* critics that ever lived. He is as much a discoverer (of the latent beauties of literature,) as Vasco Nunez or Magellan. Mr. Hogg's talk is terse and satirical; Mr. Hunt's, humorous and vivacious; and Mr. Haydon's vivid and picturesque. I have heard the last-mentioned artist describe Edinburgh in a shower of rain, in a way to make the "Modern Athens" absolutely visible to one's imagination. And the rest had each their excellencing points; one was shrewd in argument, another was not wanting in wit, and so on. Every thing except clamorous dulness is of use on occasions like these: the contribution of animal spirits, if there be nothing else to give, is valuable, (it promotes conversation in others,) and even silent admiration has the good quality of being at least free from offence.

It must not be supposed that Hazlitt spent all this period of his life, however, in writing or talking. On the contrary, he was a furious racket player. The whole of many, and the half of more days, were consumed in this amusement. The Fives Court (now pulled down) was the arena where he was then ambitious to figure; and rackets occupied

almost his whole existence. The racket was the only instrument with which he desired to conquer. If he ever thought of that more formidable weapon the goose-quill, it was unwillingly, and in order only to provide for his wants, or that he might recount his successes or his reverses in his one favourite game. He was the only historian of the Fives Court whose works deserve a mention. His account of Cavanagh, the celebrated fives player, (at once an eulogy and an epitaph,) is—notwithstanding some deformity, which I regret—excellent. It is to be found in the first volume of his "Table Talk," in the essay called "The Indian Jugglers," amidst a multitude of delightful things. There may be seen his papers "On the pleasure of Painting,"—"On Genius and Common Sense,"—"On the Past and the Future,"—and many others: and if the reader be disposed to proceed to the second volume, he will find the Essays "On a Landscape of Nicolas Poussin,"—"On Going a Journey,"—"On Coffee-house Politicians,"—"On Great and Little Things," &c. &c.; with all of which he may, and with much of which he certainly *ought* to be pleased. If he be not, the chance is that he has a prejudice against the author, or his opinions; or else he is one of those men who prefer the artificial to the familiar style. For my own part, I like them, as much as I dislike those ponderous, pompous arrays of words which are mere translations from the Greek and Latin; and which seem to me like foreign mercenaries called in to oppress and obscure the natural vigorous beauties of the English language.

The Essays which compose the "Table Talk" were in many instances written for the "London Magazine," at the time when that work was conducted by the late Mr. John Scott. At this period Hazlitt lived in Southampton-buildings, Holborn. When, however, he undertook a work of any extent, he would frequently leave town, and shut himself up in the little inn or public house called Winterslow Hut, on the edge of Salisbury plain. Here, with scarcely any books, often with none, and with no companions, he would set to work, and get through a volume without much difficulty. He drew upon his recollections of books and pictures, and recalled what he had observed of men and things; probed his own character unshrinkingly; (extracting an infinite quantity of knowledge from his own infirmities;) and, after wandering about amongst the woods and pastures, finding;

"Tongues in trées, books in the running brooks,"

he would go home in the evening to his inn, and set down the thoughts that had sprung up in his solitude. He wrote the whole of his "Lectures on the Elizabethan Age" at this place, several of his other volumes of criticism, and many of his best essays. Living alone and very temperately, (for, during the last fifteen years of his life, he drank nothing but water,) he was enabled to make the whole evening his own; and he employed it generally in placing upon record the ideas that his walk had given birth to in the morning.

Assuredly, few people have lived more independently of contemporary opinions than Hazlitt. This produced both good and harm: it lost him some knowledge; it gave him some originality. He had no books. What he had read in his youth indeed remained with him; but the rest was all his own. His whole life was spent in reasoning upon the matter that he had acquired when he was young—reproducing wisdom in vari-

ous ways. Half his life was employed in warring against what he considered as prejudices, in establishing truths, advocating the popular cause, and reviving the almost extinct fame of unjustly-neglected writers. He admired the old English authors, both in prose and verse. He had less respect for the moderns; perhaps this might be because he had studied them less. He did not think slightly of Shakspeare, as Lord Byron did, nor sneer at him as an "uncultivated genius." On the contrary, he thought that he was worth a century of Lord Byrons; that he had as much method and more wit, and a hundred times the wisdom, and delicacy, and genius, of that splenetic poet. Amongst his contemporaries, he knew and admired the writings of Wordsworth; the talents of Coleridge; and (I think beyond all else) the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Charles Lamb he liked *entirely*, personally, as well as in his books:—but he has recorded most of his opinions, and there is no use in echoing them here.

Of his connection with "The Liberal," little need he said, except that he was invited by Lord Byron to contribute to that work, and that he did contribute some of the papers which appear in the second volume. Of the "Liber Amoris," and the circumstances which attended that publication, it is admitted, I believe, by every body, friends as well as enemies, that it was an unfortunate matter. The facts are valuable only as showing how completely the rational faculty may be eclipsed, even in the strongest-minded men, by the unchecked growth of the passions. Hazlitt's philosophy, like that of all sages on record, (excepting only Socrates and Newton,) showed itself in theories rather than in practice. He was a man who had led a life for the most part out of the influence, though not out of the pale, of society. He had been master of his time and actions "from his youth upwards." Utterly without prudence, (which, perhaps, is but a selfish virtue,) and spurning all restraint, he plunged at once into hostilities. His opinions in politics were adverse to the then existing order of things, and he avowed and maintained them upon every occasion. This conduct produced enemies, who were as resolute as himself, and who assailed him in all ways. They were numerous, and not wanting in vigour; and the end was, that he had to stand up against a load of contumely, and to endure the neglect of a large body of persons, who might else have contributed to extend his popularity. I mention this only to account for his reputation having been more confined than I think it deserved. He himself was never eager after praise; nor have any great men been so. Indeed, the calmness or anxiety with which an author anticipates the opinions of his contemporaries, may, I think, be brought forward as an almost certain test as to the character of his intellect.

In 1824, Hazlitt collected and published his "Sketches of the Picture Galleries of England," which had previously appeared in various magazines. If these, in some instances, amount to little more than a catalogue, it must be owned that they form a very pleasant one. The book, however, is, on the whole, far more than this. There is a great deal of excellence in it; and the character of a picture or an artist is frequently hit off with exceeding felicity.\* Does the reader remember his account of "The Cartoons?" or of Rembrandt's picture of "Jacob's

\* It has been said of him—"His criticisms on art cast a light like a painted window." This is as picturesque as Hazlitt's own criticism on the subject.

Dream?" or his estimate of Holbein? or of Nicolas Poussin? or of Watteau?—The sketch of the Marquis of Stafford's collection is prefaced by the following observations on the duration of works of art. They appear to me to be very beautiful, as well as true:—for it is surely enough, for the painter as well as for the poet, that their works should produce their due *impression* for a succession of ages, that they shall give life to future painters, and beget for their authors an eternal name.

"A complaint has been made of the short-lived duration of works of art, and particularly of pictures; and poets, more especially, are apt to indulge in an elegiac strain over the fragile beauties of the sister art. The complaint is inconsiderate. They will last our time: nay, they have lasted centuries before us, and will last centuries after us; and even when they are no more, will leave a shadow and a cloud of glory behind them, through all time. \* \* \* \* What has Phidias gained in reputation, even by the discovery of the Elgin marbles? Is not Michael Angelo's the greatest name in modern art, whose works are only known by description and from report? Surely, there is something in a name, in wide-spread reputation, in endless renown, to satisfy the ambition of the mind of man. Who, in his works, would vie in immortality with Nature? An epitaph, an everlasting monument in the dim remembrance of ages, is enough below the skies. Moreover, the sense of final, inevitable decay, humanizes, and gives an affecting character to the triumphs of exalted art. Imperishable works, executed by perishable hands, are a sort of insult to our nature, and almost a contradiction in terms. They are ungrateful children, and mock their makers. Neither is the noble idea of antiquity legibly made out, without the marks of the progress and lapse of time. That which is as good now as ever it was, seems a thing of yesterday. Nothing is old to the imagination that does not appear to grow old. Ruins are grander and more venerable than any modern structure can be, or than the oldest could be, if kept in entire preservation. They convey the perspective of Time!"—p. 53-4.

The book from which I have quoted this is not one from which alone the genius of Hazlitt ought to be judged. It comprehends none of his more serious or severe writing. It is sometimes written carelessly, and often in too dazzling a style; but it contains much just criticism, and many beauties; and, as it happens to lie before me, while I am writing this, I will venture upon one more passage. It occurs in his account of the pictures at Burleigh House. After speaking of his second visit to this celebrated mansion, which had taken place twenty years previously, he says,

"Oh God!—That I could be but for one day, one hour—nay, but for an instant, what I then was!—that I might, as in a trance, a waking dream, hear the hoarse murmur of the bargemen (as the Minster tower appeared in the dim twilight) come up from the willow stream, sounding low and under-ground, like the voice of the bitter:—That I might paint the field opposite the window where I lived, and feel that there was a green, dewy moisture in the tone beyond my pencil's reach; thus gaining almost a new sense, and watching the birth of new objects without me:—That I might stroll down Peterborough bank (a winter's day), and see the fresh marshes stretching out in endless, level perspective (as though Paul Potter had painted them), with the cattle, the windmills, the red-tiled cottages, gleaming in the sun to the very verge of the horizon; and watch the field-fares, in innumerable flocks, gamboling in the air, and sporting in the sun, and dazzling the eye by throwing themselves into a thousand figures—and that I might go, as then, a pilgrimage to the town where my mother was born, and visit the poor farm-house where she was brought up, and lean upon the gate where she told me she used to stand when a child of ten years' old, and look at the setting sun!"—p. 148-9.



This, more particularly the termination of it, is, to my mind, very touching. It is like an epitaph on his youth!

In 1825 Hazlitt visited France and Italy. His "Notes" of this journey, although written *currente calamo*, present a multitude of picturesque descriptions, much eloquent declamation, and shrewd remark. His account of Venice and Ferrara remain especially in my recollection, together with his observations on French and Italian manners. There is some agreeable criticism on French acting also, which I refer to, for the purpose of mentioning that his comparison between Madame Pasta and Mademoiselle Mars (much to the advantage of the former), having been reprinted at Paris, was followed by a cessation of intimacy between these heroines. Thus at least Hazlitt was informed, and thus he stated to me. His informant was a French author of some note, as I understood. I have never heard the anecdote confirmed; but I am not aware that it stands in need of confirmation. Hazlitt, while he regretted the fact, exulted that the jealousy sprang from the Frenchwoman, and not from his favourite Italian. It gave stability, as he thought, to his theory.

He was fond of the theatres, and frequented them to the last. His earliest admiration rested on Mrs. Siddons, his latest on her niece. The last he thought full of promise; the first he held to have touched the summit of perfection. Who is there that has said things so eloquent of *her*? In every paper, and magazine, and review, in which he wrote, the traces of his admiration may be seen. He regarded her as he would a Muse or a Sibyl—as the crowned and ruling spirit of tragedy. "While the stage lasts" (wrote he ten years ago,) "there never will be another Mrs. Siddons!" And now, Mrs. Siddons has survived him, who so long and disinterestedly laboured in her service. With almost twice the weight of years upon her head, she yet lives to value (I hope) the "golden opinions" which he lavished upon her. His criticisms remain. They are worthy still to give her pleasure, and to throw lustre on her retreat. They are a legacy, not the least valuable of those which critics and poets have bequeathed her, and one that will not be the first to perish. His estimate of Miss Fanny Kemble was different from that of Mr. Hunt. He acknowledged the dawn of great qualities in her; he admired (not quite without exceptions) her Juliet, and liked exceedingly to listen to the music of her voice. I met him one evening accidentally at the play, when he spoke very pleasantly of her, and said that he thought she would succeed in Lady Constance—a great compliment from him. His love for the theatres, and his constancy in visiting one of them, (Covent Garden,) are recorded in a paper called "The Free Admission," which appeared three or four months ago in the "New Monthly Magazine." It was written shortly before his last illness. It is somewhat careless, rambling, and perhaps deficient in weight of matter; but it contains, amongst some very agreeable writing, one picturesque and striking thought. After speaking of all that is going forward on the stage, "the struggle of life and death" which is there reflected, *veluti in speculum*, and the intense sympathy of the audience, he bestows one word on the lobbies:—"These," says he, "may be considered as an *arabesque border* round the inclosed tablet of human life." The artist, and the lover of art, (who remember the volnmes of nymphs and satyrs and Bacchanalians, which

run, wild and fantastic and wreathed together, round the edges of ancient frescoes,) will recognize the truth of this picture.

The last paper which Hazlitt ever wrote appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine" for August last, and was entitled "The Sick Chamber." His admirers will derive a melancholy pleasure from referring to it. He was shortly afterwards taken ill, and died at his lodgings in Frith-street, in the early part of September. I saw him (once only) as he lay, ghastly, shrunk, and helpless, on the bed from which he never afterwards arose. His mind seemed to have weathered all the dangers of extreme sickness, and to be safe and as strong as ever. But the physical portion had endured sad decay. He could not lift his hand from the coverlid; and his voice was changed and diminished to a hoarse whistle, resembling the faint scream that I have heard from birds. I never was so sensible of the power of Death before. He has overthrown greater men. But the mere history of death and sickness does not suggest the same awful reflections as the actual *visible* image of a man gasping and struggling (in vain!) on the threshold of the grave. He is dead,—and with him died strong intellect, powerful passions, fine taste, and many rare qualities. No one is all evil or good. Perhaps the real distinctions between men are slenderer than we generally imagine. He had faults; but he was incomparably superior (in acuteness of mind and honesty of purpose,) to what his enemies supposed or asserted. Let them believe thus much, on the faith of this assertion, now that he is gone!\*

It has been supposed that Hazlitt was dogmatical and fond of controversy, and that he resented any opposition to his opinions. This is an error. He liked *discussion*,—fair, free talk, upon subjects that interested him; but few men ever yielded more readily to argument, for few ever sought truth more sincerely. He had no overweening sense of his own superiority; indeed, as far as I could perceive, he was utterly without vanity. He was very candid, and would bear his own opinions canvassed with the utmost patience: I mean, if one took a proper opportunity; for he had his deaf hour like most others; and when a positive friend of his *would* convince him one day at all events, he resented this want of subservience to his humour or convenience, and refused to be enlightened. He wrote with ease on most subjects; not with that extreme facility which appears to belong to superficial thinkers; but freely and without perplexity. His mind seemed to pervade the recesses and extremities of a question, and to see

"As from a tower, the end of all!"

If his positions sometimes require to be made out, it is not that they are wrong, or that he saw the matter imperfectly. He was sometimes content (as a poet is) with *suggesting* an idea only, and did not stay to make it fully out, or to reduce it to a syllogism. He did not always adapt himself "to the meanest capacity," which was perhaps a fault. With this understanding between him and the reader, however, all will go on pleasantly.

In his conversation he was plain, amusing, convincing. There was

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\* It has been said that Hazlitt died forsaken and in poverty. *This is not the fact.* He was as well off as he generally was; and he had friends who provided all that was necessary for him, and stood by him to the last.

nothing of the ambitious or florid style which is sometimes perceptible in his writings. He was rarely eloquent. Once or twice, when stung by some pertinacious controversialist, I have known him exhibit eloquent and impetuous declamation; but in general he used the most familiar phrases, and made truth, rather than triumph, the object of discussion. He enjoyed anecdotes illustrative of character, spoke pithily upon occasion, and, when in good spirits and good humour, was the most delightful gossip in the world!

[The following memoranda have no connexion with each other: they are set down without order, just as they occur to me.]

• • • Hazlitt used to play at rackets for five or six hours at a time; sometimes quarrelling with his adversary, but not bearing malice. He liked a stout antagonist. "That fellow," said he, speaking of one who showed himself disheartened, "will never do any thing in the world; he never plays well, unless he is successful. If the chances go against him, he always misses the ball: he cries *Craven!*"—"That," said some one, "is French courage."—"I don't call it courage at all," said H. "and certainly not French courage. The French have fought well; they have endured, too, more than enough,—without your present imputation. Did you ever fight a Frenchman?"—"No."—"Then don't make up your mind yet to your theory: reduce it to practice, and see if it be bullet-proof."

• • • "B——," said he, "would give the shirt off his back, if he thought you were in distress; but nothing on earth will make him change his opinion,—especially if it be wrong. A laugh falls on him 'like lightning on the impassive ice;' and if you confute him, he buttons up his coat the closer, and has six times as much to say as before."

• • • Miscalculating his expenses, he once found himself at Stamford reduced almost to his last shilling. He set off to walk to Cambridge, but having a pair of new boots on they gave him acute pain. In this predicament, he tried at twenty different places to exchange them for a pair of shoes or slippers of any sort, but no one would accommodate him. He made this a charge against the English. "Though they would have got treble the value by exchanging," said he, "they would not do it, because it would have been useful to me."—"Perhaps," said some one, jestingly, "they did not know that you came honestly by them."—"Ah! true," said H. "that did not strike me before. That shakes my theory in this respect, if it be true; but then, it corroborates another part of it; so the fact is valuable either way. There is always a want of liberality, either in their thoughts or actions." [This was merely humour.]

• • • The poetry of —— became the subject of conversation. "He is so tawdry, and shallow, and common-place, and full of fine words," said some one; "that I cannot endure him. I am sick before I get to the end of a canto of his pompous nonsense: you see the mean, vulgar thoughts underneath all. He always reminds me of one of the fellows at Bartholomew fair."—"He is certainly very bad," said another, assentingly; "he is like a great, stupid boy, who has 'got into five syllables,' and cannot get out."—"There is a sense of his own imperfections in all this," observed Hazlitt, "mixed with a

notion of his being able to cheat the world out of its good opinion. He is like one of those dirty Jews who swagger about, put on half-a-dozen seals and a hundred rings, and think that they pass for lords!"

. . . . When I first knew Charles Lamb, I ventured one evening to say something that I intended should pass for wit. "Ha! very well; very well, indeed!" said he, "Ben Jonson has said worse things," [I brightened up, but he went stammering on to the end of the sentence]—and—and—and—*better!*" A pinch of snuff concluded this compliment, which put a stop to my wit for the evening. I related the thing to Hazlitt, afterwards, who laughed. "Ay," said he, "you are never sure of him till he gets to the end. His jokes would be the sharpest things in the world, but that they are blunted by his good-nature. He wants malice,—which is a pity."—"But," said I, "his words at first seemed so—"—"Oh! as for that," replied Hazlitt, "his sayings are generally like women's letters; all the pith is in the postscript."

. . . . "I am sorry," said I, "to hear talk of a monument to Shakspeare. Surely, a million copies of his plays, together with all the printing-presses of the kingdom, are sufficient to preserve him from decay. A monument at Stratford-upon-Avon will increase the gains of the publicans there, and put money into one of our classical stone-cutter's pockets, but it will do nothing more."—"It is an absurd proceeding," said Hazlitt, "and is therefore sure to meet with supporters. I wish they would let Shakspeare alone; he is fully able to take care of his own reputation. But people are never satisfied unless there is the substantial, the tangible. They imagine that fame will fly off like an essence and be lost, unless it be built round with stone or brick. A great square pillar erected to the memory of Shakspeare, is (not to speak it profanely) like the graven image of a Superior Nature, where all should be ethereal—celestial! *What will Shakspeare gain by the matter?* If nothing, why it is a monument only of the national vanity; and it is quite clear that *that* requires no monument at all."

. . . . We were speaking of the old masters. "I think," said I, "that one might generally express the quality of a painter in a word. Thus we might speak of the *savage* character of Salvator's pictures, and the *amenity* of Claude's—the *suavity* of Correggio, the *elegance* of Parmegiano, the *bravery* of Rubens,"—"Bravery is a good word," said he; "it gives an idea of his drawing as well as of his colour;"—the *power* of Michael Angelo, the *splendour* of Titian, the *gorgeousness* of Paul Veronese, the *courtliness* of Vandyke, and so on. But there is one that I can find no word for—I mean Raffaele."—"That," said Hazlitt, "is because he has several qualities in the highest degree, whereas the others have only one. Perhaps, indeed, Titian deserves a second epithet, for his faces are as *intellectual* as Raffaele's; but he wants the grace, the sweet, soft, natural, yet divine beauty, which floats about the other's heads. Titian's faces have a true, stern, uncompromising look; whereas in Raffaele we have the 'rapt soul sitting in the eyes.' They look as if they had seen angels. Titian (and Michael Angelo, too) were of the earth, earthy. Raffaele seemed as though he had communed with the skies."—"I once thought Michael Angelo equal to Raffaele," said I, "but I have long given it up. It is nothing but a vulgar superstition."—"The painters hold him up," replied Hazlitt, "because there is some chance of their excelling *him*, while there is none

of their equalling Raffaele. His vastness startles you more, but he will not bear the same scrutiny. He has only one part of the art in perfection, and that not the best. Still he is a great man. His mind seems to have gone surging about like the ocean, conquering (and, in a degree, obscuring) every thing. Raffaele is more like a quiet lake, in which half the world is reflected."—"Then you prefer Raffaele to the great Michael?"—"Certainly. One must always prefer the finest face to the largest mask." [Some portion of this appeared, I believe, afterwards in print.]

. . . Several persons were regretting that —— (who, we all agreed, was a singularly kind-hearted, vivacious, and intelligent man) should be eternally bruited one opinion, that was disagreeable to every body. "'Tis like a rash," said Hazlitt, "and comes out every summer. Why doesn't he write a book (if he has any thing to say) and get rid of his complaints at once?" [The conversation afterwards continued to run upon the same individual, and nothing could be more bandsome or just than Hazlitt's eulogy upon him.]

. . . He admired Northcote much more than Fuseli, to whom he did not, I think, do justice. He said he was a mere exaggeration of littleness—always swearing and straining for something that was out of his reach. I replied, that he certainly possessed humour, and instanced what he said respecting a picture of Constable, which (like almost all that artist's landscapes,) seemed to have been painted during a shower of rain. 'Jawn! bring me ma umbrella! I'm go-ooing to looke at Meester Cone-stable's pictur.'"—"What you say may be true, occasionally," said Hazlitt, "but in general he was all sound and fury,—a mere explosion of words. Talking with Northcote is like conversing with the dead. You see a little old man, (eighty years of age,) pale and fragile, with eyes gleaming like the lights that are hung in tombs. He seems little better than a ghost, is almost as insubstantial, and hangs wavering and trembling on the very edge of life. You would think that a breath would blow him away; and yet—my God! what fine things he says."—"Yes," observed some one, "and what ill-natured things; they are all malicious to the last word. L—— called him a little bottle of aqua-fortis, which, you know, corrodes every thing it touches"—"Except gold," interrupted Hazlitt: "he never drops upon Sir Joshua or the great masters."—"Well, but is he not flowing over," persisted the other, "with envy and hatred and all uncharitableness? I am told that he is as spiteful as a woman. Then his niggardness! did he ever give any thing away?"—"Yes," retorted Hazlitt, "his advice;—and very unpleasant it is." At another time the conversation turned upon the living painters, when one of them (Haydon, I think,) was praised as being a capital relator of an anecdote. This brought Hazlitt's thoughts to Northcote, of whom he spoke again: "He is the best teller of a story I ever knew. He will bring up an old defunct anecdote, that has not a jot of merit, and make it quite delightful, by dishing it up in his own words: they are quite a *sauce piquante*."—"All he says is very well," observed some person, "when it touches only our neighbour: but what if he speaks of one's self?"—"You must take your chance as to that," replied Hazlitt, "but, provided you are not a rival, and will let him alone, he will not harm you. Jostle him, and he stings like a nettle." [I have introduced this last anecdote.

dote in order to introduce one word here respecting the "Conversations with Northcote." It has been said that Hazlitt "wisely put himself in the back-ground, and deferred to the greater genius." I do not consider Northcote as the greater genius; on the contrary—judging from what he has done—he is by several degrees the less. Some of the opinions which, in the book, are assigned to Northcote, are Hazlitt's own! I remember more than one. To give an instance—the argument and illustration which appear in p. 220–221 of the "Conversations," were made use of *ten years ago* by Hazlitt in a conversation with myself!

... "What do you think of X——?" said some one. "He is a goodnatured, genteel, proud, foolish fellow," said Hazlitt, "and as vapid as a lord. He was telling me yesterday about his dining every day on French dishes, &c. &c. whereas, to my knowledge, he is often obliged to go without any dinner at all."—"He is like the Spanish Hidalgo, in *Lasarillo de Tormes*," said I, "who dines heartily upon a draught of water, and only eats the cow-heel and a lump of bread to give pleasure to his inferiors."—"X——," pursued Hazlitt, "has but one golden idea in his treasury, and that is as to his own gentility. He keeps aloof, and would as soon exchange opinions with a rustic or a mechanic, as he would rub against a chimney-sweeper. All that he has is traditionary—his father's—his grandfather's—his grandmother's! There has been no *cross* in the ideas of the family for the last two centuries. The consequence is, that they are all worn-out. X—— is as bad as a Bourbon. He wanted once to get employment from a bookseller, and when he was asked what recommendation he had, he replied, 'that he was the head of the oldest family in ——shire!'"

If I had leisure I could recollect a hundred things like the above; but I have not, and I have moreover great fears lest, in the telling, most of the spirit (perhaps part of the sense) of what I have given has evaporated. Wherever the anecdote fails, the reader may be sure that the fault is mine. If Hazlitt shall find "such a chronicler as Griffith—" if there be any one who will set forth the merit of his sayings, as he has shown forth those of Mr. Northcote, I shall, from this time, be well pleased to be silent. If not, I may endeavour, from a future day, to recollect some others, (such only, however, as will not give pain to the living,) and do my best to recount them.

In these *memoranda* of Mr. Hazlitt's life and writings, I profess to do nothing more than to state a few facts regarding them. I am no politician; and I do not, therefore, venture to acquiesce in or dissent from his political opinions. I differed with him, (materially indeed,) as to the good qualities of certain existing individuals, and, in some respects, as to the quality of their writings. But in regard to the *dead*,—the poets and painters of past ages,—his judgment appeared to me to be almost unerring;\* and as an essayist, recording his observations upon men and manners, I do not know that he has left his equal. [J. B.]

\* *Note by the Editor.*—I have admitted this paper from unwillingness to refuse any thing from the pen of its writer; but delicacy towards the memory of his friend need not prevent me from saying, that I consider his judgment of dead and of living authors and painters to have been equally ill entitled to the epithet "*unerring*."

## LA REINE BLANCHE.\*

" SWEET friends and sunny land,  
 Farewell,—perhaps for aye !  
 So kings and states command ;  
 And so sad slaves obey.  
 Albeit your journey ends  
 Here at the salt sea foam ;  
 Yet weep for me,—compell'd, sweet friends,  
 To leave my natural home.  
 To other lands—to other skies,  
 The poor, fond, banish'd Marie, flies.

" The dove may leave her nest,  
 The deer forsake his haunt,  
 For food, and air, and rest,  
 Are all those mute ones want ;  
 But I have tenderer ties  
 Which bind me to thy heart,  
 Sweet land of sunny summer skies !  
 Then why bid me depart ?  
 Dost wish me gone ? If so, 'tis well,  
 I weep elsewhere, and sigh farewell."

—'Twas thus, in days long past,  
 The White Queen sigh'd farewell,  
 Before she look'd her last  
 On the land that she loved well ;  
 She look'd—then turn'd her head,  
 And three brave steps she made,  
 To a purple throne—and a marriage bed,  
 And the place where the dead are laid.  
 The dead ! Ah ! who would be a queen ?  
 To be as the Reine Blanche hath been !

A morning, brief and mild—  
 A noon transcendant bright—  
 But ere, how fierce and wild—  
 And—ah, the bloody night !  
 Brave beauty 's found to fail,  
 And light is changed to gloom,  
 The queenly " white" to the common " pale"—  
 A throne unto a tomb.  
 Alas ! even they who on purple lie,  
 But live—and love—and grieve—and die !

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\* *Mary, Queen of Scotland, (La Reine Blanche, as she was called,) took leave of her friends on the shore at Calais, with tears and forebodings, which were afterwards sadly enough realized, as is well known.*

## REFLECTIONS ON THE POLITICS OF SPAIN.

IMMEDIATELY after the recent Revolution in France, the state of political opinions and their probable effects throughout Europe, became a source of extreme interest. The prognostics and expectations of parties and individuals on the subject, were as various as their hopes and fears, their prejudices, and real or imagined interests.

Those who had partly foreseen what occurred in Paris, looked with intense interest and anxiety towards the Netherlands, the German and Italian States, and the Peninsula, and were in doubt which of those countries would next become the theatre of similar events. At that time most of those accustomed to watch the workings of the political machine in Europe, confidently expected that Spain would be the next scene of revolutionary movements. Absurd and contradictory rumours were circulated as to the internal state of the Peninsula. Articles appeared in the English and Foreign papers, (particularly in the Times, and in some of the Parisian journals,) tending to prepare the minds of people for an immediate convulsion in Spain, and convinced those ignorant of the real moral situation of that country that the mass of its population was ready instantly to follow the example of their Gallic neighbours. Indeed, many of the more sanguine writers of these articles asserted that the train had been fired that was to cause the explosion of a mine already, as they declared, prepared to hurl to destruction the accumulated abuses of ecclesiastical and regal power, that had so long weighed on the best interests and energies of Spain.

A few weeks have sufficed to prove that the hopes and expectations of the patriotic Spaniards, (shared by the supporters of free institutions generally,) were at least so far premature that their country was not to be the first to imitate the people of France, in rising to shake off the trammels which fetter its political and social existence.

Information which we had, and continue to receive, from the best sources, both in the Spanish capital and other parts of the Peninsula, led us from the first to doubt that Spain was so near a crisis as was so positively asserted. That she was not ripe for beginning the task of political regeneration in many points we knew from personal observation, and lamented the fact. Still there are elements in that country which only require proper organization to bring about "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Nor is it surprising that the hopes of the liberal party, both in and out of Spain, were raised to the highest pitch, when the warning cry of the Absolutists, "*Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon,*" re-echoed from the banks of the Neva to those of the Danube, in the ears of their alarmed brethren in the Peninsula, upon the destruction of their hopes in France.

The alarm felt by the Absolutists of Spain was at least commensurate with the sanguine hopes of their opponents; and the consequent indecision and contradiction in the councils and measures of Ferdinand that it produced, were among the most reasonable grounds that existed, for expecting a change favourable to liberty. At least it offered a scale by which to estimate the importance attached by the persons in power, to the means of suppression of all popular movement, that they had just lost by the events in France.

The reasons why the people of Spain should only have awaited a favourable opportunity for endeavouring to obtain a better form of Government are so numerous and well-founded, that it is not surprising if, in this country, an immediate effort on the part of the Constitutionalists should confidently be expected, whenever foreign, or at least French interposition, was no longer to be dreaded.

We have said that we did not participate in the confident expectations of an immediate Revolution in Spain, that were so universally announced, even while the throes that accompanied that of France still convulsed her frame. It was hazarding an unpopular, and apparently ill-founded contradiction of the general feeling on the subject. Let it not be said of us, "*Tarde quæ credita laudent, credimus,*" a reproach that is very applicable to the tone of many letters on Spanish affairs which have appeared in some public journals;—we cannot be justly accused of ill will or indifference towards the cause of constitutional Governments, and of the liberties and happiness of mankind in any part of the world.



By placing before our readers some facts illustrative of the present state of Spain, we shall perhaps explain, as clearly as our limits will allow, some of the grounds upon which we then formed a conviction of the improbability of a *speedy* and effectual revolutionary movement in the Peninsula being likely. Although well aware that ere the ink that we now use be dry, events may occur to overthrow the opinions that it is the means of expressing; yet cannot help looking rather to the northern and middle states of Germany, perhaps to Italy, as being more likely to become the next theatre upon which the great political drama is to be brought before the European public. That in some petty states it may appear to partake of the nature of a farce, may not be impossible; it is still more to be feared that in other countries a real and sanguinary tragedy may be the inevitable result.

The masses of the population of Spain appear generally, unlike those of France, to be averse to any movement, or change in the *statu quo* of the present order of things. This may seem paradoxical when the manifold abuses of misgovernment, the defective principles and still worse practice of the administration of their country, are considered. Yet the wild and impracticable theories of those who have hitherto placed themselves in the foremost ranks of the Constitutionalists, and the lamentable consequences of endeavouring to carry into effect the exaggerated and enthusiastic speculations that have marked the many successive attempts of late years to revolutionize Spain, partly account for the distrust, and even disapprobation, with which all such principles are regarded at the present day by a majority of the population.

We shall not trouble the reader with entering into any detail respecting the origin and meaning of the various parties and denominations by which the friends and enemies of freedom in Spain are distinguished, nor shall we attempt to explain their shades of difference, but speak of them only as forming two grand divisions. We shall make use of the appellation, Constitutionalists, to express the whole of the Liberal party, both the more *exaltés*, or the *modérés*, whether called *Comuneros*, *Freemasons*, *Negros*, *Liberales*, *Anilleros*, &c.; and the opposite factions we shall designate as *Absolutists*, whether belonging to the *Serviles*, *Realistas*, *Carlitas*, *Apostolicos*, *Blancos*, &c.

The character and habits of Ferdinand have been much misrepresented. His manners are far from being those of a haughty autocrat; on the contrary, they are extremely popular—as totally devoid of dignity as free from the *morgue* of an overbearing tyrant. His faults are not those of temper, nor perhaps of natural disposition, but are chiefly the result of education. He is very good-natured, or rather, good-humoured; familiar; kind in manner towards his domestics and immediate dependents, and consequently liked by them. His deficiencies are those of talent and instruction. His weakness of mind is, as usual, accompanied by occasional fits of obstinacy, when least expected. He is not naturally cruel or sanguinary, although, like all absolute monarchs without ability, being swayed by the counsels of others, he, of course, bears the odium of many acts that do not emanate from his own will, and loses the credit of such as may merit approval. His want of decision, and liability to act upon the suggestions of persons, often of the lowest class (whose menial situations about his person afford immediate access to his presence), even on the most important occasions, renders all reasonable conjectures upon the line of conduct that he is likely to adopt upon any given subject quite uncertain. He is fond of pleasure; addicted to sensual indulgences; indolent, and *blasé*. On the subject of religion and his confessor, he is, perhaps, as really indifferent as he is generally supposed to be bigoted and governed. He is much less a Royalist, as he has himself been known to declare, than many of the *Absolutists* about him affect to be; and it is a question whether he would not be just as well pleased to be at the head of a completely limited constitutional monarchy, as to be the *Rey absoluto* of Spain, provided he were relieved from all trouble and responsibility with security to his throne, and a probability of being unmolested by the violence of the opposite factions, that are ready to cut each other's throats, and to deluge the country with blood, to gratify their private passions.

Yet he is not a King Childbert, to allow a *Maire du Palais* to govern his

country, either well or ill, in his name. One of the most remarkable features in his character has ever been the distrust and dissimulation with which he believes even towards those who pass for his intimate friends and counsellors. The moment that a favourite seems to think himself secure of power, and in complete possession of the royal will, he suddenly finds himself deprived of all influence, and perhaps involved in ruin and disgrace. He is supposed to owe the disposition and habits of duplicity to the mode of his early education, and his treatment subsequently by his own mother, with whom it is well known that he was no favourite, and against whose machinations he was forced to be ever on his guard. He will not unfrequently walk out into the corridor of his palace, and, with a cigar in his mouth, enter familiarly into conversation with the humblest individual who happens to be there: he will begin, perhaps, thus:—"Well, what do they say of this or that royal ordonnance? What is the general opinion on the late nomination of such and such a man the other day?" and thus often thinks that he is getting at the real opinions of his people when he is the dupe of some creature of the *Camarilla*, placed purposely about him. That such a system is fraught with embarrassment to the Ministry of the day, and must clog and render uncertain the march of the Administration, and be often calamitous to the country, is clear; but the mode in which it is done is popular, and among the lower classes especially, Ferdinand is far from being regarded either as tyrannical or hateful.

In his department to the members of foreign embassies he is courteous, and even sometimes cordial; but there is a lamentable inanity in the conversation at their ordinary meetings. This may partly arise from the nature of the interviews. Twice every week, on Sundays and Thursdays, there is an audience, which, however, the Foreign Ministers generally only attend on Sunday, when all the *chefs de mission* are expected to appear to make their court. On these occasions, they stand according to their rank (which is, as elsewhere, decided by the date of their arrival at the Court). The King, Queen, and different members of the royal family, enter the room of audience and make the circuit of the different persons assembled, saying a few words to each, and sometimes only bowing. The stultifying effect of such a system may easily be divined. The result is, that in general the merest common-places are uttered in a hurried manner. There are no dinners or halls at the Spanish Court, by which the King and royal family might be brought more into contact with the representatives of foreign powers and glean something from their conversation—such an imitation of other courts would be a complete innovation on the etiquette of the royal palace of Madrid.

One reason for the popularity of the King, is the general impression of his being so eminently Spanish, and his dislike of every thing foreign, and particularly French. Whenever it is possible, he converses with foreigners in Spanish, and likes to be addressed by them in his own language. He speaks French very badly. His affections are now said to be completely engrossed by his young and amiable consort, whose influence, it is confidently hoped, will be found of great utility in furthering the true interest of the people, and thus securing those of the Government by the employment of men likely to better the system of administration.

The Queen is extremely popular; nor is it surprising that she should be so. Young, pretty, and particularly affable and pleasing in her manner and expression of countenance, she also unites in her person the hopes of all those who have the interests of the Spanish monarchy at heart. The promise which she gives of very soon presenting a direct heir to the crown,\* is a real, an immense source of hope to those who look to a *gradual* and *progressive* improvement in the aspect of Spanish affairs. The late promulgation of the decree abolishing† the Salic law, was an excellent measure. The Absolute party was much disconcerted by it; and such is the violence of feeling on the subject, that in Madrid and elsewhere in Spain it is not uncommon to hear suspicions expressed of the disposition of the Carlist and priest-party to have recourse to any means, however atrocious, to get rid, if they possibly can, of the Queen and her offspring. Some of those, whose opportunities of judging and sound sense would not be

\* This will probably happen before these sheets go to press.

† Or, to speak more accurately, reviving a former abolition.

likely to cause much exaggeration in their representation, have assured our informant (who, residing on the spot, cannot be supposed so liable to misinformation as ourselves) that this idea of a possibility of foul play is not by any means devoid of foundation.

Another reason for the popularity of the Queen is the contrast which her behaviour affords to that of Ferdinand's last consort. She was of the royal House of Saxony, and although virtuous and sincere, of a most bigoted and severely-ascetic character; completely under the influence of monks and priests, she denied to herself and to others, as far as she could, even the most innocent and ordinary recreations. She even interfered, to the extent of her power, in suppressing all public amusements, the masks and usual rejoicings in Catholic countries at the period of the Carnival, and discouraged the theatres.

The present Queen walks frequently on the Prado (a public promenade resorted to every evening in the summer by the inhabitants of Madrid), and on fête days, when there are many thousands assembled there, appears arm-in-arm with the King, in a Spanish costume, her countenance smiling and cheerful (and she looks to great advantage in the "Mantilla" and "Basquiña"); the King *en Bourgeois*, and without an attendant of any kind, but perhaps a man out of livery, who walks a little before them. At the "Sitios," or royal country residences, whither people flock while the Court remains there, her demeanour is equally popular. The first time that she appeared thus (we have our account from an eye-witness), the enthusiasm of the people and their satisfaction were extreme; and the remarks of all classes on the subject, the Absolutists perhaps excepted, were such as bespoke the highest degree of affection and good-will that subjects can be supposed to feel for the youthful and amiable consort of their sovereign. That this feeling (combined with the hopes founded upon the probability of an immediate heir to the throne) is without effect upon the general stability of Ferdinand's government, it would be difficult to suppose.

The troops, particularly the guards and others in Madrid, are generally well-clothed and armed, and for their wants, sufficiently paid. Nor is there any appearance, in the capital at least, of any movement in favour of liberal institutions being supported, much less commenced by them.

The clergy, of course Absolutists, are the last men likely to sanction a *Constitutional* insurrection. The opposition which the Catholic priesthood almost invariably and steadily oppose to any tendency towards freedom, civil or religious, is as notorious as it is in many points effectual. Their influence in Spain, although not quite so great as it was a few years ago, is very formidable to the interests of the Constitutionalists. A large proportion of them is supposed to be devoted to Don Carlos, the King's next brother and heir, should he die childless.

On the character of Don Carlos it is not easy to speak with certainty. The general impression is, that he is the centre and advocate of Ultra Absolutism, completely devoted to the priesthood, desirous of re-establishing the Inquisition, and opposed to every germ of liberal principle. The Apostolicals are said to regard him as the head of their party; and it is thought that they would make every effort to place on the throne a Prince in whom they hope to find an imitator of the sanguinary and bigoted tyrant, Philip II. Yet some of those who have had opportunities of knowing him think that his character has been totally misrepresented. They look upon him as being well-informed, and by far the most talented of his family, and think him likely to disappoint the hopes of the Absolutists, in the event of his coming to the crown, by discouraging political and religious persecutions. He is suspected by a part of the Constitutionalists [who generally allow that he possesses more ability than his brothers] of a perfect understanding with Ferdinand, even on the subject of the Carlist conspiracies, which are considered as "got up," to furnish pretexts for arbitrary measures, and a denial of all concession to the enemies of Absolutism. His position is, in many points of view, difficult.

Of Don Francisco it is unnecessary to speak, he being quite unlikely ever to be at the head of any party, even if his brother Don Carlos had not a numerous family of *infantillos* to succeed him, should he ever occupy the throne.

The lower classes of people of Spain, whatever may be thought of them in

other countries, are by no means a personally degraded set of men. The free and unembarrassed courtesy with which a Spanish peasant addresses his superiors may be contrasted with the alternate servility and insolence of many of the lower orders of this country, with little advantage to the British countryman. The familiar manners and mode of conversing with the lowest labourer or menial servant of a grandee of Spain would astonish the aristocrat of England—yet are the distances in that country, in point of rank, birth, wealth, and station, immeasurable; but this neither begets contempt on the one side, nor abject and interested servility on the other. Nor does the freedom of manner, and even paternal familiarity, with which a Spanish nobleman treats the multitude (sometimes several hundreds) of his domestics and dependants beget any insolence or disrespect on the part of the humbler individual—at least such is never the *intention* of his manner, although *different* from what an Englishman of similar rank would expect.

This freedom in the social form of life, however unimportant it may appear, goes far to compensate for the want of a real independence. In many instances, the one would not for a moment be bartered for the other, and the higher classes of Spaniards are neither detested nor envied by those of a lower situation in life, on the contrary, they are looked to by multitudes as their natural and rightful supporters, if not in civil rights and privileges (of the nature and value of which they are ignorant), yet in the no less important points of administering to all their wants and necessities, and those of their offspring, for a very indolent and trifling return of service. Indeed the greater part of the immense properties of some of the principal patricians is completely eaten up by their hereditary clientele, or dependants.

The lower orders in Spain do not feel a hatred and jealousy of the higher classes—a fact not without weight in considering the probable duration of the internal tranquillity of any country.

Going a little higher in the scale of social life, you find but little more education than what is absolutely necessary to carry on a petty retail trade, or some handicraft; and if the daily wants of the family are barely supplied, there is no spirit of enterprise or speculation to induce greater exertions of industry. There is little or no reading, even in much higher classes than this; nor any knowledge of foreign improvements that result from more free institutions. But besides the *vis inertiae* of indifference among the lower classes that is opposed in Spain to constitutional reform, there is a positive obstacle in their Oriental dislike of innovation, and in their prejudices against foreigners and foreign customs or inventions, among which they class constitutions and heresies of all sorts. They are in general totally ignorant of the history of any country but their own, which, however, they know better than we might expect. In short, the population at large is accustomed to look up to and revere the authority of the king. Their young men and women are more occupied with their personal decoration and dress than with speculations on the possibility of bettering their political position, or even in learning what would improve it. Give them but “Pan y Toros,” bread to eat, and their bull-fights (although perhaps this saying of Jovellanos is not quite applicable now to all classes of Spaniards), and a fig for constitutions and liberty!

It is principally among the commercial and mercantile classes, the better-educated lawyers, and military men, and the population of the sea-ports, that the germ of future measures for the establishment of constitutional government is to be looked for; yet there is here a want of energy and unity of action, a distrust of those likely to come forward on any revolutionary insurrection, and, above all, a fear for the pecuniary losses and evils unavoidable in the course of a civil war, that powerfully counteracts the effects of any theoretical tendency towards freedom and desire of obtaining the enjoyment of civil and commercial rights. The more wealthy dread the necessary interruptions incident to a struggle, and would rather put it off, although perhaps internally desirous of a change in the government of their country.

There is also a rivalry and want of union between the larger kingdoms and

provinces of Spain, which, joined to their remote relative positions and little intercourse, would be a great obstacle to any simultaneous and effective movement. Thus the Castilian distrusts and despises the Andalusian, the Biscayan looks upon himself as infinitely superior to the Valencian, and so of the rest.

There is, added to this, a want of *practical* knowledge of self-government, or a representative system, the natural result of their habits and education, and of their little intercourse with other countries, that has always, in the many successive experiments for the last ten or fifteen years, led to the adoption of wild theories, a sort of imitation of the French Revolution of the last century—an attempt at complete subversion instead of solid improvement, that makes men shy of again entering the arena of political strife, which has hitherto only been dyed by the blood of those who ventured to put themselves forward in asserting their claims to freedom.

It would also appear that the majority of the present administration is adopting a line of conduct that is most likely to postpone, at least, the epoch of a complete revolution; and if the measures to which we allude be the result of good faith, and of a sincere and well-timed intention of gradually introducing a more liberal form of government, it may prevent indefinitely the occurrence of an explosion.

The late nominations of Captains General, from the ranks of the Constitution-ists, in lieu of some of the ultra-Absolutists who have been dismissed, would lead one to suppose that something more than mere temporizing was intended. The name of Amarilla, and the late appointment of Madame de St. Cruz, as *governante* of the expected royal infant, or *infanta*, would go far to prove that a reform was begun in the Councils of the King.

Without completely agreeing with an elegant and observant writer in the "*Revue Française*" for 1829, we cannot but think that the regeneration of Spain is not quite so near as many think. Speaking of the possibility of a change in the political institutions of that country, he says:—

"Liberté impraticable et peu désirée, amour de l'égalité presque inconnu, comment comparer l'Espagne aux autres pays ? comment lui inoculer nos idées, nos besoins, nos usages ? A quand le succès de ce grand ouvrage ? une ressemblance quelconque s'établira-t-elle jamais entre les mœurs des deux peuples ? (he speaks of France and Spain,) il n'y en a encore aucune. Les rapports mutuels des hommes éclairés, le mouvement des idées, la liberté de la pensée, de la parole, de la presse, voilà notre existence. Nous ne pourrions nous faire, fût-ce pour un instant, au mutisme politique de l'Espagne. Il est naturel à ce pays ; il résulte de son histoire, de sa situation géographique, même de son climat. Dans ses institutions le génie de l'Orient se mêle au génie du moyen âge, le Souverain est absolu comme un despote d'Asie, &c. &c."\*

He goes on to say, subsequently, "En général on se charge trop de l'éducation de l'Espagne ; on s'occupe trop de la corriger. Hélas ! elle est incorrigible ; laissons-la pour ce qu'elle est ; ne perdons pas notre temps et notre argent ; ne nous mêlons pas de ses affaires."†

It would not be worth while to examine whether the attempts of the French to educate Spain, by the intervention of their battalions of instructors, either under the Emperor Napoleon, or by the orders of His Most Christian Majesty,

\* While liberty is impracticable and little wished for—love of equality almost unknown, how can we compare Spain with other countries ? How can we inoculate her with our ideas, our wants, our customs ? When will this great work be crowned with success ? Will any sort of similarity ever exist between the moral habits of the two nations (France and Spain) ? As yet there is none. The mutual relations of enlightened men, the "march of intellect," liberty of thought, of speech, of the press ; in these we exist. We could not adapt ourselves, were it but for an instant, to the political torpidity and muteness of Spain. It is natural to that country ; it results from its history, its geographical position, even from its climate. In its institutions the genius of the East is blended with that of the middle ages. The Sovereign is absolute as a despot of Asia, &c."

† "In general we are too much occupied in the task of educating Spain, of correcting her errors. Alas ! she is incorrigible, let us leave her as she is ; let us not waste our time and money ; let us have nothing to do with her."

were of a nature calculated to succeed in regenerating that country. Before we pronounce her "incorrigible," let her have fair play. Few people, and least of the Spaniards, are likely to improve by the lessons of foreign instructors, who point out the road to the science of good government with bayonets, and clear away the obstacles to political "education" and improvement, by the fire of their artillery. Yet the passages we have quoted above, at least serve to show what were the impressions excited in the mind of an intelligent and well-informed writer by the aspect of things in Spain in the year 1829.

The Grandees of Spain and the higher nobility, are in some instances, favourably disposed to the cause of freedom and improvement of their country, but the majority may be said to be inclined to the Court, or absolute party—some of them quite devoted to its cause. Yet their influence, when their high pretensions on the score of birth and immense hereditary possessions are considered, is very trifling—their privileges and real power reduced to a nullity. A grandee may wear his hat on one occasion in the presence of his sovereign: this is about the sum total of his exclusive privileges: even in the empty honour of precedency at the public ceremonies, at the *besamanos*, &c. he has no right to the *pas*, although generally conceded to him, as we have heard declared by one of the first of the grandees, distinguished both by high birth, the number of "hats," or grandezas, that he united in his own person, and by his immense revenues. It requires, it is true, an order of the King to arrest one of the class, but what is the effect of this but to make the grandee more immediately subject to the will and caprice of the Monarch, and to destroy any thing like a feeling of constitutional independence? The very origin of the grandee,—being originally mere wealth,—has something in it not calculated to raise the esteem or feeling of respect for the order, (although doubtless it can show many names distinguished in the annals of history, both ancient and modern):—the first distinctive appellation of this class was *ricos hombres*, or rich men.

But it is comparatively of slight importance what may be the political feeling that may actuate the mass of the higher noblesse. They are, either from deficiency in talent, energy, or education, not so influential a body in Spain as by many is supposed. There are few names among them, at the present day, that would, like the lifeless body of the Cid, placed on horseback by his followers, ensure victory to an army trusting to its fame, as to a banner. One great mistake in the last attempt at revolutionizing Spain, (only suppressed, however, by the intervention of the French,) was the effort of the democratic party to do away with an hereditary nobility, and not allowing two Chambers; if France be not yet ripe for a Republican form of Government, *à fortiori*, Spain cannot be so.

There are in Madrid and dispersed over the kingdoms and provinces about 250,000 royalist volunteers, or Realistas, who may be considered as devoted to the cause of absolutism. These are generally composed of the very dregs of the population; and although from the worthlessness of their character, and total want of all but evil principle, they might seem to be as likely to become dangerous as useful to the party employing them, yet their subserviency to the priesthood renders them formidable to the true interests of Spain; for we fear that we cannot acquit the Spanish clergy of the charge of being the zealous and unrelenting opponents of all that tends to promote political or civil freedom. Of religious freedom it would be useless to speak, as it is, of course, out of the pale of their ideas. Neither in Spain, nor any other exclusively Catholic country, can the priesthood be expected to allow the axe of free discussion to be laid to the roots of the very foundation of their present influence and wealth. The emoluments and institutions founded upon superstition and bigotry, and the pecuniary advantages to be derived from the ignorance and subjection of the people, are too great, particularly when already in the hands of a powerful body, to be relinquished without a struggle.

The Cruzado alone, or Bull, granting permission (on certain payments) for eating meat on the fast-days and in Lent, produces annually about 500,000*l*. The tithes and other ecclesiastical revenues, (independent of the voluntary gifts in different shapes, and other advantages to the members of the clergy,) are very large; it is true, that under the denomination of *Novenos*, *Tercias Reales*, *Subsidios*, *Excusados*, &c. much of these profits goes into the King's coffers; but

could they be levied in another form at present? and are the clergy likely to abandon a source of wealth that either with the blinded people, or with the equally short-sighted Government, renders their body of such importance? They will not easily support a system that would demolish the immense edifice of priestly power, of which the existence of such cathedrals as those of Seville, Toledo, and others, are, in many respects, at once the striking and appropriate emblems, and the imposing results.

But it will be said, while there exist so many and such urgent causes, as certainly can be shown, for a wish to reform the whole machine of Government, and the organization of society, as in Spain,—while successive years have but continued to deepen the shade of the picture she presents, when contrasted with the advancement of other nations;—finally, whilst a powerful and influential neighbour no longer holds the shield of Medusa between the abuses of absolutism and the efforts of its victims; since France has shown that a people may vindicate the cause of their rights and freedom, without sanctioning licence, or committing outrage, under circumstances the most calculated to produce both; and that, although opposed to the most formidable and determined veteran soldiers, the citizen may be victorious in defence of his liberties and his principles,—will the Peninsula remain patiently tranquil under its present lamentable circumstances?—will the rising generation creep on in the footsteps of the preceding, bending under burthens that they can with difficulty support—like an over-worked mule of their own Sierras, following mutely in the line of its predecessors, alike incapable and unwilling to diverge from the toilsome path in which it is led?

We should regret to think that this can be the case; yet we have shown some causes for the opinion, that in expecting an immediate result in the Peninsula, at all to be compared to that of the late events in France, we should be at least premature. As has been said of another political subject, it is “a question of time.” That every day, every hour, is pregnant with events tending to produce the ultimate political regeneration of many countries, but especially that of Spain, there is no doubt; but whether this will be gradually effected by progressive concession and improvement on one part, and successive struggles on the other; or be brought to pass by the explosion of a volcano, which many suppose to be at hand, is a question that a very few weeks may set at rest.\*

The reasons which may be advanced for anticipating a rapidly approaching crisis are, it must be allowed, neither few nor unimportant.

The general evils of a despotic form of Government we shall not dwell upon, nor on those caused by the suppression of education and knowledge in the people, and by the encouragement of gross superstition and extreme bigotry by an interested priesthood. In the atmosphere of England it would be superfluous to remark upon them.

But the onerous nature of commercial restrictions begins to be much felt; the glimpse that has been afforded of the advantages of freedom of trade by the opening of the port of Cadiz, and by the example of foreign enterprise and the exertions of foreign capitalists at Seville, Bilbao, Malaga, &c. is, although not rapidly, making itself felt; the defects and abuses of the fiscal regulations of Spain stand in higher relief, where an opportunity is afforded of placing in immediate contrast the effects of a free system. The establishment of diligences, within these few years much more numerous and well-organized than is generally supposed—however disproportioned the effect may appear of so simple a cause—yet certain it is that the greater facility and rapidity of intercourse between Madrid and the great cities at the frontiers, and on the coast, have had already a beneficial effect in encouraging the spirit of commerce, and holding out

\* There is an opinion that, although perhaps not seriously urged, is certainly well founded, which we have heard expressed by one who had passed many years in Spain, and in constant relation with its Government, that would furnish an answer to many a sanguine politician:—“When you have made up your mind on every reasonable ground a certain line is likely, and ought to be adopted, on any given occasion, be quite sure that the Spaniards will act in a manner diametrically contrary to what you expect, on data that would influence other people.”

inducements to the middling classes to undertake journeys that formerly could only be made at a great comparative sacrifice of time and money. A corresponding moral benefit also arises from the communication of persons from distant parts of the kingdom, in the diffusion and acquirement of knowledge and intelligence.

One has but to enter into conversation with the Spaniards of almost any class, when accident or opportunity induces them to converse freely, and when they are certain that only foreigners, or persons whom they can trust, are their listeners—to perceive that they have at least a sufficient idea of the capabilities of their country under a better system—and they often lament the present state of neglect and depression of their resources, and the little encouragement for industry; the vampire habits of their clergy and *escribanos*, or lawyers, the deplorable mal-administration of justice, &c. This we have heard from persons in a class, where one would not look for much reflection on such subjects. It is not uncommon to hear a man, who perhaps has never been ten miles from his own habitation, exclaim, "Look what a climate and what a soil we possess! with proper management we might be independent of the productions of the rest of the world. The wheat and potatoes of the North of Europe, the rice, sugar-cane, and pepper, of the Torrid Zone—Spain can grow them all, as well as the vine and olive. Our mines are teeming with riches; and with every advantage of natural produce, we have the finest geographical position, numerous harbours on two oceans,—we might be, under good administration, the centre of the commerce of the world!" Such are the reflections of many of the Spaniards; and, although the neglect of advantages which they complain of must in part be attributed to the peculiar habits and indolence of the people, still enough remains to give much weight to the heavy charges that they bring against the Government.

One very great source of discontent and just complaint, and the most likely to produce fatal consequences to the cause of Ferdinand, is the employment of such men as the Conde de España. This man, a Swiss by birth, has naturally neither the feelings nor the patriotism of a Spaniard. The only interests he has at heart are his own; and, as a means of furthering them, making himself the *âme damnée*, the Alva, of the King. The sanguinary and arbitrary conduct of this man, as Governor of Catalonia, has been such as would have brought down disgrace and detestation upon a much better cause than that of Ferdinand. Reckless, as from his character and position he must be expected to be, of the ultimate consequences to Spain, and perhaps not able or willing to comprehend the real effects of such conduct as his on the interests of royalty; his words and actions breathe nothing but blood and flame. Unrelenting persecution, and executions almost without even the semblance or mockery of the forms of justice, have marked the career of this volunteer executioner in the service of the Absolutists; without much ability, and, in the intervals of ferocity, putting on a fawning, obsequious manner, to those not obnoxious to his power, he has thought that the surest way to distinguish himself, in the absence of qualifications for any wise or good purpose, would be, by coming forward as the Robespierre of despotism. And truly he has fulfilled his vocation. It will perhaps only require a continuation of the acts of a few such men (if others are to be found like him) as this, to ensure the triumph of the cause of liberty in the Peninsula; such is the indignation and horror which such conduct must inspire. Neither natives nor foreigners can escape the real or affected suspicion, or, (what is the same thing,) the arbitrary arrests, imprisonments, and axe, of this truly Turkish Governor.

In one instance that we recollect, an unlucky merchant, we believe, from the United States, on some occasion at Barcelona, had thought fit to give a toast in favour of the Constitution and its supporters—he was instantly seized, and of course condemned, in spite of all appeal; but a strong remonstrance being made in his favour by the Envoy at Madrid, couched in very cogent terms, an answer was returned that his life should be spared; the reversal of the sentence was, however, but of little avail, as this order "on life and death" came forth, as was alleged, some time after the poor man had been executed! But this is not a solitary case of this nature.

With all this zeal and willingness to incur every odium here, and penalty hereafter, in the service of Absolutism, there are not wanting those who think the Conde



de España capable of employing his guillotine-like powers with equal willingness on the persons of the royal family as in their defence, should the time serve. Others, more charitable, think him a little mad—or like some savage animals that are spoken of as becoming insatiable of blood in proportion as they shed it. An ill-judged severity at the present moment may be looked upon as in general favourable to the constitutional cause. The endeavours\* of the party and creatures of Calomarde, Sembrano, &c. to stifle every thing like an indication of a wish to discuss political subjects, almost gave rise to disturbances on the first arrival of the intelligence of the events of July in France. Fortunately for Ferdinand, the narrow imbecility of these measures was counteracted in the Council at the time, and an account, meagre enough, of what had passed, was at length allowed to appear in the "Gaceta de Madrid"—people read, talked, and were quiet.

The extreme mediocrity in talent, and excessive ignorance and apathy on the subject of foreign countries and foreign politics, that mark almost the whole of the Cabinet of Ferdinand, is another cause of confidence to the Liberal party. Whatever influence such men as Calomarde, &c. may have over the mind and actions of the King, he never can for a moment be formidable when left to depend only on the influence of his own talents. S—— is a man of no influence or weight—merely at the head of a department, to perform functions that, were he more of a "substantive," would perhaps be but a short time in his hands.

Spain is lamentably in want of a man. The extreme mediocrity of almost all the Spanish politicians, and their want of influence over the mass of their fellow-countrymen, is really singular among fourteen millions; † in the country of a Columbus, a Cortes, a Charles V. one would look for a master-spirit capable of seizing and holding to the advantage of his party, if not of his country, the reins of power. At present, we may look in vain. There may be respected and respectable names in the ranks of the Constitutionalists, but a Washington, or a Napoleon, a Bolivar, or a Cromwell, are not to be found. The days when a man could agitate and influence the whole people of France, or those of the United States, for good or evil, are probably gone by. In the great Republic of the present day, and in a democratic monarchy, such as that of France, only the founders and first supporters of it can hope to exercise the powerful influence of the names which we have cited. In proportion as their efforts are successful, and the machine perfect that they have improved or constructed, it will move on by its own impulse, independent of individual talent and exertion, and each day renders the task of that ambition more hopeless, that would seek to gain a pre-eminence such as the framers alone of such a government can attain. Should France but be allowed time to consolidate her present institutions, free from foreign aggressions and the necessity for military efforts, with Louis-Philippe and Lafayette will end that individual predominance which centres at present in their persons; that overwhelming power, not so much the result of position, as of moral influence on the hearts and minds of their fellow-citizens. It is not meant that successors may not be found to fill with equal, or greater, security the highest posts in the commonwealth: call them Kings, Presidents, Ministers, or Generals, their powers, as such, will be equal, and their labours and duties as useful: but their influence will be confined to the line marked out by their respective positions on the edifice of the Constitution; they will be but fulfilling the duties assigned to them. It will be no longer in their power to merit universal and indefinable popularity and devotion, by contributing essentially to confer general and immense benefits, as, fortunately for the future generations of these countries, such will no longer remain to be conferred—they will have all been obtained; and, in the same proportion as the influence of masses will be all-powerful, the personal power of individuals, in whatever station, will be circumscribed.

The situation of the United States, at the present day, furnishes already the best illustration of what is here advanced. We are not deterred by fear of the ridicule of those who think nothing in the institutions of that country applicable

\* These consisted in forbidding the opening of certain houses where suppers and refreshments were supplied, and where young men and others used to meet after the Opera; arrests and imprisonment for conversation, and stopping letters and communications, &c.

† Probably fourteen millions is an accurate estimate of the actual population of Spain.

to those of Europe. It would be well for European statesmen to look a little more attentively to the great political problem now in the process of solution in the other hemisphere; much may there be learnt in the science of man, and his government.

But although the season may be gone by for any individual to say "*l'état c'est moi*," in France, it is not yet arrived in Spain; for the actual Government of the Rey Absoluto is one of the least vigorous and least efficient in the world. Clogged by the influence of the priests, by that of the Absolutists, and by fears of the Constitutionalists; by feelings of insecurity; by the effects of superstition, ignorance, and every species of corruption and financial mal-administration;—the regal power and energy are at present very limited. Occasional acts of arbitrary power prove little more than its possible evils, as it has seldom been exerted in a good cause, or in the rectification of abuses.

If the present dynasty were headed by a Henri IV. with another Sully for a counsellor, or by a Peter the Great, what a noble opportunity would be afforded for the regeneration of the Peninsula; but the Bourbons, at least the branch on the throne of Spain, are little likely to produce such a character. Even with the finest natural endowments, the system of Spanish royal education would appear chosen to suppress every germ of talent, and to discourage all inclination for liberal knowledge or instruction—fostering the worst passions, the grossest intolerance, bigotry, and ignorance, and the most narrow views, political or moral, it tends to render the victims of Jesuitical education as unfit as possible for filling with advantage the high station assigned them. Were there a "royal road" to the science of good government, it would be purposely shut to the high-born pupils in this school of priestly bigotry and absolutism.

On the other hand, it does not seem that among the 'Constitutional' ranks can be found at present a Cromwell, to form on the ruins of the throne the foundations of his own power; still less a Vasa, to lead the people in the attack of oppression, or to begin a new dynasty by the consent of his countrymen and from the pre-eminence of his own merit. Should such a man be brought forward by the stream of events, the "mot" of a diplomatist of rank and merit in England will doubtless be found equally applicable to the Spanish Bourbons as it was to the family of Charles X.—that "*Leur grande ressource en politique a toujours été les chevaux de poste!*"\*

The want of talent or pre-eminence among the opposers of absolutism in Spain, and on its frontiers, joined to the conflicting interests, jealousies, and personal enmities of the expatriated Spaniards, render their assembling on the borders little dangerous to the cause of Ferdinand's absolute party. It is lamentable, to the well-wishers of the Constitutional cause, to see the effects of this want of unity in action and councils on the operations of the Refugees and their adherents in the Pyrenees; fortunately for the cause of Royalty, it exceeds, in want of consistency and judgment, and in indecision, even the measures of the Camarilla, or Court party at Madrid, whose marching and counter-marching of troops, whose arrests and decrees, chiefly serve to show their own weakness and their fears. The question seems to be, which party will behave most absurdly and inefficiently: the one will, perhaps, lose the game, but neither knows how to win it. On the arrival of the Duc de Montebello the other day at Madrid, as ambassador from the Citizen-King to Ferdinand, it was made a request from the King of Spain, through General C—— and M. de S——, that the Vicomte de St. P—— would receive him into the Hotel de l'Ambassade, alleging that they were fearful of the Duke's being insulted by the populace and Realistas, unless under the protection of the Arms of the embassy.† Under the peculiar circumstances (M. de S. P. having, together with the different members of his embassy, thought fit, from the most honourable personal motives and feelings, to resign his post upon the accession of the present King of the French,) this arrangement could not be agreeable to either party. It was, however, no-

\* "In politics their grand resource has always been—post-horses!"

† In Madrid, over the entrance of each of the hotels of the foreign embassies and missions, the arms of the country to which they belong are placed.

quiesced in upon the representation above cited; but it was generally surmised, afterwards, that this pretended fear for the personal safety of the Duc de Montebello was grounded upon a diametrically opposite tendency suspected among the people,—namely, a manifestation, on their parts, of approbation of the new order of things in France, and a possible ferment in favour of Liberal principles.

There was also a serious affray and disturbance between the Guards and the Realistas, who mutually dislike each other; and an incipient conspiracy in favour of Absolutism, under the banners of the Carlist faction. Would not this tend to confirm the opinion expressed above (in a note),—that Spain will always act in a diametrically opposite manner to that which the rest of the world would adopt under similar circumstances?

Burthened with grievances of all sorts—oppressed and consumed by every species of misgovernment and mal-administration—a neighbouring population gives an example, forming an era in the annals of the world, of devotion for the cause of liberty, and furnishing a proof of how soon a determined people may win and wear its garland, that will hereafter be a lesson to mankind;—can its effects on Spain be lost? we exclaim—will she not rise and throw off her fetters by a decisive effort? What is the fact? an insurrection takes place in the capital, but it is in favour of—Absolutism, fanaticism, and the Inquisition; planned by bigotry and interested malice, to be executed by the refuse of the population with bloodshed and rapine! One is almost tempted to exclaim, with the writer on Spain whom we have already quoted, “*Helas, elle est incorrigible!*”

This occurs, too, at a time when an execution takes place in the capital of a man, for murder, (a rare thing, not from the infrequency of the crime, but from the delays of what is there miscalled justice,) under circumstances most calculated to awaken indignation against a privileged set of men, among whom too many miscreants are to be found. This man, whose rank in life and property were what in England would be called respectable, coming unexpectedly home, found his wife in *flagrante delicto* with a priest, (her confessor, if we are not mistaken,) and whom he had long suspected of a criminal intercourse with her. In the sudden rage of the moment, he draws the knife which all Spaniards carry, and plunges it into the heart of the less guilty of the criminals—his wife; the priest unfortunately escaped the effects of his just indignation. The husband was executed in the Plaza de la Cebada, exciting the pity and sympathy of an immense crowd of all classes, in the streets and in the balconies, among whom were multitudes of well-dressed women; while the cowed wretch is at large, unpunished, and probably continuing to perform his clerical duties, and to hold similar conferences with his penitents,—and, ready to shout “*Death to the Liberals!*”—“*Down with the Constitution!*”—or to assist in the destruction of both.

In such a country as this, we may well ponder a little, and hesitate ere we expect prompt efforts and results for the benefit of her population, notwithstanding the strong inducements that exist for attempting them. In France, the great engine of good and free government was already constructed; it waited but to be freed from some defects that clogged its mechanism, from some incumbrances that impeded its motion: the effort that relieved it from these, set it at once in complete and vigorous operation. In Spain, the whole machine, the very materials, are to be created. The vehicle of Government scarcely exists; at least, its component parts have neither harmony, proportion, nor uniformity of motion: time and labour are required to form it. France could arise and shake off the impediments to its freedom, like “*dew-drops from a lion's mane.*” The genius of Spain lies powerless in the lap of Catholic superstition—a Sampson shorn of his strength—possibly he may still hurst his bonds, and put forth his energies in all their vigour, without enduring farther extremities of darkness, degradation, and servitude, and may yet overthrow the edifice of Bigotry and Absolutism without being crushed in its ruins. But the work of political regeneration in Spain is likely to be the result of successive struggles and efforts, and will require possibly more years to effect than days were necessary for completing the Revolution in France.

M. N. O.

## THE NEW POLICE.

We have already given our opinion upon the Police force of the metropolis, and consequently should not again have brought it under the notice of the public, if there were not a certain number of individuals in this country who may be compared to book-keepers in a stage-coach office. They witness all the world moving around them, but are perfectly stationary themselves. They continue to be nailed as closely to old prejudices as their prototypes, the book-keepers, are to their desks. They cannot move from behind the barrier of their bigotry; although their neighbours, in all directions, are advancing towards the attainment of practical knowledge and information. The old ladies, who foretold that faggots would again burn in Smithfield before the anniversary of the day on which the Catholic Relief Bill received the Royal assent are fairly *smoked* out; but the equally sapient twaddlers, who rail against the Police force for its unconstitutional tendency, are at present in full vigour, and, therefore, it may be well to separate popular clamour from public opinion, and distinguish the ravings of pettifogging attorneys at parish meetings from the general feeling of the country. Before we proceed, we will notice one specimen of what we have no doubt the learned orator called argument, that we listened to ourselves at a parish meeting convened especially for the purpose of anathematizing the Police. He stated, "that the men were never to be seen at their posts; they were never on duty; the whole district might be plundered before assistance could be obtained from these new-fangled guardians of the property of the public;" and the same individual, almost in the same breath, declared that "these men insulted women in all corners of the street, and that it was now impossible to walk fifty yards in the streets of London without meeting with a Policeman, who impudently thrust his nose into your face." How the skulking from duty, and the operation of the nose are to be reconciled in the conduct of the same individuals, we leave to the learned gentleman to explain. Perhaps the statutes at large may, for certainly common sense will not carry him through the mystery. We merely notice this absurdity as one instance out of a thousand of the nonsense that is talked about the Metropolitan Police, and will now pass on to a more direct consideration of the question.

There are three charges brought against the Police; first and foremost, its unconstitutional tendency; its expense; and, lastly, its inefficiency as a protection for persons and property. As we do not intend to enter into any special pleading as to the origin of this force, or the legitimacy of the means by which it was brought into existence; or whether a man with a blue coat, buttoned up to his chin, with an old English constable's truncheon in his pocket, is not quite as constitutional a protector of British persons and British property as a decrepid old watchman, with a great coat dragging at his heels, and a club-stick in his hand; we shall dismiss, very shortly, this formidable danger that has aroused the *Runnymede* jealousy of parish-meeting-orators. We will put out of the question recent events, in which the people have everywhere triumphed over regular troops, that have had the temerity to resist them, and where Englishmen, who have accidentally been at the scene of action, have so conspicuously shown them-

selves fighting for those liberties in other countries that they know so well how to defend in their own; because we have now to deal with popular influence in this empire, and see how far it is able to resist three or four thousand men in the shape of police officers; where, by the way, you have a standing army of a hundred thousand men, regarded, and very justly too, as far as any constitutional danger is to be apprehended from it, with the utmost composure. Public opinion in this country has been of slow but certain growth; various circumstances have checked its progress, and turned for a time its natural course; but the last fifteen years have increased it most rapidly, and the events of the latter part of that period have given it vigour and power that has made an impression and excited confidence from the Land's End to John O' Groats. But, say the alarmists, at the institution of the Police, we have no apprehension under a patriot monarch like William IV. and a cautious minister like Sir Robert Peel; but look at the danger under men less disposed to act rightly! Of William IV. we will say that, to our minds, he is the *beau ideal* of an English King; with sound sense and an excellent heart, without any crooked predilections to gratify, and his only object the well-being of his subjects; but it would be matter of indifference to us, as far as apprehension of the Police power is involved, if he had the disposition of Miguel of Portugal, if the Duke of Wellington was the counterpart of Ferdinand of Spain, and Sir Robert Peel resembled to the letter his *Ex-Serene Highness* the Duke of Brunswick. Popular clamour may be destroyed by physical force, but public opinion, properly so called and firmly established, as it is in England at present, cannot recede until the fabric of society fails. The extension of knowledge, the spread of commerce and manufactures, the incessant improvement in machinery, the diffusion of property, with a sound currency, are some of the causes that render the middle class unprecedentedly powerful, and consequently public opinion preeminent. It is also to be remarked that popular feeling gives a tone to the policy of the Government, and not the policy of the Government to popular feeling. The history of the last two years fully confirms this maxim, which may be adduced as a farther motive for disregarding the ignorant and interested clamour raised against the Police. Is the source of public opinion, the middle class, so strong in any country of Europe as in England? Was it ever so strong in this kingdom as at the present moment? Is it not gaining strength every hour? Would any sinister operation upon the part of the Government fail to place the whole community in the most imposing attitude? and yet this is the period when a handful of men acting as peace-officers are to create alarm! We would not so grossly insult our countrymen as to doubt their power and will to act efficiently should occasion ever require it, if the Police force were increased tenfold, with the army in array by its side. These are not times for Kings or Ministers, were they ever so inclined, to play false with the people of England. The public voice is now paramount and it can never again be silenced by violence. It has already given a decidedly liberal tone to the Government, which must strengthen itself by popular policy or crumble to dust.

And now as to the expense of the New Police. As far as we are advised upon the subject, we do not believe that the relative expense of

the old and new systems is known with any precision. Parochial authorities have been very unwilling, in many instances, to give up the jobbing and patronage that accrued to them from the appointment of the local watch, and they have most unfairly thrown an odium on the Police, with reference to its expense, and charged sums to its account that did not belong to it. We are ready to admit, that after having taken some pains to arrive at a just conclusion regarding the much talked of expense of the new institution, and after a somewhat extensive inquiry, we are still in ignorance upon the question. It is true we have heard a great deal of very loose conjecture, and waded through various crude statements, but we have no tangible general fact to guide us. Amongst the mass of papers in our possession, all bearing upon this point, there are scarcely any that go to the main object. There are two however that do so, in figures, and those we will give. In the parish of Lambeth, one of the most violent against the expense, we find in a document that has been authenticated to us by a leading individual in that Parish, that the actual expenditure of watching one-fifth part of it, containing one-half of the population, that district being densely inhabited, was 7658*l.*; the sum required for the whole Parish for the Police is 11,160*l.* In Saint George's, Southwark, the charge for the wages of the watchmen was 3269*l.* exclusive of rent of watch-houses and various other incidental expenses, whilst the charge of the Police is 3283*l.* In Saint John's Parish, Clerkenwell, we learn from an authority upon which we can rely, although we are not furnished with figures in proof of the assertion, that the expense of the Police is less than that under the old system, and that in Saint James's, Clerkenwell, a rate of one shilling in the pound has been levied instead of eight-pence, under the head of Police-rate, to pay off a debt incurred under the old watch establishment. In the East Division of the Borough of Southwark, the watch-rate has not been dispensed with since the establishment of the Police, because it has been required for the improvements going on in King-street, Borough, and for an additional charge for paving. In the Clink Liberty, in the Borough, a reduction of three-pence in the pound has taken place since the abandonment of the old watch. Besides these demi-official statements, that we have given above, we know various instances of inhabitants of particular districts being materially relieved, in point of expense, under the new arrangement. One great advantage of this arrangement is, that it is general. Under the exploded system, some districts were altogether neglected, and the inhabitants had no protection but what they furnished for themselves, at an enormous expense, in the shape of private watchmen. It is also to be taken into the account, that the Police is a day as well as a night force; this extra-accommodation must necessarily be paid for, and consequently increase the charge to the public of the new establishment. We cannot quit this part of the subject, without again adverting to Parish jobbing, which is carried on to an enormous extent within the Bills of Mortality. The moment the little authority of churchwardens, overseers, and vestrymen is interfered with, their jealousy is aroused. The patronage of the respective parochial watches is taken from them under the new order of things, and they have had recourse to every trick that they could devise to haffle those employed under it. There are many honourable exceptions to this

conduct in parishes we could mention, but we are speaking generally. It is the duty of the respectable inhabitants of the metropolitan parishes, to investigate the accounts of their parochial servants respecting the charge for the new Police, which we are satisfied, in many instances, is the excuse for rates that are only made for the rankest jobbing and speculation, and have no more to do with the Police than they have with the national debt.

The last head of charge against the Police is its inefficiency. To hear some persons talk of the new establishment, it would appear to have been a wanton innovation upon a sound plan of protection for persons and property, any alteration of which was a work of supererogation at least, if not of positive evil; instead of its being a rickety, disjointed production of by-gone ages, that has been, we repeat, justly railed against for a century.

It may be fairly stated as a general principle, that Government was bound to improve the Metropolitan Police. The old system was so glaringly defective, that by unanimous consent, an alteration was declared necessary; and the true question is, whether such progress has been made towards a perfect plan as the public has a right to expect, bearing in mind that a new scheme was to be adopted for the protection of a population of one million two hundred thousand souls. It was not until July 1829, that Commissioners were appointed, and from that time to the Michaelmas following, all the details of the system were arranged, the plans of various police establishments examined, and every information obtained that could practically elucidate the subject; and we believe, that the information then obtained, has been zealously and judiciously acted upon. The arrangements that have been entered into, have of necessity been complicated and extensive, new ground has been explored, and the result, as far as we have the means of knowing, ought to satisfy the projectors of the scheme and the community. That it is not yet perfect, (nor can it ever be so long as it is assailed by selfish clamour and prejudice) we are quite ready to admit; and who with common sense or common justice, could expect so complicated a machine, branching off into such various and extensive ramifications, should be complete in the short space of twelve months? The whole system of Metropolitan Police was rooted up, and a new and much more enlarged scheme entered upon; in the formation of which great industry and research were exercised, but until the establishment began to work, it was impossible to judge of its utility and general effect. That result is now before the public, and we do maintain, taking an enlarged view of the question, that the New Police is answering the purpose for which it was instituted.

It cannot be expected of us to enter into minute details to show the efficiency, present state, and arrangement of this force; because we are not aware that such data are to be met with complete any where but at the office in Whitehall-place; and although we have no doubt that we should receive every facility in making enquiries there—for whatever may be the impression with regard to the force itself, we have never heard but one opinion expressed as to the open and manly conduct of the Commissioners whenever complaints have been made, or improvements suggested; but with this feeling towards them, we have not sought information from individuals who it is natural to suppose may

have a bias, and who might give a colouring to a statement, without any intention of misrepresenting facts. Accidental circumstances, however, have given us some information upon the subject before us. At the commencement of the establishment, a great number of men were of course required for the new service. These men were recommended by the public; that is, any respectable individuals who sent in the names of men as fit to serve in the new Police, were advised that their recommendations would be attended to, provided the individual answered the character given. In too many instances, it was a species of conspiracy to give false characters, either from mawkish compassion, from a desire to rescue a parish from the burden of a pauper family, or some other motive, and too often from an entire recklessness of the mischief likely to accrue from the recommendation; for we know how careless persons, otherwise tenacious probably of their word, are of giving characters to servants, and it would be thought by such persons of less consequence to give a false character to a public than a private servant, and the new Police was a ready road to do a favour. The result of this conduct has been, that from a thousand to twelve hundred men have been discharged for improper behaviour; a pretty good proof that the Commissioners are sensibly alive to the behaviour of the men under their control. Of course, among such a force, composed from its constitution of a contractedly-educated part of the community, occasional instances of misconduct will always occur; but this fact sufficiently shows the determination of the Commissioners to prevent, on the part of the men, collusion with bad characters and all unnecessary or improper collision with the public. There is also a circumstance of no great consequence, but still creditable to the establishment, arising out of this fact—that in upwards of fifteen hundred changes, including dismissals, resignations, &c. the alteration of the clothing for the new men has not cost fifty pounds; and we happen to know, that there is not a public department that passes its accounts more regularly at the Audit-office than this establishment, notwithstanding its complicated nature.

We have heard from persons likely to know, and who have had no good feeling toward this new force, that street-robberies are diminished. However that may be, if they have not increased during the present year, it is a fact creditable to the Police; for the anxiety of the people to see their new Sovereign on the numerous occasions he has gratified them by appearing in public, has collected crowds day by day in the streets of London, of which there is scarcely any precedent; and we are quite sure, in former years the pickpockets would have laboured most successfully in their vocation, and would have swelled the catalogue of crime to an enormous extent under such circumstances. Of burglaries we have no means of judging; but, at any rate, the inhabitants of those districts under the care of the Police have the assurance that burglars cannot bribe the individuals appointed to protect property to be absent from their duty whilst they are carrying on deprecations, which was continually the case with the old watchmen. Of the conduct of the Police at fires we speak from individuals connected with several Insurance offices, who have unequivocally stated to us, that its presence on these occasions has been highly useful, and tended materially to the protection of lives and property, and on many oc-



casions fires have been quenched by the Police-constables. We have never heard a dissenting voice to the assertion that the streets are in much better order, as to accidental irregularities, than formerly; but then we are told, in effecting this, unwarrantable captives take place, and no person can walk the streets of London without running the risk of an illegal detention by the Police. This charge is a tolerable answer to its supineness. In short, the bane and the antidote is throughout the opposition applied by the dissentients themselves at the same moment. The new force is negligent in the performance of its duty, and zealous over much. The men connected with it are never to be seen in the streets, and yet they insult every passenger in them. It has a tendency to overthrow the constitution, and yet it is powerless. These are a few specimens of the clamour raised against it!

We repeat, that the present system is not yet complete, but that it possesses the materials to become so, and if tried by the test that all writers upon the subject of police have laid down as the duties of those who act in it; to guard the public "from fraud, annoyance, violence, and depredation," and to attend "to internal security, order, comfort, and economy; to the removal of nuisances and obstructions, the suppression of disorders, and the protection of the peaceful citizen in his daily and nightly vocations," this force is rapidly proceeding to excellence. It has also been well observed, that the maintenance of public health, in the enforcement of cleanliness among the lower classes of a large population like London, together with a due observance of the local and general laws intended for municipal government and regulation, is a duty closely connected with Police; and medical men, and the agents of charitable institutions, whose business it is to visit the streets and alleys occupied exclusively by the lowest grades of this dense population, bear testimony to the improved state of those districts in point of cleanliness, as well as security, since the formation of the new force. The duty of the Police in this overgrown metropolis is one of extreme delicacy at all times; but it has become much more arduous to those connected with the new system, beset as they are by jealousy and prejudice. They have a floating, unknown, and stirring population to watch over and control, and those exercising the authority of Police must at once be active but not officious, zealous but discreet, protecting persons and property, and yet not interfering unnecessarily with the liberty of the subject; they must coerce where the occasion requires, but not tyrannize, they must be at their posts at the moment their presence is required, without appearing to force themselves improperly forward. At one time a police-officer might be called an impertinent meddler for interfering, and in five minutes afterwards an inactive drone for not attending to his duty. This is a small catalogue of the arduous and contradictory service of a Police force, and to this the new *corps* has to contend against all the obstacles that prejudice and jealousy throw in its way. However, it has already given good earnest of its utility and efficiency, and, we have little doubt, before another year passes, it will practically contradict all the slanders that have been heaped upon it. The Commissioners, and those in authority under them, will continue, we hope, steadily to pursue their duty, and the public, unswayed by clamour, to give them support.

## GALT'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,—IN your October Magazine, I observe a letter, addressed to you, signed "John Galt," written, so it is said, "out of personal consideration" for me, although the author is not in the habit, as he likewise tells you, of "publicly noticing either favourable, ignorant, or malicious criticism." Now, notwithstanding this singular compliment convinces me that it is not unusual for Mr. Galt to mean one thing and say another, yet there are parts of his letter, to which, although they are of equally doubtful import, I cannot attach so innocent an interpretation, and which compel me, however unwillingly, to offer an explanatory comment on that very strange epistle.

A short time previously to the publication of his *Life of Lord Byron*, Mr. John Galt wrote to me, requesting me to enable him to contradict a rumour which had reached him prejudicial to Lord Byron. I did so: and Mr. Galt not only published a part of my answer without my leave, but by introducing the story in question into his narrative, and stating that "he had no reason to doubt the authenticity of his information," not only did more injury to the character of Lord Byron than if he had repeated the scandal without any contradiction, but placed me in the not very creditable position of an incompetent and inconclusive defender of my illustrious friend. I scarcely need state that, if Mr. Galt did not think my denial of the truth of his rumour satisfactory, he had but one course to pursue; namely, not to notice it at all, at least not without that special permission, which I should most certainly have withheld from him, having no ambition to appear as a witness in any cause of which Mr. Galt can pretend to be the judge.

This conduct, and the general tenour of his *Life of Lord Byron*, ought to have deterred me from any farther private communication with Mr. Galt, who, by some strange misconception of his privileges as an author, seems to think that the feelings of the living, no less than the fame of the dead, ought to be at the mercy of any one engaged in the noble art of book-making. Nevertheless, I did venture, when his volume appeared, to remonstrate with him, by letter, for having, amongst other agreeable things, said of me, that I probably was the critic who condemned Childe Harold previously to its publication. Mr. Galt replied, "*I will correct [as the shortest and most general mode of effecting it] in the New Monthly Magazine, the mistake you mention*;" and with this promise, repeated, after some correspondence, in his last letter; I was obliged to be satisfied. But I now find, on reading his letter to you, that instead of "correcting his mistake," he has only noticed that I had complained of it, and has made just so much use of my private correspondence, as may divert your attention from his own published error, to what he wishes to pass for an inaccurate statement contained in one of my letters to him. He has, moreover, been pleased to declare that his conjecture was founded on his belief of "an entire confidence" subsisting between Lord Byron and myself, and thus leaves your readers to draw an inference as to that confidence, which I shall not certainly discuss with Mr. Galt. I am therefore compelled, however unwillingly, and, I believe, unaccustomed to obtrude any little personal grievance upon public notice, to assure your readers,

that I assured Mr. Galt that there is not the slightest foundation for the conjecture that I dissuaded Lord Byron from publishing *Childe Harold*. Had I done so, indeed, it is not very likely that he would have dedicated that noble poem to myself. I may also add, that the story told of his hesitation in publishing it, is at complete variance with all be repeatedly mentioned to me on the subject. As to the precise time at which Lord Byron finished the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*, it is true, that a note, in his hand-writing, and recorded at the time, mentions that he concluded them at Smyrna; but any one, who reads these cantos with more attention than Mr. Galt, will perceive that several stanzas were added after that time; so that Mr. Galt's attempt to refute a private statement of mine, by a public reference to my friend's autograph memorandum, will, I trust, hardly change the opinion which may be entertained as to our respective authority on matters connected with Lord Byron.

I now come to the note appended to Mr. Galt's letter, in which he states that some one has suggested that he was not "the first to do me the injustice to suppose I had condemned *Childe Harold*." An associate in sorrow has often been thought an advantage; but it was reserved for Mr. Galt to console himself by discovering a predecessor in misconduct. Mr. Galt has, however, abstained from informing your readers who that predecessor was, and I am forced to conclude that his name would not add to his authority; nor has Mr. Galt affirmed that he saw the injurious supposition in any published work. Surely he cannot have quoted the charge from a pamphlet, written by a person called Medwin, which he himself tells us was "judiciously suppressed." If he has, I regret much that he should condescend to employ so much dexterity merely to evade a promise, the simple performance of which would have saved me the trouble of writing this letter, and your readers the consideration of a subject, in which, I am well aware, they can have no concern, and must feel very little interest.

I beg to remain your obedient humble servant,

October, 1830.

J. C. HOBHOUSE.

#### SHAKSPEARE'S "HAMLET."

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

I HAVE been amused and pleased by an article in the last Number of the *New Monthly Magazine* on this subject,—a supposed conversation between Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley. His Lordship is represented as puzzled to make out what Shakspeare intended to make the character of Hamlet, and to reconcile his amiable qualities with his demeanour, or the actions he commits in the course of the play. Mr. Shelley will admit of no defect or deformity. The character of Hamlet, according to him, represents the "profound philosopher, or rather, the errors to which a contemplative and ideal mind is liable." Mr. Shelley's reasoning is abstruse and somewhat unintelligible. He is made to conclude that, "Hamlet is in itself a complete and reasonable whole, composed in an harmonious proportion of difference and similitude, into one expressive unity."

I am as great an admirer of Shakspeare as Mr. Shelley was; but I think he has completely mistaken the author in this instance. I have

often read and studied the play, and seen the character of Hamlet performed by different actors. I am old enough to have seen Garrick in it more than once, and am convinced that he made up his mind as to how it should be represented, and that his performance eclipsed that of all his successors. His acting satisfied me that he considered Shakspeare's portrait of Hamlet as that of a most amiable and intelligent young man, on whom events had made so strong an impression, as to derange his faculties,—in a word, he had become *insane*. Hamlet, at the period when the play opens, was a youth, though, by an inaccuracy at the conclusion, it has been inferred that he was of full age. Had that been the case, he must have been King of Denmark. By the custom of the northern nations, a minor was excluded; and hence, his uncle appears to occupy the throne.

According to Ophelia, Hamlet was once "the expectation and rose of the state—the observed of all observers;" but the noble mind had been overthrown—his reason was out of tune. In the first scene, he appears overwhelmed with deep melancholy, occasioned by the sudden death of his father; and still more, by his mother's marriage with his uncle. He wishes for death, and is only restrained from self-destruction by religious considerations—a sentiment repeated in his famous soliloquy. Then follows the interview with his father's spirit; and the dreadful story disclosed, confirming or adding to the suspicions and feelings which had previously affected him, accounts for Hamlet's subsequent extraordinary conduct. He is adjured to revenge his father's murder; and yet he trifles, and does nothing: he even submits tamely to be exiled by the murderer. Such conduct is incompatible with his possessing his original faculties. He might "put an antic disposition on," as he says; but that cannot account for his harsh, unmanly treatment of Ophelia, or his making a jest of killing Polonius, and the little regard he shows for the memory of the unfortunate lady, when, immediately after her funeral, he amuses himself with fencing.

That Hamlet had become insane, reconciles every thing. Without it, the objections put into the mouth of Lord Byron, to the conduct of the drama, are insuperable.

Shakspeare's deep insight into human nature and character are universally admitted. The characters he draws of Lear, Macbeth, Othello, besides many of persons inferior, are always consistent and obvious. It is impossible that he should have meant to hold out Hamlet as possessed of his senses, and yet, to have ascribed to him the conduct we find in this play.

But Hamlet, as he says, was only mad when the wind set from a certain quarter. When the feelings, which caused his aberration, are not touched, he is the amiable, intelligent, and sensible person he was originally. Witness his polite and condescending manner—his conversations with Horatio—his treatment of the players—his instructions to them; and the whole scene with the grave-digger. Hence, Hamlet's popularity; for every one sees this, while he does not observe the inconsistency of some of his actions.

Grant, then, that Shakspeare meant to describe a man whose intellects were, in some respects, disordered; and I agree with Mr. Shelley, that Hamlet is a "complete and reasonable whole"—an "expressive unity,"—but not otherwise.

A.B.

## POLITICAL EVENTS—THE NEW MINISTRY.

As we anticipated in the close of our last political paper, the business of Parliament has assumed a decisive and important character, and the Lower House has vindicated itself in the eyes of the country from the charges of apathy, indifference, and incapacity, which were brought against it in the last parliament so universally and so justly. From the very commencement, it seems to have been felt by the leading members of the House of Commons that the public were no longer to be trifled with—that a spirit was abroad without the walls, which would only be satisfied by the manifestation of a corresponding spirit within; and that the time and the circumstances of the country demanded a bold and energetic discharge of the duties of the people's representatives. It had been well for the late Ministry if they had meditated a little upon this state of public feeling, and determined to act more in accordance with it, before they ventured to meet the Parliament. It had been well for them if they had recollected that some little addition of intellectual force; some habit of plain dealing and plain speaking; some recollection of, and commiseration for, the common people and their distresses; some use of argument in debate, and some skill to grapple with the arguments of others, were become abundantly necessary for those who would conduct the affairs of Government, and meet the assembled Parliament at such a time as this. But all these things they seemed to have forgotten; and they came before Parliament and the country in the old fashion wherein they had struggled through the two preceding sessions; or, if there were any change, it was, strange to say, an additional appearance of obstinate perseverance in those very things about which the public decision for a beneficial reform was equally distinct and notorious. The speech which Ministers put into the mouth of the King was, taking it for all and all, a better speech than that of February last, which opened the preceding Session: but this is only saying that it was better than what was extremely bad; for what sentiment did the speech of last Session create but that of indignation? It should have been remembered that there was vast cause, as well as vast room, for a great improvement in the Speech from the Throne, and that the character both of the King, whose sentiments it should purport to convey, and of the political events which it was necessary to notice, required an infusion of popular sentiment, very different from the lofty air and vague generality by which it was—not distinguished, but made like unto the many that had gone before it. Unless men wilfully shut their eyes to the events which are taking place in the world around them; unless they are determined, obstinately and blindly, to continue steering on in the same course, though breakers are evidently ahead, giving palpable warning of the danger; unless they had rather lose all through indolent pride, than bestir themselves, and earn a continuance of their tenure of respect and influence by endeavouring to deserve them in active service; they must adapt themselves to the new form of circumstances, and perceiving the inquiring habits upon political matters which have grown up among the people, they must take more care in the political documents they bring forward, and the principles they advocate, where the interests of the people are concerned. Now, with regard to the King's Speech, it should have been composed with special reference to the feverish state of men's minds respecting Reform

all over Europe; to the distresses and discontents of the common people at home, and to the expediency of proving to the people, at the present moment, that Government is a careful guardian of their interests, and necessary to their well-being. But what do we—what did the people, find in the Speech? After the usual compliments from the Sovereign to the Parliament, the Government, in its first communication with the public since the French Revolution of July, states, that “the elder branch of the House of Bourbon no longer reigns in France; and the Duke of Orleans has been called to the throne by the title of the King of the French.” What a piece of pompous affectation was this! How ridiculous to refrain from acknowledging the fact, that the people of a neighbouring country had accomplished a great revolution, because their sovereign, that was, had dared to venture upon insupportable tyranny. Had the knowledge of the events in France been confined to the members of the Cabinet, this method of announcing them, however wrong, might have had an intelligible purpose, and would not have been absurd; but known as it was, and while the hearts of all the English people were beating with warm feelings of admiration for the courage and moderation which had been displayed by the French, it was in the highest degree foolish, as well as wrong, to speak as if the Government were not of the people, nor with the people, and as if it were ashamed even to name them, while it acknowledged what they had accomplished, and the consent which had been given to the changes which they had made. The language used seemed borrowed from the phraseology of Bonaparte, when he overturned dynasties and set up some branch of his military tyranny in their stead; but a British Government, in announcing such an event to the British Commons, should have plainly told the whole truth—that the French people had dethroned their king for attempting to impose rules upon them, by his absolute authority, supported by military force, and that they had chosen another king in his place. But the mistaken Ministry, like Pope’s Dean—

“Who never mention’d Hell to ears polite,”

seem to have been afraid to introduce any thing so vulgar and inelegant as the power of the people. There was a time when all this might have done very well; but that time has gone by, and we can tell those whose lofty taste induces them to turn away, “*naso adunco*,” from the name and the thought of the common people, that even on their own principles they act most erroneously; for the only way *now* to keep the people at a civil distance, is to treat them civilly.

Again; mere attention to political prudence, setting aside any higher motive, should have prevented the Government from making the King say, that “he lamented that the *enlightened* administration of the King of the Netherlands should not have preserved his dominions from *revolt*.” “*Enlightened administration*,” by the way, is a vile phrase, fit only for a boarding-school politician, or a hack writer of news: but let that pass, and let us ask why should we call that administration “*enlightened*,” against which the people that lived under it have revolted? Do we know better than they? And, granting that we do, and that the people of the Low Countries were wrong in opposing their king, to what purpose do we, in a state paper, which “pledges the Government of the country to particular sentiments, make use of the offensive term “*revolt*”? When a king outraging the law attempts to es-

establish despotism, and is beaten and dethroned in the attempt, after many of his subjects have been slaughtered, then we are merely told, as in the child's play of Queen Anne's death, that "the elder branch of the House of Bourbon no longer reigns." When the people, dissatisfied with the government, attack the power of the king, and place themselves in a position to treat for another government more suited to their desires, then we are told of a "revolt" against an "enlightened administration." This is a strange distinction to be made in a country which invented the phrase "the majesty of the people."

We must refrain from noticing all the topics suggested by the King's speech, lest we should leave ourselves without room for subsequent matters of more interest and equal importance; but, adverting to this document as the foundation of the Parliamentary union which overthrew the late Administration, it may be well to observe that all mention of or allusion to the distressed condition of the people, is carefully omitted, while the threat of punishment for disorder is angrily put forth; and, in the paragraph respecting the *Civil List* (*infelix omen*,) there was, whatever anger Sir Robert Peel may have felt at the suggestion, something which, if it was not intended to deceive, was very ill expressed. We think every one who knew any thing about the hereditary revenues of the King, and who was not in the secrets of Government, must have supposed that the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall were amongst the things given up to the public. We shall not go so far as Mr. Hume, who seems to think that the speeches of the movers and seconders of the Address are "all of a piece" with the King's speech, and should be deemed of equal authority as Government pledges; but surely it may be presumed that the intended meaning of the speech is understood by the mover of the address, and yet how can we suppose, after reading the following passage from Lord Bute's speech, that he expected such important branches of the King's personal revenues as the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall to be retained? "I could not bear," he says, "to let this occasion pass, without at least some expression of acknowledgment on my part to the Crown for the manner in which his Majesty has come forward to place at the disposition of Parliament every thing belonging to the Crown, even those funds which have never, on previous occasions, been surrendered to the country." This is about as strong an avowal of Lord Bute's belief of the total abandonment of the King's private revenues, as ordinary language could afford; and it is not surprising that some disappointment and even indignation should have been felt, when it was found that the "word of promise" was so much more extensive in its comprehension than the act of performance.

But the King's speech, however objectionable, or at least inadequate to the occasion, was harmless when compared with other acts of the late Ministry which followed close upon it. The reply of the Duke of Wellington to Earl Grey, upon the question of Reform, on the first night of the Session, displayed a spirit of determined hostility to the full current of popular opinion, which is not a little marvellous in a person of his Grace's usually cautious habits. It is not his wont to state more of his views and opinions in public than is absolutely necessary for the occasion, and, unless we suppose that to "go out" was his object, it is almost impossible to account for such a headlong declaration of resistance to any and every measure of reform, however moderate, or however guarded. An honest minister may entertain opinions of

that which is the best policy for the country very different from those which find approval in the popular voice; but a cautious minister will not place himself by an avowal, which it is possible to avoid, in direct hostility to an almost universally expressed opinion of the public. It will hardly be thought, however, by any one who examines the language used by the Duke, that it was inconsiderately uttered, or without a full sense of the impression which his words were calculated to convey. Without meaning any imputation upon his general manner of conveying his sentiments, we must avow that we have seldom found in his speeches any thing so vehemently expressive, so clear, and so vigorous as his declaration against Reform; he said, "the noble Earl (Grey) has stated that he is not prepared himself to come forward with any measure of the kind, (Reform of Parliament,) and I will tell him that neither is the Government. Nay, I will go farther, and say, that I have not heard of any measure up to this moment which could, in any degree, satisfy my mind, or by which the state of the representation could be improved, or placed on a footing more satisfactory to the people of this country than it now is."

This pointed declaration, in which there could indeed be "no mistake," gave a blow to the Wellington administration from which it reeled to its fall, accelerated no doubt in its downward progress by the feeling of contempt which arose out of the apparently exaggerated alarm respecting the King's visit to the City. We shall not pretend to determine what may have been the private information of the late Government, which they did not think proper to lay before Parliament; nor are we disposed to treat with levity the possible consequences of even a slight disturbance in so enormous a mass of people as would have been collected on Lord Mayor's Day, had the procession taken place; but whether there was real ground of apprehension or not, nothing could be more injudicious than the manner in which the postponement of the visit was managed by the ministers. The suddenness of the announcement, and the assertion of expected danger, without reference to the nature of the information which led to so serious an expectation, produced an alarm (the greater from its vagueness,) which agitated every family, and affected every individual in this vast metropolis. We say nothing of the disappointment of amusement, but disappointment and serious loss in business were necessary consequences of the alarming announcement of the ministers, for which they were unable to produce any justification that did not appear, upon the first inquiry, futile and ridiculous. All the odium, and all the contempt which ministers brought upon themselves in this most ally affair, might have been avoided by a different kind of announcement, accompanied by expressions of regret for the disappointment of the people. That a ministry, with the Duke of Wellington at its head, should have made itself ridiculous by a description of conduct exactly opposite to what might have been expected from military habits, is not the least remarkable feature in the memorable postponement of the 9th of November.

After this time, it was evident that the country was weary of the Administration, and it was fully expected that the division on Mr. Brougham's Reform question would have sealed its fate:—the amendment to the Civil List resolutions, moved by Sir Henry Parnell, accelerated this conclusion by a day,—the Wellington Ministry fell, and a change in the Government, the most decisive in its character, and the



most sweeping in its extent, that has taken place for many years, has been the consequence. The most superficial observer of the state of political feeling in this country can hardly have failed to notice how much the general mode of judging of public affairs has in our days altered. The changes and chances of political life have so affected parties, and so broken up old coalitions,—have brought the exercise of individual judgment so much more into fashion, and given such an equality of mediocrity to public men, that leadership in politics is no longer of the vast practical consequence that it used to be. Added to this, a great number of the common people have been induced by improved education, and many have been driven by the bardness of their lot, to serious examination of the real effects of what is done by the Legislature and the Government, and instead of being led away, as they used to be, by personal feelings towards some favourite political champion, they look to what acts are likely to be passed for their benefit, and according to these they measure the portion of their censure or their praise. We feel inclined to follow a similar course, and bowever disposed to admit the high mental capabilities and various accomplishments of those now placed at the head of affairs, we wait to see what practical good is to follow to the people from their government. It often happens that, in situations where diligence, steadiness, and habits of exactness and dispatch, are requisite, (and in what branch of public or private business are they not requisite?) that highly accomplished minds are not the most useful; and while we are far from implying that we shall not find those important requisites in the new Ministers, yet we are warranted in not taking it for granted that we shall find them, merely because the new men are men of undoubted talent, so far as it has been displayed in the occasional matters of a public nature which they have voluntarily taken up.

We have heard it observed in the political circles, and we think with much truth, that the distribution of the places in the New Ministry does not seem to be the most happy that might have been devised, and that in the number of which the Ministerial body is composed, some transpositions might be made which would greatly improve the working of the whole. Amongst the Aristocracy of England, Earl Grey stands conspicuous for political knowledge, and parliamentary eloquence of the highest order—he must obtain respect even from those whose political principles are most at variance with his; and whether at home or on the Continent, his name at the head of the Government will give it a lofty character, unless his deeds shall prove unequal to the reputation which he possesses.

The promotion of Mr. Brougham to the Chancellorship is one of those astonishing events; which upon their first occurrence we feel it necessary to speak of with much caution, lest the novelty and surprise of the matter should betray us into saying too much or too little. Hitherto, neither his peculiar abilities, nor his habits, have been such as would have been considered most valuable in a judge who must patiently listen and deliberately decide; but perhaps we do not know of what new discipline his mind may be capable—we shall not prejudge him, but be ready at a future time to acknowledge his honest fame as a Chancellor, if he shall acquire reputation as an Equity Judge at all answering to his celebrity as an advocate. He has reached the topmost pinnacle of an English lawyer's ambition, and however arduous may

have been his struggle, and long the period of his exclusion from official reward, Fortune has now, by one splendid gift, repaid him for all former neglect: we wish he may use his fortune wisely, and we would address him in the words of Horace to Celsus—

“Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento:  
Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.”

We refrain from the task—more curious and delicate than useful—of tracing the characters and capabilities of the other Ministers—by and bye we shall know them better by their fruits. Certainly no Ministry has, for many years, taken office under circumstances more calculated to try them and call forth their best exertions; the country is in a state which renders the task of Government extremely difficult, and makes the utmost vigilance in every department absolutely necessary. The situation of foreign affairs is sufficiently delicate and embarrassing, and the system of non-intervention, consistently with the honour and independence of this country, may be found much more difficult to maintain than to talk about; but foreign affairs seem to be of little account when compared with the alarming condition of the country at home. The dreadful system of burning agricultural produce in order to produce such a state of terror as shall enable the lawless multitude to demand, with success, whatever they please to ask from those who possess property, is rapidly spreading; the framework of society seems breaking up, and the Government have before them the task not only of crushing the present tendency to insurrectionary outrage, but of devising such means as will take away or mitigate the causes of it, and make the common people attached, as they once were, to their various occupations, and to those who are placed over them as landlords, and magistrates, and clergy, through a conviction that even their superiors were their friends, and desired nothing more than to see them happy and comfortable in the stations to which their condition of life had fixed them. A mere sentimental desire of this kind, however, amounts to nothing; exertion, strenuous exertion, must be put forth; the truth must be sifted out; the evil, whatever it is, must be looked holdly in the face, and whatever sacrifices are absolutely necessary to avert the evil must be made. If men will shut their eyes and fold their arms, and let the fearful work of destruction go on; or if they will never interfere except to punish, and always neglect to look into the cause of the crime, then will these frightful outrages proceed, until they assume the shape of open and general insurrection. If, on the contrary, the evil be examined into—the claims of the people considered, and the actual violators of the law be speedily and severely dealt with, as far as the law justifies, we have reason to expect returning tranquillity, and patient industry and internal strength once more.

The circumstances of the times have caused a suspension of Parliamentary business, which makes the task that we proposed to ourselves, of considering its proceedings, almost a sinecure; but future proceedings cannot fail to be fraught with a particular interest, both political and personal. We shall look to them carefully and closely, hoping the best from Government influence and exertion, but trying them impartially, by this simple test, “what good do they effect for the people at large, and for the permanent welfare of the national interests?”

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT  
IN ILL HEALTH.

I HAVE always loved the old form of dialogue; not, indeed, so much for investigating Truth, as for speaking of truths after an easy yet not uncritical or hasty fashion. More familiar than the essay, more impressed with the attraction of individual character, the dialogue has also the illustrious examples of old—to associate the class to which it belongs with no common-place or ignoble recollections. It may perhaps be still possible to give to the lighter and less severe philosophy—a form of expression at once dramatic and unpedantic. I have held of late some conversations, that do not seem to me altogether uninteresting, with a man whom I have long considered of a singular and original character. I have obtained his permission to make these conversations public; perhaps, of all modes of effecting this object, a periodical work may afford the best. The subjects treated on—the manner of treating them—may not be deemed of sufficient importance for publication in a separate form. Besides,—and to say the truth—I have always set a high value on the dignity of a book. It seems to me necessary that a book, be it only a novel, (I say *only*, in compliance with the vulgar,) should illustrate some great moral end: it should be a maxim brightened into a picture. The conversations I am about to record are far too desultory to realize this character. They are scattered and broken in themselves—scattered and broken by the method of their publication. Perhaps, indeed, they would remain altogether unretailed, were it not for my friend's conviction that the seal is set upon the limit of his days, and did I not see sufficient evidence in his appearance to forbid me to hope that he can linger many months beyond the present date. To his mind, whatever be its capacities, its cultivation, its aspirings, all matured and solid offspring is forbidden. These fugitive tokens of all he acquired, or thought, or felt, are, if we read aright human probabilities, the sole testimony that he will leave behind him; not a monument, but at least a few leaves, scarcely withered we will hope in one day, upon his grave. I feel a pain in writing the above words, but will he?—No!—or he has wronged himself. He looks from the little inn of his mortality, and anticipates the long summer journey before him; he repines not to-day that he must depart to-morrow.

On Saturday last, November 13th, I rode to L——'s habitation, which is some miles from my own home. The day was cold enough, but I found him in his room, with the windows open, and feeding an old favourite in the shape of a squirrel, that had formerly been a tame companion. L——, on arriving at his present abode, had released it; but it came from the little copse in front of the windows every day to see its former master, and to receive some proof of remembrance from his good-natured hospitality.

CONVERSATION THE FIRST.

“After all,” said L——, “though the short and simple annals of the poor are often miserable enough, no peasant lives so wretched a life as the less noble animals, whom we are sometimes tempted to believe more physically happy. Observe how uneasily this poor wretch looks around him. He is subject to perpetual terror from a large Angola cat, that my housekeeper chooses to retain in our domestic service, and

that has twice very nearly devoured my nervous little hermit. In how large a proportion of creatures is existence composed of one ruling passion—the most agonizing of all sensations—fear! No; human life is but a Rembrandt kind of picture at the best; yet we have no cause to think there are brighter colours in the brute world. Fish are devoured by intestinal worms; birds are subject to continual sickness; some of a very torturing nature. Look at this ant-hill, what a melancholy mockery of our kind—what eternal wars between one hill and another—what wrong—what violence! You know the red ants invade the camps of the black, and bear off the young of these little negroes to be slaves to their victors. When I see throughout all Nature the same miseries, the same evil passions, whose effects are crime with us, but whose cause is instinct with the brutes, I confess I feel a sort of despondence of our ultimate doom in this world: I almost feel inclined to surrender the noblest earthly hope that man ever formed, and which is solely the offspring of modern times—the hope of human perfectibility."

A. You have inclined, then, to the eloquent madness of Condorcet and De Stael! You have believed, then, in spite of the countless ages before us, ages in which the great successions of human kind are recorded by the Persian epitome of universal history, "They were born, they were wretched, they died!"—you have believed, despite of so long, so uniform, so mournful an experience, despite, too, our physical conformation, which, even in the healthiest and the strongest, subjects the body to so many afflictions, and therefore the temper to so many infirmities—you have believed that we yet may belie the past, cast off the slough of crimes, and gliding into the full light of knowledge, become as angels in the sight of God—you believe, in a word, that even on this earth, by progressing in wisdom we may progress to perfection.

L. What else does the age we live in betoken? Look around; not an inanimate object, not a block of wood, not a holt of iron,

" But doth suffer an *earth*-change  
Into something rich and strange."

Wherever man applies his intellect, behold how he triumphs. What marvellous improvements in every art, every ornament, every luxury of life! Why not these improvements ultimately in life itself? Are we "the very fiend's Archmock," that we can reform every thing, save that which will alone enable us to enjoy our victory—the human heart. In vain we grasp all things without, if we have no command within. No! Institutions are mellowing into a brighter form; with institutions the character will expand: it will swall from the weak bonds of our foibles and our vices; and if we are fated never to become perfect, we shall advance at least, and eternally, towards perfectibility. The world hath had two Saviours—one divine, and one human; the first was the Founder of our religion, the second the propagator of our knowledge. The second, and I utter nothing profane, it ministers to the first—the second is the might of the PRESS. By that, the Father of all safe revolutions, the Author of all permanent reforms—by that, man will effect what the First ordained—the reign of peace, and the circulation of love among the great herd of man.

A. Our conversation has fallen on a topic graver than usual; but

these times give, as it were, a solemn and prophetic tone to all men who *think*, and are not yet summoned to act. I feel as if I stood behind a veil stretched across another and an unknown world, and waited in expectation, and yet in awe, the hand that was to tear it away.

*L.* Ay, I envy you at times, (but not always,) the long and bright career, that, for the first time in the world, is opened to a wise man's ambition; you may live to tread it; you have activity and ardour; and, whether you fall or rise, the step forward you will at least adventure. But I am the hird chained, and the moment *my* chain is broken *my* course is Heavenward and not destined to the earth. After all, what preacher of human vanities is like the flesh, which is yet their author! Two years ago my limbs were firm, my blood buoyant—how boundless was my ambition! Now my constitution is gone—and so perish my desires of glory. Let me see, *A*—; you and I entered the world together.

*A.* Yes, yet with what different tempers.

*L.* True: you were less versatile, more reserved, more solidly ambitious, than myself; your tone of mind was more solemn, mine more eager; life has changed our dispositions, because it has altered our frames. That was a merry year, our first of liberty and pleasure—but when the sparkle leaves the cup how flat is the draught; society is but the tinkling cymbal, and the gallery of pictures, the moment we discover that there is no love there. What makes us so wise as our follies?—the intrigues, the amours, that degrade us while enacted, enlighten us when they are passed away. We have been led, as it were, by the pursuit of a glittering insect to the summit of a mountain, and we see the land of life stretched below.

*A.* Yet shall we not exclaim, with Boileau,

“Souvent de tous nos maux la raison est le pire?”

These delusions were pleasant—

*L.* To remember—They were wearisome and unprofitable while we actually indulged them; a man plays the game of women with manifold disadvantages if he bring any heart to the contest: if he discover, with Marmontel's Alcibiades, that he has not been really loved, how deeply is he wounded—if he *has* been really loved how bitterly may he repent. Society is at war with all love except the connubial; and if that passion which is the adventurous—the romantic be not in itself a crime—our laws have made it so.

*A.* But the connubial love? How beautiful that is in reality, though so uninteresting to behold?

*L.* It loses its charm with me the moment I remark, what I always do remark, that though the good pair may be very kind to each other on the whole, they have sacrificed respect to that most cruel of undeceivers, Custom. They have some little gnawing jest at each other; they have found out every weakness in each other; and, what is worse, they have found out the sting to it. The only interesting, and if I may contradict Rochefoucault, the only *delicious* marriages are those in which the husband is wise enough to see very little of his wife; the absence of the morning prevents *ennui* in the evening, and frequent separations conquer the evil charm of Custom.

*A.* Thus it is that an ardent imagination so often unfits us for the

real enjoyments of domestic attachment—custom blunts the imagination more than it wearies the temper. But you had some bright moments in your first year of the world—I remember you the admired of all the admirer of how many?

L. I was young, rich, well born; I rode well, I wrote verses, and I had an elastic and gay temper. See all my claims to notice! But the instant my high spirits forsook me, society cooled. It is not quite true that adventitious claims alone, unless of the highest order, give one a permanent place in the charmed circle of the *Armidas* of our age. Society is a feast where every man must contribute his quota; and when our seat at the table is noted as the home of silence and gloom, we are soon left to enjoy our meditations alone. Besides, the secret of fashion is to surprise, and never to disappoint. If you have no reputation for wit, you may succeed without it; if you have, people do not forgive you for falling below their expectations; they attribute your silence to your disdain; they see the lion, and are contented to go away; to abuse him, and to see him no more.

A. I have often been surprised to remark you so contented with silence, whom I have known in some circles so—shall I say?—brilliant.

L. There is no mystery in my content, it is in spite of myself. I have always preached up the *morality* of being gay; if I do not practise it, it is because I cannot. About two years ago my spirits suddenly fled from me. In vain I endeavoured to rally them; in vain I forced myself into the world—in vain “I heard music, and wooed the smile of women;” a sort of stupor seized and possessed me—I have never in mixed society been able, since that time, to shake it off; since then, too, I have slowly wasted away without any visible disease, and I am now literally dying of no disorder but the inability to live. Speaking of wit, I met at dinner a few weeks ago M—— and W—— I—— and two or three other persons, eminent, and deservedly, both for wit and for humour. One of them, I think M——, said, somebody or other bad wit but no humour; it was asserted, on the other hand, that the person spoken of had humour but no wit. I asked the disputants to define the difference between wit and humour, and of course they were struck dumb.

A. No rare instance of the essence of dispute, which consists in making every one allow what nobody understands.

L. Perhaps so; but really, to understand a thing thoroughly, is less necessary than you or I think for. Each of the disputants knew very well what he meant, but he could not explain; the difference was clear enough to serve his own mind as a guide, but, not being analyzed, it was not clear enough to be of use to others. Wit is the philosopher's quality, by the way—humour the poet's; the nature of wit relates to things, humour to persons. Wit utters brilliant truths, humour delicate deductions from the knowledge of *individual* character; Rochefoucault is witty, the Vicar of Wakefield is the model of humour.

A. While you define I could dispute your definition—shall I?

L. Not in conversation, we shall end in talking nonsense; metaphysical disputes on paper are very well, but spoken disputes are only good in special pleading.

A. When we were at Cambridge together, do you remember how the young pedants of our time were wont to consider that all intellect consisted in pushing or setting down each other.

L—y, they thought us very poor souls, I fancy, for being early wise, and ridiculing what they thought so fine; but that love of conversational argument is less the mode now than in our grandfather's time; then it made a celebrity. You see the intellectual Nestors of that time still very anxious to engage you. G—n is quite offended with me for refusing to argue Helvetius's system with him in a close carriage.

“Strangulat inclusus dolor atque exestuat intus.”

A. The true spirit of conversation consists in building on another man's observation, not overturning it; thus, the wit says, “apropos of your remark;” and the disagreeable man exclaims, “I cannot agree with you.”

Here our discourse was interrupted by the entrance of a female relation of L—'s; she came with his medicine, for though he considers himself beyond human aid, he does not affect to despise the more sanguine hopes of those attached to him. “Let them think,” said he, “that they have done all they could for me: my boat is on the water, it is true, but it would be ill-natured if I did not loiter a little on the strand. It seems to me, by the way, a singular thing that, among persons about to die, we note so little of that anxious, intense, restless curiosity to know what will await them beyond the grave, which, with me, is powerful enough to conquer regret. Even the most resigned to God, and the most assured of revelation, know not, nor can dream, of the nature, of the life, of the happiness, prepared for them. They know not how the senses are to be refined and sublimated into the faculties of a spirit; they know not how they shall live, and move, and have their being; they know not whom they shall see, or what they shall hear; they know not the colour, the capacity of the glories with which they are to be brought face to face. Among the many mansions which is to be theirs? All this, the matter of grand and of no irreverent conjecture; all this, it seems to me, so natural to revolve—all this I revolve so often, that the conjecture incorporates itself into a passion, and I am impatient to pass the Ebon gate, and be lord of the eternal secret. Thus, as I approach nearer to death, Nature, and the face of things, assume a more solemn and august aspect. I look upon the leaves, and the grass, and the water, with a sentiment that is scarcely mournful; and yet I know not what all else it may be called, for it is deep, grave, and passionate, though scarcely sad. I desire, as I look on those, 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. Whether, in the strange land that knoweth neither season nor labour, there will not be, among all its glories, something familiar. Whether the heart will not recognize somewhat that it has known, somewhat of “the blessed household tones,” somewhat of that which the clay loved and the spirit is reluctant to disavow. Besides, to one who, like us, has made a thirst and a first love of knowledge, what intenseness, as well as divinity, is there in that peculiar curiosity which relates to the extent of the knowledge we are to acquire. What, after all, is Heaven but a transition from dim guesses and blind struggling with a mysterious and adverse fate to the fullness of all wisdom—from

ignorance, in a word, to knowledge—but knowledge of what order? Thus, even books have something weird and mystic in their speculations, which, some years ago, my spirit was too encumbered with its frame to recognize—for what of those speculations shall be true—what false? How far has our wisdom gone toward the arcanum of a true morality; how near has some daring and erratic reason approached to the secret of circulating happiness round the world. Shall He, whom we now condemn as a visionary, he discovered to have been the inspired prophet of our blinded and deafened race; and shall He, whom we now honour as the lofty saint, or the profound teacher, he levelled to the propagator and sanctifier of narrow prejudices; the reasoner in a little angle of the great and scarce-discovered universe of Truth; the moral Chinese, supposing that his Empire fills the map of the world, and placing under an interdict the improvements of a nobler enlightenment?

A. But to those—and how many are there?—who doubt of the future world in itself, this solace of conjecture must be but a very languid and chilled exertion of the mind.

L. I grant it. I am not referring to the herd, whether of one faith or another, or of none. I have often pleased myself with recalling an anecdote of Fuseli—a wonderful man, whose capacities in this world were only a tithe part developed; in every thing of his, in his writings as well as his paintings, you see the mighty intellect struggling forth with labour and pain, and with only a partial success; and feeling this himself—feeling this contest between the glorious design and the crippled power—I can readily penetrate into his meaning in the reply I am about to repeat. Some one said to him, “Do you really believe, Mr. Fuseli, in the future existence of the soul?”—“I don’t know,” said Fuseli, “whether you have a soul or no, but, by God! I know that I have.” And really, were it not for the glorious and all-circling compassion expressed by our faith, it would be a little difficult to imagine that the soul, that title-deed to immortality, were equal in all—equal in the dull, unawakened clod of flesh which performs the offices that preserve itself, and no more, and in the bright and winged natures with which we sometimes exalt our own, and which seem to have nothing human about them but the garments (to use the Athenian’s\* familiar metaphor) which they wear away. You will smile at my pedantry, but one of the greatest pleasures I anticipate in arriving at home—as the Moravian sectarians so endearingly call heaven—is to see Plato, and learn if he had ever been, as he himself imagined, and I am ready to believe, in a brighter world before he descended to this. So bewitching is the study of that divine genius, that I have often felt a sort of jealous envy of the living Platonist—Taylor; a man who seems to have devoted a whole life to the contemplation of that mystical and unearthly philosophy. My ambition—had I enjoyed health—would never have suffered me to have become so dreaming a watcher over the lamp in another’s tomb; but my imagination would have placed me in an ideal position, that my restlessness forbade me in reality. This activity of habit, yet love of literary indolence—this planning of schemes and conquests in learning, from which one bright smile from Enterprise would decoy me, when half begun, made C—— call me, not unaptly,

\* Socrates.



"the most extraordinary reader he ever knew—in theory." I see, by the by, that you are leaning upon the "Life of Lord Herbert of Chierbury"—will you open the page in which I have set a mark. We were speaking of the soul, and that page expresses a very beautiful and eloquent, if not very deep sentiment, on the subject. Will you read it?

A. Certainly,—“As in my mother’s womb,\* that formatrix which formed my eyes, ears, and other senses, did not intend them for that dark and noisome place—but, as being conscious of a better life, made them as fitting organs to apprehend and perceive those things which occur in this world,—so I believe, since my coming into this world, my soul hath formed or produced certain faculties, which are almost as useless for this life as the above-named senses were for the mother’s womb; and these faculties are Hope, Faith, Love, and Joy, since they never rest or fix on any transitory or perishing object in this world—as extending themselves to something farther than can be here given, and, indeed, acquiesce only in the perfect Eternal and Infinite.”

L. It is fine—is it not?

A. Yes. It is a proof that the writer *has* felt that vague something which carries us beyond the world. To discover the evidence of that feeling, is one of my first tasks in studying a great author. How solemnly it burns through Shakspeare! with what a mournful and austere grandeur it thrills through the yet diviner Milton! how peculiarly it has stamped itself in the pages of our later poets—Wordsworth, Shelley, and even the more alloyed and sensual, and less benevolent verse of Byron. But this feeling is rarely met in any of the Continental poets, except, if I am informed rightly, the Germans.

L. Ay; Goëthe has it. To me, there is something very mysterious and spiritual about Goëthe’s genius—even that homely and plain sense with which, in common with all master-minds, he so often instructs us, and which is especially evident in his Memoirs, is the more effective from some delicate and subtle beauty of sentiment with which it is always certain to be found in juxtaposition.

A. I remember a very delicate observation of his in “Wilhelm Meister,” a book which had a very marked influence upon my own mind; and though the observation may seem common-place, it is one of a nature very peculiar to Goëthe:—“When,” he remarks, “we have despatched a letter to a friend which does not find him, but is brought back to us, what a singular emotion is produced by breaking open our own seal, and conversing with our altered self as with a third person.”

L. There is something ghost-like in the conference, something like a commune with one’s wraith.

A. You look in vain among the works of Scott for a remark like that.

L. Is the accusation fair? You look in vain in the “Wilhelm Meister” for the gorgeous painting of “Ivanhoe.” But I confess myself no idolater of the “Waverley” novels; nor can I subscribe to the justice of advancing them beyond the wonderful poetry that preceded them. All Scott’s merits seem to me especially those of a poet; and

\* I am not sure that I retail this passage *verbatim*. I committed it to memory, and I cannot now obtain the book by which to collate my recollection.

when you come to his prose writings, you have the same feelings, the same descriptions, the same scenes, with the evident disadvantage of being stripped of a style of verse peculiarly emphatic, burning, and original. Where, in all the novels, is there a scene that, for rapidity, power, and the true lightning of the poet, if I may use the phrase, equals that in "Rokeby," not often quoted now, in which Bertrand Rivingham enters the church—

"The outmost crowd have heard a sound,  
Like horse's hoof on harden'd ground," &c.

*Rokeby*, Canto 6, stanza 32.

A scene, very celebrated for its compression and bold painting, is to be found in the "Bride of Abydos"—

"One bound he made, and gain'd the strand.\*"

*Bride of Abydos*, Canto 2, stanza 24.

Compare the two. How markedly the comparison is in favour of Scott. In a word, he combines in his poetry all the merits of his prose; and the demerits of the latter—the trite moral, the tame love, the want of sympathy with the great herd of man, the aristocratic and kingly prejudice, either vanish from the poetry or assume a graceful and picturesque garb. I venture to prophesy that the world will yet discover that they have overrated one proof of his mighty genius, at the expense of an unjust slight to another. Yes, his poetry burns with its own light. A reviewer in the "Edinbro" observes, that "in spirit, however different in style, Shakspeare and Scott convey the best idea of Homer." The resemblance of Shakspeare to Homer I do not, indeed, trace; but that of Scott to the Great Greek, I have often and often noted. Scott would have translated Homer wonderfully, and in his own ballad metre.

A. Have you seen his work on Demonology?

L. No. I hear his explainings away are ingenious; but I am far from disbelieving in ghosts. I hold the matter in doubt: the proper state of the mind in all things where evidence and experience are not positive,

A. Are you in earnest?

L. Perfectly.

A. Have you seen a ghost, then?

L. You may smile, but I am not certain whether I have or not.

A. The story, the story.

L. It must not be retailed, then.

A. It shall not.\*

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A. Of all enthusiasts, the painter Blake seems to have been the most remarkable. With what a hearty faith he believed in his faculty of seeing spirits and conversing with the dead. And what a delightful vein of madness it was—with what exquisite verses it inspired him!

L. And what engravings! I saw, a few days ago, a copy of the "Night Thoughts," which he had illustrated in a manner at once so grotesque, so sublime—now by so literal an interpretation, now by so vague and disconnected a train of invention, that the whole makes one of the most astonishing and curious productions which ever balanced

\* The reader will forgive me for allowing the above sentences to stand; they are curious, as showing a peculiar infirmity of character. L.— is quite sincere.

between the conception of genius and the raving of positive insanity. I remember two or three, but they are not the most remarkable. To these two fine lines—

“ ’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;”

he has given the illustration of one sitting and with an earnest countenance conversing with a small, shadowy shape at his knee, while other shapes, of a similar form and aspect, are seen gliding heavenward, each with a scroll in its hands. The effect is very solemn. Again, the lines—

“ Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all,”

is bodied forth by a grim savage with a huge spear, cheering on fiendish and ghastly hounds, one of which has just torn down, and is griping by the throat, an unfortunate fugitive: the face of the hound is unutterably death-like.

The verse—

“ We censure Nature for a span too short,”

obtains an illustration, literal to ridicule.—A bearded man of gigantic statue is spanning an infant with his finger and thumb. Scarcely less literal, but more impressive, is the engraving of the following:—

“ When Sense runs savage, broke from Reason’s chain,  
And sings false peace till smother’d by the pall!”

You perceive a young female savage, with long locks, wandering alone, and exulting—while above, two bodiless hands extend a mighty pall, that appears about to fall upon the unconscious rejoicer.

A. Young was fortunate. He seems almost the only poet who has had his mere metaphors illustrated and made corporeal.

L. What wonderful metaphors they are; sometimes trite, familiar, common-place—sometimes bombast and fantastic, but often how ineffably sublime. Milton himself has not surpassed them. But Young is not done justice to, popular as he is. He has never yet had a critic to display and make current his most peculiar and emphatic beauties.

A. We can, to be sure, but ill supply the place of such a critic; but let us, some day or other, open his “Night Thoughts” together, and make our comments.

L. It will be a great pleasure to me. Young is, of all poets, the one to be studied by a man who is about to break the golden chains that bind him to the world—this gloom, then, does not appal or deject; for it is the gloom of this earth we are about to leave, and casts not a single shadow over the heaven which it contrasts—the dark river of his solemn and dread images sweeps the thoughts onward to eternity. We have no desire even to look behind; the ideas he awakens are, in his own words, “the pioneers of Death;” they make the road broad and clear; they hear down those “arrests and harriers,” the affections; the goal, starred and luminous with glory, is placed full before us; every thing else, with which he girds our path, afflicts and saddens. We recoil, we shudder at life; and as children that in tears and agony at some past peril hound forward to their mother’s knee, we hasten, as our comfort and our parent, to the bosom of Death. A.

(To be continued.)

## THOUGHTS AND FACTS RESPECTING THE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.

THE public mind, notwithstanding the pressure of many more immediate concerns, has been of late considerably interested in the state of Africa, especially since the expedition of France against Algiers. The subject, I trust, will continue to find room in our countrymen's reflections; for I cannot but believe that if British sagacity and enterprise were fairly and strenuously applied only to second events, that are already promising to ameliorate this quarter of the globe, it might be made a vast field for human happiness and improvement, and become an accession to the wealth of the whole habitable globe. Egypt, the cradle of human industry, has begun to regenerate; Algiers is held by a scientific people, and the light of science will not be confined to where their standard flies; it will travel to the East and to the West, and Cyrene with her fields of Sylphium will yet revive. "*The Wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom like a rose. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. In the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And a highway shall be there. The wayfaring man shall not err therein; no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon.*"\*

I may be visionary, but I am not conscious, at least, of irreverence in applying these words of the hallowed poet to the prospects of Africa. To descend, however, from sanguine hopes to probabilities, it is not too much to say that the germ of civilization has fairly arisen above-ground in Egypt. This fact, though already vaguely known, has been deliberately illustrated by a tract that has appeared in Paris in the present year. It is entitled "*La Régénération de l'Egypte, par Jules Planat.*" I confess, with all the pleasure which the perusal of this tract afforded me, it left a sensation not quite remote from grudge and regret that the French have got the start of us in obtaining the confidence of the Egyptians. Why should this be? Have we not officers as scientific as the French? and has not Egypt at least as much interest in being connected with England as with France? Our seamen, it is true, beat the Moslems at Navarin, but the French navy helped them to do so. Are we afraid of disciplining the Egyptians for fear of India?—why, they will learn discipline whether we wish it or not. In wishing that we might cope with France for the confidence of Egypt, let me deprecate all allusion to hostile interference; this is not a time to tolerate the most distant thought of war. But we may honourably attend to the growth of French ascendancy in Africa with pacific vigilance, and resolve to rival it by fair policy and beneficent means.

Whilst we are neglecting intercourse with Egypt, the troops of that country are receiving from French officers those instructions in the science of war, and that systematic military discipline, which will strengthen a Government now bent on the civilization of the people. Monsieur Planat, the writer of the tract which I have named above, was in the service of the Pasha of Egypt during five years. In 1827 he returned to France, where he died. His papers that have been posthumously published, consist only of a few letters and short notes,

\* Isaiah.

forming, it is true, only a desultory and unfinished document of the affairs of Egypt, but one that, nevertheless, throws some very interesting light on the condition and prospects of the country. It appears that important steps were taken by the Pasha of Egypt for its improvement in 1824. Two French generals, and several other officers, both military and medical men, were engaged in various departments, as Egyptian functionaries. Among these was General Boyer, at a salary of 60,000 francs a year, who was to superintend the establishment of schools and hospitals, and the organization of the troops. Another officer was employed in the construction of vessels.

These measures were the occasion of dissatisfaction to the Turkish functionaries, but were exceedingly acceptable to the enslaved Arabs and Egyptians, whose readiness in attending to the lessons of the Christians proves how easily they might be elevated to a better political state. Even the Turks, debased as they are by indolence and the enjoyment of their conquests, are not wanting in acuteness. They perceive their own inferiority when compared with us, and acknowledge among themselves that their contempt is misapplied to Christians. "It was with great delight," M. Planat continues, "that after a short time we found our students entering frankly into the reformed system which it was our object to introduce." The Government, it appears, studiously confined the foreign officers to their engagement as teachers, giving them no command as military men. In order to acquire such command, it is necessary to become a Mahometan; but a Christian would purchase his promotion at a dreadful price by abjuring his religion, even putting the good of his soul out of the question; for a renegade is treated with contempt by the Mahometans, at the very time when professed Christians meet with respect and consideration. Christianity may even be said to be liberally tolerated in Egypt.

The following passage in this posthumous volume is dated at Cairo, March 1827:—"The English of late have not been cordial with the Pasha of Egypt, who seems now exclusively attached to the French. Nevertheless he received the English most favourably, and seemed disposed to conciliate those masters of the sea. He showed them his camps, his manufactures, and his canals, and he compelled them to speak well of his country. It is perpetually in the mouths of the English that France is anxious to possess a colony on the Nile. I have known some of the most candid of the English say, that if the Pasha should reject the proposal of the Allies with regard to the independence of Greece, the English would occupy Egypt from two quarters, the mouth of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, at once. The Turks, however, who are not bad calculators, are not afraid of this—they believe that at this moment England cannot attempt it. Thirty thousand soldiers must be landed to make war to any purpose, and every year a sixteenth of that number must be supplied from home to recruit the thinned ranks. A concurrence of events favoured the occupation of Egypt by the French, which are most unlikely to be met with again. The country is now provided in a far superior manner with the means of defence against an invader; and in the Pasha the Government possesses an able chief whom no reverses would appal, and whose skill would draw every possible advantage from the seas and deserts with which he is surrounded.

"It is also a great question if the Arabs would ever confide in a

Christian state for aid in recovering the independence of their country. They have not forgotten the conduct of England in 1807; and however improbable it may be that events similar to those of that time should happen again, the recollection of them is deeply impressed upon the minds of the Egyptians."

The relation of Egypt with the negro countries is one of great interest. Whilst we are exhausting the exertions of individuals, who travel thither to little effect, the politics of the Egyptian Government, which we might greatly influence and improve, yearly produces consequences of the most decisive character upon some of the interior tribes.

The following passages from M. Planat will convey a distinct notion of the importance of a right direction being given to the new conquerors of these regions:—

"1827.—I have mentioned Cordofan and Sennar," says M. Planat, "and I will state some particulars of the administration and present condition of this dependency.

"Soliman had succeeded Osman as governor before 1826. He was an ignorant, avaricious fanatic, who ruined and depopulated the province by his extortions. He even permitted the troops to fall into the most deplorable state by his neglect. The sick were without medicines, and the surgeons were discarded. The public functionaries were unpaid, except a few favoured individuals, who obtained compensation in merchandise or in slaves. The inhabitants of a whole district of sixty-five villages emigrated in one day. A fine regiment which he possessed was reduced to half its proper strength, and would have speedily dwindled into nothing. The King of Darfour, whose capital is only nine days' march from Cordofan, is an old enemy, who knows well that Egypt contemplates the conquest of his country, and was looking eagerly at the miserable condition of affairs. Happily, Soliman died in October 1826. In January 1827, Rustem Bey set out from Cairo as the new Governor of Cordofan, taking with him M. Cadot to discipline the troops, and a surgeon, with an abundant supply of Hospital stores. Rustem's instructions were, first, to revive the spirit of the soldiery and to restore discipline; secondly, by a wise and liberal administration of affairs, to call back the population who had fled to the mountains; thirdly, to ascertain the methods suitable for encouraging the industry and agriculture of the country, and its commerce with the interior as well as with Egypt; fourthly, to form a regiment of the natives, and fifthly, to establish hospitals, and to prevent the epidemic complaints that have been fostered by neglect. In one word, the people and the army were to be rendered friendly and useful to Egypt and prosperous at home. 'If I were Governor of Sennar and Cordofan,' said Osman Nureddin, the commander-in-chief of the Egyptian troops, in the presence of M. Planat, 'that country should become the richest and most valuable of all our possessions. I would marry the daughter of the most powerful chief, and all my officers would follow my example in intermarrying with native families. It would thus be their interest to improve the soil for their own sakes, and commerce and confidence would revive. The caravans of Darfour would come to our markets to exchange gold-dust, ivory, gum, and feathers, for the productions of Egypt. The rings of pure gold that have disappeared from the markets of Cordofan would come again, as soon as the Ethiopians

who used to bring them ceased to have cause of alarm for their personal safety.'

"In saying this, Nureddin meant to impress Rustem Bey with good principles as he was setting out for his government. In reality, the colony of Cordofan is a burthen upon Egypt only because the governors have been ignorant and tyrannical. Every thing good may be anticipated from the natives, whose dispositions are excellent, except when outraged by slavery and wrong. They might be made to re-people Upper Egypt in a very few years. The fertile banks of the Nile offer them unending attractions. Their numerous herds of cattle, now of little value, would soon be trained to raise the waters of the river, and riches would thus be poured into the markets of Scirout and Jana. But for this end there is need of protecting laws, and other guarantees than the happy thought of alliances by marriage. With good laws cities would spring up in the desert, and those ancient times would re-appear which now seem to us only a dream of past history. If, however an inhuman delegate of power is permitted to exhaust his ferocious stupidity upon unhappy victims; if the slave, sinking under the weight of his irons, may be put to death at the unchecked discretion of his master; and if the most frightful punishments are to be inflicted for the slightest offences, civil or military, then the country cannot fail to be soon a desert."

The following extract from a dialogue between the Pasha of Egypt and a French functionary in his service, inspires such new and interesting prospects respecting the country, that it is impossible to help regretting that M. Planat's premature death should have left only imperfect materials for the composition of a work upon Egypt.

"*The Pasha.* Have you read the news from Constantinople?"

"*M. Z.* Yes; the Sultan is most actively engaged in executing the plans of Selim. He depends upon those plans for the defence of his throne; and, if attacked by Europe, he is determined to repel her with her own weapons.

"*The Pasha.* Do you think him far wrong? If your king had to defend his crown he would fly to the best means.

"*M. Z.* Yes; but if Europe attack Turkey, we, who are teaching you the use of European arms, must leave you, or we shall be accused of imparting to you the means of injuring our countrymen, although, in reality, the object of our residence among you is to found institutions that may promote your civilization.

"*The Pasha.* I am, however, more and more persuaded that wars may cease, so injurious are they to all sides. Your courts will one day see this truth, so that you may, therefore, stay quiet where you are. If your military lessons make us tacticians, they will do a most important thing by curing our indolence, and leading us to the most valuable means of human skill and knowledge.

"*M. Z.* That is probable. But what is to be said of the mass of your people, and of the old and prejudiced Turks, who guide every thing here, and excite every body to violence? Will not the opposition be dangerous?"

The Pasha paused long upon this question, and then said "They will listen to reason in the end, when they perceive the superiority which my perseverance in the new system gives the Egyptians. I shall,

unquestionably, therefore, persevere. When I have done all for the attainment of good objects and without cause of reproach, I shall have fulfilled my duty as Viceroy."

"Several years ago," M. Planat informs us, "that forty young Turks and Egyptians were sent for education to Paris. They belonged to the best families; and it is understood that the undertaking has proved successful."

It is clear that all these circumstances have not only planted the germ of civilization in Egypt, but along with it the seeds of French influence, and of a strong national predilection in favour of France. Nor is it likely that the French will be careless cultivators of the latter growth, the fruits of which *may* ultimately be a political union between Algiers and Egypt, two states which, though locally divided, would be an overmatch for all the rest of its northern parts. The policy of England, if she dreads this contingency, will be to counteract it by rivalling France in friendly intercourse with Africa. To threaten or use force for such an object would be to make war on civilization. England may, indeed, be happy, that instead of seeing France a mere rival in Egypt, she has not the mortification of beholding the country a French colony. For a long time past the ablest heads among our Gallic neighbours have speculated on the desirableness of colonizing Northern Africa. As early as the reign of Louis XIV. it was one of the suggestions of the great Leibnitz to make Egypt the scene of European enterprise. That philosopher seems to have acquired his knowledge of Egypt from his correspondence with Ludolf, the learned historian of Ethiopia. Ludolf informed him of the desire of the chief of Abyssinia to obtain the friendship of Louis XIV. and Leibnitz, on communicating this message to the monarch, thought that the kindest way of meeting his Abyssinian majesty's proposals of amity would be to send out a French army to the banks of the Nile. Louis, however, had other business on his hands. Half a century afterwards, when Turkey had been weakened by a disastrous war with Russia, and had lost almost entirely her command of Egypt, the French reverted to their old idea of getting possession of it—and the Duke de Choiseul, whilst minister in 1769, actually offered the Turks a sum of money if they would part with it. Still the project of colonizing Egypt continued to be popular in France down to the Revolution, and throughout the time of it. The longings of the French for the wished-for country were augmented by seeing what rich resources it unfolded, even under the government of a semi-barbarous chief, Ali Bey, when he succeeded in revolting from the Porte. When the mismanagement of the French themselves, and the conquests of the British had cost the former people the loss of their West Indian colonies, the desire of falling upon Egypt became stronger among the French, and accordingly Talleyrand, in 1797, viewed with favourable notice the views of the departed minister Choiseul: and, in a paper which was read at the French Institute, significantly hinted at the occupation of some part of Africa. Bonaparte's descent on Egypt speedily succeeded. The history of that event is well known. Its unfortunate issue has never turned away the views of Frenchmen from Africa. After the conclusion of the late war, it would have been impolitic and indelicate for the French Government to have revived the jealousy of England as to her Eastern



possessions by laying hands on the land of the Pyramids—but still Africa was not to be forgotten; and it is remarkable that the wisest stroke of her policy, namely, her availing herself of a dispute with Algiers to pounce upon the capital was accomplished under the most stupid of French monarchs.

Such strong motives urge the French to retain possession of Algiers, that in reason and fairness we can scarcely expect them to quit their hold of it. The importance which is attached to the conquest by intelligent Frenchmen may be gathered from the remarks of M. Sismondi on the subject. "The Regency of Algiers," says that writer, "will be more than a conquest; it will be a colony, a new country over which the population and activity of France will freely spread. The value of colonies, such as St. Domingo, has been often overrated. But, in combatting that error, it is committing another to deny that all colonies are worthless. Old countries want an outlet for the more profitable employment of their multitudes and money. England possesses such a resource in Canada, India, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and even in the United States. Russia possesses it in Siberia and her new Asiatic Conquests. Austria in Italy, and in her expected share in the dismemberment of Turkey. Spain and Portugal in South America, whither emigration will tend after political dependence ceases. But France is without any such resource, and must seek it in the vast and almost adjoining territories of Northern Africa. Our industry is invited thither to a climate as favourable as that of Provence, Italy, or Spain, and to a soil like that of the West Indies—a country which we can reach in a few days, and rapidly render productive of all the means of wealth and happiness. Africa needs men who duly estimate the advantages of industry, and who will guarantee to all the recompense of their labours. If we come as friends, as protectors, as liberators, to assist not to oppress—if we introduce security and legal equality between man and man—if we respect the lives and fortunes of all alike, we shall quickly find welcome at the hands of the Moors. Those Moors are the same race by whose activity and intelligence Grenada and Valentia flourished in arts and agriculture. In this country we shall find fifty thousand Jews, remarkable for the punctuality and extent of their dealings in all the markets of the interior, and by whose agency the most remote and weighty enterprises of commerce may be successfully carried on. To effect the success of the French in Algiers we must raise the condition of the people by destroying the power of their present oppressors—we must dissipate their prejudices and enlighten them, and a short experience of benefits, rendered at our hands, will convince them of the value of our connexion. A colony like that of France, in Algiers, would be impregnable. It would be protected by the best fortifications in the principal towns. The coasts are covered by a tempestuous sea. The fertility of the country in corn, and in all the fruits of the earth, set famine at defiance. This country, if possessed by France, would rapidly possess two millions and a half of faithful and devoted subjects; for, of all Europeans, the French have ever been the most successful in acquiring the confidence of the natives of foreign lands. This was proved in Canada, and more recently in Egypt. Thus a speedy empire may be anticipated over the hearts of all the Africans. Once placed such

" a colony on a firm footing, and it will spread far and wide by its own intrinsic vigour. France, once mistress of Algiers, will advance more rapidly to an African empire than England to that of India, or Russia to that of the North of Asia. But, besides a northern African Empire, a connexion will be gained with central Africa and with Egypt, and the jealousy of Great Britain would be misdirected against the Algiers expedition, although it was justly excited when we seized Egypt."

Every one must agree with M. Sismondi that, to be jealous of the exertions and success of France in the direction of central Africa, or to use unworthy means of counteracting her designs in any part of that Continent, would ill become Britain. But still it would be impolitic to be absolutely inattentive to what is passing in that quarter. Whether immediate profit can be drawn from the possession of Algiers seems to be uncertain, although, if held, it cannot be doubted that, in half a century, Northern Africa will receive a rapidly increasing French population, whilst the native tribes will either be subjugated by the French or will unite with them: in either case the power of France will become paramount over a large portion of Northern Africa. The only imaginable near event that could prevent this result would be that of France being suddenly involved in hostilities with the Continent, and being tempted, for the sake of promptly acquiring so large a mass of highly disciplined troops, to recall her African army. But such an event, though barely possible, is certainly very improbable. It may be alleged, also, that if France and England were within a few years to be at war with each other, our naval power might cripple France in her future African colonization. But of such a war let us trust that there is still less probability. If Britain, in her present circumstances, goes to war for any object short of clear and positive self-defence, she will deserve, though styled by Voltaire an island of philosophers, to be called an island of the insane.

What, then, at this moment, ought Great Britain to resolve to do respecting Egypt and Northern Africa? The question does not seem difficult to be answered, either positively or negatively.

The contests of civilized with barbarous countries have been hitherto directed towards conquests for tribute, or subjugation for new lands. Conflicting interests in Europe will save Egypt from both of these very dubious methods of improvement. Hostile expeditions thither, and hostile colonies, may at present be considered as out of the question. There is another course, more promising of good results, and better adapted to the existing state of the world,—it consists in enlightening those barbarous people through and with their own leaders, in guiding their measures by a prudent exertion of influence, and by carrying sound principles of international law actively, but not dictatorially, into their councils.

The integrity of our purpose would soon be recognised, when we were seen to forego some of the old views that heretofore prevailed exclusively; and if it be imprudent to expect perseverance in a purity of design somewhat new to mankind, it is satisfactory to consider that indirect benefits to ourselves will amply compensate the small cost we may thus incur, and that in the proposed system our immediate interests are not severed from our duty. A good beginning too may be some guarantee against the perversion of the system.

First of all, it is necessary that we should have political agents in Africa, most particularly a resident at Cairo, invested with a higher character and title than that of a mere Consul. This might be effected without an expensive establishment; and whilst the choice of some distinguished and talented individual for this office would command the respect of Egypt, his enlightened views would support British commerce, and improve the good government of the country. His attention would be steadily directed to all that is passing, and instead of being occupied by intrigues, he would be soon seen to be a representative interested in the prosperity of both countries. Increasing confidence would augment trade, and tend to invite British colonists to the country, without the cost of colonial settlements.

This mode of acting would be one of the fittest steps towards the future accomplishment of the great result of English supremacy in India,—its civilization and gradual colonization.

Another object for which Britain might at once peaceably and advantageously for the interests of humanity co-operate with France, is the abolition of the overland slave trade of Africa. If the French continue to possess Algiers, both their policy and their compassion will be moved to abolish this horrible traffic in the direction of their own settlements. That Britain has humane wishes on the subject can be proved by facts,—she lacks the power and not the will; but if the French use their efforts as civilizing colonists of Africa in one quarter, and we employ our diplomatic influence as a great commercial power in various quarters, but chiefly at Cairo, all difficulties may be yet overcome. The Anglo-Indian Government has, to its infinite honour, done much recently for preventing the import of Africans into India; but nothing has been yet attempted for the purpose of mitigating the fate of the vast numbers of wretched slaves who are annually brought to the Red Sea and to Cairo. If English hearts are indifferent to this mass of human calamity, it is from general ignorance of facts, or inattention to the accounts of travellers. The horrors of the journey made by those victims, for many hundred miles from the interior of Africa to the points above-named, have been woefully authenticated to equal those of the Middle Passage.

That it is open for us to negotiate on this subject, there can be no doubt. The Imaum of Muscat has, at our intercession, already imposed resolutions on the trade on his continental territories near Mombaza; and there can be little doubt, that as the leading men in Muscat States are in many instances beginning to open their eyes to enlightened policy, it would not be difficult for influential Europeans to show them that the abolition of the hideous traffic would be conducive to their own interests.

Some extremely interesting matter on this subject was published last year by order of the House of Commons. It contains the Report of the Mauritius Commissioners of Inquiry, Major Colebrook, and Mr. Blair; and the testimony which it presents of our success in negotiating with the Imaum of Muscat, clearly indicates that we might have many chances of befriending humanity, by promoting friendship and influence with all the African Powers. "We entertain no doubt," say the Commissioners, "of the disposition of the Imaum of Muscat to enforce the conditions of the treaty into which he has entered with the

British Government, and the officers of his Majesty's navy have expressed the most favourable opinion of the integrity of the Governor, whom he has appointed at Zanzibar. The continuance of the Slave Trade carried on by the subjects of the Imaum has, we apprehend, led to evasions, which it has been found impracticable to control, and which, we think, would have also occurred at Madagascar, if the importation and exportation of slaves had not been altogether prohibited by Radama.\*

"As the Arab dows from Zanzibar clear out for Muscat, it has been proposed by the Governor of Zanzibar to the commanders of his Majesty's ships, to capture them when found to the southward of the port, and even within the line defined by the treaty.

"The negroes purchased in the northern parts of Africa are considered preferable to those procured to the southward; the restriction of the Portuguese slave-traders to their settlements southward of the line has not rescued the countries to the north from this scourge, and the treatment to which the negroes are subject in the Arab dows, in which they are carried to the Portuguese settlements, as well as to other places, is characterized by the greatest possible degree of insensibility to their sufferings. In the short voyages performed by them from the Continent to Zanzibar, they are packed so closely between stages, that a small quantity of food is given to each before embarkation, which must subsist them during the passage, as they are unable to stir from their first position. Numbers die from suffocation, whose bodies cannot be removed till after their arrival, when the stages are broken up. On longer voyages their sufferings are augmented by the privation of food and water.

"We earnestly recommend that every practical inducement be held out to the Imaum of Muscat finally to renounce the Slave Trade carried on in his own dominions, and with the ports of the Persian Gulf, and to employ his maritime resources in the suppression of it along the line of African coast possessed by the Arabs. The Imaum cannot be ignorant of the revolting mutilations which are practised on many un-

\* It is very true, that some Mahometans have justified slavery by the Koran; but have not some Christians, to their infamy, perverted Scripture also for their excuse. Let us hear, however, what the Indian Mahomedans say upon this subject. The following questions were put by our authorities to the Mahometan law-officers of Calcutta:—

"Q. What description of slaves are authorized by the Mahometan law?

"Ans. All men are by Nature free, and no man can be a subject of property, except an infidel, inhabiting a country not under the power of the faithful; but the right of possession which Moslems have over infidels is acquired by their entire subduement by force of arms.

"We are not acquainted (continue the answerers) with the principal, or the detailed, circumstances which led to the custom, prevailing in most Mussulman countries, of purchasing and selling the inhabitants of Zanzibar, Ethiopia, Nubia, and other negroes; but the ostensible causes are, either that the negroes sell their own offspring, or that Mussulman or other tribes of people take them prisoners by fraud and deceit, or seize them by stealth from the sea-shore. In such cases, however, they are not legally slaves, and the sale and purchase of them are consequently invalid. But if a Mussulman army, by order of an Imaum, should invade their country, and make them prisoners of war by force of arms, they are then legal slaves, provided that such negroes are inhabitants of a country under the government of infidels, and in which a Mussulman is not entitled to receive the full benefit and protection of his own laws."—Extract from Parliamentary Papers, quoted in "*India's Cries to British Humanity*," p. 373—published in 1830.

fortunate negroes carried into Persia and Asiatic Turkey, and we are disposed much to rely on his disposition to co-operate with the British Government in the accomplishment of these views. We think the appointment of a respectable British Consular Agent at Zanzibar would be a measure of considerable importance, if the Slave Trade should be abolished."

If civilization should so far wind its way into Africa as to stop this horrid traffic in "*bales of living anguish*," a mighty benefit will accrue to mankind; but still we shall possibly be told by many persons, not destitute of philanthropy, that beyond the white and northern population, the idea of civilizing the natives of that portion of the globe must be abandoned as hopeless. The African blacks, we are frequently told, are a naturally inferior race of men, and indomitably barbarous. Now, if that race had been generally treated by Europeans with any thing like equity and mercy, there might no doubt be some reasons for suspecting that there is some truth in this hypothesis. But from all modern colonists, at least, the bordering negroes have received no treatment but the fraud and ferocity that was most palpably calculated to prolong their barbarism. The general assertion of the capacity of the black races to become much more civilized than they are, may safely be put to the test of a careful examination of recent facts. Four examples to confirm this opinion may be selected from voluminous materials. 1st. The example of the Griquas, in Southern Africa; 2ndly, that of Sierra Leone; 3rdly, that of the people of Liberia; and 4thly, that of the Haitians. All these various people are mainly composed of those who have been declared, without reserve, to be little superior to brutes, and the efforts of them all to acquire civilized habits are exposed to this hour to serious obstacles; yet since a slight opening has been granted to them, within much less than half a century, they have made many decided improvements. In considering this question, the relative situation of men is not sufficiently reflected upon. It should never be forgotten that the white barbarians in the North approached civilization in Southern Europe under circumstances highly favourable to their rapid improvement. Every step which they made in advance led to new enjoyments; nevertheless, it required centuries to bring them to good usages. On the other hand, civilized Europe has intruded on the black barbarians, with a general determination to debase and destroy them, and, the invaders being possessed of gunpowder, had little difficulty in accomplishing their purpose. The force of the selected examples ought to be weighed with reference to this view.

The first people who have been mentioned, the Griquas, live north of the Orange River, beyond the limits of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. They are Hottentots, who escaped from the oppression of the Dutch colonists. They possess a country of about three hundred miles, from west to east, having the Orange River for their southern boundary, and not penetrating more than one hundred miles to the north. Within the space of thirty years, our missionaries have taught them many of the simpler arts connected with agriculture and pasturage. Some of them possess the use of letters; and a gentleman known to the writer of this paper possesses a memorial in defence of the conduct of his countrymen, sensibly and strongly written by one of

their chiefs. They have been scandalously ill-treated by the English Cape authorities; but having preserved independence, and a certain, though slender, access to civilization, their habits and their comforts have gradually improved. At this moment, a little forbearance and a little wisdom on the part of the Cape governors would make the Griquas an important link between the Cape colonists and many populous tribes in the interior, who are eager to trade and to hold intercourse with the white men.

2dly. The people of Sierra Leone have advanced in civilization although they have had to contend with most formidable obstacles. The Commissioners of Inquiry, in 1826, attribute the slowness of their progress to so many as nineteen active adverse causes; but at length a remedy is promised, which of itself speaks for the belief of those best acquainted with the subject in the capacity of the natives. In the last Session, a Committee of the House of Commons, after an express inquiry into the subject of native agency, recommended that coloured functionaries shall be employed in the colony, and Sir George Murray stated, in the Anti-slavery debate, on the last day of the Session, that the Government fully adopted the principle.

3dly. Liberia is a colony of black people, founded by the United States of America, a few degrees south of Sierra Leone. In a very few years this settlement has greatly advanced in prosperity; and, although placed disadvantageously in the centre of the Slave Trade, it offers to the native African, for the first time, the example of a black town, furnished with all the circumstances of culture hitherto engrossed by the whites—shipping—abundant supplies of arms, and of every other article of trade—books and book societies. Religion and Government are here directly and equally shared by the whites and the blacks. The latter are, in fact, the thriving owners of the settlements—the probable success and extension of which would be of unspeakable advantage to Western Africa.

And 4thly. The present state of Haiti, great as its difficulties have been, promises a steady improvement, which, if realized, will alone resolve the important question. Amidst the contradictory accounts of Haiti, one fact is clearly established, namely, that its Government has become so consolidated as to resist a long threatened aggression on the part of the mother country. Enmity from without has been completely set at defiance. Within, sanguinary revolutions, which almost destroyed the powers of production, have not prevented the inhabitants from obtaining the means of subsistence in more sufficient abundance than the Europeans themselves enjoy. The effects of a century and a half of bondage are giving way before scarcely twenty-five years of freedom. A race has but begun to breathe, to whom tranquillity is almost new, but in spite of all adverse circumstances Haiti has doubled its population within the above-named period, whilst there is not a single slave colony in the West Indies in which the population has not declined.

## THE ENGLISH POOR.\*

THERE is a pithy, though somewhat profane, apologue to be found in an old English writer:—Adam was one day employed in his agricultural occupations, while Eve was amusing herself at home washing and combing her little family, when the Deity was graciously pleased to pay our great mother an unexpected visit. The story adds, that Eve, not wishing those of her children who had not yet undergone the purifying ordeal of the toilette to be seen in their dishabille, thrust them into whatever places of concealment first occurred to her. Some she hid among heaps of straw—others she, still less felicitously, sent up the chimney; but the well-combed and late-washed little ladies and gentlemen she exhibited with very considerable complacency and triumph. Pleased with their comely appearance, the Celestial Visitant bestowed upon the children his blessing, and allotted to each his destination. One was to be a king, and cut-off heads *pour s'amuser*; another to be a great general, and perform the same office by deputy and on system; another was to be a lord chancellor, and a fourth a prime minister; even the less elaborately clean did not fail of their share of temporal comforts, but were fated to become aldermen, lord-mayors, county members, and under-secretaries of state. Overjoyed by the good fortune of *this* part of her progeny, the kind lady now hastened to the hiding-places of the others, and drew forth fresh competitors for the Divine favour; but when, ragged, dirty, covered with straw and soot, these unfortunate little objects presented themselves to their Maker's notice, *he* was justly so displeased with their inelegant and squalid appearance, that he condemned them to be servants, ploughmen, hedge-diggers, and negro-slaves—to the rest.

Upon this fabulous dispensation mankind have always acted; they have seen the majority ragged and dirty, and therefore sentenced them to be for ever ragged and dirty. Mr. Baring declared that some distress *must* always exist in this country, and this is a reason why no effectual measures are to be taken against distress. There must always be very poor people—why, then, attempt what must be vain—to relieve poverty? For the best reason in the world; for fear, if we do not relieve it, a change in the wheel should take place, and we, the rich, should become the very poor people ourselves. Men are now, indeed, generally awakening to the proper estimate of what we term "experience." Wherever we look, we see called forth into glorious and reproductive life those mighty novelties which contradict that experience, which can never again become the universal oracle. There is not a branch of trade, a branch of science, to which every day does not bring its innovation and its improvement. Why should we suppose that Political Science is the only one that is to stand still?—why is that to be the only branch of human knowledge devoted to practical results, in which evils are to be permanent?—why is that to be the only hunging machine unimproved, and the only waste of labour in which the capital is not to circulate, and the profits not to increase? The condition of the poor has, in all times, been one of the great and crying evils of our political state—and that is exactly the reason why we should devote our attention to the cure. Seeing that the system works badly, that is exactly the reason why we should be bent and resolved upon alteration. It would be superfluous to insist upon so obvious, so common-place a maxim, were we about to address ourselves to commercial men, instead of those connected with the agricultural interests. But among the latter there is said to be an hostility to change in itself, as well as to the substitutes proposed; and though we ourselves believe that this change partakes of declamatory exaggeration, yet it is well that the reader should come to the consideration of any new plan with the full and candid conviction that *something new* must be adopted.

It is agreed on all hands, that among the most defective parts of our national system of governing the lower orders, the Poor Laws may be unreservedly ranked. Even the defenders of the laws admit their mal-administration; and they, of all

\* A Proposal for a Change in the Poor Laws, and a Reduction of the Poor's Rate, by the beneficial employment of the Labourers; in a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Edward Lord Suffield, by J. Richardson, Heydon, Norfolk.

parts of our legislation, make that on which the necessity of change is most generally conceded. The Author of the pamphlet before us comes forward with the proposition of a change, that, while it is not partial, appears not difficult to effect; and we shall therefore, without troubling the reader with our own commentaries, allow the Author to have such an opportunity of making his system public as the space we can afford him in these pages will allow.

We shall premise that Mr. Richardson (the Author) is, we understand, a man of long and extensive practical experience in all matters connected with the agricultural interest. He is agent, and has been for some years, to Mr. Bulwer of Heydon (a gentleman of large estates in Norfolk, and deservedly popular among his tenants and the peasantry)—and has acted in a similar capacity for various other landed proprietors of considerable influence. We believe also that Mr. Richardson has long enjoyed a very respectable reputation for character, talent, and knowledge of his profession; so that the Author of the pamphlet before us cannot well be subjected to the sneer of the Duke of Richmond, who sets at naught the opinion of theorists, and demands what Ministers, and persons living in London, Brighton, or Cheltenham, can possibly know of the Poor Rates?

"It must be evident," observes the author, "to a common observer, that the present system cannot be sustained for many years longer—the increasing population, and the increasing demand for parochial aid, with all its demoralizing consequences, will not only in a short time consume the whole produce of the soil, but endanger the security of property itself, and undermine the national welfare. Such being the case, the conviction that it has become indispensably necessary that the Poor Laws should be amended so as to meet the circumstances of the times and present state of society, is universal; it is no less desirable that the illegal, expensive, and destructive operation of the poor rates be corrected, and that permanent and beneficial employment should be provided for the whole labouring community. These very necessary and desirable objects, in my opinion, are easily attainable, and by the following plan:—

"First.—The present law of settlements should be repealed; all settlements should be fixed by birth, marriage, estate, and renting of lands or tenements, and to be on counties and not on parishes.

"Second.—That all the parishes of each county should be united and consolidated into one establishment, for the care, maintenance, and employment of their own poor, and the repair of roads and bridges.

"Third.—That an equal rate of assessment be made upon all the rateable property in each county, collected and paid into one fund, for the general purposes of the county poor rates; such assessments to be conclusive and binding for a certain number of years.

"Fourth.—That a certain number of able-bodied men should be allotted to each rate-payer, according to the amount of their respective assessments; say three-fourths of the number considered to be reasonably necessary for the cultivation of his farm; this number to be employed the year round, and not altered by the consent of the county assembled for that purpose, so as to meet the ever-varying state and numbers of the labouring community.

"Fifth.—That district farms of sufficient extent and convenience should be hired, to be cultivated by spade husbandry or otherwise, for the express purpose of always providing beneficial employment for all those who cannot obtain work elsewhere; the produce of those farms to go in aid of the labour employed thereon and general fund, and each rate-payer should, for every forty acres he may occupy, send a team of horses and cart one day in each year to this farm, at such times as may be required.

"Sixth.—Once a year or oftener, as circumstances might require, the weekly rate of allowance to the indigent and impotent poor should be fixed, and the minimum of wages to be paid on the district farm; and that every rate-payer employing less than his stipulated number should pay at the rate of 1s. 8d. per day for every man, and 6d. for every child so deficient, to be paid to the general fund.

"Seventh.—The district farms to be directed by boards of management and practical superintendents, and for payment of the indigent poor, repair of roads, &c.

"Lastly.—The poor laws, from the 39th Eliz. up to the present time, should be revised and amended, so as to provide for the active execution of this plan, either as a national or county measure.

"And here it may be useful to go into a short statement, to show the origin, expense, and evil of the law of settlements. It appears that our statute laws are not of very ancient date; for even until the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII. the few poor of this country were mostly maintained by those religious houses.



"The 30th Eliz. is the first statute that mentions the word 'settlement,' and it is that of the 43rd Eliz. which obliges each parish to maintain its own poor, and prescribes the rules for so maintaining them. Upon these statutes the whole Poor Laws and the present system may be said to be founded—the fruitful sources of law-suits about settlements. The state of society now and at the period of the 39th Eliz. must be so dissimilar, that we can hardly suppose the Poor Laws then enacted can be sufficient to meet the exigencies of the present times. The adverse interests and inducements to litigate settlements are so numerous: I need only instance the county of Norfolk. When we call to mind that there are no less than twelve different ways of gaining settlements, and that each of those ways are disputable on ten times as many grounds; and when we next consider that this county contains 722 distinct parishes, with adverse interests, and each thereby equally induced to litigate the point of settlement with the other; and when we farther compute the late wonderful increase of those subjects of litigation, the *idle poor*, we may draw some conclusion of the number of litigations that annually take place betwixt the different parishes on the subject of settlements. And on the other hand, when we consider what the expense is of removing each of those litigated paupers from perhaps one end of the kingdom to the other, first by the warrant of justices, then back perhaps by an order of sessions, and possibly, a third time, by a decree of the Court of King's Bench; and if we bear in mind what the expense of each of the parishes in one of these suits amounts to, on account of attorneys' and agents' bills, counsel and court fees, &c. we may draw some conclusion as to the expense which the whole process of trying the settlement of one single pauper may cost. If we then multiply the whole annual number of these litigations by the costs of one single process, we may form some conjecture of the enormous expense caused yearly to the public. When we recollect that no less a sum than three hundred and twenty thousand pounds a-year is raised in this county alone for poor-rates, (a sum equal to that raised from the whole principality of Wales,) does it not strike every one with wonder and astonishment how so large a sum can be expended, producing so little apparent relief and real comfort? I also find that forty thousand pounds a-year is disposed of in this county for other purposes than the relief of the poor; and from the Parliamentary returns now before me, I believe I shall be justified in inferring that nearly three-fourths of that sum is spent in litigation alone.

"I dare believe, in adopting the mode of settlement pointed out in my first proposition, the whole of that sum (say 25,000*l.* a-year) would be saved to this county alone, and to the public at large between three and four hundred thousand pounds a-year. The evil consequences are so numerous, that I shall merely observe here, that every parish is at present a prison-house (or nearly so) to every labouring man, full of poverty, crime, immorality, and wretchedness, and that should he go beyond the boundaries thereof, with an honest desire to procure work wherewith to earn something to satisfy the craving wants of exhausted nature, or to relieve his miserable wife and helpless children, he is liable to be (and frequently is) taken up and sent to the common goal as a rogue and vagabond, and his family thrown upon the poor funds."

From the above remarks, the reader will perceive that the two main objects of Mr. Richardson's proposed plan are, first, to engage the counties to maintain their poor, instead of confining the necessity to parishes, and, secondly, by the establishment of district farms, to find occupation for the redundancy of labour.

Before we come to the consideration of the advantages derivable from the alteration suggested, we shall give a sort of schedule of the expenses of a parish under the present system, and of the expenses of the same parish under the system proposed. Mr. Richardson has taken eight parishes in Norfolk, lying together. Our limits will allow us only to select one. The Author, it will be observed, has specified the quantity of land; the valuation; the amount of poor-rates in each parish, with the number of labourers married and single; the children, the indigent, and impotent poor; distinguishing how many in each parish are able to earn their own subsistence by employment, and the number that must be supported from parochial aid. He has also shown the amount and expediture of each parish in detail, and to what particular purposes the rate was applied. The Author adds his belief, that this will be found the first true exposition of the application of the poor-rates, and that it may be applied to every parish throughout the kingdom. We must observe, that Mr. Richardson states from his own opinion, and from the opinion of the labourers themselves, that a man with constant employment at nine shillings a week, and his harvest-wages, turnip-boeing, &c. can support his wife and three children in coin-

parative comfort. We protest at once against this estimate; wages should not average less than 12s. a week; and roused to consideration by the present formidable disturbances, the farmers themselves allow it. The exact amount of the estimate is not, however, of great importance in Mr. Richardson's calculations; the principle to be acted upon remains the same. We now subjoin the schedules. The reader will observe that the phrase of *extra* children, means any number above three:—

## PRESENT SYSTEM.

PARISH OF F. 2034 ACRES. £1,400. Valuation. £922 11s. 4d. Amount of Rate.  
51 Married men, with 150 children, 34 of which are able to be employed to maintain themselves.

6 of those married men, unable to work.

45 Four old men, half wages.

2

43 Able-bodied labourers, married.

6 Single men.

49 Labourers } to be employed.

34 Children }

18 Extra children.

23 Widows, old men, &c. not able to work.

£.30 sufficient for labour to keep the roads in repair. Wages 9s. a week.

## How the Rate was expended.

Paid widows, old men, and those not able to work . . . . .	£140 18 10
Labourers and their families in illness . . . . .	23 0 0
Doctors attending the poor . . . . .	8 14 0
For clothing the poor . . . . .	39 14 1
County rate . . . . .	10 12 0
Churchwardens' bill . . . . .	9 3 2
Carpenter for coffins, barrows, &c. . . . .	4 4 4
Overseer's expenses and constable . . . . .	3 8 0
Able-bodied labourers out of work on the roads, and meal money	682 16 11
	<u>£922 11 4</u>

June, 1830.—I, the Overseer of the above Parish, do hereby certify  
the above account to be correct.

R. N. Overseer.

## PROPOSED SYSTEM.—PARISH OF F.

To be paid to widows, old men, and all unable to work . . . . .	£140 18 10
to labourers and their families in illness . . . . .	23 0 0
to doctor for medicine and attendance . . . . .	8 14 0
County rate . . . . .	10 12 0
Churchwardens' bill . . . . .	9 3 2
Constable's expenses . . . . .	2 0 0
to 18 extra children . . . . .	46 16 0
for labour on the roads . . . . .	30 0 0
Total expenses of F. . . . .	<u>£271 4 0</u>

The reader will allow that Mr. Richardson could not hold forth a better inducement to consider the practicability of his plan than the difference between the sums-total of 922*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* and 271*l.* 4*s.* The same proportionate reduction will be found in the expenses of each parish, and the difference between the sum-total of expenses for the eight parishes as at present constituted, and of the necessary expenses of the eight parishes under the new plan, is that between 582*l.* 10*s.* and 222*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*

But the latter sum is not all. Mr. Richardson proposes that the said eight parishes lying together, form one *division* of the county, and that to this division a district farm of two hundred acres be attached, for the surplus labourers and children; and although by spade husbandry, he conceives, and justly enough, that the produce will cover more than the expenses, he yet adds, for the rent of the farm and the manager's salary, the sum of 300*l.* Each parish is also to be charged 8*l.* for a master to keep a Sunday-school. The whole of the necessary expenses will then stand thus:—

Brought forward, total of necessary expenses . . . . .	£222 14 2
For masters to teach Sunday-schools . . . . .	64 0 0
For rent of farm and manager's salary . . . . .	300 0 0
Total of expenses necessary for the eight parishes for one year . . . . .	<u>£2586 14 2</u>
Brought forward, the expenses for one year under the present system, as per account . . . . .	5824 10 0
Deduct the necessary expenses according to the new plan . . . . .	2586 14 2
Leaves a yearly saving to the rate-payers of these eight parishes the sum of . . . . .	<u>£3237 15 10</u>
The extent of those eight parishes is . . . . .	16,015 acres.
Deduct for waste and woods, and lands not rateable for the support of the poor . . . . .	815
	<u>14,200</u>
Deduct for district farm . . . . .	200
	<u>14,000</u>

Thus there are 14,000 acres, and 444 labourers and 342 children to be employed thereon. It is proposed that the rate-payers shall only employ three-fourths of the number that they will want. I have therefore fixed one full-bodied labourer to every 36, and one child to every 45 acres, which would dispose of 388 men and 350 children, leaving 56 men and 31 children; 10 of these men would find work on the roads, and whose wages are provided for in the account of necessary expenses; 8 more of these men and 10 children would be employed by other rate-payers, for trade, houses, &c. leaving 40 men and 21 children to be employed on the district farm, either the whole or some part of the year, and on this consideration I am inclined to think that 200 acres would be more than sufficient for that number; still I would rather err on the right side. The expense of this farm would be as follows, viz.:

For rent of 200 acres . . . . .	£200 0 0
Tithe . . . . .	40 0 0
Manure . . . . .	60 0 0
Salary and expenses of superintendent . . . . .	100 0 0
For forty men, at 9s. a week, for 52 weeks . . . . .	936 0 0
Additional wages, and other expenses at harvest, spades, &c. . . . .	40 0 0
21 children, from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per week . . . . .	68 0 0
	<u>£1444 0 0</u>
Allowed in the necessary expenses . . . . .	300 0 0
Total expenses of district farm . . . . .	<u>£1144 0 0.</u> "

Mr. Richardson assumes that, since this plan differs essentially from the mere location of paupers on small patches of land—since superintendence and capital form a part of his project, the cultivation of the district farm will naturally be brought to the same level as the cultivation of any land otherwise occupied; the expenses of the farm will, in consequence, at least be covered.

The manner in which 2586*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.* the sum above-mentioned (as the whole of what may be necessary to raise from the said eight parishes,) is to be levied, will be thus:—

14,000 acres of land, at 3 <i>s.</i> per acre per annum . . . . .	£2100 0 0
Poor Rate on tithe for ditto . . . . .	420 0 0
Rate upon trades, houses, &c. . . . .	66 14 2
	<u>£2586 14 2</u>

"I would suggest that one rate-payer should attend every week, at the district farm, on those days when the labourers on the farm, the roads, and the indigent and impotent poor are paid, to furnish the superintendent with information and assistance; and that a return should be made on those days to the superintendent, by each person, of the names and number of labourers employed by him for the last week. Such return to be in writing, and submitted to the persons present; and if found incorrect, the party making it to have notice to attend the next day of payment to explain, before the entry is made in the books. A surgeon should be appointed to each division of the county, and should attend on the same day and place to report and advise as to any of the poor that may be unwell, or unable to work, through accident or otherwise. No person to be entitled to relief without producing the surgeon's certificate. I would also recommend a medal to be struck, bearing the county arms on one side, the other to be numbered; one given to each labourer and indigent poor belonging to the county; and to be

entered in a book to be kept at the district farms, stating the age and general appearance of each person.\*

The proposed plan appears to us feasible, and a very palpable improvement on the present system. That it requires more detail, more explanation, more controversy—that great elicitor of truth—is very apparent. But as the plan of an experienced and practical man, promising great advantages, and being in itself simple of arrangement, it seems to us worthy of full and mature consideration. In times so momentous as those on which we have fallen,—times in which we have been compelled to descend from our high places of security, and come forth from our retreats of indolence,—times when the wants of the labourers come—to use the Grecian metaphor—*armed* before us, as much in intimidation as in beseeching, we feel that lighter matters lose their attraction even for the frivolous, and that we shall not be reproached for dedicating some few of our pages to a dryer subject than usually engrosses them. To justify ourselves still farther, we shall now extract from the pamphlet a recitation of the more prominent advantages of the alteration the Author's scheme proposes to effect.

"The plan promises to reduce the modes of \*acquiring settlements, (that great source of law-suits,) from twelve to *four*; to do away with all litigation of settlement between parishes, the removal of paupers, and the entire expense (thereof), with its innumerable attendant evils. It provides constant and remunerating employment for all that are able and willing to work, and throws every man entirely upon the resources of his own exertions, industry, and conduct, and consequently puts an end to all parochial aid in the shape of wages for labour. It establishes perfect liberty and independence between masters and labourers, not only in the choice of each other, but in the quantity and price of labour, and renders the rate of assessment equal and permanent, thereby ensuring to every man the fair fruits of his enterprising industry. It promises to reduce the present enormous and growing tax (the poor-rates) *two-thirds of its entire amount*. It unites and consolidates seven hundred and twenty-two distinct establishments with interests and motives adverse to each other into one general institution, which, from the order of its constitution and operation, must tend to the interest and happiness of all, but especially the industrious and productive orders of the community. It generates a better and kinder feeling through all the gradations of society, and by bringing the wages of labour to the fair level of every man's industry and capability, with a market always open to his wealth and to his wants, it restores him to independence, and with independence to a moral consciousness of the value of character."

To this we may add, what appears to us an inestimable benefit, the advantage of taking the superintendence and management from the hands of parochial officers,—men too immediately concerned with what they administer not to be selfish—too personally mixed with the labourers not to be susceptible of partiality—too limited in station not to be ignorant, and too occupied with their own private callings not to be indifferent managers of public matters requiring a constant vigilance and enlightened consideration.

Since writing the above, the disturbances in the country have assumed a far more general and alarming character; the first instant of returning tranquillity must be employed in redressing the grievances of the labouring classes. Some of the newspapers have absurdly assumed that the duty of sacrifice rests with the landlord. It is not the rate of rent which is the cause of low wages; land, at present, scarcely pays two and a half per cent. In many counties it does not average more than two. The farmer cannot give higher wages, not on account of his rent, but on account of his tithes and poor rates. These are the real, the permanent causes of agricultural distress.

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\* The reader, anxious in matters like this merely for practical information, will not think severely of a few errors in diction, &c. to be easily enough discovered in the little work in review. Should the pamphlet reach what it merits, a second edition, we advise the sensible author carefully to revise his sentences, to enter more logically, and at much greater length into detail; to avoid all suspicion of declamation, and to shun the repetitions he has at present incurred. The reader will also perceive, that we do not recommend this scheme as one perfect and complete, but as one that may be embraced *immediately*, and afford immediate relief.

## THE TALES OF STAMBOUL.

THE Eastern story-tellers, from long practice and their native fertility of fancy, possess a freedom of conception often quite wonderful; but they are more remarkable for the variety and curious character of the incidents they weave together, than for the regularity of their stories. They mingle frequently in their facetious tales allusions to the events and news of the day, which are sometimes bappily introduced; but although they are never without something like a moral meaning in what they relate, it yet is seldom very obvious, their chief object being to produce mere pastime. The following slight sketch is an attempt to exhibit both their matter and their manner:—

## CALIPH ZOLEM, OR THE PRINCESS OF THE BRIGHT SHADOW.

All the sons of man know that the Caliph Zolem was, during his life, the most benevolent sovereign that ever reigned on the earth. Doubts arose after his death whether he had been really so good as his successor was found to be; but still it was said of him, that he was so meek, gracious, and gentle—the summer twilight, with its temperance, and soft dews, and fragrant stillness, was not more cherishing and benign.

At the eastern end of the terrace of the Garden of Pomegranates stood a beautiful koisque, overlooking the Tigris, which ever flowed with a pleasing murmur under the walls. To this delicious place the Caliph, during the afternoon of the summer months, often retired to muse of the wonderful things of the world. Truly, it was a retreat formed for the nourishment of poesy and divine philosophy. The building itself was the work of a geni which occasionally visited Abeliccles, the greatest architect in all Bagdad, and it was constructed of the rarest and most refugent materials. The exterior was formed of transparent marble, of the snowiest whiteness and most satin-like texture; every coyne and vantage of the cornice and the capitals of the columns was tinted with gold; and the roof was covered with plates of mother-o'-pearl, that shone to the rising and the setting sun with a radiance of pure flames, like those of the sacred fires which glowed on the altars of the ancient Geibers. The interior was worthy of the outward splendour, and the poet Ullaloo, when he drank sherbet there with the Caliph, compared it to the Princess of Zoongaria, whose beauty was without parallel, and her mind of such exceeding brightness, that when she stood in the sunshine its lustre so shone through her corporeal beauty that, instead of a shadow, a luminous form was seen on the ground where the shadow should have been.

In the centre of the floor stood a vast basin of opal, in which a little fountain of perfumed water was ever playing, with such a lulling melody that it charmed the softened eyelids to drooping, and disposed the mind to the pleasing reveries of that conscious sleep which soothes the morning pillows of the innocent and young.

One afternoon Caliph Zolem, according to custom, went to the koisque of the opal fountain, as it was called, and reclining on the velvet sofa, listened to the musical monotony of its murmuring, and to the nightingales, which in great numbers, among the rose-hushes under the windows, were rehearsing their songs for the evening; while a gentle

breeze came up the river, rippling the surface with its wings, and refreshing the air with its fragrant breath.

The Caliph, as he lay enjoying the voluptuous spirit which breathed, and whispered around, recalled what the poet Ullaloo had said to him of the Princess of Zoongaria, and began to wish he could see that incomparable creature. The fountain played, the birds sang, the breeze came fanning, and ever and anon a gentle rustling of the leaves and roses disposed him to think more and more of the Princess of the Bright Shadow, until he determined to consult the Grand Vizier Yusuff, whether what Ullaloo had told him could be true, or if it had been only a poetical hyperbole. He accordingly sent for the wise old man; and when he was come before him, and had set down on the carpet at his feet, he related how much he desired to know if it could be true that the world contained such a glorious being as Ullaloo had described.

Yusuff was a discreet minister, and on all occasions considered it one of his greatest duties to repress the desires of his imperial master; indeed, it was the will of Caliph Zolem that he should do so.

"Commander of the Faithful," said the Grand Vizier, "heed not much what the poets say; they are under the influence of the geni Babalisk, which hath but one eye, and can discern only what is bright and fair. Moreover, where is this land of Zoongaria? we should first know that there is such a region, before we believe that it contains such a princess, or any princess at all."

Caliph Zolem commended the sagacity of the Vizier Yusuff, and told him to send among the merchants in the bazaars, to inquire if such a country as Zoongaria existed, and in what part of the world it lay. Yusuff did as he was commanded, and by and by he returned, bringing with him Yambashee, a head-merchant from Harcash, which is the chief city of Zoongaria. This Yambashee was a man well skilled in wares and markets, and a great dealer in gold and precious stones. Sometimes he had slaves brought to him to sell to the holy men in Bagdad; and he was reputed to be more ingenious in the craft and mystery of merchandize than any other trader in all the bazaars of the city.

"Commander of the Faithful," said Yusuff, as he came into the kiosk, leaving Yambashee in the garden at the door, "I have found a man who has come from Zoongaria."

"Does he know," said the Caliph, raising himself from his recumbent position on the sofa,— "does he know the Princess?"

Although Yusuff had questioned Yambashee as to that point while they were coming through the gardens in the walk of the pomegranate-trees to the kiosk, he had received no satisfactory information; but being a discreet man, and having an affectionate regard for his head, he thought the best course would be to let the Caliph himself examine Yambashee, by which, if deception were practised, he would not incur blame. Accordingly the merchant was called in before the Caliph, and having prostrated himself on the floor and kissed the hem of the Vizier's garment—not daring to approach even so near to the Commander of the Faithful—he was ordered to relate all that he knew concerning the country of Zoongaria, and the Princess of the Bright Shadow.

Yambashee, having recovered from the dread and awe with which

the presence of the Caliph had overwhelmed him, described Zoongaria as a land flowing with milk and honey, a pastoral region, where bees and flocks abounded, but of the Princess of the Shining Shadow he had not heard.

"I left Zoongaria," said he, "while yet a little boy, and it was not the fashion in those days for lads and striplings to talk of political things, such as princes and princesses; but if his Highness will command me to go to Zoongaria and inquire concerning this beautiful princess, I will undertake the journey, and bring back all the intelligence that can be gathered concerning her."

"Go," said the Caliph; "tarry not, but make all speed; and if thou canst persuade her to come hither, thou shalt be well rewarded, and I will make her my wife." So saying, the Caliph Zolem waved his hand to Yambashee to retire; and when he had gone away, Yusuff, who was surprised and grieved at the precipitancy of the Caliph, said, with a lowly voice—

"Commander of the Faithful, let me put into writing certain instructions to Yambashee, and let me omit the promise that you will make the Princess your wife; for until your Highness has seen her beauty with your own eyes, and heard her wisdom with your own ears, she may have other faults, that will more than overbalance the beauty of her person or the brilliancy of her mind; for your Highness will recollect that the poet Ullaloo did not say that she had a sweet breath, nor was pleasant in speech; and perhaps she takes snuff."

"Truly, Yusuff," replied the Caliph, "thou art full of prudence; what thou hast said is passing wise, and I commit this matter altogether into thy hands—do with it as thou seest best;" and with these words he turned on the sofa and composed himself to sleep, while Yusuff went to prepare the writing he intended to give to Yambashee.

When the writing was made, and Yambashee came to receive money for the expenses of his journey, the Vizier said to him, "Yambashee, I have taken counsel and information concerning thy character, and by all accounts thou art a man of experience, one who knoweth that although poets do not always speak the truth, there is yet sometimes much of the element of wisdom in what they say. I would have thee, therefore, ponder well as thou travellest to Zoongaria on this story of the Bright Shadow. It hath, I suspect, a meaning in it more than meets the ear, so I pray thee look if thou canst find it out."

Yambashee then left the mansion of the Vizier, and ordered Moslemah his servant to get horses ready, for they had a long journey before them, even to Zoongaria.

Moslemah was a young man of an ungracious aspect, cross-tempered, and possessed but of two virtues—honesty, and a small appetite.

All the first day Yambashee rode pondering of what Yusuff, the Grand Vizier, had said to him; the second day he was equally taciturn, and on the third he was no better. Moslemah at the same time, being accustomed to the humour of his master, said nothing also during the first day; on the second he only now and then looked at Yambashee, wondering on what speculation he was bent; but the third day his horse greatly provoked him, and he often crossly expressed himself against the poor beast. On the morning of the fourth, the cloud, however, passed from the countenance of Yambashee, and he discoursed

familiarly in his wonted manner with Moslemah as they rode briskly along.

"What dost thou think, Moslemah, of this story of a woman with a bright shadow—how can it be?"

"I have not learning enough," replied Moslemah, "to contradict philosophy; but my sister Zilk hath more knowledge than all the queens of Solomon."

"Indeed! and how is it that thou never told'st me of her before?"

"Because——"

"Because what?"

"She desires not to be known in this world, and we are all enjoined not to speak of her, for she is so——"

"What is she?—why dost thou hesitate?"

"So very ugly—she's terrible; she hath a hump on her back; one of her arms is very long, and the other is as short as a crocodile's; moreover, she is lame, and one of her feet is as broad and black as a swan's; but she is wise and well schooled, and her voice is so sweet and gentle, that when she speaks you think no more of her defects."

Yambashee on hearing this fell again into a reverie, and for the remainder of that day travelled fasting in speech. The next was the fifth of their journey, and Yambashee said—"I have been thinking, Moslemah, of what thou wast telling me of thy sister Zilk. If she hath such power to enchant those who listen to her into a forgetfulness of her deformities, she must indeed be a very extraordinary damsel."

"She is so; and for her wisdom and eloquence, it hath been said they so redeem her defects, that they make her very shadow white."

"What sayest thou?" exclaimed his master, thinking that there was a curious similitude in the expression to the description Ullaloo had given of the unknown Princess of Zoongaria; "And where," he inquired impatiently, "doth thy sister dwell?"

"In Bagdad," replied Moslemah.

Yambashee, at these words, stopped his horse suddenly, and after cogitating a short time, he said, "We shall return;" and accordingly they rode with lively boofs back to Bagdad.

On the evening of the seventh day from that of their departure they reached the city again, and Yambashee, on alighting from his horse, said to Moslemah, "I will go with thee and see this prodigy, thy sister Zilk."

"You cannot go with me," replied Moslemah, "for have I not told you that she will not be seen? I cannot take you with me; nor were you in my father's house would you see sister Zilk; she lives alone in her own chamber, and has not been seen by any of the family, save mother, for many years; for being wise as she is, and knowing her deformities to be so very terrible—she is a pig-faced lady—she keeps out of sight."

In vain did Yambashee solicit his servant to take him to his father's house; in vain did he threaten him with immediate dismissal if he would not; in vain did he promise him a rich present; but the probity of Moslemah would yield to no bribe. This resistance did not so much surprise Yambashee, as the story of the seclusion in which the deformed but wise Zilk concealed herself. Sometimes he thought of proceeding



at once to the Grand Vizier, to tell him what he had heard, and wherefore he had returned to Bagdad; at another he resolved to watch some opportunity of going, as it were by accident, to the house of Moslemah's father, to try if he could not see Zilk and hold some conversation with her.

While Yambashee was thus meditating on what he should do, Moslemah had gone home and was received with great surprise by all the family, who believed he was on his road with his master towards Zoongaria. He told them, however, what had happened on the road, and Zilk, who was present, though concealed behind a curtain, listened with great attention to what he said, and when he had concluded she addressed herself to her mother, saying, "I can discern the meaning of this; Yambashee has undertaken a business which he does not well know how to execute, for that he has been thoughtful and silent. What Moslemah has told him concerning me hath made him think that I may be serviceable to his purposes, and for that he desires to see me, therefore let him come: Allah wills that I should have a purpose to perform, and therefore I shall be obedient to my destiny!"

In the mean time Yambashee had gone to the Vizier, who looked at him as it were with four eyes, astonished that he should have returned so soon. "Wherefore," cried Yusuff, "hast thou done this? The Caliph will order thy head to be plucked off, like the pomegranate from the tree; thou hast not done wisely in being so quick, even if thou hadst done thy business; for it assorts not with the regularities of good governments that one man should do his task better or quicker than another; it begets comparisons, and rivalries, and cabals."

Yambashee, though thus rebuked, was none abashed, but told the Vizier that they need not seek in Zoongaria for the poet's Princess of the Bright Shadow, that being no more than a similitude for a woman of wisdom, and that such an one already was living in Bagdad.

The Vizier thought the thing impossible; all the women in Bagdad being talkative, much given to gadding about, and greatly addicted to shopping, and such sort of thriftless and costly pastimes. However, after some consultation, it was determined to seek out Zilk, and to have some conversation with her.

It was arranged that in the course of the following day the Grand Vizier, with Yambashee, should have an interview with Zilk. Yusuff was at first averse to this, thinking it ill consorted with the dignity of a Grand Vizier, as in the Western world, to visit a lowly young woman at her father's house; but Zilk would consent to no other arrangement. "I have," said she, "never passed the threshold of my home, nor shown myself in the world, because it hath pleased Heaven not to make me as one of it; and I should but cause wonderment were I to be seen, and set the loose tongues of the world a-going concerning what was wanted with me in the palace of Yusuff." So, by her firmness and discretion, this humble maiden caused the Grand Vizier, and Yambashee the great merchant, to visit her in her father's lowly dwelling.

When they arrived, her mother, an aged crone, received them in the little court-yard of the house, and said to them, that her poor daughter was so conscious of her unfitness to be seen by them, that she would be glad if they would permit her to discourse with them from behind a

curtain. Yusuff, the Grand Vizier, was mightily pleased with this device; it had something diplomatical in it, and it gave him a high opinion of the prudence and forethought of Zilk. Yambashee being a merchant, one who dealt in the open mart, conceived that this concealment only half answered his purpose; for he had observed in life that it was better to see first the worst side of things, though in disposing of them it was wisest to show the best, and for that reason he contended that Zilk should meet them face to face. The Vizier and the merchant had in consequence some altercation in a civil way as to this matter, which was ended by Yusuff suggesting that the question should be referred to Zilk herself. This was done.

"Let them inform me," said she to her mother, "what it is they want with me, and then I shall know how to act."

This response troubled the Vizier, who was averse to disclose the purpose and end of his curiosity, and still less to say that she might, probably, be carried into the presence of the Caliph, so he returned an evasive answer.

The mother of Zilk repeated it to her; but Zilk sent her back, to say that she discerned by the equivocal reply that their business had some reference to her appearance, and on that account she would not expose herself to them; so they were obliged to go to her.

In the apartment of Zilk a curtain was drawn across the middle, behind which Zilk usually sat, and no visitor was ever permitted to see her. On the Vizier and the merchant being admitted, Zilk invited them with accents so pleasing and humble to sit down, that they exchanged looks of delight and astonishment at each other, and took seats opposite to the curtain. The Vizier then entered into conversation with her concerning many things, and asked her several questions, which she answered with such propriety of language, that Yusuff thought he had never heard intelligence expressed so becomingly before. Yambashee conversed with her also, and was no less satisfied with the accuracy of her knowledge and the justness of her judgment; in short, before they had been half an hour in her company, they entirely forgot the cause which induced her to avoid their eyes, and they thought only of her talents and various knowledge. It was not, however, a knowledge of that kind which is called learning, but the result of having studied the nature and qualities of things; and it was invested with such propriety of expression, that when they went away they could only recollect the elegance of her apophthegms and the wisdom of what she said. In truth, the Vizier was so charmed, that, forgetful of his characteristic caution, he told her, as he took his leave, that he would have great satisfaction in bringing her into the presence of the Caliph. Instead of reluctance, greatly to the astonishment of all her family, she expressed her willingness to attend at the palace whenever it might please the Commander of the Faithful to summon her before him.

When the Grand Vizier and Yambashee had retired, Moslemah, who came into the room after their departure, expressed great surprise at hearing how Zilk had so readily consented to visit the Caliph—she who had never been seen, since childhood, even by the members of her own family, save only by her mother; expressing, at the same time, great apprehension that she would be regarded in the palace only with contempt and derision, if not with some more hateful sentiment. Zilk,

however, replied that it was only things out of their proper places which were truly deformed, and that, perhaps, those defects which made her so unfit for her humble situation might be found useful in the palace.

It had happened, that while Zilk was an infant, one Oügle, a Magos, who lived in the neighbourhood, took much pleasure in fondling the child. He was an old man with bright eyes, and of a pale, thoughtful countenance, with a hoary, flowing beard. He was sage, and skilled in all manner of knowledge, and had several genii at his command, inso-much that it was thought, notwithstanding his great apparent poverty, he might at any time, by their help, become the richest of men. He was very old, so much so that no one alive could tell when he was born, nor could he recollect it himself. Among other things, he was a great astrologer, and he had early erected the horoscope of Zilk, in which he had seen prognostications which he never divulged; but it was by his advice that she was kept from childhood out of sight, not only of the general world, but even of her brothers and sisters; indeed, he had seen something so extraordinary in her destiny, that he imagined there was some great error in his calculation of her nativity; and it happened at the very time that the Grand Vizier and Yambashee were with her, he was re-inspecting her horoscope, to discover, if possible, the error which he suspected, but he could discover none. He saw, however, that a crisis then impended, and shutting up his book and tablets, he went to inquire if aught had come to pass.

On reaching the house, which was soon after the departure of the Vizier and Yambashee, he found the family, in consequence of the great visitors, all talking together, and laughing, and making much ado—all except Zilk; she was sedate and composed, chiding from behind her curtain the younger children for their exuberant exultation, and reminding her elder sisters that such excessive mirth was nearly allied to folly. When Oügle heard the rank of the Grand Vizier, he stood still and solemnly cast his eyes upwards, and after a few short sentences—for he was a man who at all times spoke little—he returned home, and seemed by his conduct to think no more of the error he had suspected in his astrological calculations, but directed his housekeeper to carry a lighted mangall into his study, with a supply of charcoal, and of lemons, to counteract the fumes of the fire. He then went and opened a large, old-fashioned chest, curiously-carved with spheres, and stars, and lunar phases, and other annual, monthly, diurnal, and horal emblems. Out of this chest, after turning over many rolls of vellum, he took a very ancient book, which was fastened with seven brazen clasps. This book he carried into his study, and having set his implements in order, and taken with him a flagon of water and several pieces of bread, he shut himself in, and was not seen or accessible for many hours. Morgana, his housekeeper, wondered much what he could be about, especially during the night, when she saw a wonderful splendour shining from under and through the seams and crevices of the door, and heard Oügle speaking to himself with a solemn vehemence, as if he had been calling spirits from the vasty deep. Then there was silence; after a time a ravishing perfume came breathing from the study; and to that succeeded soft and low melodious sounds, which lulled the old lady fast asleep.

In the morning when she awoke the sun was up, and the Fakiers and tradesmen were going to their work; and the country people, with their

asses laden with vegetables, and eggs, and poultry, were coming in with the daily supplies. Morgana went again to her master's door and listened, and heard him still busy and hustling, but the sound of the music had departed; she looked, however, through the keyhole, and beheld the flame of the lamp still brightly burning, though the day was far advanced, but she thought the flame gleamed strangely blue; while she saw, by the reflection in some of the brazen alembics and machines in the room, that the mangall was vivid with a fierce and crimson glow—there was a spell in preparation. Suddenly, while she was looking through the keyhole, she perceived, that the room was filling with a thick, dingy smoke, which caused the lamp to look of a ghastly yellow, and, then, in the midst of this smoke, she beheld things that had the dim outline of the human form passing along; after these, she saw an enormous aged hand holding a great key, and then the hand of Oügle—for she knew it by the blood-stone ring that he wore on his little finger—take the key from that enormous, aged, and ancient hand; and she became greatly afraid at what she saw, and trembling all over, and being unable to move, she sat down on the ground and leaned her head against the door, scarcely knowing what she did.

At last the hour came when she commonly went to provide lentils for her master's dinner, expecting he would be ready for it; but on her return there was still no signs that he had completed his incantations; on the contrary, he was still busily engaged, for she heard the sound of several pestles and mortars all at work. This continued the whole of the day, till it was time for her to go again to market for their supper. On her return, the twilight being then on, she saw by the light shining through the keyhole that Oügle was still busy; and though she was hungry herself, and thought he must be so too, she durst not disturb him.

Meanwhile the Vizier had gone to the Caliph, and informed him of all that had taken place, from the time that Yambashee had departed from his presence, for in this respect Yusuff was an honest minister. He told his master nothing but the truth, and what was rare in one who had so high a trust, he told him all the truth.

"Verily," said Caliph Zolem, when the Vizier had finished his story, "what thou tellest me is exceedingly marvellous, and I should like to see this same Zilk; yet, if she be so hideous as thou sayest she is, why should I look upon her? Let us take counsel from her example; she shall come hither, and thou wilt cause a curtain to be drawn between her and me, and I will enjoy her elocution without the sight of her hideousness."

"Commander of the Faithful! thou art the wisest of men; thy will shall be done," replied Yusuff; "I will cause a curtain to be woven and hung up; but, alas! there are no stuffs fitting for the purpose in the palace."

Upon this, the Caliph said, "Thou dost forget, Yusuff, that we have proclaimed our gracious intention to institute a most rigorous economy in all the departments of the government, and what will be thought of such extravagance as to cause a curtain to be woven merely for the purpose of concealing a young woman? No, Yusuff, I forbid thee to do any such thing; thou mayest take my old robes and cause them to

be sowed together; such an expedient in finance will bring thee, Yusuff, great renown among the people."

"Tby will shall be done," said Yusuff; and he departed from before Caliph Zolem to carry into effect this notable stroke of political economy.

When this important union of the robes was accomplished, and hung up across the middle of the Caliph's chamber, the Grand Vizier sent for Yambashee, the merchant, to instruct him concerning the will and pleasure of Caliph Zolem; but at that time Yambashee could not attend Yusuff, for he was then busy with an old man who had brought him a beautiful girl for sale, and for whom he asked a most enormous price, although she was dumb, and had nothing but the charms of her person to recommend her to a purchaser. The old man who had brought her, overhearing the message which the Vizier's messenger delivered, said he would wait until Yambashee had executed the Vizier's orders, and it was in consequence so arranged. Yambashee went to the Grand Vizier, and the old man and the beautiful maiden were left in his house to abide his return.

When Yambashee had seen Yusuff and received his instructions, he went, before going home, to deliver the will of the Caliph to Zilk; but she refused to obey the command, because, said she, "It is still day, and I cannot pass along the street without being observed by all observers; therefore I will not go, save only in the night."

This reply was carried by the merchant to the Grand Vizier, at which Yusuff expressed himself peevishly at the obstinacy of the female sex, but he could not do otherwise than inform the Caliph of what Zilk had said.

"Very well," replied the Caliph, surprised at his commands being disobeyed, "I will forgive her; but see that, two hours after sunset, she be brought hither and placed behind our curtain."

Yusuff then proceeded in his litter back to his own house, where Yambashee was waiting for him, and to that effect delivered the will of the Caliph. The merchant then went and informed Zilk that her stipulation was agreed to, and returned to his own house to complete the bargain for the fair slave.

In going thither, a thought came into his head, that if he could induce Zilk to take the fair slave with her to the palace, perhaps the Caliph might take a fancy to her, and he might thereby be enabled to dispose of her to great advantage; but when he reached home, he learned with vexation that the old man and his fair slave had gone away, with a promise, however, that they would presently return. Just at that moment the old man came back alone, and the bargain was concluded; it being agreed at the same time that the beautiful slave should be brought to the palace at two hours after sunset, to accompany Zilk into the presence of the Caliph.

While these negotiations were going forward, Oügle, the Magos, had completed his spell, and with a casket in his hand, fragrant with Arabian perfumes, he sought admittance at the door of the house of Zilk's father; and he told her mother, who admitted him, that he had brought a delicious cosmetic with which Zilk was to anoint herself before she went to the palace, but before she used it, he wished to hold some

private conversation with her; accordingly he was admitted into her chamber.

At the time appointed in the evening, Yambashee came to conduct Zilk to the Caliph, but she made some objection to go with him. "No," said she, "Moslemah, my brother, will take me there; for it is not meet that a young girl should commit herself into the hands of an old man. Be you in the court of the palace, and my brother Moslemah will bring me to you;" and from this determination Yambashee was not able to move her. It was not, however, an arrangement with which he was much dissatisfied, for it fell in with that which he had made with the old man for the fair slave.

All the preliminaries for conducting Zilk to the Caliph being thus settled, and the hour at hand, Zilk, wrapped-up in a pelisse and scarf, by which she was entirely concealed, left her father's house with her brother Moslemah, and proceeded towards the palace. She had not, however, gone many steps, when she suddenly said to him, "We must first go to Oügle, the Magos; he has been, you know, Moslemah, my best friend ever since I was a child, and it is from him, and by his lectures, that I have acquired all my knowledge. I would therefore, before entering the presence of the Commander of the Faithful, consult with him."

Moslemah, being in some some sort a simple young man, went with her; and when they had entered the house of the Magos, he stopped in the kitchen with Morgana, while Zilk went into the study of Oügle. Presently after, the Magos came out and said to Moslemah that he would himself conduct Zilk to the palace, and that he might go home. To this Moslemah said nothing; but instead of going home to his master's house went straight to the palace, where, seeing by a glimpse of the moonlight his master standing in the portal, waiting for the old man and the fair slave, he, not knowing well what to say for coming there without his sister, kept himself aloof, and stood in the shadow of a great fountain which was opposite to the palace gate, and in a short time saw an old man and a young girl coming along, but at such a distance that he could not tell who they were. Yambashee, however, knew them, and coming out of the portal, joined them, and the three went into the palace together.

In the mean time Caliph Zolem had become so impatient for Zilk that he could not rest, nor attend to any of his great affairs. He could think only of the wise unknown; and when the Ministers came to him on business of the state, he fretted, notwithstanding the general mildness of his manner, and hurried them away from him. At last the time expired, and the Grand Vizier came to him with the joyful tidings that Zilk was come, and behind the curtain attended his commands. Caliph Zolem, on hearing this, rubbed his hands with fairness, and in much delight hastened to the presence-chamber and began to discourse with Zilk, who spoke to him from behind the curtain on a great variety of subjects, in all of which she displayed such uncommon information, and spoke in so pleasing a manner, and with so alluring a voice, that he became quite enchanted. "She cannot," said he, "be so deformed, Yusuff, as you have told me, and therefore I should be glad to see her."

Zilk, who heard this, entreated that he would spare her from the

humiliation of exposing her unworthiness to the Commander of the Faithful, but it only made him the more importunate; for Caliphs are very eager to have their own way in all things, and Zolem, though so widely celebrated for his mildness, was in this respect no gentler than his predecessor.

The Vizier Yusuff rose at the same time, and entreated him with all becoming humility not to break into the sanctuary which had been provided for Zilk; but Zolem only grew more determined by the opposition. Zilk, seeing there was no other way of avoiding the Caliph, observing the door open by which she had been conveyed behind the curtain, rushed out, and flying across the gallery, descended into the court, and disappeared in the shadow of the buildings which fell black from the moonlight on the pavement.

The Caliph, on tearing down the curtain, was so disappointed at seeing the bird had flown, that he cried with a loud and angry voice for the Kiaslar Aga, whom, on his appearing, he instantly directed to pursue the fugitive, describing her as a creature of great deformity.

The Kiaslar Aga crippled after her as fast as any aged chamberlain, with the gout in the ball of his left great toe, well could, and in going along the gallery was nearly thrown down by a pelisse which Zilk had dropped in her flight. This he lifted and hurried on, descended the stairs, and rushed into the court, where he found the fair slave, alone and trembling, which, however, he did not much wonder at, as the air was cold and the wind blew sharp. He inquired if she had seen the deformed thing pass, but she could only say "No."—"Then you shall come with me. Who are you? and what have you been doing here?"

The fair slave could but imperfectly reply to his rapid questions, so much was she disturbed, but she only complained of the cold; upon which he threw the pelisse about her, and told her with a voice of authority, such as he was accustomed to speak with to the ladies of the harem when they were refractory, that she must come with him, until he had ascertained what she was and why she was there; and with these peremptory words, he led her with some constraint back into the palace.

Yambashee, who had all the time remained at the palace portal, walking up and down and ruminating of many things, as men do when waiting for any one, discovered Moslemah in the shadow of the fountain.—"What art thou doing there, Moslemah?" said he, on seeing the lad.

"Verily, sir and master, I am waiting for my sister Zilk, and Oügle the Magos, her friend, but they tarry in coming. She has been sent for by the Caliph to instruct the Kaimacham and the other Ministers of State. But as I am here, Yambashee, and ready to do my duty to you as my master at all times, by night or by day, is there aught in which I can serve you at this time?"

At that instant a loud noise and a wild scream was heard in the palace, echoing through all the courts in the still moonlight; then lamps and candles were seen passing to and fro, glaring momentarily at many windows; the guards came rattling with their arms from the guard-house; the dogs from every corner came barking, and a foolish boy, with a basket on his head, came whistling along.

"What can this mean?" said Yambashee to Moslemah, after listening some time; but before an answer could be given, the black Kis-

lar Aga came out at the door into which he had dragged the fair slave, and in great consternation, regardless of his gout, cried with expanded arms that he had seen the wonder of the world. All the soldiers of the guard gathered around him; the dogs refrained from harking, and the whistling boy became silent—and they all looked at one another, and echoed "the wonder of the world!"

In the mean time, Caliph Zolem and the Grand Vizier were standing on the curtain which the Commander of the Faithful had pulled down, wondering why the Kislar Aga had not hrought hack Zilk. But the more they stood the longer he was of coming, and the Caliph said that the delay was wonderful. By and by, however, they heard the sound of many voices in the court of the palace, and the Grand Vizier went to a window, which he opened, and inquired what was the matter? and the crowd that was assembled around the Kislar Aga answered with a loud voice, "The wonder of the world!"

"And what is that?" cried Yusuff, when he heard this.

"Come and see!" cried they all at once; and thereupon the Grand Vizier, collecting up his garments that he might run the faster, ran down-stairs, and met the limping Kislar Aga, who conducted him into the hall of the thousand-and-one candles, into which he had dragged the fair fugitive.

The Caliph Zolem, being thus left alone, was very angry, and clapped his hands to summon his attendants, but no one replied—all had hastened to the hall of the thousand-and-one candles, and his signals were unheeded. To be so contumeliously neglected looked very revolutionary, and Caliph Zolem for a time began to think so, especially as the stir in the courts of the palace was increasing; and the golden ceiling of the chamber in which he waited frequently reflected the flash of torches hurrying to and fro without: then he heard a cry—the voice of Moslemah, saying it is my sister Zilk, and Yamhashee replying it was the slave he had bought; altogether, it was a most discordant din—and ever and anon, Yusuff, the Grand Vizier, laughed amidst the multitude in the most obstreperous manner.

Caliph Zolem could abide this chaos of sounds no longer, but for a moment forgetful of his dignity, he rushed down the palace-stairs at three skips, and was presently in the multitude in the hall, where Zilk was standing serene in the midst; for the fair slave was no other than her, and she was the beautiful lady of the Bright Shadow, whom Oügle, the Magos, who had cast her horoscope, foresaw was destined to rise to great dignity, and he had in consequence from her childhood advised her domestic concealment.

Next day, Caliph Zolem made her one of his wives; but she was ordained to greater fortune, for she soon acquired such influence over him, that he put his other women away: she behaved, indeed, so wisely and so well, that she is described in the chronicles of El-Araish as the true Princess of the Bright Shadow, such was the blamelessness of her conduct, and the beneficence that surrounded her on all sides.

JOHN GALT.



## SKETCHES FROM THE GANGES, NO. III.

THE period is now rapidly approaching when the legislature of England will have to determine whether it is expedient to continue the system under which our eighty millions in the East are governed at present, or to strike to the ground the vast fabric of power which has been reared within a few short years by the enterprise and talents of a very limited number of persons.

It is impossible for the genius of man to seek a wider field of action, a more extensive range for the application of knowledge to the improvements, moral and physical, of so large a portion of the human race than is embraced by this, the most momentous subject that ever occupied the statesman, the philosopher, or the philanthropist.

What an interesting moment for those of our body, who have profited by their opportunities of judging of the native character, their prejudices, their feelings, their habits, and their wants, and who will desire at the bar of the House to offer those results of their experience and observation, which will doubtless, as on a former occasion, be received with the deepest interest and attention.

How various, how widely different will be the tale, if each should relate only what he has himself seen ; and if, setting himself apart from all local or professional associations, the Collector can be brought to speak at once to the merits or defects of the revenue system, to the details of which he has devoted a life ; if such men as Colebrooke, Bayley, Stuart, Smith, M'Kenzie, can be persuaded to come forward and tell the country all that deserves to be known and inwardly digested, when Brougham shall subject the administration of India under the company to the scalpel of his acute observation, and the taunts of his deep searching irony.

And upon what vulnerable point of our legislation will he first pour the resistless torrent of his eloquent invective ?—on the monopoly of office by Europeans, and the total exclusion of the natives from every place of profit or honour ?—on the abuses and oppressions from the uncertainty of the landed tenures, and the impossibility of fixing any limit to the exactions of the Zemindars ? On that strange anomaly, which gives to the judges of the Sudder Dewanee, and every judge of a Court of Circuit, a Mohammedan Associate on the bench to tell him how stands the law, drawn from the book of his impostor prophet ? On our whimsical and arbitrary modifications of that law, when reason and justice are obviously on the side of Mohammed ?\* Will he speak

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\* Perhaps this will be doubted—let us take a single example from one of the last cases of Suttee, detailed in the report of cases before the Nizamut Adawlut for 1827. One Sutloo, a Brahmin, died when absent from his family. A fortnight afterwards his widow Hoomuleea, a girl of about fourteen years of age, proceeded to burn herself, the pile being prepared by her nearest relations. Her father, however, was in another part of the country, and does not appear to have been made acquainted with what was passing. The preparatory rites completed, Hoomuleea ascended the pile, which was fired by her uncle, the prisoner Sheolall. The agony was soon beyond endurance, and she leaped from the flames ; but, seized by Sheolall, Bbicbook, and others, she was taken up by the hands and feet, and again thrown into the flames much burnt, and her clothes quite consumed. She again sprang from the pile, and running to a well hard by, laid herself down in the water course, weeping bitterly. Sheolall now took a sheet, offered for the occasion by Roosa, and, spreading it on the ground, desired her to seat herself upon it.

of the delays of our courts, the utter misapplication of the Judges' time in the adjustment of details purely ministerial?—the bounties on litigation, held forth by the facility and cheapness of the appeal? the encouragement given to fraudulent debtors by that provision of the law which leaves it optional with the judge to decree interest, the amount in no case to exceed twelve per cent., though the defendant makes twenty-five by detaining the money four or five years pending the decision? Perhaps he will attempt to trace how far the proceedings of his Majesty's Supreme Court are in unison with those of the Zillah, with which we are to suppose at least a disposition to act concurrently. We should be glad to supply him examples and illustrations; and we select the following from a great number, because it excited a deep interest among all classes; and, after so much objurgation of the Company's regulations, and the insecurity of property under them, it is not uninteresting to examine what the law of England has done for the people of India.

For some years antecedent to the year 1826, the commercial house of Macintosh and Co. in Calcutta, had been accustomed to lend their support to a firm carried on at Furrickabad, in the Western Provinces, under the name of Mercer and Co. which entered into large speculations in indigo, cotton, and other products of that part of India with

"No," she said, "she would not do this; he would again carry her to the fire, and she could not submit to this: she would quit her family and live by beggary; any thing if they would have mercy on her." Sheolall, upon this, swore by the Ganges that if she would seat herself on the cloth he would convey her to her home. She did so. They bound her up in it, sent for a bamboo, which was passed through the loops formed by tying it together, and, carrying it thus to the pile, now fiercely burning, threw it bodily into the flames. The cloth was immediately consumed, and the wretched victim once more made an effort to save herself; when, at the instigation of the rest, a Mussulman, Bhuraichu, approached near enough to reach her with his sword and cut her throat; the head fell back, and she was released from farther trial by death. The number of persons before whom this diabolical and lamentable sacrifice was exhibited, is stated at about two hundred. The Judge of Circuit, Mr. Rathay, convicted Sheolall, Bhichook, and Bhuraichu, of wilful murder; Roosa as an accessory, and Hurreepal and Tjzall of being present and abetting the same. His observations were, that he verily believed he echoed the wishes and expectations of nineteen-twentieths, even of the Hindoos, when he urged death as the requital of this atrocity. There never was, and never can be, a more crying occasion for example; and never can be subjects entitled to less sympathy than these convicted monsters. The Futwa of the law officers of the Nizamut Adawlat convicted three of the prisoners as principals, and three as accomplices, declaring that the punishment of the two, Sheolall and Bhuraichu, might extend to death. The chief judge, Mr. Leicester, concurred in the Futwa, and was of opinion that two prisoners should suffer death, and the rest confinement for life: "he did not see how the Court could be justified in passing any other sentence;" but as the case was quite new, he observed, it was desirable that it should go before another judge. The case did go before another judge, and, strange to say, the difference of opinion was so great, that the punishment, under full conviction in both Courts, in the most dreadful case of murder on record, ultimately stood thus:—Bhuraichu to be imprisoned, with labour, for five years; Roosa, imprisonment with labour, for three years; Sheolall and Bhichook, uncles, imprisonment without labour, for one year; Hurreepal and Tjzall, for two years. Now, if it be considered that since the late rules for the management of gaols, incarceration in India has become not only healthful but pleasant, it can scarcely be doubted that the trial must have left with the natives a conviction that no outrage perpetrated in furtherance of the rite of Suttee, would ever be visited with any severe infliction; and, indeed, the leading argument of Mr. Smith (the second judge of the Nizamut Adawlat), on the question was, that as long as the natives have an impression that "our Government are favourable to Suttee," they cannot be expected to discern the exact bounds which separate what is permitted, from what is forbidden.

great success, (as was supposed,) and with unimpeached credit; the partners, Messrs. Tandy, Becket, and Reid, were men of an enterprising character, and each had under his superintendency a branch of the firm fixed respectively at Furruckabad, Allyghur, and Calcutta.

The affairs of the house prospered, or were supposed to prosper; for of course a correct knowledge of the actual state of its resources could be known only to those who had built up for it a credit with the public which unhappily proved to be undeserved. At a moment when the shock was least expected, when the public confidence in the firm of Mercer and Co. was so entirely established that numbers, both in and out of the Company's service, had entrusted to it their all, Messrs. Macintosh and Co. entered up their bond and judgment in the Supreme Court; the doors in Calcutta were closed; the partners stepped aside to the Danish settlement of Serampore,\* and the house above named seized upon every available asset under their warrant.

This being matter of constant occurrence in Calcutta,—I have heard of eight or ten bonds and warrants granted to different persons by the same house,—attracted comparatively but little attention there, but the case was different in the Upper Provinces. To these several special bailiffs were despatched as fast as the dawk could carry them to complete in the country the scramble which had commenced in town.

The property of the defaulting firm was variously situated in the districts of Furruckabad, Mynpooree, Allyghur, Agra, and other parts of the country; and, on the misfortune being made public at the first-mentioned station, the Judge and Magistrate's office was surrounded by a tumultuous assemblage of the people, headed by the principal bankers of the city, loudly complaining of their losses, and soliciting his interference to place the property in his district under the seal of his Court, in order that all might take their share of what might remain after the general wreck.

The Judge now explained to the crowd the impossibility of acting on the mere verbal assurance that a great commercial house had failed; but petitions being instantly given in, vouching the fact, orders were issued to the officers of the Court to place the seal on the factories, indigo, and other property; and, as the case was one which occasioned a great sensation in the city, a special report of the circumstance was made to Government and the *Sudder Dewanee Adawlut*.

Meantime the Special bailiff of the Supreme Court arrived, and proceeding to the factory, took possession of all that he found there, as far at least as entering the house, and eating, drinking, and sleeping with pistols under his pillow can be said to constitute legal and undisturbed possession. But none of the forms adopted in the *Zillah*, (which forms, by the bye, are essential to legalize the most limited transfer of property in the *Mofussil*) were ever thought of. No seal attached to any part of the demesne—no security given to Government for the revenue—although this is a condition in the regulations, without which no possession can be awarded. When the Judge and the Collector in-

\* The crash at the capital was not known in the Western provinces until nearly a fortnight after. During all this time the branches in the up-country were drawing on Calcutta as usual; and a great amount of bills were drawn after the doors had been closed at the Presidency. It is astonishing that it did not occur to some of the native bankers in Calcutta to send up intelligence of the failure by telegraph.

quired how these extraordinary proceedings were to be reconciled to their law, they were told, that there was indeed a sheriff's seal, the possession of which guaranteed power to dispense with all Mopissal rules; but that this seal was to be kept very quiet in the special bailiff's pocket; for, if it once quitted that sacred repository for forensic matter, a large expense would be incurred as poundage; for which it was understood the parties had made a compromise with the Sheriff in Calcutta.

Now came the tug of war between the judge and the bailiff; the former declaring that he should hold *unguisibus et rostro* for the native creditor, under the equity of the case; and the latter declaring him subject to all sorts of attachments *de bonis et persona*, for resistance of his Majesty's process, obstruction of his officer, contempt of Court, *cum plurimis aliis*. At last, finding that the Zillah judge proposed to make the best fights he could for the people, the sheriff's officer went on to the other districts, whose judges perhaps wisely determined that it was more popular than prudent to have any thing to do with such a question. In every other district save Furruckabad, the property moveable and immoveable was abandoned without a struggle.

Now it so happened that the greater part of the indigo-boats had been ordered to rendezvous at Furruckabad, being the principal station of the firm; and as these were all attached by the judge's officers, every exertion was made in Calcutta to obtain from the Court of Sudder Dewanee Adawlut an order to the judge of Furruckabad to release them with their cargoes. This was soon obtained; and the Furruckabad Court was directed to abandon its process, and to give up the property without reserve to Messrs. Macintosh and Gordon, on the ground that the natives should have filed regular suits, in lieu of the petitions upon which the Zillah process had issued.\*

No sooner was this order duly put in force by the judge than the natives again petitioned the Court, stating that there was a manifest injustice in subjecting them to rules and processes which must be applied for, granted, and acted upon publicly, attended with great expense and greater delay, when a thing got up by an attorney in Calcutta, for a few rupees, in a corner, on a Sunday, (a *dies non* in the Mopissal,) was to hind, as the Sheriff expressed it, a vast amount of property without any other formality at the distance of eight hundred miles. That, under regulation 38, of 1793, no European† could hold any landed property whatever in any of the Company's districts, save a few higahs round his house, without the special authority of the Governor-General in Council, which authority had been repeatedly withheld. That, although Messrs. Mercer and Co. had one partner who, as an Anglo-Indian, might hold lands, Messrs. Macintosh and Gordon, and Mr. Dunn, the hailiff, were as notoriously white as the paper upon

\* This was felt as a very great hardship. The failure was known on the Saturday at Furruckabad. On that day the petitions were presented just as the Court closed. It was too late to deposit fees, even if any of the bankers had been provided with the means. The suits, however, were all instituted immediately, and a very large sum was received by Government as the amount of the stamp paper.

† The sheriff, "multa minans," wrote to the judge, that from the moment of the delivery of the writ all property was bound, and that the mere act of seizure or possession was immaterial.

which they petitioned; and could not, therefore, by this unheard of process, (which process was as yet in the *ignota loca* of a special bailiff's nether integuments,) take from them their equitable *lien* on that which is by law declared to be inalienable without the express sanction of Government. That, by an express provision of the Regulations,\* when the defendant is an European, the religion of the plaintiff shall direct the law of the case. That the Koraun and the Shaster were silent as to bonds and judgments; and that, even supposing that when the British Parliament guaranteed to them their laws and customs, there was a reservation, express or implied, in favour of any orders which the supreme Court might think fit to make law, still its process was surely subjected to some forms. That in the Zillah Court a bigah of land could not change hands without forms innumerable, and of papers a *multorum camelorum onus*; while here were the largest landed estates in the country transferred nobody knew by what law—by whom, or to whom—by a slip of paper which nobody had ever seen. The people finally concluded, that as the Zillah process was certainly first, the bailiff never having used his, and that as the suits were only filed on Monday because there was no time on Saturday, the judge was authorized and required to replace his seal upon the estates and indigo, the suits having now been regularly instituted.

Here was nothing for the judge but a choice of embarrassments. On the one side the warrant of the Supreme Court, which had now been backed by the orders of the Sudder Dewanee; a disregard of which might involve in the one case prosecutions civil and criminal; in the other, removal from office. On the other hand, there was an express law, which the judge had sworn to administer without fear or favour—and an exasperated body of men claiming the execution of that law—the territories of Oude nearly under the windows of his Court, and the whole population of his district notoriously under the influence of the monied class who advance the Government revenue for the Zemindars and Rijots, and who could at any time throw the whole district into balance. Under such circumstances, not a moment was to be lost. The judge proceeded once more to the factories, and having ascertained, by personal inspection, that no sheriff's seal had ever been affixed on any part of the property, forthwith reapplied his own in the presence of the bailiff, all the officers of his Court, and a prodigious concourse of the people.†

Again the Sudder Dewanee Adawlut was moved with every variety of "address, petition, and remonstrance." The disregard of its orders by the Zillah Judge; the contempt of his Majesty's writ; the fright of the bailiff; the injury sustained by the detention of such an immense amount of property, legally in possession of the sheriff's officer: all these topics were enlarged upon, not only to the Judges of the Sudder, whose business it certainly was to take cognizance of such grave matter, but also to Government, who could not have any thing to do with a question so

\* "We positively order that no covenanted servant or Englishman residing under our protection, be suffered to hold any land on his own account, directly or indirectly, in his own name or that of others, or be concerned in any farms or revenues whatsoever."

† It is remarkable that to the last moment of the discussion the bailiff never would and never did publicly produce his writ; so that to this day it may be doubtful whether the seizure was legal, or which process would be entitled to preference.

entirely referable to the law of this country, or of England, saving in so far as the contest involved the probability of having to call in the aid of the division of the field-army fixed at Cawnpore.\*

Orders were issued by the *Sudder Dewanee Adawlut* to the Judge, directing him, not only to take off his second attachment, but to explain by what right he had put it on. Government, likewise, so far took up the case in favour of the Calcutta firm, that the magistrate was authorised to employ a military force in aid of these gentlemen's operations under the process. Accordingly the country was treated with the novel spectacle of the Company's troops escorting cases of indigo down the Ganges, while the civil power was employed in putting three merchants of Calcutta, who by law could not legally own a foot of land, in possession of some of the largest estates in the western provinces, in direct opposition to the regulations and the orders of the Court of Directors, under which the people had every right to expect that their claims were secure.

Now I disclaim, in the most unqualified manner, the intention to impute to the members of Government, or the *Sudder Dewanee Adawlut*, any desire to favour this mercantile house by the sacrifice of their native subjects, but I own I think the effects could not have been more mischievous, had such been actually the fact. The cry throughout the upper provinces was, that no native could ever expect his right when opposed by the European; that it was better to have no law at all, than to live under one which these merchants at a desk in Calcutta, and a special bailiff, might supersede, and which the Judge himself had been compelled to trample upon; that no property could henceforth be secure; for here was every regulation, the observance of which on the part of the native was made essential to the very existence of a landed tenure, absolutely rescinded by a secret and unjust process, which made law a by-word for robbery and extortion, and which no Government with a spark of feeling for its subjects, would have lent its civil and military force to support.

Such were the feelings which I heard expressed, with even far greater violence, in 1827-8; and I cannot help considering, that the reputation which Government has ambitioned with the people for just and paternal sentiments towards them, has been deeply, perhaps irretrievably shaken. A vital blow has been given to the credit of British merchants throughout the country; while that reliance on the equality, stability, and impartiality of the law has been destroyed, and, I would ask, to what purpose?—I presume, to avoid the evil of collision between the officers of Government and the Supreme Court: as if that collision would not come, sooner or later; and as if it could be put in competition, come when it may, with such a calamity as the total alienation of the people's affections.

There is nothing in the population of India incompatible with allegiance the most faithful, and subordination the most exemplary. They have shown in this, and fifty other instances, that they are enduring subjects, and that they do not want fidelity. When Holkar traversed

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\* Beharee Lall, the King of Lucknow's banker, was one of the principal creditors. The indigo was to pass down the Ganges, on the left bank of which his influence was paramount for two hundred and thirty miles.

the upper provinces from one end to the other, I cannot find that he was ever joined by any portion of the agricultural class, though the town of Mow alone, in the Furrukabad district, furnished to his army about fifteen hundred horsemen. But there is some difference between a feeling of passive indifference in the mass of the population and the positive disaffection among its most influential class; and I assert, without fear of contradiction, that it is only necessary to send up one or two more such processes from the King's Court, as have lately set the upper provinces in a flame, to bring forward that difference in a mode which may not as yet have been anticipated.

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TOO SOON!

Too soon!—too soon!—how oft that word  
 Comes o'er the spirit like a spell;  
 Awakening every mournful chord  
 That in the human heart may dwell:  
 Of hopes that perish'd in their noon—  
 Of youth decay'd—too soon—too soon!

Too soon—too soon!—it is a sound  
 To dim the sight with many a tear;  
 As bitterly we gaze around,  
 And find how few we loved are here!  
 Ah!—when shall we again commune  
 With those we lost—too soon!—too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—how wild that tone  
 Bursts on our dearest hours of bliss,  
 And leaves us silent and alone,  
 To muse on such a theme as this:  
 To frown upon the quiet moon,  
 Whose *parting* light comes all too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—if e'er were thine  
 The joys, the fears, the hopes of love;  
 If thou hast knelt before the shrine  
 Of beauty in some starlight grove:  
 Whose lips, young roses, breathed of June,  
 Thou 'st *stept* these words—too soon!—too soon!

Too soon is stamp'd on every leaf,  
 In characters of dim decay!—  
 Too soon is writ in tears of grief,  
 On all things fading fast away!—  
 Oh! is there one terrestrial boon,  
 Our hearts lose not—too soon!—too soon!

C. S.

## THE ENTHUSIAST.

“—It may be a sound,  
 A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring;  
 A flower—the wind—the ocean, which shall wound,  
 Striking the electric chain with which we're darkly bound.”—BYRON.

THAT intimate and mysterious connexion which exists between the deepest feelings of our hearts and certain external objects is, perhaps, more evident in sounds than in any other thing. They seem to go more peculiarly to memory. There are particular tones that will in a moment call up the shadows of the past, however we may strive to banish them; and there are airs and pieces of music which become actually painful, from being linked by remembrance to things gone by. In my early youth I was fond of “Rousseau's Dream;” I used to play it on the flute when I was a boy at school; and it was mingled with all my recollections of those early times, when the world in the first gloss of novelty seemed a garden of inexhaustible delight. Again, it was connected with moments, more dearly, more dangerously happy; but other circumstances have intervened, and I should be almost ashamed to say the deep effect it has upon me now, if I were not sure that every one feels more or less the same. I remember an extraordinary instance of the effect produced merely by the tone of voice.

When I was at Bordeaux, there was a young Englishman there whose history, or whose character rather, somewhat interested me,—there are many that it may not interest, for it is that of an Enthusiast. Let them pass it over.

In early life he had mixed much with society, and passing along on that sea of nothingnesses, which people in a large city call life, he appeared as thoughtless, as heedless, and as heartless as the rest. There were, indeed, some of those odd beings who retain a portion of their native character and feelings—those hard stones whose points and angles are not even ground down by all the friction of the world—there were some of these, I say, who found, or fancied, in him, a difference from the common. But the world saw it not, and therefore he was generally well received; for he laughed and talked with the rest, and jested and danced with those who would jest and dance with him; so that they all thought him like themselves, and did not shun him as a beast of another kind. But he felt himself alone; that there was none who felt as he did. However, he loved mankind, for he was an enthusiast in every thing. He loved the beauties of Nature, he loved the beauties of Art; and all that was bright and good he admired, though, like the diamond, it might be found mixed with common earth; and wherever he met with a virtue or good quality, he sought it for its own sake; for he remembered the Eastern proverb, that the thorns remain after the roses have faded, and he wished to find excellencies and not defects. Every fool and every rascal can find fault, but he must have a good heart and a good understanding who can justly appreciate what is good.

There were many fair and many bright around him, and perhaps he won a smile or kindly wish as he passed along, but that was all he sought; for he was a creature of imagination, and had raised in his own mind an ideal standard of perfection, which man but seldom finds.



realized on earth. It is not, perhaps, that there were not many as bright, but he had given this being of his fancy his mind's peculiar colouring, and decked her with all the charms he loved the best.

Time passed on. He had faults, many faults, and failings not a few; and where even the world, that rude judge, blamed him once, he blamed himself a thousand times. But in some things he was fortunate; for there were two or three who esteemed and cherished him, and perhaps loved him the more, because he was an enthusiast even in friendship, where mankind are privileged to lie.

Oh! how often our brightest wishes destroy us in their accomplishment! Friendship was not enough for him—he longed for something to love. He went through the world seeking for that being his fancy had drawn so bright—and he found her. She was all that he had fancied, all that he had wished for—and for nearly a year, he indulged in a dream of happiness too soon to be broken. His imagination, his judgment, his heart, his soul, centred all in her. Like a mad gamester, he cast all upon one stake. Fortune, and hope, and happiness, and peace, and almost life itself.

It matters not how or why, but he was disappointed. It was all gone; existence had nothing more for him! Like the wretch, whose eyes the lightning had once touched with too bright a light, there was nothing but darkness for him on earth! He was an enthusiast in misery as he had been in pleasure, and the tormenting memory of disappointed hope, like the Promethean vulture, preyed on him for ever! And yet he lived, for there were some to whom his life was dear. He strove powerfully to evade the fate that followed him, for Death came close upon his steps. He lived, but still the pangs of his bosom few can tell but himself. There was, however, one dreadful thought, more bitter, more dangerous, than the rest. He felt the necessity of flying from himself in every thing; and the voice of a demon kept crying to plunge into vice for forgetfulness. "What had Virtue given him?" it would ask; "what had pure and honourable love?—misery of the deepest hue. Try, then, Vice," it urged; "seek illicit passion. At all events, in the pleasures of the present, the past will be forgotten."

Such were the thoughts that flashed like madness across his brain, and when he arrived in France, the wide-diffused immorality, the heedlessness of right and wrong, which prevailed around him, familiarized his mind with evil; but still he hesitated, and, like a child about to plunge into the ocean, he lingered unwilling on the shore.

The conflict was still violent in his heart when he arrived at Bordeaux, one of the most corrupt towns of France, and he sought much for some one to be with him in the rambles that he used to take in the neighbourhood, for he loved not to be alone with his own thoughts. But the irritation of his feelings made his walks too long and too rapid for most of those with whom he associated, and often when he was thus alone he would occupy his thoughts with examining all the faces that went by him, and commenting upon them in his own mind; at all events, it served to distract his attention. He was thus wandering one day up the Rue de l'Intendance, when a form passed him that recalled the times gone by—that suddenly raised up Memory, but in a less painful form than she generally assumed—he knew not why. There

might, indeed, be a resemblance to some of whom he wished not to think; but if there was, it was but slight; and yet there was something in the flashing of that dark bright eye through its long black lashes that made a strange thrill pass through his breast, and he turned to look after the beautiful stranger.

The foreign fashion of his clothes, and a manner of walking peculiar to Englishmen, had caught the lady's attention, and she had also turned to regard the foreigner. She did so twice, when she thought he had passed on, and twice his eyes met her's.

Physiognomy is one of the most natural weaknesses to which we are subject. All mankind are, more or less, physiognomists. That lady's countenance seemed one of those which hold the most direct correspondence with the heart, and in a single glance the Enthusiast had pictured to himself every trait of her character. He fancied it wild, and kind, and ardent; in short, somewhat like his own—and he was not far wrong. He was always glad of any subject to employ his mind; this was a new theme, and a more agreeable one than those he usually found, and that day, and the next, and the one that followed also, it gave him something to think of.

It was the day after that he saw the lady again, and then meeting unexpectedly, they both suddenly stopped, as if they had known each other before.

Could she have thought of him, as he had thought of her? the stranger asked himself. The lady seemed almost to divine his thoughts, and as she hurried on, a deep blush ran rapidly over her cheek, and mounted even to her beautiful forehead. The Englishman had still paused, and, as he was about to proceed on his way, he perceived that in the embarrassment of the moment the lady had let her glove fall, and that it was lying at his feet. He picked it up, and asked himself, "Should he keep it as a kind of relic of one of the fairest creatures he had ever beheld, and whom he might never see again?" But he rejected the idea at once. It was ungentlemanlike, it was wrong—and he turned after the lady to restore her glove.

She had already passed out of that street, and entered another, when the Enthusiast overtook her. He bowed and returned her the glove, adding a few words of mere common civility; but language has only half the burthen of expressing what we mean, manner makes up the other half; and the young Englishman told her a great deal more than he could well have done in words. The lady seemed to set great store by her glove, for she thanked him far more than was necessary, and he expressed how happy he had been in finding it as warmly; so that had any one heard the conversation, they would have fancied a diamond was the subject and not a glove. The young Englishman prolonged it as much as he could, for at times there was a peculiar tone in that lady's voice which went thrilling to his very heart, and raised up the memory of joys and hopes like flowers that Time had trodden under foot; and when he parted from her, the delusion vanished, and grief came back like a re-established tyrant, more cruel for having been banished for a moment. Memory re-awakened, tortured him; all that he would fain have forgot was more painfully remembered; and after a sleepless night of misery, he rose, ready to plunge into any thing for oblivion.

Some undefined emotion led him again, at the same hour, to the same spot where he had twice before met the beautiful stranger. If he hoped to meet her again, he was not disappointed; for scarcely had he entered the street when he saw her advancing towards him. He little cared what was the etiquette on the occasion, whether to bow or not. At no time had he been much restrained by those things, and now the state of his mind had made him utterly reckless. But the lady saved him all doubt on the subject. There was a beaming light in her eye which said, at least, that she had not forgotten him; and when she came near, she gently inclined her head and made a half-pause, so that he could speak or not, as he liked. He did not let it pass. They spoke, and spoke long. Heaven knows how they managed it, but from a simple inquiry after her health, the conversation changed to subjects far, far different. The Enthusiast spoke with all the fervour of his feelings, with that energy which makes reflection nothing; and the lady's lip brightened with assent, and her eye lighted up as she listened, till remembering they were in the open street, the colour came quickly up into her cheek. She cast a look round her, in which fear certainly had its share, and again left him.

The young Englishman would not think of what he was doing—thought was destruction—any thing for forgetfulness—and for several days he gave himself no moment for reflection.

What is that mysterious chain which connects all externals with our innermost soul; that gives the beauties of nature their correspondence with all the finer feelings of our breast, and which once broken, there is no farther reference between excellence and enjoyment? The Enthusiast looked upon Nature with the same eyes that had once adored her, but he found no loveliness now. The communication seemed cut off between him and all that was bright. He dared not turn to himself for pleasure, his bosom was a hell, and yet he madly sought to make for himself a happiness which Heaven had denied him.

I have said that it was several days before the Enthusiast again saw the fair stranger, and when he did so, she was leaning on the arm of a gentleman who had made himself a name amongst the most immoral of an immoral city. He was sure that she saw him, and yet she bent down her eyes, and passed on without notice; but on inquiry of a friend who passed at the moment, he found a reason for her conduct. She was, it appeared, the wife of the man on whose arm she leaned, and more unhappy than most French wives are; for though their husbands may be dissolute, they are not in general jealous. Her's was both; and though her name was the purest in the city, there were few methods of persecution to which he did not subject her. He had been known to strike her, the informant added.

The young Englishman's heart burnt in his bosom. "God of heaven! to strike a woman, and such a woman too! Can he be a gentleman? can he be man?" exclaimed the Enthusiast; and he felt ashamed of his species.

It was two nights after that Rhode gave a concert at the theatre, for the benefit of some charitable institution, and the first person the young Englishman saw on entering was Madame —, surrounded by a party of her friends. Her husband was not there; he had no motive; neither charity nor music were at all accordant with his mind.

There were many young men about her, who strove for her attention; but the lady's eyes wandered round the theatre, as if in search of something. They met those of the young stranger, and it seemed as if their pilgrimage was done; for they strayed no farther, and a bright smile lighted up her lip, though there either really was, or the stranger fancied it, an expression of melancholy mingled with it. Rhode played. To those who have heard him, words were useless; and to those who have not, no language can express how Rhode can play. But at every exquisite sound he drew from his instrument, the lady's eyes sought the countenance of the Enthusiast; and the Enthusiast replied in the same mute language. Music is a dangerous thing; it softens the heart, and establishes an unreserved sympathy between all that feel it. It throws open the gates of the fortification, and the enemy is in the citadel before we are aware.

In going, they passed each other on the staircase. Her husband was not there, and she acknowledged the young stranger by a gentle inclination of the head; and there was that quick glance of intelligence which told that they both felt alike, and said, perhaps, more than either wished to say.

The Enthusiast returned home, and leaning on the table, he covered his face with his hands. There are those who could feel as he did, and they will know the tumult of passions which stirred within his bosom. He felt he was standing on the brink of a precipice, but there have been those who have so stood, and cast themselves down for forgetfulness. One bitter thought, however, still came across him, that though he might wander from right, that he never could love but that one whom he had always loved—that though he might gain the affections of another, he never could return it from his heart. He was somewhat of a poet too, and heedless that no one would ever see the lines, he wrote his feelings as they rose:—

TO EUGENIE.

Oh! bright midst the brightest, and fair midst the fair,  
And gay midst the gayest art thou;  
And thousands are watching, one moment to share  
The smile that illumines thee now.

But the deep-beaming glance of that eloquent eye  
Is turn'd from the crowd for a while,  
Towards the pale stranger, untaught yet to sigh,  
Like the rest, for the light of thy smile.

It shines upon marble, fair creature! his heart  
Has been temper'd in fire and in tears;  
There one moment of sorrow has acted the part  
Of ages of happier years.

Then small were the triumph, to add to the train  
Of adorers who kneel at thy shrine  
A heart, all whose warmth was expended in vain—  
Too cold to be worthy of thine!

Oh! what a register the man in the moon must have of good resolutions never kept! The Enthusiast resolved that he would avoid all occasion of seeing that lady; and the next morning found him early at

his window, for he knew that her husband lived on the opposite side of the place, and he wished to ascertain, merely from curiosity, which was the room that she generally frequented; and thus he saw her often at the window, and often her eyes turned towards where he stood.

Frequently in life, like the float of Sinbad the Sailor, we are hurried on upon an unceasing current into an abyss where all is darkness; and the young stranger, like the adventurous seaman, desperately committed himself to the stream.

It matters not to tell all the little incidents. They met each other often; and there were many things which, though trifling in themselves, served to establish a wild sort of interest between them. To be made love to (as it is vulgarly called) is what every French woman expects, as a matter of politeness; and it is very easy to perceive whether she wishes it to be seriously, or merely out of compliment. The Enthusiast took a singular course—not from any plan, for he was always a creature of impulse, but he never made any profession of love to Eugenie, for something whispered that it would be false. He offered no vows of affection; but he took every means of seeing her. He behaved to her gently and kindly, and openly showed how deeply he was interested in all that concerned her. He boldly and recklessly touched upon her domestic griefs, but he did it so feelingly that they seemed to be his own. He broke through all forms and ceremonies of ordinary life, and that taught her to do so likewise.

Carnival time came on, and all the follies of the season. It is then that the intoxication of pleasure becomes general. Every one gives himself a greater license. The grave become cheerful, the cheerful become gay; the gay carry mirth into folly, the vicious take a deeper plunge into vice, and those who are hanging on the brink of evil generally jump in and join the rest. It was one day among the first of the carnival that the young stranger, on returning to his lodging, received a letter which had been left during his absence. He broke it open. The paper was blank, but inclosed was a lock of dark-brown hair, and he knew the very ringlet from which it had been cut. He always obeyed the first impulse, and it now led him towards the house of her who had sent it, but she was not at the window as he expected. He passed and repassed, and the second time, he perceived the *filie de chambre* at the door. She had a silk mask in her hand and a domino, and the young Englishman stopped and spoke to her, and, taking the mask out of her hand, asked to whom it belonged. "It belongs to Madame," replied the girl, and went back into the house, saying she must not let any one see it; but he had already remarked that there was a small knot of lilac ribbon where it tied, and he doubted not that he should know it again.

I will not appeal to stoics, or to moralists, or to fools, for what they would have done, had they been situated as the young Englishman. They would most probably have all done alike, and would most probably all have done wrong. He was an enthusiast in every thing, and did wrong, of course. He went to the masked ball. It is in France what it is everywhere—a scene of intrigue, and generally of a low nature. For the greater convenience of the ladies they wear masks, while the male part of the crowd go without.

There are, however, occasions on which Curiosity, that vagabond seducing cicerone, leads some of the good and the virtuous to this scene of vice; but, luckily for the patience of the world, there are in general very few who attempt to maintain any character there.

This night was like the rest. There was a crowd of "fools with varnished faces," and there was a din of waltzes, and quadrilles, and squeaking voices, and scraps of sentences in all the languages of the earth floating in the air together. Babel was nothing to it.

Excitement is what all the world take more or less. It is a species of drinking—to the mind what wine is to the body, a stimulus which is sometimes necessary, but which may become a vice. In this sense the Enthusiast was a drunkard. Excitement was his only refuge from thought, and in the masked ball he caught the spirit of the moment. He spoke to all, he jested with all. He teased those who attacked him, and frightened those who, coming for concealment, fancied themselves discovered. To have seen him, one would have fancied that it was his element: that his mind, of all others, was best suited to its weak wit and trifling amusement. But still, in passing through the crowd, his eye was seeking one particular object; at length it caught a glance of the domino and the lilac ribbon, and, passing on, he assured himself that it was the same. "Adieu, beau masque," said he, in the jargon of Bordeaux, "je vous connais."

The domino replied nothing, but passed her arm through his. Another female masque who had hitherto accompanied her dropped behind, and she hurried with the Englishman from the crowded *salle de spectacle* to the concert-room, which was almost empty. "Eugenie!" said the Enthusiast.

—"Oh, cher ami!" replied she. "Do you not despise me?" He was about to reply, when some one entered the hall, who turned the thoughts of both into another channel—it was the husband of her that leaned upon his arm.

All is freedom in a masked ball, and the husband approached directly to the lady, and addressed her as a common mask. The Englishman felt her tremble violently; but nevertheless she answered without hesitation, and in a well-feigned voice. Still there was something caused a cloud to come over the husband's brow. He glanced an angry look at the young Englishman, and turning quickly away, left the hall. "I must fly," said the lady; "he suspects something—he is going home;" and leaving his arm, she quitted the *salle de concert* as quick as lightning. The Englishman followed, and found that the husband was detained at one of the doors by some kind friend, who told him an interesting story, whereat the narrator laughed loud and the husband bit his lip.

In our cold climates of the North, virtue has a thousand safeguards; and though vice is always vice, and infidelity can never be defended upon any excuse of custom or of temperament, yet Forsyth's remark upon the women of Italy is true, and is equally applicable to the French and Spanish. "An Italian beauty," he says, "with an Italian temperament, remaining faithful to an Italian husband, in the midst of Italian manners, is more virtuous than an English wife can possibly be." I mean not by this to make any excuse for either Eugenie or the En-

thusiast ; they both knew they were going wrong, yet both hurried on with that ardour which is rarely found in our chilly climes, and both tried to blind their own eyes to the tempting evil before them. Women reason little upon these matters ; passion is their guide. Eugenie had married, as most French women marry, a husband of her parents' choice. His ill-treatment had crushed every feeling of affection that she had ever experienced, or wished to experience towards him ; and every weakness that inhabits a woman's bosom rose angrily at the unconcealed breach of all that he had promised at the altar. There had been a time when even moderate kindness might have won for him her gratitude and affection ; but he had been himself the first to teach her to contemn and to detest him, and now that she passionately loved another, memory became officious in recording all her wrongs.

The Enthusiast went on blindly too, but he strove to set sophistry against his judgment. He tried to persuade himself that marriage was but a simple contract, which, when broken by one party, was no longer binding on the other ; and by dint of listening only to one side of the question, he outreasoned his own reason, or at least succeeded in driving away thoughts which he dared not entertain.

The next masked-ball arrived, and the Enthusiast was there, but he looked in vain for Eugenie. Her husband was present with a female mask, but it was not her whom the Englishman sought, and the evening passed away in looking for her in vain. At length wearied with the search, he left the theatre and returned towards his dwelling ; but hearing a light footstep behind him in the silence of night, he turned round and saw the domino he had sought. She spoke not, but caught his arm for support, for she was agitated almost to agony ; and though she still hurried on with him, her steps vacillated and her whole frame shook.

They passed on into another street. The Englishman was agitated too, but he strove to soothe her. "Be calmer, dearest Eugenie," he said ; "do not alarm yourself."

"Oh heaven !" she cried, in a voice that went to his very soul, "no one can tell what I have suffered, or what I suffer."

The words he scarcely heard ; but there was a tone, an expression in the voice that touched the deepest chords of his heart. It was the very tone, the very manner of one that he had long loved—that he loved still—deeply, purely, painfully loved ! It was a tone that he had heard from the lips of purity itself, and he felt as if he were committing sacrilege. It went straight to his heart ; it cleared away the mist from his mind ; it called up all the painful, but loved ideas of other days—all the bright hopes that were never to be fulfilled, and the dreams that had passed away like summer clouds. It smote reproachfully upon his ear, telling him of folly, of weakness, and of crime. His heart throbbed—his brain turned giddy—and he—stopped !

## SELBORNE.

“ Me far above the rest Selbornian scenes  
 The pendant forest and the mountain greens  
 Strike with delight.” GILBERT WHITE.

In such terms, with more simple affection than poetic skill, has the amiable author of the “*Natural History of Selborne*” embodied the changeless feeling of a calm and happy existence. It is this sincerity of his passion for nature—and above all, for the rural scenes of his birth-place—that renders his letters one of the most charming books in the language. In the quiet enthusiasm and contemplative vein of his spirit, he reminds us more of old Isaac Walton than any other writer; and the philosophy of the angler and the naturalist has that higher quality in common, which needs little proficiency in their favourite craft to win us into sweet companionship with their thoughts. The writings, and even the name of Gilbert White, however, have remained until lately almost unknown, save to the lovers of natural history, and to the curious few who, albeit themselves unskilled in such researches, had yet chanced to make a fond acquaintance with his unobtrusive pages. It is only in silence that a more general taste for their merits has been growing up; and the public are indebted to the conductors of “*Constable’s Miscellany*” for almost a new pleasure by the republication—though in too mutilated a shape—of the greater portion of the work.

Not that the new edition in its smart duodecimo form, and gay-green garniture—such is the fantastic power of association—will satisfy the genuine lovers of the plain old book. The dry enumerations in the *Naturalist’s Calendar*, indeed, may be spared without regret; but the *Miscellaneous Observations on Nature*, from White’s MSS. which are here for the most part strangely discarded, will not be missed with equal indifference. These abound with inquisitive and ingenious notices on the habits of birds, quadrupeds, and insects; and their space is ill supplied by the common-places of the new annotator. Nor will they, who delight in the gentle spirit of the author more than in the technicalities of his subject, easily forgive the omission of his few characteristic poetical pieces.

Among naturalists, Gilbert White, despite of the advancement of modern discoveries and science, still retains, we are told, a high station; but to us the chief attraction of his book lies in the moral beauty of his mind, in its serene and benevolent temper, in its deep, fervent feeling for all nature, in its reverential communing with the mysteries of creation, and, above all, in the perfect envelopement of its intellectual pleasures in that religion of the heart which sends up its incense to the Maker, even in the diurnal and hourly contemplation of his works. The life of this man has left some evidence to serve for the best commentary on his philosophy; his steady contentment is perpetually breathing forth in every record of his amusing studies; if his lot was fortunate, which nourished these tastes in a congenial and elegant sufficiency, his enjoyments awakened within him a responsive measure of gratitude; and if his tranquil existence was unusually exempt from care, the inevitable condition of our painful mortality laid enough of



its penalties on his head to exercise his endurance, and prove his resignation. By the first collector of his posthumous works it was beautifully said of his life, in a burlesque which harmonized with his own pursuits, that his days had passed "with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons:" but even these bring their decay alike to nature and to man; and there is a meek and melancholy spirit in the apology of the failing naturalist himself, that frequent returns of deafness incommode him sadly, and half disqualify him for his office: that "when these fits are upon him, he loses all the pleasing notice, and little intimation arising from rural sounds;" and that May is to him as silent and mute with respect to the notes of birds as August." Yet he "thanks God that his eyesight is still quick and good;" and this outpouring of a soul, whose habitual gratitude taught him to feel and use existence itself as a blessing, murmurs no complaint, "though with respect to the other sense he is at times disabled,

'And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.'

To the admirers of Gilbert White, the scene which has been illustrated by his life and labours must ever be a fairy spot of the imagination; and it was with these touches of the good naturalist's character fresh upon my thoughts, that I found myself one evening, in the course of a summer ramble, within a few miles of his native village. I took my sojourn for the night in the little town of Alton, where, at the sign of the Swan—be it known to all whom it may or shall hereafter concern—there are to be enjoyed the traveller's best luxuries of cheerful civility and cleanly quarters, with good wholesome fare, well dressed though plain, passable wine, a well-ordered, quiet house, and most capital bed. The plague of waters had hitherto pursued my peregrinations; but a day of interminable rain had been succeeded by a lovely July morning, when, after discussing an early breakfast, and listening to sundry directions from mine host to follow the first branching of the lane behind the town over the hill to its right, and the next turn into a foot-path to the left, I set out,

"Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,"

to explore my road over the fields to Selborne.

Not even the proximity of the high mail-coach road, between the metropolis and the fashionable resorts of Southampton and Cowes has trenched upon the deep seclusion of the village; and even among the prim traders of Alton, its true position and distance from their lazy town, seemed actually to be matters still in debate as questions *de Terrâ Incognitâ*. Neither does it appear that the increased powers of locomotion,—which bring Cornwall and Cumberland next door to Middlesex—have dragged Selborne from her ancient "propriety" a single mile nearer the great world; and, despite of Macadamized highways, four-inside coaches, high-mettled teams, and ten miles an hour, the sequestered retreat of the naturalist still remains—thanks to the hopeless depravity of its hollow ways, and the unenterprising dullness of its natives—inaccessible to all the improved knowledge and refinement which belong to these enlightened and virtuous times. It has been excluded from the blessings of increasing commerce and population,

from factories and filiations, manufactures and Methodism, genius and gin, prosperity and pauperism. In short, defended from approach, rather than approached, by its almost impassable lanes, and buried in the deep bosom of its hanging woods, Selborne has been condemned to remain unchanged amidst the changeable scenes of this stirring age, to retain much of its primitive aspect of simplicity, and to present at least one still surviving picture of a peaceful English hamlet of the last century.

The village lies within about a four miles' walk from Alton, over the fields, and is, perhaps, two miles farther by the lane,—carriage-way I dare not call it, for it still realizes the description of White in "looking more like a water-course than a road, bedded with naked rag for furlongs together," and worn by the traffic and torrents of ages through the soft freestone, "full sixteen or eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields." Indeed the whole district of Selborne itself seems yet well to assert its ancient character of being "remarkable for timber and infamous for roads." The country immediately surrounding Alton is open and rather tame, with nothing particularly interesting in its character; and it is only after you pass the first ridge of hills, that it gives any promise of beauty. Selborne Hanger then begins gradually to raise its leafy head in front, while the bold promontory of Nore Hill meets the eye with its swelling uplands to the left, and the high Sussex and Surrey range of Downs melting into the blue distance beyond, close the prospect with a noble and expansive outline.

But it is not until you reach the spot where the footpath crosses the winding Alton Lane for the last time, about a quarter of a mile from the village, that the full beauty of the valley of Selborne itself suddenly breaks upon the view; and a scene of more enchanting rural loveliness eye never beheld. A foot bridge spans the deep-cleft ravine below, along which, at the depth of some twenty or thirty feet of precipitous rocky bank, a little torrent, though it was in the middle of summer, was brawling over the rugged track which forms both the channel of the stream, and the only cart way to the village. At my feet lay a fore-ground of corn-fields, just ripening with the first golden tinge of autumn; and, at the other side of the valley, rose abruptly, to the height of three hundred feet, the luxuriant beech-wood of the Hanger, with the white tower of the village church thrown against its rich green, and the sheltered parsonage and picturesque cottages scattered along the foot of the hill, and sending up their curling wreaths of smoke among the foliage. Along the descending side of the vale to the left, appeared the vicarage garden, separated by its snug enclosure from a paddock in the dell, on the declivities of which a few sheep and cattle hung quietly browsing; while the summit of the hither ridge was fringed by the young larches of the Lithe Wood. To the right, farm-yards and cottage-gardens, with hop-lands and corn-fields again stretched away towards the Hanger, and bounded the scene in that direction; and, near the church, and in the midst of the village itself, that true old emblem of rural sport, the may-pole—which now so rarely meets the ken of the traveller, either by high-ways or by-ways—"rose tapering to the sky."

In the appearance of the cottages "of good stone or brick, glazed,

and with chambers above stairs," I recognized the same pristine air of industry and comfort which White has ascribed to them: He might still assert the pride of his village, that "mud buildings there are none;" nor could I anywhere detect any trace of that heart-sickening spectacle of squalid abject pauperism, which now, alas! too often haunts our fairest island scenes of cultivation and abundance. On the contrary, chimneys reeking with evidence of clean hearths in full activity, walls neatly covered with vines and creepers, in full bloom, and trim little gardens prank'd with flowers, seemed here to tell only of cheerful toil and decent competence; nor did it enter into the charmed fancy to inquire how often crime and wretchedness might disturb such a haven of rest. The whole landscape, indeed, so far surpassed expectation as to seem almost too beautiful for reality; and I could not but acknowledge and marvel how far short even the naturalist's fond description of his favourite spot has fallen of its true features. The illusion of the moment may have been heightened by the season and the weather; for the sunny brilliancy of the deep blue sky was just dappled and tempered by the few summer clouds which threw their varying lights and shadows over the wooded uplands and cultivated dale. The traveller, therefore, who would "view fair Selborne right," should humour the caprices of our fickle climate, and visit it only when its fields and foliage are clothed in their summer verdure or autumnal russet, and lighted up in genial sunshine; for its beauty is of the joyous seasons, fitted neither to be obscured by the sullen influence of a rainy day, nor torn by the rude hand of winter.

Descending into "the single straggling street, of which the village consists," my steps were instinctively directed towards the Hanger, and I soon found myself climbing the winding path which was cut through the beech wood, *tempore* Gilbert White. A sweeter spot than the interior of this thick covert, with its craggy slopes and "graceful pendulous foliage," it is impossible to conceive. The effect on entering its cool shades and deep twilight gloom after the full blaze of the glowing sunshine was most refreshing, and stole over the senses with a peculiar delight. The halcyon stillness which reigned around was here broken only by the hum of insects, and the tinkling of the bells from a herd of cattle, which, the woodland being part of the village common ground, were turned loose into it to graze. This custom of helling the cattle, I think, must be almost peculiar to this district, as I never remember to have met with it, in England at least, except at Selborne and in Waltham Chase. It is here necessary to trace the straying cows at milking-time through the common wood; and the charm of the scene was much increased by this rural music borne through the glades, as well as by occasional glimpses of the herd, of that Norman breed, or Guernsey cross, now become so common in Hampshire, and which abounds in picturesque forms and colouring. Amidst this scene of exquisite repose, I drank up the fulness of its influence in one of those rare moments of unutterable thrilling enjoyment, which recall the most vivid day-dreams of youth, and recur so seldom—so few and far between—in the cheerless realities of our later years.

Here, seated in an arbour which has been formed about halfway up the Hanger, the traveller may catch the enchanting picture of the val-

ley, with the advantage of a new point of view. An opening in the wood shows the whole village scattered at its base, with that "engaging prospect" in the plain country beyond of "hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water," which White has so warmly commended, not beyond its merits. Through the glade below, there is a surprise prepared for the visitor; for the eye suddenly falls on a little villa under the hill, which is planted out from the street itself, and not discovered in the opposite approach to the valley. This house, with its rough-cast walls and deep wainscot-coloured woodwork, its overhanging thatched-roof and gables, and its rich carpet of lawn, forms a very pleasing object: though the elaborate cottage ornée style of the thing—which I afterwards found was built by John White, the nephew of the naturalist, and erst a Fleet-street bibliopole—has a pretension about it not quite in keeping, perhaps, with the perfect rurality of Selborne, and smacking too much of the spirit of cockneyism to harmonize thoroughly with the genius of the place.

In other respects, the village of Selborne has "taken no note of time," and remains so perfectly unchanged, that, at the distance of forty years, almost every spot in it may be recognized from the description of Gilbert White. His own house—the successive abode of several generations of his family—is, of course, the first object of the traveller's inquiry. It stands not very far from the church, on the opposite side of the road, and is an irregular, unpretending edifice, which has evidently been enlarged at different periods with more care of interior comfort than of architectural symmetry. It is still inhabited, I was told, by a maiden relative of the naturalist, the last tenant of his family at Selborne, save those who sleep under its churchyard turf. The house, aided by the old-fashioned neatness of its lawn and gravel walks, preserves the staid aspect of by-gone days, and has apparently undergone no alteration since the death of the naturalist. It was impossible to gaze on the spot without recalling to memory those hundred little passages in his book, which, with so pleasing and beautiful an association, have identified the intellectual pursuits of the man, and the tasteful purity of his mind, with every locality of his beloved retreat. The swallows, his favourite object of notice among the "winged people," were at the moment careering in circles round the house, and twittering among its eaves; and as, with too intrusive curiosity, I could not help peering over the fence into the little garden, I thought of its quondam tenant, his old familiar friend and domiciled guest the tortoise, whose habits he has so quaintly described,—of his oft-mentioned fruit wall and vine—of his thick hedge-rows, where a whole host of the featbery tribe were repaid, for the study which they afforded him, with safe and hospitable entertainment,—until, amidst his favourite haunts, the form of the venerable naturalist himself almost rose up in fancy before me.

"In the centre of the village, and near the church," still remains, in its old condition, the "square piece of ground surrounded by houses and vulgarly called the Plestow:" named originally, as White elsewhere tells us, "*La Pleystow, locus ludorum, or play place.*" The site of the ancient oak, which stood in the centre of this spot, until it was blown down "in the amazing tempest of 1703," is occupied by a huge

spreading sycamore, now become almost as dignified as its predecessor; for it must have seen its centenary festival, if the report of an old inhabitant be true, that it has undergone neither increase of growth, nor other change, within forty years of his memory. Like the oak which it succeeded, it has a seat round its base, and a little thatched umbrella-shaped canopy round the trunk above; provided, through the care of the same nephew of the naturalist who built the villa, both for shelter to the aged gossips, and protection to the tree from being injured by climbing urchins. In the churchyard, however, is a far older denizen of the village than this modern antique, the sycamore: an ancient yew, which I do not remember that White has noticed, and measuring—for I had the curiosity to measure it—full sixteen feet in girth. The churchyard is full of those frail memorials, which

“Teach the rustic moralist to die;”

and might furnish some curious scraps for the amateurs of lapidary poetry. Among these quaint inscriptions is that, once the common legend of a thousand village tombstones, but now almost discarded, and grown too simple and hacknied for the fastidious operatives of these lettered days—

“Afflictions sore, long time he bore,  
Physicians were in vain,  
Till after all, God did him call,  
And eased him of his pain.”

So saith the record of Henry Bone; and beside him, lieth in peace his wife Elizabeth—“bone of his bone.”

The grave of Gilbert White lies in undistinguished fellowship with those of the rude fathers of the hamlet, among whom he spent his benevolent and simple life. The tablet to his memory, which described the position of his remains, as “the fifth grave from this wall,” has been removed, by some pious care for its preservation, from the exterior of the church into the chancel; and with this removal the site of the grave appears to have been forgotten: for even the parish-clerk, who should be by his office the chronicler of the village, knew not the turf which covers the remains of the only man that hath honoured its name; and after catechising him on the original position of the tablet, it was only by some search that we verified the neglected spot, which I bade my guide hold in more reverential remembrance, for the benefit of future pilgrims to the same lowly shrine. A slight heave of the turf, “the fifth from the wall,” with the initials and date,

“G. W. Ob. 1793.”

on the low headstone, marks the humble grave of the naturalist and philosopher.

In the little chancel of the church, the memorials of the Whites appear with some touches of more pretension, in epitaphs of fair-rounded linstiny. Among these, if I remember right, is the record of one who hath been written down *MILES*, and ended his days of disease, in the worst fate of his calling, far away from his native village, on the pestilential plains of St. Domingo. The altar-piece—a curious old picture, painted on wood—purports, too, to be the gift of another member of

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the same family. The subject of the middle compartment is the Offering of the Magi; and the side panels, with a goodly disregard of the sin of anachronism, display bare-beaded, kneeling friars and nuns, telling their beads, with a cavalcade in the background, attended by elephants, to mark, I ween, its travel from the East, and composed of worthies in Spanish hats and doublets, and steel-clad warriors in the panoply of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The tablets to the memory of the naturalist and his brother, which have been removed from the exterior of the church, now stand on the south wall in the little chancel. The inscription on the former merely records his name and descent. He was the eldest son, as the short biographical notice prefixed to his works has told us, of John White, Esq. of Selborne, and Anne, the daughter of Thomas Holt, rector of Streatham, in Surrey. But both his grandfathers were, like himself, in the church; for what his biographer has omitted is here stated, that his paternal grandfather was vicar of Selborne. His brother and nephew were successively eminent booksellers in the metropolis. Both brothers have for the sum of their epitaph but a hacknied quotation from Cicero—Gilbert, "*Nec bono quicquam mali evenire potest, nec vivo, nec mortuo.*" John, "*Ex hac vitâ decedimus, tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo; commorandi enim natura diversorium nobis, non habitandi, dedit.*"

In the absence of any great landed proprietors in the humble parish of Selborne, the Whites have evidently reigned for several generations magnates of their native hamlet; and a memorial of their station of honour among the villagers remains to this day in a door of the chancel, which was pointed out as the separate entrance into the church still reserved for the last resident of their name. It was displeasing to hear that, since the death of the naturalist, their fortunes have not risen. He bequeathed to them a comfortable property; but some agricultural speculations of his nephew, I was told, had ended ruinously, and involved in distresses an individual who seems to have been a man of spirit and enterprise, and to have had a laudable pride, with a disposition not uncongenial to that of the naturalist, in ministering to the embellishment of his birthplace. Several little memorials of his regard for the recreation of the villagers yet remain to attest that his kindly feelings deserved a better fate. Of Gilbert White himself I could collect few personal reminiscences; and all that an old dame—who had nursed several of the family, and from whom these particulars of them were gleaned—could tell me of a philosophical old bachelor, was, that "he was a still, quiet body," and that "there wusn't a bit of harm in him, I'll assure ye, Sir: there wusn't indeed." Alas! for all the dignity of science, and all the honour that befallerth a prophet in his own country!

## MY FIRST TRAGEDY.

THERE exists a mysterious sympathy between body and mind. So delicate and subtle is this sympathy as to render abortive all attempts to discover its cause; but its existence is proved by the evidence of unimpeachable facts. Enquire of the mere schoolboy, and he will tell you that when the mind is refractory, and rejects the lesson addressed *directly* to itself, it will readily receive it on applying (with a certain degree of velocity and force) a few slender twigs to that part of the human frame which philosophers do not consider to be the mind's own peculiar seat. This is a fact notorious to all the world. I will instance one other, which, although less generally known, is more strictly applicable to my present purpose; inasmuch as it corroborates the theory I have always held as explanatory of my early and still-enduring desire to distinguish myself as a Tragic Dramatist—else were this introduction altogether useless. When he was a mere child, a friend of mine was frequently taken by his father, into the pit of Drury-lane Theatre, to see Garrick. Although bonnets as large as the hood of a cabriolet were not, at that time, in fashion; or, if they were, ladies (as they are at present) were too well-bred, and too considerate of the comfort and convenience of those who might be placed behind them, to wear those *para-scenas* during the time of performance; it was, nevertheless, impossible for a little boy to see over the head of a much taller person before him. In order, therefore, to place his son on an equality with the "children of a larger growth," the old gentleman always took with him a thick quarto volume, which served there, as it did at the dinner-table, to give little master his fair and just degree of elevation. Now, from these frequent visits to the theatre, it might be inferred that the bias of my friend was to the stage: no such thing; it was strong towards the church; and he is, at this very time, on the high road to a bishoprick, for the book on which he used to sit—was a volume of sermons. To this same principle of juxta-position, then, do I mainly attribute that fondness for tragic composition which manifested itself so early as the fifth year of my age, and which, with undiminished ardour, I still cherish:—the medium to which I was indebted for a somewhat more elevated station than, as a child, I could naturally command, being a folio Shakspeare.

It is not to be supposed that, at so tender an age, I ventured upon giving to my compositions the complete dramatic form. I did, indeed, occasionally essay a dialogue between two persons—assassins, midnight robbers, churehyard goblins, banditti of the Black Forest, and such like; but the far greater number of my productions, at that time, were monodies, elegies, and epitaphs, with sometimes a song, in a serious strain, commemorative of some recent accident or calamity. Of my poetical precocity I will afford the reader an opportunity of judging, by presenting him with a few stanzas, which were inspired by a paragraph in the "Morning Herald" of the 7th of August, 1812;\* I being at

\* "A few days ago, while an ostler at the Bull Inn, Thomas-street, Bristol, was dressing a gentleman's horse, the animal took a fancy to his nose, bit it off, and actually eat it up! The man is now at the Infirmary, where the wound will, of course, be cured."—*Morning Herald*, 7th Aug. 1812.

that time but seven years of age!! I select this particular poem, first, because it is no unfair specimen of the melancholy, or elegiac, turn of my mind; secondly, because many inaccurate copies of it have been handed about; thirdly, because the authorship has been claimed by many other popular poets; lastly, and chiefly, because to it I am indebted for my first introduction to the eminent man (his name I will presently mention) whose powerful recommendation secured the acceptance and performance of my First Tragedy.

## SONG.

AH! HIDE YOUR NOSE.\*

Mark me, SCRUB! when horses dressing,

Ah! hide your nose!

If you count your nose a blessing,

Ah! hide your nose!

Take, oh! take a timely warning

From the fate of poor Jack Thorning,

He who lost his nose one morning—

Ah! hide your nose!

Rubbing down a frisky filly—

Ah! hide your nose!

In his mouth Jack peep'd—how silly!

Ah! hide your nose!

"Zounds!" thinks Fill, "I'll soon dispose of

Jack's tit-bit—I'll bite his nose off!"—

Quick as thought, she snipp'd it close off!

Ah! hide your nose!

When you look a horse i'th' face, Sir,

Ah! hide your nose!

Coach-horse, dray-horse, hack, or racer—

Ah! hide your nose!

For since horses care for no man,

Where's the nose that may not go, man—

Grecian, bottle, snub, or Roman?

Ah! hide your nose!

Hence a moral! let me teach it:—

Ah! hide your nose!

No divine need blush to preach it:

Ah! hide your nose!

He that pokes his busy snout

In things he's not concern'd about,

Like Jack, too late may wish it out!

Ah! hide your nose!

Numerous and various were my compositions at about this period; and let my vanity be pardoned, if I boast that they were all sanctioned by the unqualified approbation of two critics, both equally competent and

\* This song has received the honour of translation into the Welsh language, and with a fidelity truly wonderful: take, as a specimen, the very title, *A hyd y nos*. It has been distinguished, also, by a compliment of scarcely less value: it has been sung by that exquisite vocalist, Mr. Liston. They who have listened to that gentleman's pathetic warbling of the touching *Romanza*, "Pity Billy Lackaday," will readily conceive the heart-rending effect of his musical delivery of the sentiment which pervades this effusion. The air to it, now become popular in England, was composed by the celebrated harpist, Llewellyn Lloyd ap Dhwddilth.



impartial—my mother and my nurse. With what pride and delight would the latter exclaim, on my producing a new poem, "Well, I declare, if Master Peregrine hasn't hatched another bit of poetry!" There was something in the phrase which, though not agreeable to my sensitive organs, might have been taken as illustrative of my theory; but it was, in fact, nothing more than a sort of professional jargon of the old woman, who had the charge of the poultry as well as of me. But I will pass on from this time to that memorable epoch in my life (A.D. 1825, I then being about to enter my twentieth year), when, having completed "*Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*," a tragedy, in five acts, I sent it up to Drury-lane Theatre. [It is proper I should state that I was then residing, as I still am, and ever have been, in my native town, Weepingford.\*] Together with my play, I forwarded a note to the manager, requesting "his most immediate attention and very earliest reply." In less than six weeks I received a packet per coach. With palpitating heart, I broke the seal, the impress on which was a flourishing T. R. D. L. "My tragedy is accepted," thought I; "and this parcel contains the huge roll of parchment by which, doubtless, authors are invested with the freedom of the theatre." Lo! it was my tragedy itself! A note, of which the following is a copy, accompanied it:—

"T. R. D. L.

"SIR,—I am desired by the Managers to thank you for the honour of the preference; but they are of opinion that the performance of your Tragedy, called *Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*, would not serve the interests of this theatre.—I am, Sir, &c. &c."

I was neither mortified nor much astonished at this, knowing, as I did, through newspaper report, that the dramatic patronage of that theatre was engrossed by three or four writers of little ability, by whose intrigues superior genius was excluded from even a chance of appearing before the public. I looked carefully through the pages of my manuscript, naturally expecting to find an abundance of marginal notes, pointing out where my play was defective, and by what means it might be improved. Will it be believed? not a pencil-scratch was to be found from one end to the other! "Well," again thought I, "they should not have my play now, were they to offer me a thousand pounds for it; and to put it beyond my power to abate one jot from this resolution:—for, doubtless, to-morrow's post will bring me a repenting letter from them—I will send it, by this night's coach, to Covent-Garden." I did so; and, along with it, the following letter to the Manager:—

"*Weepingford-le-Grave*,—1825.

"SIR,—I have to request your immediate perusal of the accompanying play; and since a five-act drama is, in these times, a *rara avis*, and, also, as it must be your desire to convince the world that the dramatic genius of England is not quite extinct (although modesty forbids my saying much about my own production), I make no doubt my request will be complied with. I see but one difficulty in the way of its performance: the *minor* parts, I admit, might be sufficiently well acted by Fawcett, Warde, Bartley, Farren, Miss Chester, Mrs. Chatterley, &c. &c.;

\* WEEPINGFORD-LE-GRAVE, *Somersetshire*. A pretty town, 94 miles W. from London, situate on the southern bank of the river Dribble. Population, 7000; produces Cheshire cheese, Windsor soap, Yarmouth herrings, Westphalia hams, &c. Market-days, Tues. and Sat.—*British Gazetteer*.

but, with the exception of Charles Kemble for Suavilius (the lover), the principal characters can find no adequate representatives in your Theatre. Would it not be prudent, therefore, to engage Young and Macready for Tyrantius and Vampyrino? As to my *leading* character, Sanguino, which I wrote expressly for Keau, I am perfectly at my ease; for you will, of course, endeavour to induce him, by a liberal offer, to quit the rival establishment.\* The trifling part of Listenia, (the confidente) might, perhaps, be entrusted to Mrs. Glover;—but Tendrissima? ‘Ay, there’s the rub!’ That part was composed with a view to Miss O’Neill; and I have strong hopes that a perusal of it might induce her to resume, for a time, her professional labours. Waiting your earliest reply, and holding myself in readiness to proceed to London at a moment’s notice,

I have the honour, &c. &c.

“P.S. The character of Hecatoria is so obviously fitted for the display of the sublime powers of Mrs. Siddons, that I do not despair of that unrivalled actress’s consent to quit her retirement for the first forty or fifty nights, or so.

“2nd P.S. I re-open this, to enquire whether Braham, Miss Stephens, and Miss Paton, are at Covent-Garden Theatre. If not, would they engage with you for the solo parts of the funeral dirge in the 3rd act? Pray consider how essential it is that those parts should be well executed.”

Fully satisfied that this display of theatrical knowledge would secure to me the most prompt attention of the manager, with extraordinary complacency I awaited his reply.

A few weeks elapsed, and a packet was delivered to me. The seal bore the welcome letters, T. R. C. G. “Here is my play,” I exclaimed, “sent down for revision, previously to its being put into rehearsal.” I opened a small note, which was tucked between the first and second leaves, and read—

“T. R. C. G.

“SIR,—I am desired by the Managers to thank you for the honour of the preference; but they are of opinion that the performance of your Tragedy, called *Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*, would not serve the interests of this theatre.—I am, Sir, &c. &c.”

At first, I could hardly credit what I read. My play formally rejected, and not a word added, by way of postscript to the inhumanly civil letter, to thank me for my suggestions respecting the cast, or even in acknowledgment of the theatrical tact which, in that respect, at least, I had displayed! This latter circumstance was easily accounted for: the managers would wait a favourable opportunity for adopting my hints, and then disingenuously appropriate to themselves all the honour and profit accruing from them.† But the wonderful resemblance between this, and the letter of rejection from the “rival establishment—” alike to a comma! The momentary hope arising out of this, that I had, by mistake, sent my play a second time to Drury-lane, was dissipated by the difference between the places of date and the writers’ names. It was clear to me that, notwithstanding it was obviously to the interest of a theatre to act any play, no matter whence it came, which presented a chance of profitable success;—notwithstanding that by extending the field of competition the managers would, in some degree, be relieved from the extortions of the present monopolists of dramatic literature;—notwithstanding the consequence of such

\* I will not disguise the fact of this suggestion having been prompted by the Demon of Revenge.

† I beg the reader would observe that Mr. Kean has, since this period, actually been engaged at Covent-Garden Theatre!! I shall draw no severe inference from this circumstance, but content myself with noticing it only as an *extraordinary coincidence*.

relief would be that themselves would share in the profits which, under the present system, are swept into the purses of a knot of paxpered and rapacious authors:—notwithstanding all this, I say, it was clear to me that a compact, mutually binding, had been entered into by the Theatres Royal, to reject all dramatic works which did not issue from the brains (*the brains, save the mark!*) of your Mortons, your Kenneys, your Pooles and your Planchés. With disgust I retired from the struggle, resolved never again to write for the stage.

Fortunately for myself—(may I add, for the public also?)—it happened about this time that our town was honoured by the visit of the eminent man I have alluded to: this was no other than the celebrated Clearmount, who, for many years, had been the principal tragedian at the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket. My first meeting with him was in our public reading-room, the proprietor of which was, also, printer of the Weepingford Herald. A paragraph had that morning appeared, announcing that Mr. Clearmount, the celebrated tragedian, was “rusticating at this place;” and Clearmount’s visit to the publisher was for the purpose of expressing his displeasure at its appearance.

“Who *could* have told you this?” enquired the tragedian.

“I found the paragraph in my letter-box, last night, Sir; and as I had no reason to doubt its—”

“’Tis very strange! who *could* have written it?”

“That is more than I can tell, Sir; but, if you know the report to be untrue, I will contradict it to-morrow.”

“Why—aw—no—; the—aw—the fact is, I—I am Mr. Clearmount.”

[Here I started with astonishment, delight, and admiration. It was the first time I had ever seen so celebrated an actor off the stage.]

“But,” he continued, “’tis very odd; I arrived but yesterday afternoon, and as I came here merely to recruit, after my professional labours, I intended to be strictly *incog*. Who *could* have——! ’Tis very annoying: I hate to be followed about the streets by crowds of curious people. However, ’tis one of the penalties we public characters must pay to——. Aw—have you any theatre in this town of yours?”

“Yes, Sir, and as we are now in the height of our season, I hope—” An intelligible smirk, accompanied by a bow, completed the sense of the unfinished sentence.

“Why, aw—no—no; I dare say I shall be tormented to death to play for a night or two; but, as the poor people you have here are, no doubt, thought well enough of by the towns’-folks, it might seem invidious were I to act.”

Here I ventured a word. “Have you acted Macbeth lately, Sir, in London?”

“In London—aw—no; the fact is, Macbeth is an up-hill part: Rosse is the part I have usually selected.”

“Or Hamlet?”

“Hamlet? no—not exactly Hamlet. Other tragedians, I know, think much of it: John Kemble did. For my part—no—in London, I have always preferred Rosencrantz, as you might have seen by the play-bills.”

Here, to my great surprise and delight, he hummed a line or two of a song, which was no other than my “Ah! hide your nose!” The publisher introduced me as the author, and the tragedian (after bestowing

upon me compliments of a nature too flattering for me to repeat,) invited the "young poet," (as he condescendingly designated me,)—*to walk with him!* This was the proudest day of my life. In the evening I had the honour of accompanying him to the theatre, where we had the manager's private box, (so called, I presume, because it is the most conspicuous of any in the house;) and it was delightful to observe how cautiously he endeavoured to conceal himself, by holding a white handkerchief to his face, lest their knowledge of his presence might discompose the actors;—only occasionally leaning quite forward to applaud, which he did with good-humoured condescension.

I could greatly extend my reminiscences of this eminent tragedian. Sufficient for my present purpose, however, is it to state, that during the week he remained at Weepingford, I had the honour of seeing him daily; and that upon one of these occasions, after listening to nearly half of the first act of my Tragedy—he candidly acknowledged that he was so deeply affected by it as to be unable to endure the rest—he took the manuscript out of my hand, promising, at the same time, to read it at his leisure, and (if he approved of it) to recommend it to the notice of the manager—that is to say, of the Theatre-Royal, Weepingford. How highly *he* estimated my work the result will show. I shall just notice one circumstance connected with his departure, as it is illustrative of the diffidence which is ever the concomitant of superior genius.

Apprehensive (as he himself told me) that a crowd might collect about the door of his inn, should the coach stop there to receive him, he had desired the driver to take him up a quarter of a mile on the London Road. Thither I accompanied him. The better to avoid observation, as he passed through the town (for he had to call at the Post-office, the Public Reading-room, the Theatre, the Grammar-school, &c. on his way,) he took the precaution of throwing his travelling-cloak across his shoulders, *à l'Espagnol*, and of holding a handkerchief to his face. On stepping into the coach he waved his hand to me with that air of unaffected, yet dignified patronage, so peculiar to him. "A pleasant journey, Mr. —," said I. "Hush!" interrupted he, as I was about to utter his name; "remember, I travel *incog.*" This was the last I ever saw of the celebrated Clearmount.

A few days after his departure I was agreeably surprised by receiving the following letter from the manager of our theatre.

"T. R. Weepingford.

"SIR,—In consequence of the powerful recommendation of Mr. Clearmount, I have read your Tragedy: I like it; and if you will guarantee me the sale of five pounds' worth of box-tickets, I will act it for my own benefit. Suppose we take a chop together, to-morrow, at the Pigeons, and talk the matter over?—Your obedient servant,

"ROGER STRIDE."

"P. S. Better bespeak a private room; and if you tell Scores that I dine with you, he will let you have some of his best port."

But my Reminiscences of Clearmount have led me so much out of my subject that I must hasten to a conclusion.

We dined. After the second glass of wine, "Now, Sir," said Mr. Stride, "to business; and, in the first place, we must *cut.*"

"Cut!" exclaimed I; "what is *cut*?"

"Why, Sir, your play is rather too long: it is more than three times the length of Othello; so that, were we to act it as it stands, it would

not be over till three o'clock in the morning: and then, what would become of "Sweethearts and Wives," "Frieschutz," and the "Cure for the Heart-ache," which I intend to give as afterpieces—to say nothing of songs, dances, &c.?"

I instanced the present *late* example of the London theatres, but in vain. "Besides, Sir, not a line can be spared."

"Leave it to me, Sir. Your first, second, and fourth acts are utterly useless; nothing is *done* in them, nor are any of the principal characters introduced. They are all *talk*."

"But, Sir, it is *poetry* they are talking."

He made no reply; but simply plunging a very long pen down to the bottom of a very deep ink-bottle, he set heartlessly to the task of drawing black lines across page after page of my manuscript; exclaiming at each excision, "*That's* of no use—and *that's* of no use—never mind, Sir, it will dove-tail beautifully."

I was growing faint, and rang for a small glass of brandy.

"Another bottle of port," said the manager; "and—waiter—have you any more ink in the house?"

"Now, Sir," said Mr. Stride, after about two hours' lopping—"now, Sir, we are something like; and, with a *little* trimming at rehearsals, we shall do very well."

My play, which had reckoned four hundred and forty eight closely-written pages, and cost the world-and-all for carriage to London and back, might now have been transmitted under a Member's cover!

"Be assured, Sir, your play will go beautifully. To-morrow I will send it to the Bellman (who examines all these things), and as soon as we have his licence to act it, we will put it into rehearsal. Good night, my dear Sir. Waiter, Mr. ——'s bill. Good night, my dear Sir."

Well; the day arrived when I was to read my play to the actors. I performed my task with a certain degree of trepidation; but (as I fancied) not altogether without effect: for some of the performers applauded, others looked grave—moved, no doubt, by the pathetic of my piece.

The reading over, Mr. Straddle called me aside—"Sir," said he, "do you expect *me* to play *Tyrantius*?"

"If you please, Sir."

"Sir, I'd rather forfeit my engagement. Sanguino, which Mr. Stride has taken—the manager always takes care of himself—ought to have been the part for me. Good morning, Sir."

"I like your play amazingly, Sir," said Mr. Rantley; "but you have made a great mistake in the cast."

"Don't you think *Vampyrino* a good part?"

"Very good; but Mr. Stride's is a better; and I can't play any but first business. Between ourselves, Straddle is wrong to refuse *his* part—but *he* is a discontented man—'tis a very fine part, and if he hadn't refused it, I should have been glad of it myself. But, under the circumstances—I wish you a very good morning, Sir."

Notwithstanding these little differences, a few trifling concessions on both sides, made in the spirit of good humour, brought us all to a right understanding, and the play, as originally cast, was put into rehearsal.

On the morning of the last rehearsal Mr. Stride put a paper into my

hand. It was a note from the Bellman; and, as it is rather a curiosity in its way, I give a copy of it *verbatim*.

"To the Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Weepingford-le-grave."

Please to omit the following underlined words in the representation of the tragedy, in five acts, called

Sanguino; or the Blood-stained Murderer.

Act 1. Scene 4. "Burst my Adamantine chains." [Adam is a Scripture name, and must not be used on the stage.]

Act 2. Scene 1. "And hoarse as is the lusty fish-wife's voice,  
When through the street's 'buy my live soul,' she cries."

[Evidently meant for *By my living soul!* which is profane swearing.]

Act 4. Scene 3. "To Amsterdam in sullen mood he went," [for the same reason.]

Ditto. "And now I hear the beetle's drowsy hum." [might be mistaken for an allusion to our worthy parish *beadle*—seditious.]

Act 5. Scene 2. "Oh Heavens! how like an angel does she seem!"

[Query. Olympus for *Heavens*—Goddess for *angel*. Against bringing Heaven and Divinities upon the stage, there is no moral or legal objection.]

SIMON DRIVEL.

The reading of this letter was productive of considerable amusement; when, after deliberate consultation as to whether the morals or the peace of Weepingford were likely to be compromised by the utterance of my profanities, it was resolved that, AT ALL RISKS, they should be spoken. It is fair, however, to state, that within five weeks afterwards, an apprentice ran away with his master's daughter, and a new chemise was stolen from the lines of Mrs. Scrubs, the laundress.

My tragedy was acted. How it was received I know not, for I had not nerve to attend the performance. The next morning I looked into the play-bills, and was astonished at the absence of the announcement I had expected to find there, that it would be repeated every evening till farther notice.

"What is the reason of this, Mr. Stride? Of course my play was—"

"Sir, your play is much too good for the people of this town, and I am resolved never to treat the senseless blockheads with it again. Shakspeare himself would not have succeeded here."

"Not if he had been *cut* as I have been," replied I, sarcastically; "so good morning to you, Mr. Stride."

N. B. Till I can get this, or some other of my numerous dramatic works accepted and successfully acted—for the sake of showing the world what the legitimate drama really is—I amuse myself by *doing* the theatrical criticisms in the Weepingford Herald. P.\*

#### CONFESSION.

My life hath had its bitter pangs—

I've wept—I weep for crime!—

Father, 'tis blood upon my soul—

Hath bow'd me thus before my time!

Oh that thy words could cleanse my soul,

That penance-pain could free from guilt,

That gold could buy forgetfulness

Of blood that hath been spilt!

Thou know'st me!—ay, I see thou dost—  
Yet spite of this I must confess!

I have conceal'd too long—too long  
My soul's great wretchedness!

Yes, yes, I am Manfredi's wife—  
But that which hath been done  
Is cursed of God, although from Rome  
Our pardon hath been won!—

Leone was a studious youth  
Of Padua, and was nobly born,  
He loved me as his life, and I  
To him my early faith had sworn:

I swore to him eternal truth  
Upon the blessed rood!—  
Father, my crime is broken faith  
Which had its seal in blood.

Oh, dost thou comprehend me not!  
Still must I word by word go on!  
Thou listen—and I'll force my tongue  
To tell thee what was done.

Manfredi was Leone's friend,  
Loved, trusted as a brother,  
While many friends Manfredi had,  
The good Leone had no other.

'Twas at the Carnival at Rome,  
Amid a noble masking train  
Of dames and cavaliers that they  
After long absence met again;—

They met for woe—they met for blood!  
And from that night I too was changed;  
Spite of my reasonings with myself,  
My soul became estranged:—

Manfredi's mien was like a king's,  
His passions vehement and wild—  
Thou knew'st Leone—he was grave  
And unsuspecting as a child.

He was too good, too wise, too calm!  
Some evil power my soul possess'd—  
We loved—Manfredi and I loved!—  
Now, father, need I tell the rest?

They did not meet in open strife,  
So had he died it had been well—  
But no!—'twas in the midnight street  
That good Leone fell.

I knew the deed that had been done,  
Yet with the murderer I stood  
Unshrinking in the sanctuary,  
Before the blessed rood.

And so I pledged another troth,  
My former vows seem'd light as air,  
Why was it so—for I have given  
My life to pitiless despair!

The church has pardon'd what was done,  
And yet my anguish is not eased,  
And night and day I hear a cry  
That will not be appeased!

M. H.

REPEAL OF THE UNION—IRELAND IN 1830.

It cannot be denied that to an ardent imaginative people, accustomed, like the less informed part of our Irish countrymen, to be swayed, both in thought and action, more by impulse and the heated feeling of the moment, than by mature deliberation, or the results of calm inquiry, the topics which may be adduced in favour of a repeal of the legislative Union between the two countries, are of a very specious and seductive character. The possession of an independent legislature sounds so well, and the foolish feeling that the national importance of the Irish is diminished or annihilated by what is called the degradation of their country from the rank of a kingdom, is so natural and so widely spread, that any argument against the Union, however futile or groundless, is eagerly listened to by no inconsiderable body of the people. The citizens of Dublin, especially, and many of the gentry who resort thither to spend a few months in the spring season every year, dwell with all the fondness of early enthusiasm upon those by-gone days, when their streets were busy with the hurrying to and fro of coroneted and mitred coaches, and the splendid equipages of commoners, and the houses of parliament were an exciting lounge, and society was brilliant, and Grattan and Flood, and Ponsonby and Curran, were in their ascendant glory. It is, therefore, easy to pronounce a very vague and very false, yet not less fascinating declamation, setting forth the ancient glories of the sainted isle, and the blessings of independence, which shall win a ready acquiescence from the inconsiderate and the uninformed. But those who are really acquainted with the subject, and who reflect that the question is not one of feeling, but must be investigated with strict reference to fact and argument, are very slow of yielding their assent to such a proposition as that for the repeal of the existing Union, and in fact it is apparent even from the public press, interested as many of the newspapers naturally are for the continuance of any topic of excitement in the country, that a vast preponderance of the wealth, intelligence, and respectability of the Irish nation, is firmly opposed to the agitation of this momentous question.

It cannot be overlooked or forgotten, by those who give themselves the trouble of investigating the subject at all, that from the earliest period to which even the native annals enable us to trace the commencement of Irish history, down to the legislative Union with Great Britain, its prevailing characteristics have been the weakness, misgovernment, and misery, arising from disunion and internal discord. The people never had strength and civility enough to govern themselves. The Hy Nial race nominally ruled Ireland from the death of Dathias in A. D. 428, to the year 1002, when Malachy II. was deposed. Then an irregular succession of princes, who gained and kept the throne only by force of arms, intervened, until the forcible usurpation of Turlough O'Connor, the father of Roderick, last native king of Ireland. During the whole of both these periods, the country was the prey of perpetual faction, slavery, and bloodshed, within, and the spoil of rude hordes of piratical invaders from without. After the usurpation of Turlough, there was no universally acknowledged king, and this perhaps increased that facility of defeat, which gave Voltaire occasion to say



that Ireland was conquered in the twelfth century, by a small band of adventurers, under the command of a single English baron. By the neglect of the English monarchs, who for nearly four centuries after the first invasion in 1171, regarded Ireland only as a distant, barbarous, and troublesome province, the country was abandoned to a state of anarchy and perpetual bloodshed, occasioned by the feuds and factions of native chiefs and English lords, each acting as a free and independent prince or noble. At length, in the reign of Elizabeth, three successive and extensive rebellions, headed respectively by Shane O'Neal, Desmond, and Tyrone, drenched the land with blood, and surrendered it by forfeiture to the complete disposal of the Crown. James, indeed, made a vigorous effort to introduce order and civil government throughout the island; but the rage of religious discord opened, and now maintained the most weakening and deplorable divisions. Then came the reign of the unhappy Charles, and the dreadful years from 1641 to 43. The tender mercies of Cromwell followed, and next, in Charles the Second's reign, the penal restrictions, dictated by men's foolish fears of the Popish plot, named after Oates. The brief and inglorious struggles of the last of the Stuarts against William, the period of the famous treaty of Limerick, however honourable to the Irish nation, is surely associated with any ideas but those of prosperity and happiness; while the penal statutes passed in the reign of Anne, produced the most baleful effects, dictated as they were by foul and black malignity, and not by any regard to the internal peace or security of the kingdom. To which of these periods shall we point as the peculiar epoch of Ireland's ancient glories?

But Mr. O'Connel, whom we may fairly look upon as concentrating and representing in his single person the whole of the anti-Union spirit in the present day, being himself a man of peace, has no wish, we believe, to get back the times of Conn of the hundred fights, or Nial of the hostages. Orators, it has been remarked, in all ages, from Demosthenes and Cicero downwards, have seldom been conspicuous for their love of war, and the din and hazard of actual tumult. Accordingly, we find that the Catholic Member for Waterford does not dwell with particular emphasis of exultation upon any one of the æras of Ireland's independence to which we have above adverted, but passing in silence, and we hope in sadness too, over 'whole ages of sorrow and shame,' the tear at length brightens in his eyelid as he points to the glorious consummation of the volunteers in 1782, and the period which elapsed thence till the legislative Union on the first day of the nineteenth century. This is the green and sunny spot in the waste of memory, the oasis in the moral desert which refreshes the eye of the traveller as he surveys the dreary centuries of misrule and misery in the history of Ireland, and which, but for the blight so suddenly cast upon it by the legislative Union, would, according to Mr. O'Connel, have by this time rendered Ireland a universal Eden, of plenty, repose, and bliss. We mean not to slight the importance of the concessions which the patriots gained for Ireland in 1782; a change from that state of things in which Ireland was crushed by a system of restrictions as impolitic as they were unjust, and from a parliament, which by the operation of Poyning's law was, like the French parliament under the old regime, little better than a register of royal

edicts, to the semblance at least of the British constitution, was an advantage which justified the very critical and hazardous experiment by which it was obtained; but we must not, therefore, shut our eyes upon the fact that the period which followed this bloodless and happy revolution, was very far indeed from one of prosperous tranquillity and peace. When we glance over the history of Ireland during the eighteen years which succeeded, which bring us to the close of the eighteenth century and the passing of the Act of Union, the first important circumstance in the state of the nation that attracts our attention, is the appearance of an armed convention, endeavouring by its menacing attitude to force a crude plan of parliamentary reform upon the Irish House of Commons. Then we find public discontent and riots arising out of both commercial and political dissatisfactions, followed by the meetings of an unconstitutional body of delegates from every county and commercial town in Ireland, styling themselves the National Congress, and resorting to irregular means for the redress of grievances alleged to be too intolerable to be any longer borne. In 1786, we see the people suffering under the extremity of want, and traversing Munster in bodies of hundreds and thousands, administering oaths to those they met, in open defiance of all authority and law. It was during the period now in question, too, that all those secret societies started into being, which, under the several denominations of Right-boys, Peep-o'-day-boys, Orangemen (not the Orange Society, but a set of low furious ruffians, exclusively of the baser sort), Defenders, and finally United Irishmen, disturbed and disorganized the whole frame of society by their villainous machinations. The last named body gradually swelled to a conspiracy of half a million of men, as avowed by the Irish Directory after its overthrow—a conspiracy which was terminated only by the frightful rebellion of 1798.

Again; the ordinary evils and vices of a provincial legislature are notorious even to a proverb; but the corruption, it is said the *necessary* corruption, of the Irish government, is admitted on all hands to have been excessive. To maintain such an influence in Parliament as always to command a majority in favour of the Court, was then the great business of the chief governor appointed by the British cabinet. This object was accomplished by profuse donations of the public money, because the end was indispensable whatever might be the cost. It is well known that even the virtuous Marquis of Buckingham, who succeeded the riotous Duke of Rutland in the viceroyalty of Ireland, though he began his government by checking the system of enormous and shameless speculation which had grown up at the Castle, was yet obliged to resort to the exercise of pecuniary influence in order to carry on the government. At length a case arose in which even this lavish expenditure was found insufficient to secure the requisite conformity between the acts of the two legislatures. When King George the Third's illness terminated in mental derangement, in the close of 1788, the Prince of Wales was appointed Regent, with extreme restrictions, by the British parliament. A new ministry, and with it a new chief governor, was universally expected in Ireland, and the members of the Irish parliament, possessed with a lively sense of favours to come, and willing to ingratiate themselves with the party coming into power, or, as they phrased it, "to worship the rising sun," voted the Prince,

“Regent of Ireland, with all regal prerogatives belonging to the crown thereof.” But for the sudden and happy recovery of his Majesty, it is impossible to say to what strange and unexpected consequences this extraordinary dilemma might have led.

Suppose, then, for a moment, that there were, according to Mr. O’Connell’s wish, a separate legislature existing in Ireland at the present juncture; and suppose the very possible case that, in settling the Regency question now before Parliament, the British legislature should choose one person, say the Duchess of Kent, and the Irish legislature another person, say the Queen Consort, to be regent during the minority of the Princess, and that the contingency so provided for should take place, so that Great Britain would have one Sovereign and Ireland another, in what an unfortunate position would the affairs of the nation be placed! and how would the connexion between the two kingdoms, or the dependence of Ireland on the executive government of Great Britain, be any longer intelligible at all?

But the partisans of the Repeal of the Union are generally deaf to arguments of this kind, and insist that the difficulties of the British cabinet are no concern of theirs, who care only for the interests of Ireland. They point to stately mansions in the metropolis no longer tenanted by the great, who used to occupy them in “the good old times,” and they rashly affirm that Ireland has been rapidly sinking into ruin since the Act of Union passed. In point of fact, that country has, during the last thirty years, advanced in wealth, comfort, and prosperity with giant strides. Though we know this from personal observation and practical experience, we shall not confine ourselves, after the manner of the parish orators, to simple assertion, unsupported by proof. We are indebted to the patriotic and statesmanlike exertions of Mr. Spring Rice, the able, zealous, and enlightened friend of Ireland, for a body of documents in the Reports for the present year of his Select Committee on the State of the Poor in Ireland, which clearly and satisfactorily prove that the moral, political, and economical condition of that country is already in a state of steady progressive improvement; and which, while they suggest many additional means of quickening and advancing that improvement, furnish a complete and triumphant answer to the foolish clamour which has been lately raised against the Union.

Witnesses from all parts of Ireland, selected for their practical acquaintance with the country and the people, and their peculiar opportunities of judging, concur in testifying that “the state of the peasantry has improved very rapidly of late years; that the country has greatly altered for the better; that the peasantry are better clothed, and in every way seem to be more comfortable, and that their houses are improving. That agriculture has improved; that the quantity of agricultural produce is greater, and the quality better; that ploughs, carts, and other farming implements are made on an improved mode of construction, and used with greater skill. That the description of stock has improved since the increased intercourse with England, the Hereford, Ayrshire, and Leicester breeds being brought over.”

It also appears in evidence, that the peasantry, who by means of the facilities of steam-navigation, carry their produce to the English market, acquire information and good habits by their intercourse with

England, the fruits of which are becoming daily more and more manifested in Ireland. That the repeal of the Union duties has produced a great cheapness of calico and dress of that kind, and that in country villages there is a much greater number of bakers than there were a few years ago.

The number of slated houses is likewise increasing very fast. Mr. Mullins, an extensive contractor, states that there is rather a tendency to advance the rate of wages than otherwise in Ireland; and in comparing the present wages with what was received during the war, he observes that labourers can now purchase as much provisions for 6*s.* as they could formerly for 12*s.* Clothing, he adds, is less than one-half cheaper; "linen is to be had for one-half the price; cottons, calicoes, and checks, those kinds of fabrics which the poorer class of females wear, are now to be had for one-fourth."

Mr. Barry, an Inspector-General of Fisheries, states "that the clothing, furniture, and comforts of the fishermen have improved decidedly within his observation; and that the progress of improvement in Ireland, moral and practical, has been, during the last ten years, exceedingly rapid." The intercourse by steam between the two countries has given a value to many of the lesser articles of farming produce, formerly almost without a market, such as eggs, poultry, honey, &c. These are now brought into the British market, and produce almost "a new creation of property, which is laid out in manufactured goods, dress, and articles of furniture."

Mr. Blake, the Chief Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer, states, "I speak from a great deal of examination into the state of Ireland; it is becoming from day to day more prosperous; capital is spreading throughout the country, and, in proportion as it spreads, so will the general state of all classes be improved." Mr. Wiggins, an English land-agent, in describing the south-west of Ireland, says, "A very great improvement has taken place, in all respects, during the last twenty-two years: with regard to food there is not much change; but in the habits of cleanliness, and order, and regularity in their clothing, and sense of propriety in all respects, I conceive in their moral character and conduct altogether, the improvement has been very striking." Mr. Weale, an English officer of the Land Revenue, considers "that in every quarter, in every corner of Ireland, there are perceivable evidences of growing, and rapidly growing prosperity."—Such is the character of the general testimonies respecting the state of Ireland in the year 1830; but we wish to descend with more precision to the documentary evidences of the improved condition of the people, because it has been loudly proclaimed by the agitators of the Anti-union question, that if a single benefit can be shown to have accrued to Ireland from the measures adopted in the imperial legislature, they are content to abandon their untenable position. We proceed, therefore, to show, from the Parliamentary Returns, printed in the appendix to the report of Mr. Rice's committee, that the trade and commerce of Ireland, and the consumption of the necessaries and comforts of life, have increased in a proportion evidently far greater than the increase of population, and therefore that the condition of the people is improved. In the returns of the trade between Ireland and Great Britain, it is to be observed, that 1825 is the latest year of which an account can be

given, as from the termination of that year the commercial intercourse between the two countries has been assimilated by law to a coasting traffic. We shall first compare some of the most important imports and exports in the years 1801 and 1825, for the purpose of showing the vast increase that had taken place in most of them in the latter year.

Imports into Ireland from all parts, in 1801 and in 1825.

	In 1801.	In 1825.
Cotton manufactures, } entered by the yard }	44,814 yards.	4,996,885 yards.
Cotton yarn . . .	375,000 lbs.	2,702,000 lbs.
Cotton wool . . .	1,200,000 lbs.	4,065,000 lbs.
Flax seed . . .	376,000 bushels.	535,000 bushels.
Tallow . . .	16,000 cwts.	131,000 cwts.
Iron, unwrought . . .	7,454 tons.	17,902 tons.
Coals . . .	315,000 tons.	738,000 tons.

Last year, 1829, the quantity of coal imported into Ireland, amounted to nearly a million tons, owing, probably, to the spread of steam-navigation. The import of coal is justly regarded as a most important element in judging of the prosperity of the country, as it must in a great degree measure the extent of manufactures and of domestic comfort, or else of steam-navigation, and is in any case an indicant of consumption and wealth; its amount is still ascertainable from the returns, though that of other commodities imported from Britain is not, because coal is subject to a coasting duty, an imposition which, we may remark in passing, it would be extremely advantageous to Ireland to remove, as cheap coal would give an extraordinary impetus to many manufactures, and greatly increase the demand for labour. The repeal of the coal-tax is one of the many most judicious measures to which Mr. Rice's committee directs the attention of the legislature. We should like to know what chance there would be of such a repeal, if Ireland were a separate kingdom. But we proceed with our comparison:

Exports out of Ireland to all parts.

	In 1801.	In 1825.
Cotton manufactures, } entered by the yard }	1,256 yards.	10,567,000 yards.
Linen manufactures	37,911,000 yards.	55,114,000 yards.
Flax, undressed . . .	1639 cwts.	54,898 cwts.
Irish spirits . . .	178,000 gallons.	629,000 gallons.

Aggregate official value of imports from all parts,

In 1801, £4,621,000.                      In 1825, £8,596,000.

Aggregate official value of exports to all parts.

In 1801, £4,064,000.                      In 1825, £9,243,000.

Aggregate value of produce or manufactures of the United Kingdom, as distinguished from Foreign or Colonial merchandise, exported from Ireland:—In 1801, £3,778,000. In 1825, £9,102,000.

In comparing the consumption of tea, coffee, and sugar, before and  
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After the Union, we shall take the six years from 1792 to 1797, inclusive, and six years from 1822 to 1827. We do not include the last three years preceding the Union, because in those years trade was paralyzed, and the production and consumption of the country checked, by the prevalence of rebellion and alarm; it would not be fair, therefore, to calculate those years in striking the average: the years from 1822 to 1827 are chosen, as being at the same relative distance from 1830, as the other six are from 1800.

## Tea entered for home consumption in Ireland.

In 1792 .	1,844,000 lbs.	In 1822 .	3,816,000 lbs.
1793 .	2,148,000 "	1823 .	3,367,000 "
1794 .	2,041,000 "	1824 .	3,387,000 "
1795 .	2,970,000 "	1825 .	3,889,000 "
1796 .	2,326,000 "	1826 .	3,807,000 "
1797 .	2,492,000 "	1827 .	3,888,000 "

It is important to keep in mind, that during the first of these two periods, the duty on black tea was only  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb., and on green tea  $6\frac{1}{2}$ d., while in the second, it was cent. per cent. Hence, the increased consumption is indicative of much more than a *proportionate* increase of wealth.

## Coffee entered for home consumption in Ireland.

In 1792 .	40,000 lbs.	In 1822 .	265,000 lbs.
1793 .	52,000 "	1823 .	245,000 "
1794 .	100,000 "	1824 .	269,000 "
1795 .	91,000 "	1825 .	316,000 "
1796 .	61,000 "	1826 .	475,000 "
1797 .	132,000 "	1827 .	585,000 "

## Sugar entered for home consumption in Ireland.

In 1792 .	161,000 cwts.	In 1822 .	370,000 cwts.
1793 .	196,000 "	1823 .	386,000 "
1794 .	209,000 "	1824 .	410,000 "
1795 .	227,000 "	1825 .	423,000 "
1796 .	182,000 "	1826 .	318,000 "
1797 .	231,000 "	1827 .	319,000 "

In the former years the duty was 16s. 8d. per cwt., in the latter 12 7s. In tobacco there certainly appears upon the face of the account a falling off; thus, in the years of 98 and 99, the quantity entered for home consumption is 4,894,000 and 5,876,000 lbs., while in 28 and 29 it is only 4,013,000 and 4,124,000 lbs.; but in the former case the duty was 5d. per lb. in the latter three shillings. Hence, a large proportion of the consumption is now notoriously smuggled, because *ad valorem* duty of 300 per cent. offers a temptation so exceedingly great; and, besides this, the home growth of tobacco in latter years is very considerable, and as yet pays no duty, and therefore does not appear in the account. In wine also, there is no increase, but the same argument of increased duty holds in this, and likewise the very improved habits of society are to be taken into account. The race of guzzling fox-hunters, who rode all day, and drank all night, has passed away from Ireland, never, we trust, to return.

We account these rows of plain figures worth a thousand tropes of rhetoric in a practical question of this kind, and to them we appeal triumphantly to stop the outcry against the diminished trade, and demand for labour in Ireland. But the Anti-Unionist will probably demand, "What has the consumption of tea and coffee, and sugar, to do with the labour or the comforts of the poor man? These are luxuries reserved for the fine linen and silver-spoon class of society." To this objection we have two answers; first, to prove the increased demand for labour, we appeal not to the coffee and sugar, but to the increased importation into Ireland of raw material for manufacture, to the cotton yarn, the cotton wool, the flax-seed, the unwrought iron, and the coals, while we point to the increased exportation of manufactured cotton goods, linen, and flax. Secondly, we would observe that the vast increase in the consumption of luxuries completely overthrows one general argument of the Anti-Unionist: "The rich," say they, "are all become Absentees in consequence of the Union; the middling classes are reduced to poverty for want of the circulation of money, which would be caused by the residence of the rich, and the poor have no longer any employment, but are left to beg, or to perish of want." Now, this much is certain, that the millions of pounds of tea, and the thousands of hundred weights of sugar, must be consumed by one of the three classes, the rich, the middling, or the poor; it amounts, therefore, to a demonstration, that either the rich are more numerous in Ireland than they used to be, or the middling classes more luxurious, or the poor more comfortable. We look upon Absenteeism as a grievous national curse to Ireland; grievous in an economic, a political, and still more, in a moral point of view; but it is not by ridiculous exaggeration of the facts, or by kindling feelings of unwholesome and unnatural asperity, that we shall promote any good end. Absenteeism did not come in with the Union; it was an evil bitterly complained of as far back as the reign of Henry the Eighth, and during the whole of the eighteenth century. In 1773 it had reached to such a height, that a bill was earnestly pressed upon the Irish House of Commons to tax the rental of every Absentee's estate two shillings in the pound. The nature of the various seizures and settlements of vast tracts of land in Ireland by the Crown, necessarily entailed this evil of absentee proprietors upon the country. Immense estates are owned by noblemen and gentlemen of England and Scotland, born and educated in those countries, and possessing property there, who cannot in the nature of things be expected to reside in Ireland. Large tracts of land in Ireland belong to public companies in England also, and these are necessarily managed by agents only; but of the native nobility or gentry, who were habitually resident when the Act of Union passed, we know of very few who have since deserted their country. The outcry about forsaken and dismantled mansions, scattered everywhere over the island, has very little foundation in reality. On the contrary, we could enumerate, *currente calamo*, no inconsiderable number of stately structures recently finished, or now in progress, in that very district of the South, about which the cry of desertion is loudest. Lord Kingston's magnificent castle at Mitchelstown, would far eclipse the baronial splendour of the proud Earl of Desmond from whom he boasts to be descended. Lord Lismore's palace at Shanbally is equally snperb, and only less extensive.—Mount Shannon, the

residence of Lord Clare; Lough-Cooter, of Lord Gort; Thomastown the seat of Lord Landaff; Dromoland, of Sir Edward O'Brien; and Ballyfin, of Sir Charles Coote, are all recent erections of the very first class of country seats. We should like to know what part of England the Anti-Unionists would point to, for a greater show of new country mansions of the highest order.

Moreover, there is at present an evident tendency to diminish the extent of absentee estates in Ireland, by sales to resident proprietors. Thus Lord Conrtenay's property in Limerick, upon which such frightful misery was caused in 1822, by the unrelenting severity of an English agent, whose cruelty met with such a fearful retribution in the murder of his unoffending child, has since been set to sale, and purchased wholly, we believe, by resident gentry of the county.

It is true that if a Parliament annually met in Dublin more money would be spent among the shopkeepers of that metropolis, and a somewhat increased consumption even of agricultural produce would there take place; but what is this to the market furnished by an unrestricted intercourse with England? In 1829 the exports from the single port of Waterford, amounted in value to 2,137,000*l.* a sum seven times greater than the annual amount of the exports of all Ireland to Great Britain a century before. No general account of the trade between the two countries can be rendered subsequently to 1825, because, as has been observed, the commercial intercourse between them has since that year been assimilated to a coasting trade, but there can be no shadow of doubt that the progressive increase during the last five years has been very great. The foreign trade of Ireland has continued progressive, and the general tonnage has vastly increased. With respect to internal commerce, we observe that the tonnage on the Grand Canal, notwithstanding the improved modes of land conveyance, was greater by fifty-seven thousand tons in 1829 than in 1822, and the tonnage on the river Barron had increased by a third of the whole quantity in the same period, while the tonnage on the middle Shannon has within three years increased sevenfold.

Do we mean by all this to induce a disbelief in the existence of very great distress, privation and even misery in Ireland? Very far from it; we know and deeply lament the utter destitution of a large mass of our fellow-beings there, but we seek to assign the true cause and the true remedy of this distress, instead of listening to wild fantasies calculated only to add disturbance and confusion to want and suffering. Ireland is justly represented by the official report of the Committee on the State of the Irish Poor in 1830, as being still in a state of transition from one system of internal and domestic polity to another, and such transitions, however salutary and ultimately beneficial, are always found to entail much present misery upon those who are the subjects of the change. The fall in the price of agricultural produce, necessarily consequent upon peace, produced an important alteration in the mode of managing lands in Ireland. Neither middle men nor occupying tenants could any longer afford the rents that they had covenanted to pay. Proprietors began to see the folly of permitting their lands to be crowded with an over-population, which readily promised any rent they chose to ask, but which must presently eat up the whole produce of the ground and pay nothing. The plan of consolidating



farms was in consequence generally adopted, the middleman's interest was annihilated, and the proprietor brought more immediately into contact with the occupying tenant. It is in evidence, that this has already led to better husbandry, to farm buildings and more comfortable habitations, to the gradual improvement of the quality of the soil and the quantity of its produce, to the greater certainty and better quality of the potato crop. But there is another side of the picture.

The extent of suffering that has been and is still endured in effecting this change is fearful; the condition of the tenantry ejected or dispossessed by its operation, which has doubtless been facilitated and accelerated by the provisions of the Sub-letting Act, and the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, is, in many instances, truly deplorable, and it becomes the bounden duty both of the legislature and of the individuals from whose estates these wretched beings have been in too many instances thrust out to starve and die of hunger and disease, to interpose some effectual means to alleviate the pangs of their extreme distress. The change was unavoidable; a repeal of the Union could no more have averted it than it could increase the demand for Irish commodities in the British market; delay would only have aggravated the necessary evil it postponed; but still it behoves the legislature, and the gentlemen possessed of property in Ireland, collectively and individually, to use every means within their power to soften and diminish the present distress. What, then, is at the present moment the grand desideratum in Ireland? Plainly, a general demand for profitable labour. Labourers unfed for want of employment, and land unproductive for want of labour, still constitute the anomaly that marks the condition of the peasantry in every quarter of the island where distress prevails; and the cause of this anomaly is, that fixed capital, the connecting link that should employ the labourer on the land, is wanting. Whence, then, is this capital to come, in the first instance, but from England? and why has it not come already, but because a system of irritating agitation is kept up throughout that country, by ill-advised or ill-designing men, which utterly destroys all confidence on the part of those English capitalists who could and would vest their money and exert their industry in Ireland, and promote its permanent prosperity and peace, but for those menaces and agitations which necessarily produce a feeling of insecurity and hesitation? Like the good Lord Falkland, we ask only for peace—peace; but the agitators will give us no peace. They care not for the sure and silent operation of natural causes, or the improved spirit of social life, in Ireland; they want a turbulent arena on which to play their fantastic tricks, captivated with the senseless applause

“Of stupid stares and of loud huzzas,”

while they would grieve the judicious, and make the councils of a great nation only not ridiculous, because their folly would be so awfully pregnant with evil. The former Irish House of Commons was bad enough, God knows! but when to the natural corruption of a colonial legislature, and the unthinking impetuosity of the Irish character, were joined the pertinacity and influence of bold and turbulent men, who would indubitably force themselves to a bad and baneful eminence in such an assembly, the mingled mass would present a spectacle unpa-

ralled in civilized society of the nineteenth century, and which it is so painful to contemplate, even in thought. Neither have we any desire to see the days of the Rutlands and the Westmorlands reatored in the Irish court. The tone of morals and manners, when men wasted their substance in riotous living, and women exercised all the fascinations of rank, and wit, and personal attraction, in the seductive intrigues of a brilliant but licentious *coterie*, is well-exchanged for the higher and more sober spirit which the intimate communion of English and Irish society in the upper classes has not failed to introduce. In fact, the benefits of increased intercourse, the happy amalgamation of English steadiness and caution, with Irish quickness and talent, has pervaded all classes, and is spreading more rapidly every hour. The Irish dealer can now leave Dublin at five o'clock in the evening, land at Liverpool before seven next morning, proceed to Manchester by the railway carriages to breakfast, transact his business, and return to Liverpool in the afternoon, leave by the Steamer at five, and rejoin his family in Dublin early on the following morning, being absent from his business only a single day, and all this at an expense, if he travel as a gentleman, which Irish dealers generally like to do, of fifty shillings; or if as a pig-jobber, at a fourth part of that sum. These facilities of intercourse, extending to the very lowest class of agricultural labourers, who crowd across to reap the harvest in England, and return in time to save their own at home, produce a powerful moral, as well as economic influence upon the state of society in Ireland. Even the city of Dublin, so often appealed to by the advocates of a repeal of the Union, and by them uniformly represented in the attitude of extreme decay, has in reality improved since the Union almost as much as the trade and manufactures of Ireland. Who that remembers the neighbourhood of the college and the House of Parliament, the mass of dingy abominable buildings intersected by muddy cut-throat alleys leading towards that filthy ferry over the Liffey, to which passengers were forced to descend through fetid mud and all the nauseous smells of the pestilent coal quay, but must rejoice in spirit as he gazes now from College Green upon the open stately extent of Westmorland-street, Carlisle bridge, and Sackville-street, with those noble lines of quays stretching away on either side till the sight is dazzled in the distance? The same spirit of improvement is everywhere evinced; the neighbourhood of Christ-church Cathedral is cleared of the dingy mass of narrow lanes and rows that surrounded it; the streets of the Liberty have been widened and improved; new lines of handsome streets, especially on the south side, have everywhere extended, and new handsome squares been formed, furnishing crowds of comfortable and even luxurious houses for the middle classes, though it is true that the residences of the nobility are for the most part changed into public offices, or academies or shops. That great dulness of trade and extreme distress among the poor do occasionally exist in Dublin we are well aware, but we also know that this is no new complaint that came in with the Union. It is matter of local history, that in 1793 the streets of the metropolis were crowded with starving weavers, and so great was the commercial distress that the House of Commons had to vote a sum of two hundred thousand pounds to be employed in loans and other means of restoring commercial credit. It is also recorded that in the administration of Lord

Hardwicke, the first Lord Lieutenant after the Union, the rents of houses in Dublin increased fully a third. Mr. Blake gives it in evidence that as long as he has known any thing of Ireland he has heard of distress from time to time in the Liberties of Dublin, and that no considerable length of time ever elapses without distress, keen and cutting distress, existing there.

But the nobility and gentry of Ireland have, we rejoice to see, themselves arisen in communion to check the progress and resist the agitation of this frantic and pernicious Anti-Union question. We have thought it a duty due to our readers, to put forward a plain practical proof, that the arguments of its abettors are based upon unfounded statements and distorted facts. We have done so in no unkindly or discontented feeling towards Ireland or its inhabitants. Most cordially do we wish them wealth, peace, and happiness; but it is for that very reason that we earnestly desire to put them on their guard against those who would ignorantly or selfishly mislead and betray them. We would gladly proceed to an examination of the remedial measures which seem really advisable for the amelioration of the present condition of the Irish people; but the length of discussion into which we have been led already, precludes us from proceeding with this inquiry at present.

WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

WEEP not for him that dieth—

For he sleeps, and is at rest;  
And the couch whereon he lieth  
Is the green earth's quiet breast:  
But weep for him who pineth  
On a fair land's hateful shore,  
Who wearily declineth  
Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth,  
For friends are round his bed,  
And many a young lip sigheth  
When they name the early dead;  
But weep for him that liveth  
Where none will know or care,  
When the groan his faint heart giveth  
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,  
For his struggling soul is free,  
And the world from which it flieth  
Is a world of misery;  
But weep for him that weareth  
The captive's galling chain:  
To the agony he beareth,  
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,  
For he hath ceased from tears,  
And a voice to his replieth  
Which he hath not heard for years;  
But weep for him who weepeth  
On that cold land's cruel shore—  
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth,—  
Weep for the dead no more!

N.

## A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

——— We receive but what we give,  
 And in our Life alone does Nature live :  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !  
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth  
 Than that inanimate cold world, allow'd  
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd ;  
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
     Enveloping the Earth—  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

GREEN spot of holy ground !  
 If thou couldst yet be found,  
 Far in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers ;  
 If not one sullying breath,  
 Of Time, or change, or Death,  
 Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy bowers ;  
     Might our tired Pilgrim-feet,  
     Worn by the Desert's heat,  
 On the bright freshness of thy turf repose ;  
     Might our eyes wander there  
     Through Heaven's transparent air,  
 And rest on colours of th' immortal Rose :  
     Say, would thy balmy skies  
     And fountain-melodies  
 Our heritage of lost delight restore ?  
     Could thy soft honey-dews  
     Through all our veins diffuse  
 The early, child-like, trustful sleep once more ?  
     And might we, in the shade  
     By thy tall Cedars made,  
 With angel-voices high communion hold ?  
     Would their sweet solemn tone  
     Give back the music gone,  
 Our Being's harmony, so jarr'd of old ?  
     Vain thoughts !—thy sunny hours  
     Might come with blossom-showers,  
 All thy young leaves to spirit-lyres might thrill ;  
     But see—should we not bring  
     Into thy realms of spring,  
 The shadows of our souls to haunt us still ?  
     What could thy flowers and airs  
     Do for our earth-born cares ?  
 Would the world's chain melt off and leave us free ?  
     No !—past each living stream  
     Still would some fever-dream  
 Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more for thee !  
     Should we not shrink with fear,  
     If Angel-steps were near,  
 Feeling our burden'd souls within us die ?  
     How might our passions brook  
     The still and searching look,  
 The star-like glance of Seraph parity ?  
     Thy golden-fruited grove  
     Was not for pining Love ;  
 Vain Sadness would but dim thy crystal skies !  
     —Oh !—*Thou wert but a part*  
     Of what Man's exiled heart  
 Hath lost—the dower of *inborn Paradise* !

F. II.

## SPEAKERS AND SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT, NO. I.

*November 2nd.*—THE KING'S SPEECH.—Though it is right, and conformable with the genius of our limited monarchy, that the Sovereign should not himself compose the "King's speech," it is most desirable that he should always deliver it in person;—as the manner of delivery furnishes materials, so far as they go, curiously illustrative of individual character;—much more so, indeed, as it strikes me, than those deliberate actions which we class under the head of general conduct.

I twice heard his late Majesty "speak the speech;" and thought I saw in his measured, and most elaborate, and very imposing cadences, and in the even John Kemble-coldness of his voice and manner, the artificial character of a man who held few flesh and blood sympathies in common with his people, and who, absorbed in self-importance and self-gratification, had no other ambition than to be rated the "first gentleman in Europe." How different all this from the cordial, unstilted, unstudied delivery of King William IV. ! so free from the *noſi me tangere* fastidiousness of his late brother, and with much of the dignified homeliness of manner which made George III. generally revered. It was truly refreshing to witness the unforced naturalness of the King's delivery, displaying as it did, in its very stage defects, (a jerking harshness of voice, and an irregular vehemence of intonation,) the frank and fire-side warmth of his feelings. In common, I take it, with every man whose head and heart are in the right place, who heard the speech, I felt on reflection much dissatisfied with its contents; but, during its delivery, was lost in admiration by a few touches of nature that made their way, on an occasion one seldom expects to meet them, in their native strength and beauty. Two passages in particular were pronounced by his Majesty with a simple pathos that brought tears to the eyes of most of the fair and titled auditory who usually grace the side-benches of the House of Lords when the King opens Parliament in person. The effect of the first I shall quote was evidently heightened by the circumstance that the Princess Victoria, the heiress presumptive, was close to the King, and had been a few minutes before engaged in playful conversation with him. It relates to the Regency, and is thus worded:—"I am impelled, by the deep solicitude which I feel for the welfare of my people, to recommend to your immediate consideration the provision which it may be advisable to make for the exercise of the Royal authority, in case that it should please Almighty God to *terminate my life before my successor* shall have arrived at years of maturity." The other is the concluding paragraph of the speech: "It is the great object of my life to preserve these *blessings* to my people, and to transmit them unimpaired to posterity; and I am animated to the discharge of the sacred *duty* which is committed to me by the *firmest reliance* on the wisdom of Parliament, and on the *cordial support* of my faithful and loyal subjects." The words in italics were pronounced with peculiar emphasis.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—In the most common-place, jog-trot times, the first night of the session, in the Commons, is to me always highly exciting; no wonder, therefore, that I should have hurried from the House of Lords, as soon as the King had delivered his speech, with a something of breathless interest, to secure a good seat for seeing and hearing the first scene of the very stirring drama we are now entering upon. I have a strong personal affection for the chamber itself, which I never could acquire for that in which their Lordships hold their meetings: it is so warm and cosy, and there is so much chaste simplicity in its furniture and appearance, such a total absence of theatrical display in the mode of transacting business, and such a dignified freedom from assumption and pomposity in the deportment of its members. Besides, there is the charm derived from its being associated with our earliest and most thrilling historical recollections, from the champions of English liberty of old, down to Burke and Pitt, and Fox and Sheridan, and Canning and Tierney, and last, and, in his own sphere, not least, Wm. Huskisson. There are moral associations too of still more interest to him who views history, not as an old almanack, to quote Mr. Plunkett's happy sneer at Lord Eldon's regard for precedents, but

as "philosophy teaching by examples." Although the Commons did not hold their meetings in the present chamber till the time of Edward VI.—(it did not exist as a separate branch of the legislature till the reign of Edward III.)\*—I will, to prevent the reader's attention being unnecessarily interrupted, speak of it as being coexistent with their institution by Simon de Montfort, the celebrated Earl of Leicester. First then, it may not be unworthy of notice, that the chamber in which sit (at least are supposed to sit) the representatives of the people, was built by an usurping King—Stephen—whose election to the throne was owing to the support of the democratic inhabitants of the larger towns and cities, particularly London and Winchester, as a chapel which he dedicated to his namesake, the first Christian martyr to,—without profanity be it said,—the liberty of speech: hence the well known designation of St. Stephen's Chapel. And next it may be borne in mind that the first existence of the English House of Commons was owing to a rebel nobleman's anxiety to gain the lower orders as allies in his contest with the nobility. No doubt to people so boastful and nationally vain as we are, these facts at first blush are rather mortifying: hence the waste and perversion of learning and ingenuity to trace the great safeguard of our liberties, the representation of the people in Parliament, by persons chosen from among and by themselves, to a Saxon origin, or to institutions prevalent among the tribes which overran the Roman Empire. But a calm and impartial investigation of facts, leads to the conclusion that the first summoning to the Council of the Nation,—previously composed solely of the Barons and other Military Tenants of the Crown, according to the genius of the Feudal System,—of Knights of the Shire and Members for cities and boroughs, was the desperate innovation of a politic adventurer, who died unconscious of the unperishable name which he has acquired as the "blind instrument of disclosing to the world the great principle of popular representation." The inferences from these facts, though just now of all importance, are yet so obvious that I need not give expression to them.

The House was unusually full, and, as a consequence, the scene was unusually animating; everybody seemed to be in that most delightful state of existence while it lasts,—the tiptoe of anxiety. On looking towards the benches on either side of the table it was, however, saddening to behold the intellectual dearth which they exhibited, as compared with the parliaments of the last thirty years;—even with that so recently dissolved—when we had still left us Mr. Canning with his eloquence, matchless in its way for a rare union of elegance, wit, force, fancy, and vehemence of feeling, and his fine classic head—his brilliant eye—quivering dilated nostril—mouth curling with playful sarcasm, and above all, his musical voice and—"grace beyond the reach of art"—delivery. Beside him was then to be seen the massive forehead and marked Cromwellian features of Mr. Huskisson; while the leader of "His Majesty's Opposition" was quickly discernible in the keen and highly intellectual countenance of the indescribable Mr. Tierney.

How comes it that Ministers make it a point to almost always select none but nincompoops for movers and seconders? As it is, however, Lord Grimston's and, I believe, Captain Dundas's first appearance in public, I will now merely

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\* The reader will find much interesting information concerning the early architectural history of the House of Commons in Smith's Antiquities of Westminster, Pennant, and old Stow. The change of manners and habits since the comparatively modern times of Strafford may be seen from the following curious passage from Provost Baillie's letter. "The Commons, who had an inclosed place for themselves, (in Westminster Hall,—he is describing the trial of Strafford), at a certain hour pulled out of their pockets bread and cheese and bottles of ale; and after they had eat and drank, turned their backs from the King and \* \* \* in actum micturitionis, much to the annoyance of those who happened to be below." The ladies we know attended in great numbers at the trial, being devoted admirers of the celebrated culprit. Still later we find Lord Clarendon complaining that the House sat so late as four in the afternoon. They usually met then at nine in the morning.

observe,—that the former's snuffing whine would make the fortune of a bankrupt Muggletonian; while the gallant seconder seems to be a very jovial fellow, but is not as yet—all out—a modern Cicero.

**LORD ALTHORPE.**—The extraordinary influence, I mean, strictly personal influence, which this nobleman exercises in the House of Commons, has always appeared to me a moral phenomenon, which the opponents of reform might triumphantly appeal to as a proof that the present system of representation, with all its defects, "works well." Here is a man, whose "externalities" are the reverse of imposing, of by no means overwhelming fortune, inferior as a speaker even to Mr. Goulbourn, not only in the choice and arrangement but in the very enunciation (he speaks as if his throat were lined with flannel) of his words; who, by the force of good sense, good-nature, and good manners alone, without the shadow of effort, without even appearing to seek it, rivets the attention of the House to his homeliest remark, and commands the votes of nearly two hundred of its most independent and enlightened members! This fact, I cannot help repeating, appears to me worth a thousand of the sophistries which are usually vented against reform; or rather, perhaps, they strikingly illustrate the progress which the influence of public opinion has been making of late years, in showing that common sense and integrity of purpose are sure to ultimately prevail where the most commanding eloquence and extensive information, without the same moral uprightness, would most inevitably have failed. The moment Lord Althorpe rose, the House became all ear, and the "boldest held his breath" till he sat down;—a mark of respect in my mind far higher than a thousand "loud cheers!" and "hear, hears!" To be sure, there is more than ordinary importance just now attached to his observations, as it is understood that a regular plan of opposition to the Duke's government had been organised at his residence for at least a week. His declaration of want of confidence in Ministers is, I take it, somewhat ominous of their fate—couched as it was in his usual plain above-board, yet urbane phraseology, and without the slightest pert defiance or wily circumvention of manner. Indeed, this union of moderation, free from languor, with firmness unalloyed by arrogance, is a chief cause of Lord Althorpe's influence. You see at once that he means what he says, and from his serious but unpompos tone, that he puts himself forward solely from a sense of public duty, and not that people might talk of him as he figured in the newspapers. His words, with reference to the present administration, are well worth noting, because, as I before observed, they appear to be ominous of the fate of Ministers. It was "hear" "hear" by almost every member on the very crowded Opposition benches.

"I am, Sir, no alarmist," said his Lordship, "but I feel that the country is at this moment in a most critical situation, requiring great skill and firmness and knowledge on the part of those to whose management it is just now entrusted. And because I do feel this, I also feel myself bound to declare, that His Majesty's present Ministers do not, in my mind, possess that skill and firmness and knowledge, and are therefore not fit and equal to the task of guiding us through our difficulties. In declaring this, however, frankly and fairly, I think it right to say, that let them propose such measures as I can conscientiously approve of, and they shall have my vote, and, I believe I may add, of those who usually vote with me, (assenting cries of "hear"), regardless of the quarter emanating them. At the same time I also declare that, feeling as I do towards them, I should be strongly disposed to support any measure likely to dispossess them of their places."

Lord Althorpe was followed in the debate by

**THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD**—the Lord Winchelsea of the House of Commons. Like the noble hero of Pennenden Heath, Lord Blandford possesses a fine, manly, obstinate, Lord George Gordon bearing; and like the same doctory champion of the Protestant cause, has turned reformer because he thinks, forsooth, that if every man in England had had a vote at the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill the "book of numbers" would have told against that measure of long delayed justice. And no doubt they are both, for the nonce, right in their notion—furnishing, as they do, striking personal examples that ignorance and fanaticism,

with their amiable progeny, are not, in this free and enlightened country, the exclusive monopoly of the veriest vulgar. His Lordship concluded a very amusing tirade about the "Pope" and "Jesuits" "breaking in upon the constitution," the "crimes of the last most iniquitous parliament," "borough-mongers," and "corrupt majorities," with an amendment, which from its manner and matter came evidently from the pen of his friend Mr. Hunt. The descendant of Marlborough must have felt highly flattered by the manner in which both his speech and amendment were received by the House—namely, with reiterated bursts of laughter!

Mr. O'CONNEL stood godfather to the Papist-loving Marquis's amendment<sup>1817</sup> both reformers since the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill; the one, because that act of wisdom has removed all his former pretexts for mob notoriety; the other, because he considers it the "death blow of our Protestant Constitution!" And thus extremes meet;—not the less readily that they both set out, back to back, from the same starting-place; vanity, presumption, gross ignorance, and an insatiable craving after mob shouts and hurrahs. I will take advantage of a future occasion to depict the peculiar features of this gentleman's public character; at present I will merely observe, that no man with a grain and a half of common sense could expect that Mr. O'Connell would play even a tenth fiddle in the House of Commons, merely because he has been a successful agitator among the peasantry of Ireland. The man who has painted nothing save Saracens's head sign-boards for the highway gaze, cannot well adapt himself to miniature landscapes; no more than he whose influence has been owing to exaggerated vapid appeals to the passions and prejudices and very ignorance of a populace can be expected to raise himself suddenly above these affections, and exercise an intellectual influence on an assembly accustomed to a less coarse and less stimulating aliment.

MR. LONG WELLESLEY.—I must hear this gentleman again before I offer a decided opinion on his merits. His speech was too set, too studied with common-place, and, though cleverish, had too little of that eccentricity and point which I was prepared for as characteristic of the individual, for me to now speak either affirmatively or negatively of his pretensions. As he has the Wellesley voice and features, so his delivery partakes of the vehemence remarkable in the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis Wellesley, when eager to express an opinion. It struck me too, that the family likeness extended to the arrogance, and self-conceit of manner, occasionally indulged in by both these noble individuals.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE was the next speaker, and, as usual, a most amusing and laughter-creating, and by no means ineffective one. No matter what may be the subject or the occasion, the gallant Admiral must, to use his own words, "give the long-winded speakers a bit of his yarn;" and, be it a joke, or abuse, or eulogy, out it comes, red hot, just as it suggests itself at the moment of speaking; regardless whether it be ill-timed or apposite, whether it hits or misses, or offends or pleases; but always wrapped up in a jovial, frank, sailor-like good humour, which converts into pleasantry, what from another would be, at the least, impertinent. As a consequence of this free expression of his opinions and fancies, Sir Joseph is ever amusing and often very pointed; as every man must be who pursues the same course. His satisfaction at Mr. L. Wellesley's *practical* knowledge of finance, and that one so experienced in the expenditure of money, was likely to soon enlighten the House on the subject of retrenchment, excited only laughter, though it bordered on personal sarcasm. His condoling apprehensions for the Speaker's lungs from his having been obliged to "read the tough and long yarn which had been spun out, bless the mark! as an amendment," was also babbly humorous. Sir Joseph was followed by a very different sort of speaker:—namely,

MR. HUME.—If ever there was a man whose external appearance squared in the minutest particular with my preconceived notion of his features and person, it was he, whom I am glad to notice as the Honourable Member for Middlesex. I had figured to myself a robust iron-figure, capable of any fatigue, with broad



massive Scotch features, in whose expression one might discern a not unusual mixture of Poor 'Richard' scrutiny and the most indomitable perseverance; and I found my conception realised in Mr. Hume. If Lord Althorpe is individually the most influential Member of the House of Commons, Mr. Hume is certainly the most useful; and this is perhaps the best description I can give of him; in truth, it is not easy to convey a notion, to one who has never seen nor heard him, of the Honourable Member for Middlesex's peculiarities. It is little to say that he is a moral study, whose illustration derives no aid from what we know of other men; for Mr. Hume is not only without a parallel in (at least) modern Parliamentary history, but should seem to be made up of other men's contraries. The majority of mankind love ease, and seek as many short cuts to any end they may have in view as are compatible with its attainment. To Mr. Hume, on the contrary, labour would seem desirable for its own sake alone, and, as in the chase, the game to be run down is of no value save as it gives a motive and employment for labour. Again, to most people success is the stimulus to farther exertion, as the want of it generally tends to languor and indifference. Not so with the Member for Middlesex: an object loses its charm, in his eyes, so soon as it comes within his grasp, and his energies become more and more braced as failure and disappointment follow their exercise. The consequence of this extraordinary perseverance has been much more influential upon the public mind than is at all apparent to a superficial observer. Not all his sagacity and love of arrangement, nor all his practice, have made Mr. Hume even a fair debater (as to oratory, he not only aims not at it, but openly despises it as an art of putting a good face on a bad matter); and yet in a Committee of Supply he speaks more to the purpose than any Member in the House; and the Minister who would boldly palm an additional item on Sir H. Paruell, or Sir J. Graham, or Mr. Maberly, or any other financier now in Parliament, shrinks from the slate and pencil scrutiny of Mr. Hume. But it is not in this way only that Mr. Hume has effected a most beneficial change in the expenditure of the public money. He is now I believe about fourteen years a Member of the House of Commons; and from the day he entered it to the present, not less than fifteen out of the twenty-four hours have been devoted by him to public business. Before his time, attention to details was considered as beneath the dignity of the representatives of the people; once or twice in the Session, to be sure, Mr. Tierney used to exercise his talents, and his wit, and his marvellous acuteness, at the expense of the Minister for the time being;—but there the matter ended,—as Dr. Johnson says, 'nothing came of it.' A very different course was pursued by the then Member for Aberdeen. Instead of dealing in massy generalities, or laying down abstract principles of finance, he attacked each item of each estimate one by one, and by the simple aid of the simple rules of Cocker's Arithmetic, showed that five and four were not eight or ten, but nine; and that if we could buy for eleven pence farthing what we were paying oneshilling for, we should have an additional three farthings in the shilling to employ either in the payment of our debts or in other ways advantageous to individual and public interest. For a time a deaf ear was turned to what was termed the interminable borings of the Honourable Member for Aberdeen; but he, nothing daunted, reiterated his statements the more; and the result is a crop of fellow-labourers in the vineyard of retrenchment, of whom Sir Henry Parnell and Sir J. Graham are the best informed; as the further fruits evidently will be a remodelling of the entire system of our national expenditure. But lest, in bearing testimony to the well-directed exertions of the Honourable Member for Middlesex, I should appear blind to what I conceive to be the defects of his character, I will endeavour to point them out as impartially as his good offices.

Mr. Hume has nothing of the grand or the imaginative in his composition, and is consequently wanting in those higher intellectual and moral faculties which dignify human nature; so that his views and opinions, even where the general tendency is unexceptionable, are invariably narrow, and persisted in with the mulish obstinacy of one who thinks the most trifling concession to an adver-

sary equivalent to a defeat. Hence it is that he has no system of ethics but that contained in Cocker—has no measure of policy and justice but that of the Rule of Three: hence, too, his unconquerable reluctance to incur a temporary sacrifice of income for a remote national good: and hence, the broad field of nature, the great community of nations, the great moving diorama of history, appears to his contracted vision but one large buckster's shop, with its day-book and its ledger, and its "tittle of the whole" account of profit and loss.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—It requires no miraculous gift of prophecy to foretell that Sir Robert Peel will not, at least with his present colleagues, continue much longer to lead the House of Commons; and it requires as little effort of candour to admit that, take him altogether, he is the most satisfactory business speaker in that House, as well as the best Home-Secretary the country has had for a long series of years. His merits, indeed, on this score I take to be so unquestionable that even the perverse obstinacy of party affects not wholly to deny them. The truth is, that had it been the Honourable Baronet's good fortune to continue in a secondary station, and not been forced, by circumstances, into a leadership, his influence would now be first-rate on both sides of the House, and he would be universally looked up to as, take him all in all, the best made-up and most satisfactory seven-day-in-the-week debater in Parliament. As it is, every man must admit that he approaches the character of a first-rate statesman, if not of an orator:—in a word, as one eminently *capax imperii, nisi imperasset*. It is not just now my cue to touch upon his official conduct, nor upon the calumnies with which he has been assailed for the most unquestionable proof he has given, or perhaps could give, of more than ordinary breadth and height of mind, his zealous advocacy of the Catholic relief bill: these at a proper time: but to make the defects of his style of speaking the occasion of a remark on their true origin, the vicious, positively vicious mode of teaching boys to elocutionise. But before I point out these defects, I must say a word on his more than counterbalancing excellence as a debater.

The distinguishing characteristics of Sir Robert Peel's speeches is their perspicuity, their conciliatingness (if there be such a word), and their freedom from all common-place, flimsy, rhetorical decoration. Hence their general satisfactoriness; and hence their success in insinuating themselves through the understanding to those feelings which usually determine the will of the auditor. No matter with what party violence he may be assailed by the Honourable Members "opposite," the Right Honourable Secretary never for a moment forgets the conduct and unruffled demeanour of a high-motived and independent gentleman; and never loses that sobriety and self-possession which enable him to adapt his matter to the temper of his opponents, and *persuade* their good-nature into calmness, if not convince them of the erroneousness of their assertions or arguments. Another great merit of Sir Robert Peel's addresses is, that he is always well made up on his subject, and never attempts to grasp more matter than either himself or his auditory can conveniently handle: a proof of great discretion which only the skill of experience could have taught him; and which, aided by his plain, manly, copious, un languid English, will prevent his speeches from ever being wholly ineffective.

It has been usual to consider the defects of Sir R. Peel's style of debating as consequent upon an impotent ambition to excel as an oratorical statesman. But there is nothing in either the choice or arrangement of his subject, still less in the structure of his sentences, to warrant such an opinion. Neither is it so much owing to the want of the variety, and invention, and rapidity, and enthusiasm of genius, as to a bad method of elocution and gesture that our feelings are seldom roused by the Right Honourable Baronet. Sir Robert Peel's delivery is defective, simply because it is that which he (and unfortunately too many other youths) was *taught* at school; and which being in the teeth of nature and common sense, offend both by the constant appearance of artificialness. In the first place boys are taught to spout what they cannot understand, and could not feel an interest in even if they did;—are taught to employ this tone for this passage and that tone for another,—without a reason why or

wherefore,—and this motion of the hand and arm, and that motion, and this modulation and that modulation; in a word, to have all their attention fixed on the delivery and none on the sense, or on the propriety of those teachings,—as if gesture and intonation, when effective—that is natural—were not the unavoidable results of feeling and understanding the matter at issue, and therefore need only be left to take care of themselves. But more of this anon.

MR. BROUGHAM.—What I have just remarked concerning the disadvantages consequent upon the appearance of attending too much to self, and the manner in elocution, may be strikingly illustrated by the opposite advantages of seeming to be wholly unconscious of both, as is seen in Mr. Brougham's matchless delivery, and indeed constitutes the great charm of his eloquence. It may startle the blind admirers of this doubtless extraordinary man to be informed, that no man ever won such a splendid reputation with so few of the higher elements of an orator. He has neither invention nor imagination, nor even rhetorical fancy, and has not said or written a single expression indicative of depth of thought or intimate acquaintance with general principles; and yet he is without a living rival as a debater, and wields the influence of great mental power beyond any—with a long interest—man in either House of Parliament. Whence then this influence, this admission of extraordinary mental power? Is it in the novelty of his thoughts, or the variety and happiness of his illustrations, or the epigrammatic force of his expressions? No: there is nothing new nor profound in his matter; there is no imagery, no fanciful illustration, and he is copious and rather verbose in his language. But—and here is the grand secret of his spell over the minds of his auditors—he invests truths and facts already known with a clearness and urbanity and vividness which rivets the attention still more than novelty, and he rouses and commands their wills to action by forcing through opposition by the mere force of his own uncontrollable ardour of disposition. While another man would be endeavouring to convince them by reasons and by elaborate inductions from admitted facts, he persuades, actually storms them into compliance by the evident clearness and force of his own convictions, the arrogant impatience of all contradiction and overbearing consciousness of his own mental superiority, and haughty scorn of his adversaries, and all this too as if he had wholly forgotten himself and every thing connected with the manner in which he was giving expression to his feelings. Mr. Brougham has evidently made oratory a study, and by force of that practical wisdom, which serve him better for every-day purposes than if he had had the genius and foresight and untameable vigour and originality of Mr. Burke, arrived at the sound conclusion that to be a powerful debater it was not necessary that he should employ the highest faculties of the human mind, but that he should rouse to their greatest energy its every-day feelings and apprehensions; and he shaped his studies and style accordingly. Being dependant wholly on memory and experience for his materials, from want of invention and that power of the imagination by which the probable is invested with the attributes of the real, it became necessary that he should make himself acquainted extensively with that lore which lies near the surface (making variety effect more than depth possibly could) so as to be able to make his inferences appear to spring irresistibly from facts. Hence the apparent fulness of his mind even to overflowing; hence what has been absurdly called his encyclopedic knowledge, and hence the extemporaneous character of his speeches. Having naturally an acute, and perhaps a capacious mind, no man excels him in mastering clearly what he does know, or in bringing it forward with force and vividness, so that as long as he has facts or opinions, or prejudices possessing with the mass the weight of facts, to rest upon and steady himself by, to exercise his ingenuity upon by analysing and turning them over and over, and exhibiting them in every shape and feature to serve as the security or peg for sorting his miscellaneous reading,—it is in vain for any man at present in Parliament to enter the lists with him, aided as he is moreover by his inflexible confidence in his own resources, by his arrogant sarcasm, by a voice remarkable for its depth and sweetness, and by what I before mentioned as the great

charm of his elocution, its *ars celare artem* naturalness. In every thing Mr. Brougham does, whether it be a speech at the bar or in Parliament, or an article in a review, this peculiar character of his mind is exhibited, that all appears to be the result of memory and self-confidence, and of a Napoleon power of concentrating his mind and knowledge at will upon a single point, rather than of the reasoning or inventive faculties; all is detail and variety of combination, but no original and comprehensive general principle is valued or even referred to. Hence the admiration of and the influence upon the many—hence his being perhaps unfairly underrated by the philosophical thinker—and hence too his practical debating preeminence, which have acquired for him a senatorial reputation, which even Edmund Burke might envy were he not conscious that he would be a landmark in the history of the master-spirits among English statesmen, when all that have enjoyed the name since his time shall have passed to the tomb of the Capulets.

17th.—THE DEFEAT OF MINISTERS.—In the name of all that is wonderful, what could Sir Robert Peel be dreaming about last night (14th), when he let the House proceed to a division, which every man with eyes and ears saw must end in his expulsion from office? I really think it was a *ruse* to escape from a mountain of labour, for which no official patronage could at all compensate, augmented as that labour has been by the total inefficiency of his colleagues. Why not resign in an above-board dignified manner at once, and thus save the disgrace, for such his folly and the obstinacy of the Duke have made it, of a signal defeat. Had he wanted a pretext, was not the Duke's fatal declaration against all reform one, the rather as it was contradicted by his own and Sir George Murray's qualified admission of a wish to concede some measure of the kind? Oh! it must be a *ruse* to escape from the annoyance of office in these hazardous times. Could he have mistaken the number, and the zeal, and the confidence, and the amount of mere noise,—triumphant cheers,—not only of the Honourable Members opposite, but of the Honourable Members to the right and to the left of the cross benches, and from the side galleries, during the whole evening, not to say any thing of the—(was it to him unexpected, if so, he deserved to be ducked)—the high Tory country-gentlemen's reinforcement, under Mr. Banks and Sir Edward Knatchbull, that came up, like the Prussians at Waterloo, just at the close of the engagement. How admirably managed the whole matter by the Opposition! Sir Henry Parnell, the best informed man, by much, in the House, on matters of finance, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, to move the amendment; Lord Althorp, the most influential, to second; the high Tories to advocate its necessity; and yet Peel seemed astounded, mortified, chop-fallen. I cannot for the soul of me explain his conduct, when I recollect his distinguishing characteristic—practical good sense. Already outs begin to choose places opposite.

23d.—Well, such a week, and I have seen *Lord-Chancellor Brougham!* and the Duke of Wellington and his men, all drawn up in a line, on the Opposition benches, "and the Whigs all in." And what becomes of *Lord Brougham's* pledges about Reform? "No matter who are Ministers, I will positively bring forward my Motion on the 25th." And what becomes of *Earl Grey's* pledges about Reform? uttered also within one little week. "My Lords, in the most enthusiastic moments of my youth, I was not more inclined to an extensive measure of Reform, than I am this moment." But Reform there must be, and that very soon, or exit the Whigs, with all their greatness, never more, &c. &c. &c. and enter—not the Tories, but some Revolutionary doctrinaires.

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## ERRATA.

Page 243, Lines "On Leaving England," last line but one, for "Since thou hast ceased," read "Since thou hast ceased."

Page 368. In the article Journal of a Parisian Resident, for Pongneville read Pongerville.

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